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The Otterbein Miscellany - Spring 1991

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THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

**THE ROLE OF GENERAL PEACE WITH SPAIN IN
RETZ'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVE**

Sylvia P. Vance

CREATING DRAMA IN MUSIC: HANDEL'S SAUL

David P. DeVenney

YOUR INK'S STILL WET

John Nickerson

KIDS WRITING "TO GET THINGS DONE"

Karen Shipley Robinson

THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

Spring 1991

Miscellany Redux

The reappearance of *The Otterbein Miscellany* after a hiatus of nearly five years is the kind of occasion that calls for a backward glance as well as a few words about the future, and so we stirred around in the archives to sample the editorial ruminations of that first *Miscellany* (May 1965). In introducing the faculty magazine, the editors defined a purpose and extended an invitation that we find still timely: "*The Otterbein Miscellany* will give to those members of the faculty, hitherto unpublished, an opportunity to get into print . . . We believe that this publication can expose, in the nakedness of print, various disciplines of the Otterbein faculty to one another. Therefore, we solicit contributions from every department of the college in the hope . . . for creation of mutual intellectual sympathy and understanding, rather than mere tolerance."

Reaffirming those original goals as we move into the future, we also encourage all faculty to think of themselves not only as readers of but as writers for *The Miscellany*. As you will see from scanning the contents of this issue, the magazine offers faculty the opportunity to share their thoughts and reflections in fiction, poetry and personal writing as well as in research-based essays.

Besides thanks and hosannas to our contributors, we offer words of appreciation to people behind the scenes: to Dean Ralph Pearson for his support of our efforts to re-establish *The Miscellany*; to Pat Etter, director of college publications, for designing the magazine and seeing it through production; and to student assistant Robin Reh Mobley for her hours at the Macintosh.

James Bailey, editor

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The Role of General Peace with Spain in Retz's Historical Narrative

Sylvia P. Vance

February 19, 1649, era of the parlementary Fronde and the blockade of Paris by the prince de Condé's troops. Our scene is the Palais de Justice, with the Parisian Parlement assembled, as depicted in the memoirs of the cardinal de Retz. The prince de Conti, Frondeur brother of the blockading general, has just announced to the company of magistrates that in the anteroom there awaits a representative of the archduke Leopold, governor of the low countries for the king of Spain. This representative of France's enemy is requesting an audience. Just as Conti ends his announcement to the judges, the French king's representatives within the high court enter the session to report on their visit to regent Anne at Saint-Germain, where—about six weeks earlier—she, Mazarin, and the ten-year-old Louis XIV had located. Omer Talon as spokesman reports that the *gens du roi* had been well received by the regent. Talon concludes by urging the magistrates to send a deputation to Saint-Germain to work toward peace terms between the regent on the one hand and the rebellious judges with their allies among the sword nobility on the other.

Informed then of the presence of the Spanish representative seeking audience, Talon urges that he not be heard, a refusal which would enable the judges to demonstrate their essential fidelity to monarchical authority. First president Mathieu Molé and president de Mesmes add the weight of their opinions to this advice. The thirty-five-year-old coadjutor to the archbishop of Paris, Jean-François-Paul de Gondi (for some four weeks now seated in Parliamentary sessions) seizes rhetorical advantage of the president de Mesmes, and successfully urges on the younger judges in the *Enquêtes* against the stance of their elders. A vote is taken on whether to hear the Spanish representative; the result—he is admitted.¹

Some twenty-six or so years later, when Gondi (by then and long since the cardinal de Retz) wrote the scene into his memoirs, he remarked on the unusual nature of this appearance of an enemy intermediary before the Paris Parlement, and added that it might well be in order to provide for his reader some background. Indeed so! We discover in his pages (as Paris came to learn at the time) that this so-called envoy from the archduke Leopold was in fact a Cistercian monk in the service of the count of Fuensaldaña, commander of Spanish troops in the Spanish

Netherlands. This monk had been sent to Paris as "Dom Joseph de Illescas" in order to make contact with Frondeur nobles. His mission was in response to an approach to the Spanish from coadjutor Gondi, who (speaking later as the memoir writer Retz) says that in the winter of 1649 he could listen honorably to propositions from Spain for help to Paris. After all, the city was under blockade, Mazarin himself (on the other side of the struggle) was supposedly beginning certain negotiations with the Spanish, and the Frondeur party was well enough organized so that Gondi would not be charged personally with such contact. When in due course "Dom Joseph de Illescas" arrived in Paris and met with the leading Frondeur nobles, it was decided to present the monk to Parlement as an envoy from the archduke (and thus rather more official than he in fact was)—an envoy who brought the possibility for a general peace between France and the Spanish.² To prepare the way, several Frondeur judges had been invited to share in the discussion of how to present the "archduke's representative" in Parliamentary session. The stage was set (I echo here Retz's theatrical metaphor) for the extraordinary appearance of a disguised monk on the floor of the high court.

Retz, writing the memoirs, leaves us no doubt as to why he, coadjutor Gondi, had agreed to this tactic. What was essential to the health of the French state was not simply a peace between the regent and the Frondeurs, but—much more importantly—a general peace of France with Spain. The opportunity to bring about the wider settlement was so important that it clearly justified both Frondeur contacts with the Spanish and the theatrical deception introduced by the Frondeurs into Parliamentary session. As Retz puts it, public interests and private interests coincided in the making of a general peace. Furthermore, the diverse paths in accomplishing a settlement could connect so as to serve the public good, the people generally, the sovereign courts and the Frondeur party (352-53). This fortunate coincidence of various unavoidable considerations with the means to satisfy them buttresses Retz's argument for Gondi's concept of a politically legitimate Fronde.³ His maintaining that public and private interests coincide in making peace puts us as readers solidly in the aristocratic political ethic characteristic of the first half of the seventeenth century. Retz, recreating it in the memoirs, does so with an emphasis and a style which direct our attention to his mingled public and private apologetic motives in 1675.

For Retz's narration is clearly related to the present time of the writer. André Bertiére based one aspect of his major examination of Retz's memoirs on linguistic studies, and in consequence pointed out the dominance in Retz's work of the present tense (and tenses related to it) as compared to certain other seventeenth-century memoir writers.⁴ His conclusion reminds us of another important textual distinction which operates in autobiographical or memoir writing: do the past events or the

needs of the present narrative direct the representation? If the former, the question being asked is "How is it that this past has come to occupy the present?" In the later case—the one indicated by the notable number of Retz's present tense constructions—the question being addressed is "How does this present moment now grasp and depict earlier events?"⁵ It seems clear that Retz directs his narrative of the winter of 1649 from his perspective of 1675, and from this vantage point he reconstructs what it meant in 1649, to France and to himself, to conclude a general peace.⁶

The process involves (within the memoirs and in their historical context as well) matters of both external and internal policy. The treaties of Westphalia, signed in October 1648, did not conclude a settlement between France and Spain, and for this (as for much else) the Frondeurs blamed Mazarin. The sober judgment of later historians⁷ that such a peace was not possible in 1648 or 1649, given the wait-and-see attitude of the Spanish high command, would not have been credible in the Frondeur circles, either parlementary or noble. What they perceived then was the tie of extraordinary wartime measures to the malignant distortions which had accumulated (as they believed) in the practices of the French monarchy. Both *officiers* and nobility were affected by these changes.⁸ Those who championed traditional procedures denounced the *extraordinaire*, which recently Robert Descimon and Christian Jouhaud have summarized in its four aspects: (1) increasing domination of public finances by private financiers; (2) administration of the state by a ministry rather than by direct exercise of royal sovereignty; (3) growing utilization by the monarchy of directly commissioned agents such as intendants; and (4) the warfare which multiplied the financial pressures back of extraordinary procedures generally (308). In short (as Richard Bonney characterizes the belief of those threatened by the changes) without war the aberrant administrative procedures would no longer be necessary (77). Although this desire for a general peace was part of the lingering *dévo*t position (and there were clear ecclesiastical reasons for the church to favor it) one did not need to be *dévo*t (or for that matter, Frondeur) to claim that warfare against Catholic Spain was pushing the monarchy beyond those principles which kept it in a healthy equilibrium. This claim was, by 1649, a venerable theme associated with defense of the *Bien public*.⁹

We turn now to the aging cardinal de Retz, writing the story of his life. So that his readers may understand the nature of the Fronde and of his role in it, Retz must recreate a convincing perspective of those interconnected issues of earlier years. Only by showing us what that history "really was" can he answer the charges—formal and informal, tempered and scurrilous—which had been over the years made against him.¹⁰

These charges were many. Already in 1649, at the time of the incident here recounted, the president de Mesmes suggested publicly Gondi's

collusion with the Spanish (314). Through the following three and a half years of the Fronde and on into the era of controversy related to Retz as archbishop of Paris, partisan and governmental attacks against him escalated. Here, a sampling. In a mazarinade of 1651, an unfriendly listing of coadjutor Gondi's political principles included the charge that for him love of the fatherland was the stupid idol of the low born and need not touch those in high places, and that the concepts of "faith" and "word of honor" were invented solely for easier deception.¹¹ By 1652, Gondi had become the cardinal de Retz, through bargaining with Mazarin for nomination and through the then not unusual placing of funds in key Roman hands (neither of which procedures, understandably, is spelled out in the memoirs). Retz's opponents scented blood in his promotion. From the pamphlet "*La Verité toute nue . . .*" comes this charge: "the coadjutor of Paris, whose ambition has no limits . . . instead of throwing water and trying to put out the fire which flared up in this capital city of the kingdom . . . threw oil on it to increase the flames, and finally succeeded so well . . . in his plan that he has been honored with the [cardinal's robes] which dishonor him, being tinged as [they are] with the blood which today inundates France from this cruel civil war of which he is one of the principal causes."¹² By early 1655, when cardinal (and by then archbishop) de Retz was in Rome following his escape from incarceration at Nantes, he was being charged in Paris with recent contacts involving agents of the rebel Condé and the Spanish at San Sebastian. One attack managed to be both personal and global: Retz's very face had caused Richelieu to remark on it as worthy of the scaffold, and he would be a laughable figure today "if we were not absolutely sure that he is the sole obstacle preventing peace between the two crowns . . ."¹³

However dated and topical such propaganda pamphlets had become by 1675, they were a matter of record, which had certainly influenced contemporary opinion about Retz. In addition, the formal charges against the cardinal drawn up by the French government, dated 12 December 1654, and directed to the pope, were printed in February 1655 and circulated publicly. Here many of the same accusations were made: "... no scruple against correspondence with our declared enemies . . ."; arrival in Rome "with orders and money from Spain."¹⁴

Given the nature of these statements against him, Retz clearly needs to respond to charges both of private self-serving and of questionable public contacts with a wartime enemy. The political and ethical climate had changed enough from mid-century to 1675 that the latter charge was an especially touchy one. By the time Retz wrote his memoirs, wartime contacts with an enemy were increasingly seen as injurious to a cause, ineffective, and furthermore treasonous, whereas prior to and during the Fronde, many nobles viewed them as a routine and normal step—their prerogative when protests became their political duty.¹⁵ In keeping with

his stature as a noble, Retz thus sought in 1675 to show what we might term motivation of state back of those contacts with the Spanish which it was undeniable he had made.¹⁶

Whatever may have been the coadjutor's tactical view at that moment in February 1649,¹⁷ Gondi had earlier been clearly associated with the cause of general peace with Spain and would continue so to be after the Fronde. He can be seen (through Retz's memoirs), in this issue as in others, to share the mixed perspectives which formed the 1648 opposition. The *dévot* element is undeniably part of the blend, even though Retz does not hide Gondi's opportunism in regard to these connections. The family "claim" on the archbishopric of Paris, the relationship of the Gondi family to Vincent de Paul, the piety of Jean-François-Paul's father and his aunt—all brought him into early contact with *dévot* circles, where an end to the struggles of one Catholic power against another was a fundamental goal.¹⁸ We can hear him articulate this theme in his sermon of 25 August 1648, pronounced before the court assembled in the Saint-Louis church: "May God grant that your victories, Sire, soon be crowned by a happy peace."¹⁹

It is helpful to recall in regard to the question of this general settlement that the evident strategic concerns of the Spanish high command to continue the war were not necessarily paralleled by the Spanish faction in Rome focused on the interests of the church. In international terms, Pope Innocent X (Pamfili), having earlier (in 1645) approved of an aborted French conspiracy to oust Mazarin in the interests of making peace still—during the Fronde—accused Mazarin's France of not desiring a settlement and being the cause of misfortune in Catholic Christendom.²⁰ Gondi, on the other hand, was in the good graces of both the pope and the papal nuncio Bagni. He has been termed their "oracle," and one notes the comparative promptness with which Gondi was granted the cardinalate following his nomination by the king (Laurain Portemer 112). Between Gondi's naming and his elevation in February 1652, there were among the Spanish those who "actively supported his promotion," thinking that it would lead to a settlement with France.²¹

The theme of a general peace remained important to churchman Retz's role within the political situation after the end of the rebellion, following his arrest, incarceration, and escape. In 1656, during what has been called the religious Fronde, the appeal for a general peace became for a time, in the hands of both Retz, then in Rome, and pope Alexander VII (Chigi), the chosen weapon against Mazarin in Paris. We note particularly an episcopal letter from Retz to his Paris diocese, dated 13 March 1656, calling for prayers for a general peace. Alexander VII sent to the clergy of France, just one week later, a message urging them to put pressure on the king so that a settlement might be made between France and Spain.²² As we know, and as we can see in Retz's memoirs, however,

the relationship between Alexander VII and Retz would soon cease to be close; the pontiff would distance himself from protection of the archbishop in exile as he came to understand that Mazarin's hold on power was more than tenuous.²³ In Rome, the desire not to see France defeat Spain sought other agents, other means.

In Retz's memoirs, the account of his life breaks off at about this point. The remaining years of the so-called religious Fronde go unrecorded in his work. As we turn again, however, to his representation of the mixed perspectives of opposition during the parlementary and princely Fronde, we realize that any ecclesiastical aspects of Gondi's concern for a general peace are far outweighed there by those relating to his position as a nobleman. In keeping with his famous self-characterization as the least ecclesiastical soul in the world, Retz organized his narrative within a different domain—that of the principles of a monarchy where the nobility have the right and the obligation to act. When Retz, for example, presents his analysis of the background and causes of the Fronde, the perspectives of the aristocracy have clearly shaped it. Eloquent and impassioned, his historical setting of tempered monarchy is persuasive not simply in regard to the coming of the mid-century rebellion. Importantly in the memoirs, it becomes the basis on which a nobleman's political actions can redeem the inherent risks which political life involves—risks which Retz will weigh at length as the memoirs progress.

What Retz describes in the 1649 incident of the misrepresented envoy to Parlement is indeed perilous to the reputation of the nobles who directed the Fronde, save for the possibility being recreated in Retz's pages of a peace settlement both internal and general. Though the 1649 Rueil peace became for the nobles only a private settling, only the same old chess game of positions and advantage, dozens of pages in Retz's memoirs show us Gondi's efforts to keep alive noble cooperation with Parlement in the interest of an honorable and wider peace. Frustrated by the inability of Turenne to deliver his army to the Frondeur cause, Gondi, in the memoirs, refuses to settle on behalf of any private interests of his own.²⁴

Of course Retz's readers know that the a general peace was not made during the Fronde. It appears likely that by 1653 any possibility of reconstituting the administrative *ordinaire* in the practices of the government had eroded. The legitimate monarch ruled through those aspects of the *extraordinaire* which had become a necessity, and a new equilibrium between sword nobles, robe nobles, and the finances of the kingdom was being established by the time the general settlement with Spain took place in 1659 (Descimon and Jouhaud 320). In 1661 there came to be no first minister save Louis XIV himself. The situation which had earlier rendered ambiguous the boundaries between public and private spheres

and had established a quasi-public role for patron/client ties had fallen away.²⁵ In short, by 1675-76, when Retz wrote his memoirs, who is to say what (and whose) the policy of a general peace had really been? It is Retz's clear task to make such understanding possible for reasons which have both private and public aspects. In his memoir pages Mazarin bears the onus of having failed to bring about a general peace when such a move could have kept alive a tempered monarchy. And there is no surprise in finding in Retz's work a linking of Gondi's contacts with the Spanish to the cause of peacemaking²⁶ since (as we have seen) other interpretations of his conduct had been widely publicized. Retz's memoirs represent at this point a Fronde based on serious issues of state.

But to what degree does Retz's retrospective view show us what the Fronde "really was"? The evidence has not proven decisive. The weight of fundamental political policy in the conflict remains controversial. In Retz's own case, shadows remain in the picture. It seems today, for example, not possible to appraise Gondi's true relationship to the political maneuvers back of the call for the Estates General of 1651, which never met, nor to the assemblies of the nobility in which his client D'Anneray was a leading figure.²⁷ Christian Jouhaud and Robert Descimon find political ideas counting less than the dynamics of confrontation through most of the Fronde.²⁸ Jouhaud further states (in his *Mazarinades: La Fronde des mots*) that the pamphlets of 1648-1653 differed from the propaganda of the wars of religion and the era of the Holy League through *not* involving great issues. He claims (as have others)²⁹ that the contending parties shared the same general concept of legitimate authority and supported the monarchy (37-38).

But there are also those (like Richard Bonney) who today argue for the existence at mid-century of a publicly oriented noble platform supporting a monarchy clearly divorced from the *extraordinaire*. Jean-Marie Constant attributes to the 1651 assembly of the nobility (especially to the second-order ranks) an alternative conception of the kingdom which would reinforce and augment the role of the Estates. Yves-Marie Bercé notes the tentative shaping of such a program in the *cahiers de doléance* drawn up in anticipation of meetings of the Estates General in 1649 and 1651.³⁰

In 1675, Retz as historian describes a Frondeur coadjutor/cardinal attempting to be loyal to the best interests of the monarchy in ways he by then knew the mature Louis XIV would not forgive. By the time he wrote the memoirs, Retz had encountered the same irony revealed in the decades-long progression of Corneille's dramatic works—that the legitimate sovereign and the aristocratic hero with a political role could no longer coexist. But Retz keeps alive in his pages the Fronde which represented legitimate political thought and expression as the nobles viewed them. A general peace, even one approached through Frondeur

plotting, seemed indeed to be the best hope at mid-century of what has been termed "private noble honesty" with claim to public status, just as it seems in 1675 the most legitimate foundation for Retz's own retrospective view of the Frondeur phase of his public, political life.

Notes

1. Retz's memoir pages for this episode in the 1984 Gallimard edition, edited by Marie Thérèse Hipp and Michel Pernot: 307-18. All page numbers referring to Retz's memoirs will be from this edition.

2. According to Retz, the duke de Bouillon (an old hand at dealing with Spain) proposed this move in the hope that Parlement could thus be brought toward more of a commitment to Spanish aid than would otherwise be possible. The message to the Spanish would thus be clear: not to discount the strength or the resolution of combined Frondeur opposition to Mazarin.

3. It is in this light that throughout the whole long section in the memoirs covering the winter of 1649, Retz presents his younger self as being the primary spokesman among the nobles for the necessity of working with the Paris Parlement in whatever moves were made. The theme of a general peace, major in this section of the memoirs, is thus associated with a parliamentary or Baroque view of sovereignty (to use Kossmann's helpful term), whereas frequently elsewhere in the memoirs Retz's ideological perspective is more clearly that of the traditional nobility.

4. Interestingly enough, the sample examined for Retz was taken from the account of the episode of February 1649 described above. See André Bertièrre, *Le Cardinal de Retz Mémorialiste* (Paris: Klincksieck, 1977), 419.

5. This concept of two possible governing orientations is that utilized by Richard Terdiman in "The Mnemonics of Musset's *Confession*," *Representations* 26 (Spring 1989), 30. In a somewhat parallel development we find Michel de Certeau making a distinction between psychoanalysis and historiography based on two strategies of time involved in the connection of past and present; see his *Histoire et psychanalyse entre science et fiction* (Paris: Gallimard, 1987), 99.

6. Michel Pernot, in his "Le Cardinal de Retz, historien de la Fronde," *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, 89, 1 (Jan.-Feb., 1989), 4-18, does not appear to understand fully the disappointing aspects of the Westphalia treaties to those who desired a general peace with Spain. He takes Retz to task for an "intellectual myopia" regarding French foreign policy opposed to the Habsburg preponderance in Europe, and notes Retz's omission of the "glorious end result" (albeit a partial one) represented in the 1648 treaties (6). The perspective of this present study is that Retz is emphasizing in 1675 the arguments of 1649 for a general peace with Spain as well as with the Empire, that missed opportunity which to the Frondeurs appeared to be a serious error in governmental policy.

7. Pierre Adolphe Chéruel, in *Histoire de France pendant la minorité de Louis XIV* (Paris: Hachette, 4 vols. 1879-1880), III, 96-99, maintains that the Spanish had no serious intent to settle. Marie-Thérèse Hipp and Michel Pernot, editing Retz's works, agree (1521, note 1 for p. 668). For a recent emphasis on this same point from a somewhat different perspective, see Richard Bonney, "Mazarin et la Fronde: la question de responsabilité" in *La Fronde en questions* (Aix-en-Provence: Publications of the Université de Provence, 1989), 331: "La vérité est qu'une paix franco-espagnole ne pouvait être signée parce que ce n'était pas dans l'intérêt des Espagnols."

8. The mixture of public and private aspects in government extended to fiscal matters. For a succinct statement of the nature of the relationship of the *grands* to fiscal absolutism (with reference to Daniel Dessert's *Argent, pouvoir et société au Grand Siècle*) see Jouanna 221-22.

9. Arlette Jouanna, tracing recently the theme of the *Bien public* in the many noble protests and conspiracies continuing on from the sixteenth-century wars, judges that at the time of the Fronde this theme certainly appeared, but with less energy behind it than formerly. At mid-century she finds it being upheld mainly by members of the middle nobility rather than the *grands* (236-37).

10. See Jones, ed. *Contre Retz* xxi-xxiii for a strong statement regarding the effect of the pamphlet warfare both on Retz's reputation and on his desire to respond to those accusations as he wrote the memoirs.

11. "Le Frondeur Bien-Intentionné aux Faux-Frondeurs," qtd. in Jones, ed. *Contre Retz* 7. Translation by the present author.

12. "La Verité toute nue, ou Avis sincère et désintéressé sur les véritables causes des maux de l'Etat et les moyens d'y apporter le remède," qtd. in Jones, ed. *Contre Retz* xix. Translation by the present author.

13. "Lettre escrite à M. le Cardinal de Retz par un de ses confidants de Paris, dont la coppie a este envoyée de Rome." B N Ms fr 23039, fols. 61-93. The quoted passage is from fol. 68 recto; translation by the present author.

14. B N Ms fr 15626, fols. 82-85, "Lettre du Roy à Nostre Saint Pere le Pape pour demander à Sa Sainteté des Commissaires pour faire le procez au Cardinal de Retz"; quoted passages from 83 recto and 84 recto; translation by the present author.

15. See Jouanna 212-13, 278, 334, 385-388.

16. Although it occupies far less space and emphasis in Retz's pages, September of 1650 witnessed another moment when developments in the Fronde opened the door to general peace negotiations, which the Spanish ultimately aborted. Retz tells us in the memoirs that he still does not understand why the Spanish thus acted against what he terms their own interests (519-20).

17. D. A. Watts suggests that for Gondi the question of a general peace was simply a "tactical ploy," though granting the reality of Gondi's *dévot* connections. *Cardinal de Retz: The Ambiguities of a Seventeenth-Century Mind* (Oxford UP,

1980), 195-97. In addition to his *dévo*t background, we remember that Retz's father was among those nobles who are named in the Frondeur Montrésor's memoirs as in despair because of the poor treatment received from Louis XIII and Richelieu: père Gondi had been obliged to renounce without reimbursement his charge as general of the galleys. See Jean-Marie Constant, *Les Conjurateurs: Le premier libéralisme politique sous Richelieu* (Paris: Hachette, 1987), 85-86.

18. We note here Retz's summary of his position vis-à-vis the *dév*ots: "Je ne faisais pas le *dévo*t, parce que je ne me pouvais assurer que je pusse durer à le contrefaire; mais j'estimais beaucoup les *dév*ots; et à leur égard, c'est un des plus grands points de la piété" (158).

19. Quoted in Hubert Méthivier, *La Fronde* (Paris: PUF, 1984), 119; translation by the present author.

20. In this regard one might note that Innocent X and cardinal Mazarin were far from friendly, that part of the basis for the French exclusion of Pamfili at the 1645 conclave had been that he was an ardent partisan of Spain, and that Mazarin had been instrumental in the pronouncement of that exclusion (Laurain Portemer 118).

21. J. H. M. Salmon, *Cardinal de Retz: The Anatomy of a Conspirator* (London and New York: Macmillan, 1969; 1970), 202. As we note the charges made against Retz by Mazarin when he sought, in 1654, to have him brought to trial in Rome, it is well to remember that the Frondeurs had earlier tried to exploit Mazarin's vulnerability vis-à-vis pope Innocent X at the time of his first exile (February 1651) and on into 1652 (Laurain Portemer 114).

22. The title of the episcopal letter is "Mandement de Monseigneur l'Eminentissime cardinal de Rets, archevesque de Paris pour exciter tous les fideles de son diocese à prier Dieu avec ferveur en ce saint Temps, pour la Paix generale," B N Ms fr 13894, fol. 137. For the papal brief, see B N Ms fr 15730 fols. 182-83; Richard Golden's account of the moves of that spring is on pp. 54-57 of *The Godly Rebellion*. He considers that at the time the letter and the papal brief were sent to Paris, "[i]t was not surprising that the pontiff executed this brief in concert with Retz, the man whom he considered to be the future first minister of France" (54).

23. In the event, Retz's episcopal letter backfired (as Golden puts it, 55) when the General Assembly of the clergy in France replied to the pope by a defense of the king's efforts to secure peace.

24. It needs to be noted here that Gondi's position, as shown by Retz in the memoirs, is open to at least some question. Retz maintains that at the peace of Rueil he stood apart, refusing to deal with the court and asking nothing for himself. Chérue

l, in an appendix to his *Histoire de France pendant la minorité de Louis XIV*, notes what he terms an omission in Retz's memoirs regarding the period of negotiation. Based on two letters from the bishop of Lavaur to Mazarin, 13 and 14 March 1649, Chérue

l signals the efforts which Gondi's father, his aunt (Madame de Maignelais), and père Paulin (superior of the Jesuits) were making to reconcile the coadjutor with the court. It is of interest in regard to the nobles' peace platform that Mazarin and first president Molé prevented the publication

of the Frondeurs' general demands at the time of the peace of Rueil, permitting only their private settlements to be made public, thus discrediting the Frondeur cause. See Richard Bonney, "The French Civil War," 76.

25. For recent descriptions of the ambiguity of public and private spheres and the role of patron/client ties, see (among other works) Yves Castan on "Politics and Private Life" in Roger Chartier, ed., *A History of Private Life III: Passions of the Renaissance* (Cambridge and London: The Belknap Press of Harvard UP, 1989), Kettering, *Patrons, Brokers, and Clients in Seventeenth-Century France* (New York and Oxford: Oxford UP, 1986) *passim*.

26. For Retz's careful account of how his contact with the Spanish was made early in 1649, see his memoirs, 304-06. Gondi had resisted the pressures of Saint-Ibar (Montrésor's cousin) to make contact with Fuensaldaña until he was certain that the French Frondeur *parti* was well consolidated. Certain Parliamentary judges were part of the Frondeur agreement "not to reject Spain's help," as Retz puts it.

27. The true role of the coadjutor in the noble assembly "remains something of a mystery," as Elizabeth Adams puts it ("The Estates General in the Noble Fronde: The *Thèse Nobiliaire* in Crisis," unpublished manuscript of a presentation at the Western Society for French History, Reno, Nevada, Nov. 1976, 4). It is difficult to accept Retz's word in the memoirs that he opposed the 1651 meeting of the nobility when we find evidence that at the time of the assembly, Gondi himself was the emissary to the Hôtel de Ville to present the nobles' position and to seek a municipal statement supporting the meeting of the Estates General, though he returned empty-handed (Adams 6-7; the source cited for this information is Archives des Affaires Etrangères, France, Ms. 874, fol. 172.) Adams notes that the records of the assembly seldom mention the coadjutor. Hubert Carrier has questioned Retz's attitude to the assembly, as expressed in the memoirs, pointing out that two of its leaders were intimates of the coadjutor—Montrésor and Annery—and that Sourdis, another leading light, was a client of the duc de Beaufort, and thus also part of the old Fronde. Furthermore, the aim of the assembly was the calling of the Estates General; the main purpose of holding the Estates was a transfer of power to Gaston d'Orléans as lieutenant-general of the monarchy and as a sort of on-going regent. Carrier believes that because at this time Gondi was the chief advisor of Gaston, the situation enlightens us that it was the nobles of the old Fronde and coadjutor Gondi pulling the strings of the assembly, having as aim to install Monsieur at the head of the government ("Débat" following J.-M. Constant, "L'Assemblée de noblesse de 1651" in *La Fronde en questions*, 285).

28. Descimon and Jouhaud describe two different levels of conflict: the early months of the clash involved genuine political and social issues (the macro-dynamic); this level of controversy was soon overtaken (beginning in January 1649) by a differing impetus (micro-dynamic) to factional party tactics (306).

29. Christian Jouhaud, *Mazarinades: La Fronde des mots* (Paris: Aubier, 1985), 37-38. Also, Georges Dethan, *Gaston d'Orléans* (Paris: Fayard, 1959), 361, and Jouanna 365.

30. Jean-Marie Constant, "L'Assemblée de noblesse de 1651" in *La Fronde en questions* 282-84. Yves-Marie Bercé, "Retour à la Fronde," *XVIIe Siècle* 145 (Oct.-Dec. 1984), 300-01.

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Songs I'll Not Hear Again

Jim Gorman

"No, it's not a boat," Father says. "Here, look at it carefully, Annie. How could it be a boat?"

We have come up from his truck to the porch, laughing and hugging, and wrestling with the dog, and we're sitting on the glider with this wooden thing that's not a boat lying across our laps. It's as long as a yardstick and no wider than your hand, and it comes to a point at both ends—just like a toy boat, like the one I've asked him to bring for the pond.

He taps it with his knuckles and says, "See, it's hollow, a hollow box."

I guess again. "Maybe it's a place for jewels, Daddy, a secret place?" I put my finger in one of the four holes on the top.

"No," he says. He is gruff now, showing his tiredness. He looks at me through narrowed eyes, rubs his cheeks. He's not shaved in a couple of days and there's a smell about him, tobacco and sweat. "No, it's not a secret place, Annie. Look—"

Mother has just appeared in the screen door, and she says, "Stop playing the schoolmaster with her, Ray. Just tell her what it is."

He glances back at her, his eyes narrow again. Then he looks at me. "It's for playing music, Ann," he says. "Remember the violin at school? It's an old kind of violin, I think. It's got to have strings—that's what's missing. You need to stretch strings right up through here." He runs his finger up the middle where a straight piece of wood is fixed on top. This piece looks like a man's skinny necktie, with bars, like stripes, that run horizontally. At the top the piece goes beyond the wooden box and ends in a point. There's two pegs sticking out of it and a hole for a third.

He says, "You have to tighten the strings with these pegs. See how they turn. They tune the strings. The strings make the music, then it gets louder inside, then it comes back out through the holes."

He's talked himself back to smiling and holds the instrument out in front of him like something to be admired. Then he tucks one end under his chin and draws his arm back and forth like a violinist. But it's too long to be held that way, so he looks for other ways, between his legs, across one arm. Then he gives up, and lets it sit across our laps.

Mother says, "What did you pay for it?"

He smiles. "Only you would worry about that," he says. Then he turns to face her. "Not a dime. It was given to me. I found a widow in North Carolina with a whole barnful of junk—what she called junk, her husband's junk. Still two-hundred dollars short on burying him, so she sold everything I had an interest in. But I got this for nothing. She said 'Take it, or I'll be burning it.'"

He stands up and leads us back down to the truck, dragging back the tarp and untying ropes—there's chests and tables and chairs, two tarnished brass beds that he scrapes at with his penknife, and boxes of picture frames.

Mother looks at some of the smaller things as he lifts them down to her. She says, "So you were in North Carolina, too."

"Clear to the other end of it. I drove straight through, all night."

"You could've called. Annie was worried. I was worried."

"We were all worried, weren't we," he says falsely.

Mother's lips part and I see her teeth set together. "Ray," she says in a voice that makes his head turn. For the first time he comes close to her. He takes a box from her hands, sets it back in the truck, and puts his arms around her. She allows this, but is still set against him, her hands against his chest.

He says, "After the last tank of gas, I was down to two dollars, and I haven't eaten since that woman fed me yesterday morning."

Mother pushes back from him. "You didn't find all of this until yesterday morning?"

"No, I went back to her a second time, for directions. She'd told me about a man who could play the instrument, whatever it is, an oldtimer."

"And you went looking for him?"

"Yes, I did. I got to the house where he lived. Got to his grave."

"No wonder you were down to two dollars."

Father reaches into his pocket and holds out two wrinkled bills.

Mother shakes her head at him, then she puts her finger on his arm. "I don't want those. I want you to call next time."

He doesn't seem to hear her. He puts the bills back in his pocket. "He lived in a house that was two miles from any road. You had to walk back through the awfulest jungle."

"That would appeal to you, Ray, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would."

"I was worried, Ray."

"All right, I'll call next time," he says harshly. "I will."

She moves closer to him and in a moment he raises his arm and she pulls it around her shoulder, though neither of them smiles.

I have been standing back in the shade by the porch, holding the instrument, watching them. When they come by me, Father reaches into his shirt pocket and gives me a peg that he's carved from new wood.

It fits into the third hole. The two pegs are gray, dried out like stone. This third one is yellow, a wood so soft you can mark it with your fingernail.

I follow them into the house, holding the instrument, shaking it. "Daddy, something's rattling inside. A jewel, maybe."

Mother says, "It's only a pebble, I'm sure, Annie. Now, go on upstairs

and draw some water. Your father needs a bath."

* * *

Like his collection of strange tools, slipstones and pinchdogs, the saddler's clam, and so forth, the instrument is a riddle that Father presents to anyone who comes to the house. The man who owns the music store in town, Mr. Rivera, is not the first, but he is the first musician. He has heard about it from one of his guitar students, Billy Stempek, a boy whose initials I have inked into the covers of my notebooks—BS inside tiny guitars, inside the O in the word LOVE, a word Mother says is not for a girl my age. He's also a boy Father has had around the house some too, for work. Last summer, Billy and two others cleared the land for Father's workshop way at the end of our property. And this summer, he's worked stripping antiques—chemicals and steel wool have turned his fingers gray, have made his touch prickly.

Mr. Rivera comes to the house in the evening in coat and tie, with two guitars in cases and with another black case filled with tools and equipment, strings, guitar picks, books, photographs, even letters from former students. A few years ago he was a Spanish teacher at the high school who gave guitar lessons to a few boys. Then, quite suddenly, with every boy in town wanting to be the next Elvis Presley, he's been able to leave the high school and open his store. His window says, Guitar Lessons All Styles, but Billy tells me there's only one style. Mr. Rivera won't hear of teaching any song that's on the radio. "For later, for later," Billy says, mimicking Mr. Rivera's thick accent.

We are sitting on the screened porch. Mother has come out twice already, once to offer drinks, then to light candles. I am seated on the chair in the corner as Father has insisted I watch them.

Mr. Rivera looks like a doctor, tiny and dark, with delicate fingers and manicured nails, and he holds Father's instrument gently as if it's been injured. He measures its length, from the end of the fret board up to each peg, and cuts three strings.

He says, "So you think it's a violin or a viola. I think it's more of a guitar. See." And he holds it in his lap, like a guitar, left hand near the pegs, right hand with a pick ready to strum. Then he tries to tune it, twisting the squeaky pegs as he plucks one string, then the next. But it won't tune according to a scale he knows. He counts the frets again and whistles up through the notes, do, re, mi, etc., looking for the right fret to start from. A reference book tells him there were ancient European instruments based on modal intervals, diatonic scales, and so forth. He reads aloud and nods, then tries to tune the instrument to one of these. He tries one tune, then another, but neither will fit and he frowns.

Father smiles, enjoying Mr. Rivera's confusion. What he knows from the book he keeps in the locked drawer in his workshop is still more than this man knows. I have seen the book twice. Billy has found the key. The

first time we looked quickly at its pictures, the second we had longer but Father came upon us with the drawer open.

Mr. Rivera wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. He takes his own guitar from its case, tunes it quickly, then plays one of the tunes he had tried before. "You see, right there. That note right there, fa. It doesn't sound right. And another one, here. That's not a scale I know, it's something I don't know."

Father says, "Is it American?"

"No, not American. America has jazz, that's all. It's European, like the book says, from long ago."

"Then from where in Europe? What country?"

"Germany maybe. Or Yugoslavia. Who knows? But not Spanish. Spanish I know. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I don't know."

Then he puts the instrument down on the table between them as a bit of wind comes up, rattling Mother's wind chimes and blowing the pages of Mr. Rivera's books.

Mr. Rivera stands up and says, "Maybe it's one of those harps that the wind plays. What are they called?"

"An Aeolian harp, " I say, sitting up.

"Yes, bright girl," he says. "They're in the bible everywhere. Played by angels. Maybe your daughter—"

Father picks up the instrument, puts his ear to it, and says, "My daughter, the angel, has shown little interest in playing it."

Mr. Rivera is packing his cases. He says, "Then, maybe she would like to learn the guitar?"

Father says, "I would rather have her learn this instrument."

Mr. Rivera is silent, looking at it. "Yes, when I know more I will come back."

* * *

I am home for another weekend because Father is back from the hospital, the end of his treatments. One way or another, he's not going back, he says, and we all know this to be true. Max has also gotten worse, we learn when we arrive. He's messed all over the floor twice this week and he keeps walking into the sliding glass door. He's in pain, I can see it in his eyes, and Mother is firm to put him under. "You don't have to deal with this every day—the two of them now," she says. "But you decide, he's always been your dog."

The vet came this morning and I decided to put the grave back by the pond, as close to the sycamores as we can dig. Peter dug the hole. He dug it as deep as for a person, a neat shaft into the spongy clay. He's strong and he's looking for ways to impress both of them, and through them, I know, me. He found the spade in Daddy's workshop. He found some boards there too, has nailed them together into a box with a top that sets on.

Out there in the heat, next to the mound of yellow clay, the box already in the hole, Mother says, "I know you loved that dog, but you'll have to excuse me, Annie, this is too much. I suppose you'll be wanting to say prayers."

And then she and I sit out the late afternoon on the porch. Peter is off running, we think, and Father is asleep, we hope, his shot given to him a little earlier tonight, earlier than last night—earlier and earlier.

This is the second time Peter has come home with me. It's clear that Mother is anxious to know all about him. She'll come at the subject of Peter in any way that will disguise her direct interest in him. She already knows about as much as I know—he's two years older than I, just through with his general exams and about to begin a dissertation, not in literature, but in linguistics. He has an interest in all things mechanical, is very good with cars, with fixing things, and he was born in East Germany, a subject he won't talk about.

Mother's already learned what she thinks is the worst about him, about us, while sorting my laundry at dawn today, a pair of his socks and some of his briefs in with everything that's mine. "Are these Peter's?" she asked.

We talk about Peter, and we talk a little more about Father, and we sit looking at the ice in our empty glasses, and then she says, "There's a lot I learned about your father a year or so into things. I wished we would have waited."

"Are you saying you wouldn't have married him?"

"No, I'm saying I would have made myself clearer to him. About what I should stand for. All of a sudden we were married."

She's talking about me and Peter, of course, has already brought us further along than either of us would want to be brought. To stop her from going further, I shake the ice in my glass and stand up, but she says quickly, "Protect yourself, Ann."

"From what, Mother?"

"From their pulling away."

She hands me her empty glass, and then I am about to respond, trying to find a response that is both kind to her and true to myself.

But before I can speak, we hear it, a kind of music, coming from the other end of the house, from the open window in Father's room, drifting toward the porch, a slow melody, like a violin but deeper, slacker, almost a droning, like a bass fiddle. And then above it, we hear Peter's voice, singing in German, or at least not in English, a clear tenor.

I go to the end of the porch, my ear to the screen, and then when the song ends I go upstairs and find him seated at the foot of Father's bed. In front of him is the instrument, lying across the sheets, and he is playing it by stroking the strings with a violin bow. He is playing a second song, or playing the first one again—I don't hear a difference. Father is awake.

His head is back against the pillow, his jaw taut, braced against pain, but when he sees me he smiles and reaches for my hand. I come over quietly, but Peter sees me and stops.

"Peter found it in my workshop," Father says. "I wonder who put it out there?" And he glances beyond me, his eyes narrowing slyly and I know that Mother has come up also.

We are silent, then Peter speaks—he seems to have found the rhythm of talk in our family, knows when a silence is meant to punish and tries to mediate. He says, "I went to town to buy the violin bow. My grandfather had one of these instruments. It was played in church. Always on a table, flat like this."

"Does it have a name, Peter?" I ask.

"It's called a zither."

"A what?"

"Zither. The same root as guitar, and as the Indian citar."

Father says, "Then it's a guitar."

"But it's played like a violin, with a bow," Peter says. "The zither we had was different in shape. It was longer, was just a straight box, no curves like this one, and not as deep. This one is louder and there's more resonance. And I think it could be louder yet if we had the right strings. I took the other ones off—they were for a guitar. These are violin strings, but not quite right either. We need even heavier strings, I think."

Mother has come in by the bed and she says, "The songs are beautiful, Peter." And when Peter bows his head, part shyness, part gratitude, she goes on quickly. "They sound like hymns. Are they Lutheran or Catholic?"

Peter's eyes flash at me. "Lutheran," he says crisply. Then his voice softens again. "But that's all I know really, two hymns very much the same. I learned them when I was very young, a boy learning by rote."

Father's grip on my fingers has lightened. He has drifted to sleep.

I move down the bed to Peter and touch his shoulder. "But they're beautiful. This is beautiful, what you've done," and I risk kissing him in front of Mother, and he allows it, his lips open, holding mine.

Then I glance at Mother, and she is smiling at us. Her face seems relaxed, truly relaxed for a moment before she turns back to look at Father.

* * *

It's the first letter from Peter in a month, and I read it and put it away, but the man mentioned in it calls me that same afternoon. He wants to come out and see it. It's a long way, he says, but it's very important to him, to the book he's writing, to everything he's ever lived for. Please, he writes.

I don't want him to come, I'm halfway through clearing things out, halfway moved, but finally I give in, and three days later, at the end of a

hot afternoon, he pulls his van into the driveway and parks under the oaks.

The parlor is gloomy and mostly filled with packed boxes, but the big table is still clear so I take and the instrument in there. I snap on the lights and the overhead fan comes on too. It rattles and tinkles, but it moves the air a little. I tug at the strap of my dress and say, "Whew, I wished you would have called before you got here. I would've showered."

"Sorry," he says, but he isn't looking at me. He's looking at the black case I'm carrying. He smiles nervously, a taut wire of a man baldheaded, with a forehead that comes out at you like a rock and a beard that is black around his face but extends out in wisps of yellow and white, a wizard's beard—a young man with an old man's beard. His eyes keep moving and I realize he's one of those people who's never bothered by heat or cold, wouldn't hear a baby screaming in the next room.

I feel sorry for him, and then I envy him this passion, and then I take the instrument out of the case Peter had made for it years ago.

He looks at it for a long time, turning it over, shaking his head, his lips moving through a litany of half-whispered praises. Finally he goes back to his van and brings in cases that hold two similar looking instruments. He lays the three instruments on the table, mine in the middle.

He says, "You don't know what you have here, do you?" He sits down at the table, plucks one of the strings. He takes out a pocket knife and says, "May I?"

I nod, and he cuts off the strings, taking new ones from one of the cases.

"You say your father found this in North Carolina? What year was it?"

"1957. July, I think, or August. I was eight."

"I know exactly where he found it. Boone County, North Carolina. The man he was looking for was Alton McQuain, born 1874, died 1957. He died in March. Your father never met him."

"That's right."

"Look at it," he says. "Peter was certainly fooled, wasn't he?" He picks up the instrument to the left, a long straight box, painted black and gold. "Here's a zither, Austrian, 1835. See, it's straight, strings very close to the body. This is what Peter played when he was a kid. I showed him this one and he agreed."

He picks up my instrument. "Yours is curved, not quite like the dulcimer here—that's because it's 30 years older, damn it."

"How old?"

"1850s."

"Then Alton McQuain didn't build it?"

"No. Alton might've known the man, that's his importance. But we'll never know because no one talked to him about dulcimers. Everyone knows he played them and collected them but no one talked to him. I was 14 years old when he died, living on Long Island and listening to Pat

Boone albums." He smiles, a wince of irony, really, the first trace of anything other than anxiety.

Then he begins tightening the strings he's put on my instrument. They are made of steel and he tightens them until they ping.

He says, "You have something beautiful here, very valuable. It's as old as the ones in the Smithsonian, maybe older. The shape is more primitive certainly. The man who made it knew about zithers, but he wanted something else, something more like a fiddle, but easier to play. See, it's curved like a fiddle and much larger and deeper than a zither. And it's got the raised fretboard—that's the real sign. That's all the Scotch-Irish did, really—made the zither bigger and raised the fretboard so they could strum hell out of it. Not hymns, but dance music. That's what they wanted."

He has the strings tuned and begins playing them, raking back and forth with a long pick held in his right hand. In a moment, tipping his head back, his jaw thrust upward, he sings in a high-pitched, nasally voice: "There once was an old woman with a pig, oink, oink, oink."

He laughs, then he says, "The tone's not bad, but you've got to take better care of it, you must. You've got to keep it cool, for one thing."

I pull at my dress. "I'd like to keep myself cool."

He looks up at me, looking at me for the first time really, his eyes darting from my face to my dress. "Well, you're certainly more resilient than it is. And younger. This is 130 years old. It needs to be oiled, it needs to be protected from humidity."

He begins unbuttoning his shirt cuffs, and then he says, "Would you mind?" I nod and he rolls up his shirt sleeves. Then he looks at me again and says, "If there's something I could drink. Just water or anything."

"Yes," I say, then after a moment of watching him, I ask, "A beer?"

He nods. I think he sits watching me walk the length of the hallway because I've turned into the kitchen before he begins playing again. He starts playing a quick melody, strumming swiftly, but softly. I find the beer quickly, but then I stand in the kitchen with my hands around the cool bottle. I stand there, listening to the light, sweet music fill up this mostly empty house. "Peter," I whisper out of habit, but then I am trying to remember this other man's name. George, I remember. George something, a man who's made me think about Peter when I shouldn't have to.

After I have feed him, an omelette and later some ice cream, and after he's taken photographs and several pages of notes, and had me sign a half dozen permission forms for the publisher of his book, he packs up his case to leave.

He says, "I'd love to take it to Washington, see what the cynics at the Smithsonian would say. There's just no room for surprises like this in that world."

"You could do that. Take it, really. Just bring it back."

"No, I couldn't. We'd have to have insurance. It's too risky, all that way."

"It's no safer, right here."

"I know. You really ought to think about a museum. I mean, if you're not going to devote yourself to it, it'll be ruined, it will."

I tell him I'll think about it, but not right now, and he gives me numbers to call, and then out by his van in the dark—after he has started the motor once, turned it off, opened his door, closed it, opened it again—he says, "I don't know if I should say this, Ann, but I'll say it. Peter was a fool not to find out more about this instrument, but that was just the beginning of his foolishness. He—"

I stand back from his van and he says, "I'm sorry. I've offended you."

"No," I say. "But you don't know. You don't," and I stand back further.

* * *

"Are we in the mountains yet, Mommy?"

"Yes, silly, we're almost there," I say, rubbing Lena's head, reassuring her.

And we are. We're three roads back in from the interstate, past the last point where I have to consult the map, moving steadily upward through a landscape that won't let you sit back and look at it, a tangle of green that the road keeps reaching into.

We drive through the town and find Rita's house at the other end, a mile out. When she sees us, she waves from the porch. I pull the car into the rutted driveway and park under a huge tree and Lena says, "I stay here with my doll, if that's OK, Mommy, for a little while." I pat her arm. "OK," I say for a little while." When I shut the car door, she rolls up both windows—to keep out evil spirits. This is the jungle, she thinks.

Rita is not as old as I would have guessed, and her dress is not ankle length, and there's no apron, no bonnet, no wood stove in the kitchen. She's wearing a kind of dress my mother wore in the '50s, sleeveless, with a tiny collar, belted. These dresses may be back in style now, or it's her well-kept favorite, I'm not sure. It certainly becomes her. She is trim and radiant and at ease.

She says, "It's a shame you came all this way just to see me. I'm going to be in Washington in two weeks, Labor Day, that place called Wolf Trap."

"In a concert?"

"Yes," she says. "Half a dozen what they call us old masters. And a lot of other singers, younger ones."

"But I wanted to come out, remember? It's a beautiful place, this whole end of the state. It's rugged, but beautiful."

"Yes, it is rugged. If you can afford four-wheel drive and heating oil,

it's not a bad place. Is that your girl in the car?"

"Yes, that's Lena. Angelina."

"She's not going to come in?"

"We'll give it a try in a minute. She's very shy. She's adopted and hasn't been here very long. She's from Honduras."

We sit on the porch in two rockers. To the left there's a ravine grown up with pines. The tops of the trees sway in the breeze.

There's lemonade to drink and we can see Lena in the car from where we sit and we talk easily, like two women who know each other but are not each other's burden.

I've brought the instrument and I take it out to show her and I ask her if it's one she's seen before, one that Alton McQuain had, when she knew him.

She says, "I don't want to be disappointing you, dear, but I just knew him a little, for a little while that is. We didn't play music together, at least this kind of music. I learned to play the dulcimer long before I knew him, and when I knew him I wasn't playing it, no one was playing it, not even Alton. Everyone was playing cowboy music, what they call country music now. Guitars and fiddles. I knew that Alton had these dulcimers. He mentioned them some, but I never saw them. Maybe there was two of them, maybe twenty."

She pauses to drink, then takes the instrument into her lap and begins tuning it. "That damn George Thomson," she says lightly. "Got these strings so tight. There," and "there," she says, loosening them. Then she points her pick down toward the car and says, "Your girl's out."

And she's right—Lena has come out of the car. She's sitting on the hood, still reluctant to let her feet touch the ground. She's talking to herself, we can see that, getting her courage up.

Rita's satisfied with the tuning, but she sits back, looking at me. "George's letter says you two were pretty friendly for a few months. He said the best things about you, lots of them."

"Well, he's a nice man," I say quietly, looking off at Lena. "And it was more than a few months. It was more like three years. It took us close to two years to adopt Lena. That was the best of it, like a great, long pregnancy for both of us. After that things went slack between us."

"Then you and George were married? His letter didn't say that."

"No, we weren't. There was something that made both of us hang back. Neither of us could say those words, but we both wanted the child, George for different reasons than me—George wanted to save someone, I think. I just wanted someone who wouldn't leave for a while—that's what I think now."

I look at Rita—she's about to ask me something, but I speak again quickly. "George tried very hard," I say. "We both tried, and it still didn't work."

Rita's face turns from a question to an answer she's given before. "Trying is virtuous, honey, but it gets old, doesn't it, I mean, if it's not accompanied by something else."

I smile at her. "Yes. I wouldn't put it that way, but that might be it."

Then she says, "Why don't I go down and get that girl. And then I'll teach you both how to play this thing."

"Go easy," I say, and I watch her, and she has no trouble at all. Lena follows her, careful to place her feet where Rita's have been.

Looking over the edge of the porch at the tops of the pines, Lena says, "Wow" and then "Domine."

And then Rita draws her back with the music. "It's not a hard thing to learn," she says, looking at me. "I can show you all I know in no time."

"I'm not musical, not at all, remember?"

"George Thomson says you can whistle, honey. And that's all you need." She twangs the strings and hums up through the scale. "Did he teach you his pig song? Oink, oink, oink. He learned that one from me, won't admit that now, but he did. That's the simplest tune I know for the dulcimer. Here we go."

And she plays the instrument delicately, much more so than George. Father's instrument, in her hands, makes such a lilting sound. And her voice is just a range higher all the time, the "oink, oink, oink," sounding playful, a song for children, as it should be.

Les grandes dames de l'ouest

James Carr

A forty-mile range of the Wyoming Rocky Mountains, known as the Grand Tetons, acquired their special title from 19th-century French fur trappers who affectionately referred to three of these peaks as "les trois tetons" (the three breasts); hence, the name given subsequently to the entire range. The verses below were penned as a tribute to these statuesque beauties and the Frenchmen who named them.

Les Grands Tetons
dans toute leur splendeur
lancent vers le ciel de l'ouest
une coquetterie féminine
tout en découvrant à la nature
leur myriade de poitrines
car au mois de juin
ces magnifiques dames
se font observer demi-habillées
tandis que les neiges en lavant
les lignes érotiques des pentes
sous un soleil brillant de midi
se fondent et se hâtent

dans les vallées

et dans les plaines

tout en bas

annoncer qu'elles ont passé la nuit
avec leurs amours tout là-haut
dans les montagnes à la belle étoile
et n'ont absolument pas honte
de l'avoir fait

The great ladies of the West

The Grand Tetons
in all their splendor
thrust upward to the Wyoming sky
a feminine coquettishness
uncovering their myriad breasts
to nature's full view
for in the month of June
these magnificent ladies
reveal themselves semi-nude
their snows bathing erotic silhouettes
in the brilliant midday sun
melting and hastening

to the valleys

and the plains

far below

to announce that they have spent the night
with their loves
high on the mountains
under the stars
and exhibit absolutely
no shame
for having done so

Innocence punie

James Carr

Les fragiles flocons de neige
atterrissent nonchalamment
sur la piste inconnue
de leur destination où
ils offrent humblement
leur pureté
leur virginité
leur innocence
à leur hôte terrestre.

Quel grand malheur
que leur vie simple
que leur forme délicate
et intrinsèque
sera coupée court
toute exposée
aux caprices du temps
ceux-ci étant trop durs
en face de l'innocence
blanche
bienfaisante
sans défaut.

La terre les oblige
de se fondre en larmes
de disparaître à l'infini
jamais plus témoins
de leurs précurseurs
des hivers passés ou
de leurs successeurs
des hivers à venir.

Innocence punished

Fragile flakes of snow
nonchalantly settle on
the unknown earthly runway
of their destination where
they humbly offer
their purity
their virginity
their innocence
to their terrestrial host.

What misfortune that
their simple life
their delicate and
intrinsic form
will be cut short
completely exposed
to the whims of weather
all too harsh for their
white
well-meaning
faultless
innocence.

The earth obliges them
to melt into tears
to disappear into infinity
never more to be witnesses
of their precursors
of winters past...or
of their successors
of winters to come.

Support of Smallpox Inoculation by Washington, Adams and Jefferson

Mary Ann Bradford Burnam

The first three presidents of the United States experienced smallpox as young men. Washington had smallpox in 1751. John Adams had himself inoculated in Boston before he married in 1764. Jefferson went to Philadelphia to be inoculated in 1766. Adam's and Jefferson's behavior is interesting in that inoculation was not the common practice and was opposed by many physicians. Adams and Jefferson supported the use of inoculation for the public. Washington first opposed inoculation for the army and then became a supporter (Freeman 7: 638; Butterfield 38; Boyd 2: 124 note).

Adams accepted the use of inoculation because man is rational and inoculation was less risky than infection. He wrote his future wife the details of preparation and the symptoms of the patient. He wanted Abigail to be inoculated soon. Adams concluded that parents who do not have children inoculated are blind, since inoculation is better than living in fear the rest of one's life (Butterfield 21-40).

In 1776, he saw the destructiveness of smallpox on the returning revolutionary army from Canada. He wrote that "...The Small Pox is ten times more terrible than Britons, Canadians and Indians together. . ." (Butterfield 137-138). He wished that an inoculating hospital could be opened in every town in New England. That same year, because Abigail knew her husband's mind, she had herself and her children inoculated in Boston (Butterfield 143-148).

Unlike Adams, Washington could not accept the use of inoculation until it became necessary to preserve the revolutionary army. Washington used a general order of May 20, 1776, to forbid inoculation of anyone in the army. This measure was thought necessary to prevent the spread of the disease within the army and city. In April 1777 he proposed to Patrick Henry that inoculation be introduced into the state. This procedure would decrease the fear of smallpox for those enlisting.

By January 1777 Washington changed his views on inoculating the troops. He wrote to Doctor Shippen that he had determined that the "[t]roops shall be inoculated." He asked Shippen to make preparations to inoculate all the troops in Philadelphia. He wrote his brother in June 1777 that he supported the inoculation of all children and changing the law in Virginia to permit inoculation. By March 1778 Washington was able to order that all subjects in camp and all recruits were to be

inoculated. Subsequently, he had to write to generals and governors that it was better to have the men inoculated in camp than march to camp after inoculation (Fitzpatrick 5: 62-63; 6: 473-474; 7: 407-409; 8: 156-158; 11: 107, 116, 145-146, 168-170, 274-275).

Whereas Washington's interest in inoculation was because of military necessity, Jefferson's interest was not only practical but scientific. In December 1777 Jefferson shaped and influenced the bill that regulated the practice of inoculation in Virginia. After his wife's death, he had his children and wards inoculated with smallpox. Later he accepted the new practice of cowpox inoculation and was willing to support it when Doctor Waterhouse wrote him in December 1800. Doctor Waterhouse had earlier approached Adams, who was willing to give his support. Something happened with this connection, so that Waterhouse went to Jefferson. Their correspondence continued until 1803.

Waterhouse wrote to Jefferson about his communications with Jenner in England. Jefferson received cowpox vaccine and had family and neighbors inoculated. He kept details of symptoms and results and communicated these to Waterhouse. Over the years, he sent vaccination material from Waterhouse or from Monticello to doctors in Virginia, Philadelphia, and New York. He supported the experiments of inoculating cowpox recipients with smallpox. These experiments could demonstrate the success of the cowpox inoculations. Waterhouse accredited Jefferson with the introduction of the "true disease" into Virginia (Halsey 2-58).

Jefferson promoted inoculation within the new regions of the United States. He instructed Meriwether Lewis to take cowpox material for vaccination on his expedition into the territory of the Louisiana Purchase. When the Indian chief Little Turtle visited Washington, Jefferson had him and some others inoculated. He sent them away with the materials and instructions to inoculate other Indians (Boyd 2: 122-124 and note).

These three presidents openly supported and influenced the spread of inoculation to prevent smallpox. Washington's practice of inoculating the troops saved lives, decreased the fear of inoculation, and perhaps spread its acceptance. Adams's views resulted in protection for his family and perhaps some acceptance. Jefferson's promotion of the cowpox vaccination not only saved lives but also added to the knowledge of many physicians.

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Creating Drama in Music: Handel's *Saul*

David P. DeVenney

Saul, written and performed in 1738 at the King's Theater in London, occupies an important place in the work of George Frederic Handel. In this work Handel abandoned the genre form of Italian opera and, based upon his experiments with the earlier works *Esther*, *Deborah*, *Alexander's Feast*, and the two passion settings, developed his first, true English oratorio.¹ *Esther* and *Deborah* were *pasticcios*, consisting of choruses, arias, and instrumental material taken completely from his earlier works. While *Saul* contains some limited borrowing of material from earlier works and from works by other composers, it is the first of Handel's oratorios conceived as a musical whole.

The libretto of *Saul* was compiled by Charles Jennens largely from the book of Samuel (Dean, *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios* 279). Act I begins with a Song of Triumph for David's victory over Goliath and the Philistines. Saul invites David to stay at court and offers him the hand of his eldest daughter, Merab, who scornfully declines it. Michal, Saul's younger daughter, has fallen in love with David; and her brother, Jonathan, pledges his friendship and devotion to the young hero. After an interval of time, Saul and David meet a group of women who proclaim David their hero, attributing "ten-thousand slain" to him and only "a thousand slain" to Saul in a recent battle. Saul is outraged by this, asking "What can they give him more, except the kingdom?" David tries to soothe Saul's rage (a rage Michal calls an "old disease") by playing his harp. This further infuriates the king, who hurls his javelin at David as the hero flees. Saul charges Jonathan to seek out and kill David, but in a mournful aria Jonathan weighs his dilemma and decides against "filial ties" in support of his friendship with David.

In Act II Jonathan tries to convince Saul that David is indeed a friend of the kingdom, and Saul, who seems to repent, calls David and offers him the hand of Michal. Saul's next recitative, however, shows his true frame of mind: he intends for the Philistines to kill David on the battlefield and do his dirty work for him. In a sentimental duet, David and Michal declare their love and, after an interval of time, are married. But soon, David once again defeats the Philistines, only to re-encounter Saul's fury. He runs into hiding and, with Michal's help, barely avoids Saul's revenge. Now Merab, seeing her father's deteriorating condition and his persecution of David, undergoes a partial change from her former scornful self. She sees disaster approaching at the coming feast and asks Jonathan to help David escape. Jonathan gives a feeble excuse to his fa-

ther for David's absence from the feast and Saul, again enraged, hurls his javelin at his son. The chorus, fearful of their own fate and shocked with the horror of Saul trying to kill Jonathan, sing of the blindness of rage that leads Saul from crime to crime, "nor end, but with his own destruction."

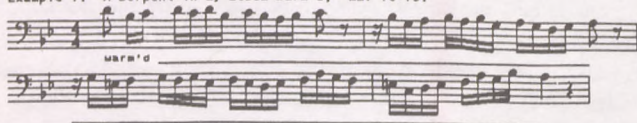
Act III begins with a change of mood. Saul, no longer mad but finding himself alone, resolves to turn to hell for guidance. With the help of a Witch he conjures up the ghost of Samuel, who prophesies the death of Saul and his son and promises Saul's kingdom to David. A battle ensues in which both Saul and Jonathan are killed. An Amalekite soldier brings David Saul's crown and David, learning of the messenger's nationality, orders the Amalekite killed. There follows a funeral procession and a long lament by David on the deaths of the two Israelites. The High Priest foretells the glory of Israel under David's reign, and the oratorio ends with the chorus urging all present to "gird on thy sword . . . [and] retrieve the Hebrew name."

Although the oratorio is long, the dramatic pace is quite fast. There are many stage directions in the score and Handel scholar Winton Dean argues forcibly that the oratorios should be staged. *Saul* readily lends itself to staging and, indeed, may have been performed in that manner during Handel's lifetime (Dean, "The Dramatic Element" 33-49).

Handel uses three principal musical devices as dramatic elements: text painting, tone painting, and formal design (i.e. such devices as aria structure, type of recitative, and changes in tonal center). The instrumental passages are conceived in a dramatic fashion and Handel often uses the actual timbre of various instruments to depict dramatic events. Handel also places the chorus within the action of *Saul* and this, too, serves a dramatic function.

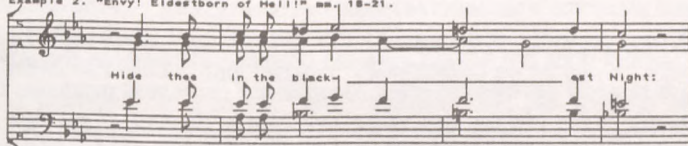
Saul's aria, "A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd," provides two examples of text painting. The serpent of the title is depicted by a running sixteenth-note pattern that alternately descends and ascends by thirds (Example 1). Later, Saul vents his anger at David by hurling his javelin at the youth. Handel portrays this event with a rapid, two-octave, descending G minor scale.

Example 1. "A Serpent in my Bosom Warm'd," mm. 16-19.



The chorus, "Envy! thou eldest born of Hell!" which opens Act II, contains a startling chromatic passage at "hide thee in the blackest night" (Example 2) that vividly depicts this dramatic idea. The orchestra reinforces the text painting by changing from playing a disjunct, dotted sixteenth and thirty-second note rhythm over a ground bass, to music imitating the rhythm and harmony of the chorus.

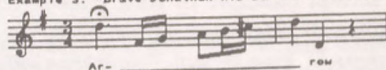
Example 2. "Envy! Eldestborn of Hell!" mm. 18-21.



Later in the second act, the chorus reacts with disgust and alarm as Saul throws his javelin at Jonathan. "O fatal consequence of rage" is written as a point-of-imitation, with a tritone—often used in the Baroque period to signify conflict or disquiet—as its opening melodic interval. At the words "from crime to crime he blindly goes" Handel switches from a four-four meter to three-four and offsets the word "blindly" for the chorus, now on the downbeat, now on the second or third beat, and so forth. This shifting meter accurately mimics the "stumbling" of Saul as he sinks deeper into madness. The same idea is pursued further at the phrase "nor end but with his own destruction knows," where "knows" is set to a long melisma that winds around within a small melodic tessitura, musically portraying Saul's madness.

In the third of David's three lament arias (Act III), at the deaths of Saul and Jonathan, David describes Jonathan's death (by the piercing of an arrow) with a direct, quick melodic line (Example 3).

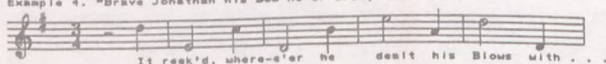
Example 3. "Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew," mm. 15-16.



In the same aria, he describes Saul's valor on the battlefield and depicts the fall of the king's sword by descending sevenths (Example 4). The interval of a seventh is also used in the next chorus, "O fatal day! How low the Mighty lie!" to portray the second half of the textual phrase. In this way, Handel provides dramatic unity by joining Saul's death with

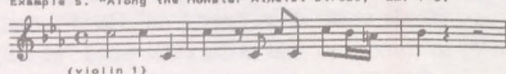
the lament on it that follows.

Example 4. "Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew," mm. 38-42.



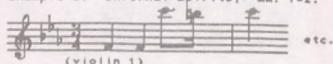
Handel does not always give the dramatic elements to the voices: these musical devices are often found in the orchestral material. One example is the trio for alto, tenor, and bass in Scene I of the first act. Handel suggests the gait of Goliath in the opening orchestral music of this movement with an octave leap and subsequent eighth-note anticipation (Example 5).

Example 5. "Along the Monster Atheist strode," mm. 1-3.



The passage begins with a statement on C and continues with diatonic, sequential statements down to D an octave below, melodically depicting the advance of Goliath. Winton Dean says of this music that "the instruments do not imitate the gait . . . they carry the dramatic overtones of the situation. The appeal is not to the ear through the memory, but through the ear to the imagination" (Dean, *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios* 295). The depiction of Saul's deepening madness in the "Envy" chorus, with a ground bass and dotted rhythms in the orchestra, has been described above. A similar example of tone painting occurs in the Witch's incantation in Act III. Here, the strings of the orchestra play a four-beat pattern (Example 6), even though Handel has indicated a triple meter.

Example 6. "Infernal Spirits," mm. 1-2.



This depiction of the Witch's power is played over long *forte* notes in the double reed woodwinds. The same motive returns during Saul's conversation with the ghost of Samuel to remind the listener that this is an apparition from the other world. The use of repetition serves as a dramatically unifying musical device by binding the two "other-world" events together. Handel uses two bassoons for the ghost in the second example; the bassoons' soft, mournful quality perfectly conjures the apparition.

Formal devices are also used by Handel as dramatic elements in *Saul*. Scene I of the first act, for instance, tells the story in two choruses, an aria, and a trio, of David killing Goliath. Handel uses no recitative, which would interrupt the dramatic flow. Furthermore, the soprano aria proceeds immediately into the following trio, which likewise moves immediately into the second chorus, ending with a recapitulation of the opening chorus, "How excellent thy name." In this manner, Handel does not interrupt the flow of the music but presents the narrative through "seamless" music.

In Michal's two arias in the first act, Handel changes tonal centers to depict a change of mood. The first aria, "See, see, with what a scornful air" (where Michal looks with sadness on her sister Merab), is set in A minor. The second aria, "Ah, Lovely Youth," where Michal gazes admiringly on the young David, is set in F major. It is difficult to imagine a more effective, if subtle, means of depicting two sides of Michal's character than this switch of tonal center.

A similar treatment occurs in Jonathan's recitative and aria in scene IV of Act I, where he is torn between his love and sense of duty to his father, who has asked him to kill David ("O filial piety!"), and his sworn friendship and deep love for the young hero. As he begins to resolve this dilemma, Handel changes key from A minor to B minor, changes tempo from *Lento* to *Larghetto*, and changes meter from duple to triple. When his conviction becomes firm, the music moves *Allegro* and modulates to G major. The aria that began in B minor thus ends in G major—an important tonal center structurally in *Saul*—as Jonathan resolves to defend David with his life.

Changes of texture also provide dramatic emphasis. In the first act David is greeted by a group of women as the "author of our present joy." Eight measures before the end of the chorus, the tenors and basses join the women in singing David's praise. Saul briefly interrupts the crowd's revelry with an angry phrase, but the chorus resumes as before, now homophonically and with the full orchestra accompanying them. This forms a natural crescendo to the festivities and provides a clear dramatic expression of Saul's increasing rage and fury when David is preferred above himself by the people.

Simple as well as complex means can serve to heighten the drama.

The sincerity of Jonathan's "Sin not, O king, against the Youth," is portrayed in a simple strophic aria accompanied by two bassoons, two violins, viola, and continuo. Such plain treatment adds emphasis to Jonathan's words making them seem a simple plea from the heart.

A final example of formal design used as a dramatic element can be found in the climax of the second act, during the feast where Saul has plotted David's death. "The time at length is come" is set as accompanied recitative: Saul plans revenge on this "bane of my peace and author of my shame." Jonathan enters and Saul hurls his javelin at Jonathan, outraged at his son's failure to produce David. Handel chose to set the climax of this scene, the confrontation with Jonathan, as *secco* recitative. So the moment of highest drama is more simple musically than the emotional passage preceding it.

The six instrumental passages (each marked "symphony") are used as important components of the dramatic flow of the work. Each symphony has a dramatic function, with the exception of the opening symphony, which serves as a prelude to the work.

The symphony preceding the chorus of praise to David in Act I indicates a passage of time. It begins the crescendo of praise that was discussed above, starting with the women and culminating in the rousing final movement with full orchestra and chorus. Similarly, the symphony between the two Act I duets of Michal and David marks the passage of time between their admission of love for one another and their subsequent marriage. There is even a gavotte that serves as their wedding dance.

A symphony after Merab's aria, "Author of Peace," depicts Saul's preparations for killing David at the feast. The final symphony, after Saul's meeting with the ghost of Samuel, indicates a passage of time, as well as illustrating the battle with the Philistines in which both Saul and Jonathan are killed.

Two instrumental passages remain. The first, in Act I, is scored for harp and represents David's playing to soothe Saul. The second, in the final act, is the famous March, a funeral procession for Saul and Jonathan. This, as well as the symphony depicting the battle of the Philistines, is scored for concerted instrumental forces. In the former passage, the brass and strings play a slow dirge that alternates with a lament for two flutes and continuo. In the latter example, the winds (two oboes and bassoon) alternate with the brass, depicting the opposing armies on the battlefield. Handel reserves the trombones (*Saul* is the only oratorio to use them) for military or state occasions, such as the opening and closing choruses that speak of the glory and might of Israel, the scene of the feast, the battle of the Philistines, and the funeral march. This small element of orchestration provides added dramatic and musical interest at specific moments in *Saul*.

Finally, one should briefly examine the role of the chorus in *Saul* as a dramatic force. Unlike Handel's operas, where the chorus frequently moralizes about the unfolding drama, the chorus in *Saul* provides moralizing comment only twice. The first time is at the opening of the second act ("Envy! thou eldest born of Hell!") and the second time is at the close of Act II, after Saul hurls his javelin at Jonathan. Yet it has been shown above that through the use of other musical devices, Handel draws even these two choruses into the flow of the drama.

In six instances the chorus comments on the action of *Saul* without moralizing. Three of these choruses take place within the first scene of the oratorio, although even here the chorus does not comment on the action, but relates their own narrative, their history as a nation. The other three commenting choruses occur at various points throughout *Saul*, one chorus in each act. The first example closes Act I ("Preserve him for the glory of thy name") when the chorus appeals to God on David's behalf. The second is a short choral section between the two duets for Michal and David ("Is there a man?") that extols the virtues of the young hero. The last example of a commenting chorus occurs late in the third act where the choir sings, with David, the repeated opening section of his aria, "In sweetest harmony."

The remaining five choruses in *Saul* are directly "active" in their relation to the drama. The choral forces are even responsible for the primary dramatic event, since it is their praise of David in Act I that rouses the envy and rage of Saul. Dean says of the role of the chorus in general that

they take part in everything: the celebration of David's victory, the betrothal of David and Michal, Saul's feast, the elegy, the final gaze into the future. They represent the continuing life of the people; the oratorio is as much their story as Saul's It is the very fact that their comments arise from what they (or we) have just heard or seen that makes their weightiest pronouncements so overwhelming. (Dean, *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios* 284.)

One question should be asked: how does recognition of these dramatic elements in *Saul* affect a performance of the work? In any composition, conductor and performers must know what moves the music forward, what binds it together, and what creates musical and dramatic interest. A thorough study of the dramatic elements in *Saul* will alternately affect the performer's choices of tempo, dynamic, and articulation. An acknowledgement and understanding of these musical ideas is essential if the drama is to be convincingly communicated to an audience.

A performance, for instance, that does not take into account the importance of the change of key from Jonathan's "O filial piety" to his "No,

no cruel father" will miss an opportunity to bring insight and clarity to the work, just as a casual interpretation of the cross-rhythms in the "Envy" chorus that opens the second act will dampen the music and impede the dramatic idea.

Handel was primarily a dramatist, a composer of Italian opera. *Saul*, occupying a pivotal role in his work, provides a clear example of how Handel adapted compositional techniques developed for his Italian operas in creating dramatic interest in a new, more static musical genre, the English oratorio.

Notes

1. For a discussion of this evolution, see Julian Herbage's chapter, "The Oratorios," in *Handel: A Symposium*, ed. Gerald Abraham. London: Oxford UP, 1954.

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These Days

Wayne Rittenhouse

On your worst days you're a digital clock.

On your best you're the smell of warm, summer air in early April.

Most days you're a deer pretending to be a water buffalo, standing in the middle of a shallow pond, thinking about befriending water spiders.

The Kind of Father I Would Be

Wayne Rittenhouse

This winter, like last, I'm keeping small animals in my beard: a chipmunk, a wren, and maybe someone else.

When I scratch my beard I'll be petting the chipmunk. When it looks like I'm talking to myself, I'll be asking the wren what it feels like to fly.

As my beard grows, if they want to invite friends over, they can.

Ears Splatting

Wayne Rittenhouse

We're dancing—it just looks like we're not.

It just looks like we're going through the motions, but we're dancing, celebrating life, you know.

In fact, we're celebrating so much—dancing so fast and so hard—that bodily parts are being flung all over the place. Noses zip in front of you, elbows crash into the wall, lungs shoot across the room, hearts fly up to the ceiling and stick there saying, "Come and get us!"

"Huh?" we say, our ears having splat into the bandstand.

What Goes On In Washington

Wayne Rittenhouse

In Millport Valley, a valley as green as green can be, a mile and a half behind the old junior high school where the Barons practice running into each other fall after fall, the toxic chemicals buried for forty years were causing the players' penises to fall off.

Football practice was tough enough without this happening.

The cheerleaders collected the organs, wrapped them in kleenex, and sent them to Washington.

"Mr. Henry," said the secretary who was in charge of opening the mail, "you better take a look at this."

"Young feminists," Mr. Henry remarked, "damn them all."

Your Ink's Still Wet

John Nickerson

You've checked through Customs and finally arrived at your hotel when a large, and somewhat sinister-looking man approaches you and asks, "Say Slim, how long you down for, you get stroked or what?" Although you probably haven't the foggiest notion what he's asking, your answer to his question is critical; you see, you're "vacationing" in one of Ohio's correctional institutions for men and your reply will immediately mark you as either someone who has been around and knows the score or a new inmate who may be easily exploited.

Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction statistics indicate Ohio males are going to prison in ever increasing numbers: between 1980 and the end of 1989 Ohio's male prison population swelled from a little less than 13,000 to over 28,000 inmates (Parks). So it is a reasonably good bet that some of you may become first-time residents of this strange land. For this reason, and because it is dangerous to travel to a foreign country without knowledge of the customs and language, I offer the following brief, unofficial phrase book and dictionary.

This guide was compiled with the help of a number of inmates in various Ohio prisons and while it is far from complete, it does cover the basics of survival: food, shelter, sex, recreation, and dealing with the authorities. You may be familiar with some of these expressions, as they may be heard on the street, having either originated there and circulated into the corrections system or vice versa but even these can take on new and important meanings in prison context. Further, many of these terms will probably be new to you since they reflect the ethnic (51 percent black) and lower socio-economic background of Ohio's male prison population. For example, the prison terms "roller" (a corrections officer) and "gumpy" (a homosexual) may have originated in early 19th-century English and Scotch and are perhaps indicative of the Appalachian origins and English and Scottish ancestry of many of Ohio's inmates. According to *The Oxford English Dictionary*, "roller" is English "street" for the horse and foot guard that patrolled London's streets at night while the Scottish word "gump" was sometimes used to refer to a stupid woman. In any case, although many of these expressions are ethnically and regionally specific and may vary slightly in meaning from one institution and social context to another, they should help you get started wherever you end up.

1. big baby n: a sandwich; sometimes specifically a double cheese burger
2. bumping rocks v: to shake hands; done with a clenched fist
3. car n: a radio; adv: in combination with ride means to be tight

- with or in somebody's protection: "I'm riding in Smith's car."
4. car wash n: the showers
 5. creeper n: an inmate who sneaks around in the hope of finding either an open locker or a potential sexual assault victim
 6. down/downtime n: the length of time an inmate has been incarcerated
 7. flop n: denial of parole after a parole hearing; any time served thereafter is referred to as flop-time
 8. gas n: batteries for a radio
 9. get busy: a general expression for taking immediate and/or forceful action, best defined by the context in which it is used: "I'm going to get busy with some food." or "Get busy m.f.!" (let's fight)
 10. gimme-gets n: refers to individuals who acquire goods through begging
 11. good looking out: thank you
 12. gumpy n: a homosexual and/or an inmate with feminine characteristics
 13. hit a lick v: to acquire some money or other goods of value
 14. hit list n: a list designating the order in which inmates go to meals
 15. ho n: a homosexual or a general derogatory remark
 16. ho checking v: watching or talking to homosexuals
 17. hole shot n: any act that can result in sending an inmate to isolation
 18. homey n: a person from the same hometown
 19. ink's still wet adj: a descriptive expression for a new inmate
 20. iron pile n: the gym and/or weight room.
 21. jump school n: rehabilitation program for sexual offenders (see tree jumper)
 22. kite n: an interinstitutional communication; generally used to make a request, register a complaint, or inform on other inmates
 23. the line n: freedom or the other side of the fence
 24. mushfake: general term to describe something as homemade (legal or illegal) or the process by which such goods are produced
 25. 911 n: an informant
 26. paid v: to be granted parole or to talk an inmate or guard out of something valuable
 27. patient v: an inmate who is mentally disturbed and perhaps on some kind of medication or any inmate considered unstable
 28. piece n: may mean either "piece of ass" or amount of marijuana equaling approximately thirteen sacks or fifty dollars worth (see sack)
 29. posse n: a group that hangs out together
 30. pressed v: a general term to refer to an unpleasant situation; may mean to be intimidated, threatened, bored or broke
 31. rag shop n: quartermaster

32. rappy n: a friend or associate
33. ride on v: to relax while listening to music: "I'm riding on the Stones."
34. road dog n: close associate; usually someone an inmate walks the yard with or traveling companion from the outside
35. roller n: a corrections officer
36. sack n: a specific amount of marijuana; generally one full sewing thimble
37. shot of mud n: a cup of coffee or reference to sexual activity
38. shower babies n: the results of masturbation in the showers
39. six five: a warning sounded among inmates at the approach of a corrections officer
40. slim n: a term of address used for complete strangers or those whose name you do not know
41. state raised adj: an inmate who receives no money from the outside
42. stroked v: to be harshly punished; to receive the maximum sentence from a judge
43. taking a picture v: to survey the prison yard at a distance and then doing it a second time to see who or what has moved
44. throw down n: refers to an informal group meal for which inmates contribute food items
45. throw down on v: to fight
46. time: terms referring to length of sentence

second - 90 days	quarter - 25 years
bullet - one year	minute - anything less than life
nickel - five years	all day - life
dime - ten years	
47. tree jumper n: most specifically a rapist but may refer to sex offenders in general
48. the whip adj: used to describe something as the best
49. yard dogs n: corrections officers assigned to duty in the prison yard and finally,
50. your ass is out: an expression describing being in trouble with no hope of escaping or victory

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Kids Writing "To Get Things Done"

Karen Shipley Robinson

"Hey, what's your favorite kind of chewing gum?" This question was recently asked of me by a kindergartner appropriately outfitted with clipboard, enlarged graph paper, and pencil. I had barely uttered my response when a tiny girl breathlessly queried, "Do you have any pets? If so, how many?" This was followed by another's businesslike, "Do you buy your lunch or bring it?" and shortly thereafter, another's, "Who do you vote for governor?" During a break in this barrage, when I finally could scan the classroom, I noticed that every child was embracing a clipboard and either interviewing a classmate, seeking an interviewee, or being interviewed.

The potpourri of unrelated topics notwithstanding, these young students were engaged in the singular task of data gathering and graphing. The power of graphing activities in an early childhood setting is limitless. It is an excellent way for children to experience "hands on" mathematics (Whitin 57). Through graphing, the mathematical processes of counting, grouping, and predicting are practiced in a concrete, purposeful context.

Creative teachers of young children are able to integrate a graphing activity into almost any thematic topic being investigated by their classes. During a graphing task, mathematics is not the only subject area being learned. The final product of a graphing exercise is usually a chart with a survey question, answer categories and response tallies. Such a tidy outcome neatly belies the processes of language which come into play during its development. Questioning, rephrasing, negotiating, cajoling, guessing, predicting—all are interactive components of the successful graphing project.

Recently, we found that, in addition to the above-mentioned benefits of graphing, the activity leads to unique opportunities for the teacher/researcher to observe and facilitate children's expository writings. During an ethnographic investigation into the writing process, we asked ourselves, "What can beginning writers do in the expository mode? What about young writers' early expository efforts foreshadows the mature expository prose which will be expected of them later? What opportunities exist in the primary classroom for teachers to observe and encourage students writing in this mode?"

The research of two decades of collaborations of psycholinguists, cognitive psychologists, reading educators and others has revealed a maturity in children's literacy learnings heretofore unrecognized (Strickland 1-5). As oral language learners, and later, as emergent writers and readers, children exhibit a fascinating and adultlike repertoire of commu-

nicative skills and understandings. Their early speech and their pre-conventional reading and writing are "based upon the intent to make meaning within the social context" (Harste 59). In a similar vein to this line of research, we were searching for the *successive approximations* of later exposition which children make in beginning expository efforts.

What the Research Literature Says

Exposition and argumentation are sub-categories of the kind of writing labelled as *transactional*. Transactional writing, sometimes referred to as *non-narrative*, is "writing to get things done" (Temple 136). In addition to its functional nature, transactional writing places the reader in the role of *receiver of information*. "Exposition presents facts at a remote level, and literary narration presents events at a personal level" (Moore 8). Expository writing may involve instructions, descriptions, reports, and explanations. In upper elementary grades (and beyond), much instructional time is spent learning about, reading from, and writing a variety of expository structures.

Transactional writing differs from the other two modes commonly found in children's writing, *expressive and poetic*. In the expressive mode, an emotional, personal tone is used; the child writer appears to be speaking to and with the reader. The poetic mode includes stories, songs, poems, and plays; the reader is a spectator, not a participant (Temple 131-134, 140-143). Not surprisingly, children's early writings are often a mixture of these modes. Particularly common is the juxtaposition of a personal tone (as in the expressive mode) with a descriptive, persuasive, or instructional function (as in exposition). "When young writers are composing, they seem driven by a powerful urge to put themselves and their interests in the foreground" (Temple 124). This combination of personal expression and exposition, seen as a transition between the young child's self-centeredness and a growing sense of audience and written form, may nevertheless yield interesting and effective composition.

It is commonly accepted that expository reading and writing pose unique and serious difficulties for elementary students. Third and fourth grade teachers often bemoan the challenges posed when their students are suddenly confronted with subject matter textbooks, research projects and report writing. Researchers have documented the problems which older youngsters have with writing exposition (Moffett, Bereiter).

Other researchers have investigated the nature of the very early writings of children (Bissex, 1980, Collerson, 1983, Gundlach, 1982, Newkirk, 1984, and Taylor, 1983). They have found that preschool children exhibit a surprising variety of non-narrative structures in their early writings, such as lists, charts, certificates, quizzes, alphabet books, signs, instructions and persuasive pieces. Furthermore, the kind of

writing modeled for children by adults at home is primarily non-narrative. With the exception of bedtime reading (which usually involves stories), most of the reading that children see being done by adults is also for getting or giving information. In her extensive study with several cultural groups in North Carolina, anthropologist Shirley Brice Heath carefully documented the adult communication tasks most frequently exhibited at home; these typically included the reading and writing of menus, shopping lists and other instructions, financial transactions, notes to family members and friends, religious documents, church and school communiques, etc. (57, 63). It is a curious point of interest, this discrepancy between the child's at-home milieu and the preponderance in many primary classrooms of fictional and "creative" reading and writing experiences.

Research Setting

The context for the study was a childcare center which served children ages from two and a half to seven. The curriculum was child-centered, with a wide array of choices offered daily. At any one time, children might be seen snuggling with a teacher and reading books, painting at an easel, having a snack with friends, building with blocks, or climbing a play structure. Into this busy environment a "Writing Factory" learning station was established for the five-, six-, and seven-year-olds. The "Writing Factory," outfitted with two typewriters, tables, markers, pencils and paper, provided optional opportunities for a variety of writing tasks. Almost daily a graphing project was offered, the subject of which was generated with the children. With each graph were activity extensions which involved expository and other non-narrative writing. These extensions included the children's writing and posting instructions to other "Writing Factory" participants (See Figure 1), composing and communicating rules regarding materials and activities, and forming summaries of the data after the graphs were completed (See Figure 2). Even the seemingly mundane activity of overseeing the "signup" for a task was tackled with an unexpected fervor. The results of this coveted administrative task reveal a *savoir faire* about the adult world of "getting things done" which children at a young age have already "sniffed out" (See Figure 3).

The topics of many of the graphs were related to science, social studies and literary content, such as counting lost teeth and broken bones, naming families' holiday activities, and choosing a favorite book of a featured author. The interest in these topics allowed us to "invite" cause/effect thinking by posting questions regarding these topics and placing blank answer cards on which the children wrote their responses. Soon, of course, there was a wall full of childlike explanations for a variety of phenomena (See Figure 4). Other opportunities for non-narrative writing

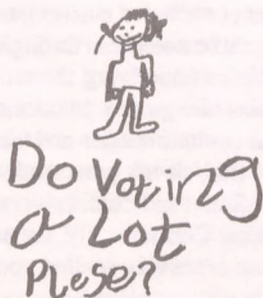


Figure 1. Scott, age 6. Instructions to his colleagues, posted at the "check-in desk."

2 MOVES KAM I V
 1 PLAS IT WA HRD VOT
 AND TOS MOVES WR
 The Little Mermaid And
 Dick Tracy

Figure 2. Scott, age 6. Excerpt from summary of data from group survey graph, "What is your favorite movie?" Translation: "Two movies came in first place. It was hard voting and those movies were 'The Little Mermaid' and 'Dick Tracy.'" Scott's mention of the "hard voting" refers to an intense amount of discussion and debate between the children before they cast their individual votes.

Sign UP Sheet 7/2
 Joshua
 Lee 5
 Holly 21
 Jennifer R. 6
 Wesley 5
 Stott 6

Figure 3. Excerpt from sign-up sheet. The children spontaneously decided that during this process more data could be gathered. Participants were asked to write their ages after their names.

were offered: some of the children wrote movie reviews, some wrote cooking recipes, others contributed entries into an "Encyclopedia" or a "How to Book." It should be noted that throughout this project, we were guided by those principles underlying the movement in language arts education known as *whole language*. In brief, this means that the focus was more on functional communication and less on emphasis of isolated skills. At this point in their development as writers, the children were encouraged more to be fluent and descriptive, rather than to persevere on aspects of correctness. Consequently, the products obtained contain impressive though often creatively spelled vocabulary.

Ne o To o h G R ih



Figure 4. Christina, age 6. Her answer to the posted question, "Why do kids lose their teeth?" Translation: "New teeth grow in."

Findings

Research into children's writings is a difficult and complicated endeavor. As with the graph example, a simplistic analysis of the final composition ignores rich and valuable data into the process of writing. In order to link the situational context with the written product, copious notes were made of the children's behaviors and words while at the "Learning Factory." Notes were supplemented with photographs and audiotapes. These data were invaluable for later analysis and are the basis for the findings discussed below.

Children's simple expository or non-narrative writings often mask their highly developed verbal compositional abilities.

It is not surprising that children's speech at this age is more sophisticated than their writings. What is unfortunate in some primary classrooms is the reluctance of some teachers to write down the rich verbal compositions of reluctant or slow developing writers. In their zeal to encourage growth in writing, teachers may cancel a previous practice of writing the child's spoken words into a form which the child then "reads." Jonas' words, shown below, illustrate this point: Jonas stubbornly refused to write, saying "I don't know how yet." He was quite willing, however, to dictate a technique of snake catching, while his words were written down by an adult.

How to Make A Snake Pole and Catch a Snake with It
Take a long piece of wood that is round and put a little hook on the wood. Then put a wire through the hook. Then make a circle in wire at the end and make a smaller one at the end you are. When the snake slides into the hole you tighten it. Put snake in box. If it has black nose and stripes, throw it back, it is poisonous! But if it has tan nose and stripes, it is okay. You shouldn't try to keep a rattlesnake.

That dictation served as a personalized instructional device for furthering Jonas' literacy. In addition, it demonstrated Jonas' adeptness at expressing himself and his keen interest in a scientific topic. Until children's writings "catch up" with their spoken language, they should have continued experiences in both activities, attempting their own writing as well as seeing their more advanced oral compositions transcribed by the teacher.

Children enjoy being experts. When a child's individual expertise is recognized, writing about a special interest, accomplishment or cause flows easily and enjoyably.

One of the joys of teaching children is that daily opportunity to be astounded by the special areas of knowledge pursued so enthusiastically by them. Given just the right topic, at just the right time, they are sponges for information. During this study, we were not information givers; instead children brought their different areas of *expertise* to the "Writing Factory." Our task was to provide the "match" between their interests and a writing activity which would have appeal. One such successful activity was the "Encyclopedia" that included entries written by individual children on topics of their choice. The wide range of topics is impressive: snakes, dance, weddings, movies, camping, weaving, and trains. Joshua's piece on the "Boa Constrictor" and Emily's entry on "Ballet" typify the quality of writings obtained for the "Encyclopedia" (See Figures 5 and 6). The response to this activity illuminated the motivating effect of a writer's autonomy in topic selection.

Art, talk, and written expression are often parts of an "orchestrated whole."

Researchers disagree on this point, citing differences in preschoolers' scribbles as evidence for an early separation of different communication media. Though not discernible to the unskilled adult eye, those marks intended by a three-year-old to be her name are *very different* (and consistently so) from those marks intended to be drawings (Harste 18). Our data repeatedly demonstrated a comfortable fluidity between conversation, illustration and written composition. Each complemented (and sometimes supplemented) the other. We did not doubt that the

BoWAS.
 A BoWa CaO
 SAYS a caCaDi
 and Sa FaCiT
 and KILL IT.
 BY EShu

Figure 5



Figure 6

Figure 5. Joshua, age 7. One of four of his snake-related contributions to the "Encyclopedia." The others dealt with anacondas, spitting cobras, and sidewinders. Translation: "Boas. A boa could squeeze a crocodile and suffocate and kill it."

Figure 6. Emily, age 6. Her entry in the "Encyclopedia." Translation: "You need to practice and you need to dance. Then you have a recital."

children knew the differences between their art, their spoken words and their written compositions; rather it was as if they possessed different abilities in three languages and when one "worked better" than another, it was chosen to be used.

Young children's non-narrative writings are attempts to make meaning. Rather than being random and lacking cohesion, the writings demonstrate a sense of purpose and of organization.

Despite appearances, even those writing attempts of children who were not writing conventionally were sincere and effective intentions to communicate. When asked to read their compositions, these writers "read" logical, clear, and communicative messages. Jacob's description of his broken arm illustrates this point (See Figure 7).

The recognition of the emergent writer's *intention* and *purpose* has profound implications for teachers and parents of young children. Early instruction can (and often does) focus on "fixing what's broken" and isolating and presenting discrete skills of convention to young writers. On the other hand, these data support a more fruitful approach: recognize the feats of accomplishment in young children's communications and use these as building blocks for continued growth.



Figure 7. Jacob, age 5. After tallying his response to the graph question, "Have you ever broken a bone?", Jacob was reminded of an injury which he had incurred and wrote, in very large characters (approximately 6 inches high), "I got my finger caught in the car door."

Conclusion

Young children are *doers*. The expository mode is *the language of doing*. Educators have undersold young writers' abilities to create exposition. In doing so, children's growth in a vitally important area has been hindered. That students face many difficult expository reading and writing tasks as older students is an undeniable reality. Educators have falsely concluded that these difficulties mandate a postponement for young children of writing experiences in this mode of discourse.

There is no better time than now to remedy this ill. The current explosion in children's literature presents the early childhood teacher with a remarkable diversity of recently published books of high quality for the classroom. Included are some very well written and beautifully illustrated books of non-fiction. As "literature based" reading programs continue to gain popularity in the elementary schools, early childhood teachers are reading more factual and informational books to their students. In turn, the children are reading the books themselves. A natural next step is for the students to write their own compositions in this genre.

For years, well-intentioned educators have encouraged children's early writing by saying that the written word was "talk written down." Exposition is *not* simply "speech put on paper." It represents a very different way of thinking and expression than that fictional mode commonly heard, read and written by young students. Young children

are frequently exposed to non-fictional writing and reading, especially in their preschool home environments. Their early, untrained, "just for fun" written products reveal a readiness for further instructional experiences in this mode. This readiness has often gone ignored. Given appropriately structured writing tasks, freedom to choose their writing topics, and a teacher's patient consideration of the context of writing, children can indeed become more adept at "writing to get things done."

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Scarab

Cynthia Payne

I have no idea what made me stroll behind the little American compound through the refuse-littered path to the beach. As I picked my way carefully through piles of Peroni and Heineken bottles and the ever-present green plastic water litres, my only ambition was to look at the sea. Somehow, no matter how we try to section it off and foul it up, *al mare e sempre al mare*. I hoped its azure immensity would give me a brief respite from whole days of being force fed and speaking broken Italian with my husband's relatives.

Today something unexpected happened on the beach, something small but nonetheless wonderful. As I peered over the huge rocky mass of the breakwater, my peripheral vision caught an insignificant movement near my right foot. At first glance, I shrank back seized with an instinctive bout of arachnophobia, for all a quick glimpse could grasp was a skittering of black legs and a brownish globular body behind.

Granted, spiders and their kin have just as much claim to the land as I, perhaps more, since their ancestors predate my own by at least a few million years. Nevertheless, I have not made peace with their kind. The Italians did not invent the Tarantella for nothing. The creature was obviously lurching backward however, something I do not often associate with spiders, so I girded up for a braver look.

My "spider" turned out to be no less than a hard-working dung beetle, grasping like a priceless treasure its ping-pong sized ball of dust, litter and excrement. My experience with dung beetles was limited to a few nature documentaries and encyclopedia entries; a hot, sandy, litter-strewn beach was the last place one might expect to encounter the sacred scarab of ancient Egypt. What was it doing here? Is it common all over the Mediterranean coast, or had this one hitched a ride in on an orange crate from Haifa via Palermo?

Often when we are confronted with new wonders, we spend too much time analyzing their nature instead of taking them in whole. Guilty of this more often than I like to admit, I suffer from particulate academia, noticing the part first, saving the whole for later reflection.

Not this time on this beach with this busy creature. Its speed and determination forced me to watch and absorb the experience, saving analysis for later. Its immediate goal appeared to be to cross a rough, uneven space of some forty feet over a sandy inferno, from one pile of large rocks on my left to another nearly identical pile of rocks to the right. Why the beetle wanted to do this bore no apparent rhyme or reason from my point of view, since the point of departure and the goal of its travels looked virtually the same to the human eye. To be fair, travelling from Naples

to Rome would make just as little sense in beetle logic, both places being roughly similar from a scarab's viewpoint.

As I watched, the tiny creature became "she" rather than the vastly more impersonal "it." She grasped her burden in an extended pair of hind legs designed by God and Nature, Inc., specifically for grasping dung balls. She covered ground by pushing herself and her treasure backward with her short front legs, the middle pair serving alternately to grasp or push as was required by the terrain. Her burden rolled backward unevenly, often impeded by bits of broken ceramic tile or shattered brick. The whole enterprise looked too much like work. On a clear stretch of sand, she made rapid progress, weaving in reverse from side to side. What looked like random meandering was obviously a clearing marked autostrada to her.

The Mediterranean sun pierced hot through my shirt. Sweat trickled down my front, urging me to leave her to her labors. I should hurry back to Zia Mena's house for pranzo. It would be rude to be late; the pasta is only good boiling hot, they believe, and dining long and lustily is 'obbligatorio' in Italy.

I could not yet make myself abandon the little scarab who continued laboring hard; her path was difficult, and she frequently ran into trouble, backing into a rock here, a Marlboro pack there. Crashing up against a piece of wood, she fell off the ball and tumbled over backward in a most undignified and unintentional somersault. I crouched down to assist her by moving the obstacle, but instead held back to see how she would handle this latest adversity.

We could all learn a thing or two from "lower" forms of life. Scrambling frantically to right herself and relocate her ball, all six legs flailing about in a frenzy of maternal panic, she missed it altogether a time or two. By the time she had latched on firmly once again, I found myself breathing a small sigh of relief. No such luxury for the beetle; she had places to go and things to do; no time to waste, a true mad hatter with exoskeleton and six legs.

I could not stop watching this little being madly careening in reverse over rocks and sand, a tiny Sisyphus endlessly rolling her burden up the hill and down again, but to what end? Typically human, I expected there to be a *raison d'etre* for all this expense of energy. She obviously had such an end in mind. Perhaps her crazy retro-waltz was a purpose in itself, for in rolling the ball continuously, she thickened its bulk by picking up infinitesimal pieces of matter. After all, the dung beetle's portable life style conceals its most precious possession in the very depths of the ball, her own egg. The larger the ball, the greater chance of protection and survival for her offspring.

She was, after all, just a good mother performing her labor of love. A little overblown and anthropomorphic, you say? I don't agree, having

observed a dung beetle cross forty feet of tortuous ground, pushing a ball at least twice her size over insurmountable obstacles in less than ten minutes. Merely instinct? Who are we to say what is "merely" instinct? Who are we to define a labor of love? Who are we, in fact, to interfere with this little everyday miracle at all, other than to admire it for its own worth?

It is almost always in the small, common moments of life that we learn the most precious lessons. I learned a few things today, or perhaps recalled what I already held in my heart but had begun to neglect. Madam Scarab reminded me that progress, however slow, is worth great effort. We run into constant barriers and sometimes lose hold and sight of what is most priceless in our lives; yet we must scramble to regroup and recover our grasp and balance. Seemingly impassable obstacles can be overcome with patience, determination and persistence of trial and error.

Our ceaseless search for the correct path requires scrambling over, under, around, and sometimes through the barriers placed before us. There is no other vehicle to surmount them. In fact, much good is acquired along the way. When we see others struggling on their journey, we should lend assistance, but only what is required to put them back on their own path. It is wrong to interfere for no other reason than our own preconception of a well-ordered Universe. Whereas it was right for me to prevent some boys from needlessly crushing the mother beetle in the midst of her journey, it would have been wrong to lift up the scarab with her treasure and transport her to the sandy rocks nearby; that was none of my business. Her existence, yes; her ultimate goals, no.

Nature is programmed to serve Her own purpose, regardless of our efforts to alter or control Her. We do not have to understand that purpose. We are simply called on to admire it, protect it, and let it be. Not for nothing did the ancient Egyptians worship the scarab as a sacred being. What could be more worthy of contemplation than a creature that recognizes and yields utterly to its own purpose?

February Birds

James Bailey

I buy suet for the birds
and hang it in wire mesh
to entice the woodpeckers
to come, to cling to the wire
and feed on the cold fat,
a poor second to summer's grubs
and beetles.

Starlings strut on the gray lawn,
flutter up to attack
the pearly lump.
The winter sun highlights
their feathery iridescence,
transfiguring them in a moment
from drabs to harlequins.

Watch carefully,
brash, beady-eyed imposters,
or you may miss the sly Downy
with his dash of red
who darts in,
daintily feeds,
and departs.

March Morning

James Bailey

The wind blows the weather of change.
Birds know it first.

“Jay! Jay!” spikes the air.
Aloft the blue-gray rowdies clamor:
“Ker-lam. Ker-bang. Jay! Jay!”

Earthbound, panting, we push ourselves around the track.
Healthy aches, we want, assurance of cleansing,
satisfaction of stretching muscles—and days—beyond
the shortfall of flaccid fathers.

Jogging steps spell out stern adages.
Abstain. Abstain. Give up gin.
Butter. Butter. Eat no butter.
Too much white wine. Too much white wine.
Abstain. Abstain. Or death will be your wages.
Twelve laps our penance or expiation?

We pant. We pause. We hurry again,
resolved to spring into March,
this year’s and many another.

Fledged for all weathers,
the bluejays tend to elemental matters.
“Jay! Jay!” spikes the air.

Contributors

James Bailey, editor of this issue of *The Miscellany*, is Chairperson of the Department of English. He has recently published fiction in *The Evergreen Chronicles*.

Mary Ann Bradford Burnam, Assistant Professor of Nursing, is working on a doctorate in education at Ohio State University. She is especially interested in history as it relates to women's education and health care.

James Carr, Assistant Professor of Foreign Languages, has been a regular contributor to *The Miscellany*. In addition to his own poetry in French and English, he has published essays on Théodore d'Aubigné and Jacques Prévert.

David P. DeVenney is an Assistant Professor of Music and the Director of the Humanities Program. Currently he is doing research in American choral music.

Jim Gorman's experience with traditional musicians began during summers at the Augusta Festival in Elkins, West Virginia, where he became passionate about dulcimers, both hammer and lap (or Appalachian). He is an Associate Professor of English.

John Nickerson, besides teaching at Otterbein part time, has taught in Ohio correctional institutions. He holds a doctorate in anthropology from Ohio State University.

Cynthia Payne, who has a background in classical piano, mythology and comparative literature, is interested in universal archetypes in the human experience. She has been a lecturer in the Integrative Studies Department.

Wayne Rittenhouse is Director of the Writing Center and Assistant Professor in the English Department. In addition to teaching in the Integrative Studies program, he teaches fiction and poetry in the English writing major.

Karen Shipley Robinson, an Associate Professor of Education, completed her doctorate at Vanderbilt University and has a special interest in research in early reading and writing. Her *Miscellany* article grew from a collaborative effort with Holly Chupp, an education major.

Sylvia P. Vance has been a frequent contributor of poetry and essays to *The Miscellany*. Her essay in the current magazine is a version of a chapter from a book on the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.

