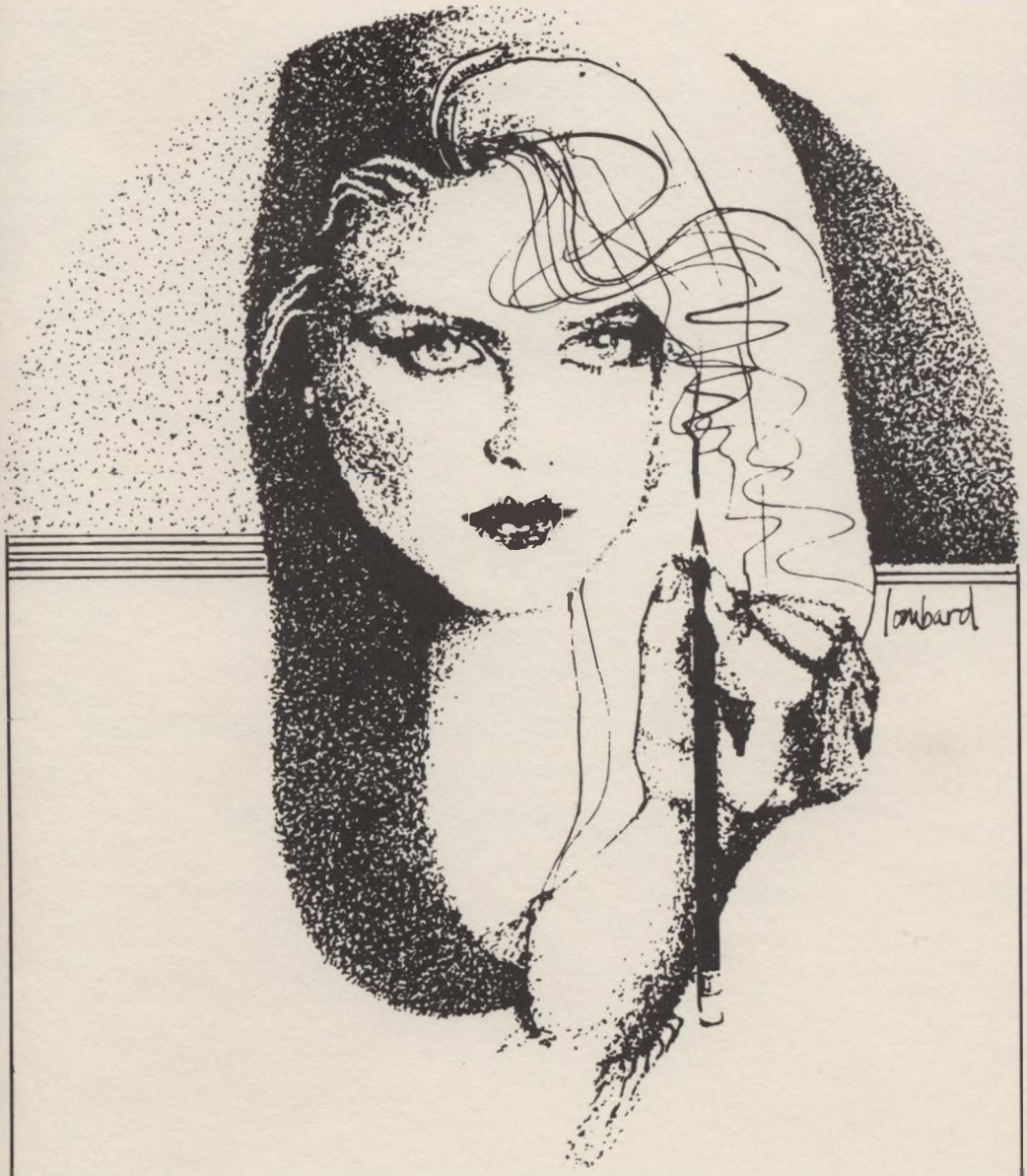

rycenga symposium

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Jay Guberman

Pearl Harbor: Was it Really a Surprise?

Diane M. Hobeck

At 7:55 on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, a fleet of Japanese planes made a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor Naval Base in Hawaii. The effects of the first and second wave of the attacks were successful beyond Japan's greatest expectations. Within two hours the Japanese planes destroyed or severely damaged a large part of the United States Pacific fleet and air force. There were over 3,000 casualties, and in this first strike the United States was rendered almost impotent in the Pacific. What is even more amazing is that the Japanese task force came and went without being detected. On the next day, President Roosevelt asked Congress to declare that a state of war existed between the nations, stating with stirring rhetoric that December 7th was ". . . a date which will live in infamy."[1] With his well-known gift for capturing the feeling of the American people, he declared further that ". . . we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again."[2]

But later, when reason replaced emotion, a question began to loom large in the minds of Americans. How had this happened? Were President Roosevelt and his administration responsible for involving us in this war? Had he deceived the American public? Were his foreign policy actions truly aimed at keeping us out of the war? And why was America, with its massive intelligence bureau, so completely overwhelmed at Pearl Harbor?

It was not until after the war that answers to these questions were sought. From the investigations of the Pearl Harbor tragedy and from the reams of books and magazine articles on the subject, two diametrically opposed views sprung into being. One group staunchly maintained that President Roosevelt was not in any way at fault; others held an entirely different opinion. It is the object of this paper to show that the President and his advisors were responsible for embroiling us in a war that claimed so many American lives.

Had it not been for the strong anti-war commitments Franklin D. Roosevelt made during his campaign speeches in 1940, Americans might have assessed his actions as those made by a man who was simply lacking in expertise or who was ill-advised by his staff. However, this was not the case. Roosevelt, based on evidence presented, habitually resorted to deceiving the American people both before and after the election of 1940.

Americans, after World War I, felt that at all costs they must stay out of impending wars. The Nye Committee findings and similar sensational popular writings convinced a large part of the public that entrance into World War I had been a frightful mistake. The way to avoid its repetition seemed to be to legislate against supposed causes. It was to isolate the nation by means of neutrality laws. Congress passed the first Neutrality Act of 1935 which provided a mandatory embargo against both aggressor and victim. This act was renewed in 1936 and again, with even stronger provisions, in 1937.[3] Isolationism was definitely the mood of the nation, which was continually assured by Roosevelt in his fireside chats of his desire to keep America at peace. These were strong and profuse messages. They were the appearance; the reality was otherwise.

On or before September 22, 1939, a so-called "neutrality patrol" was sailing American waters, but it was not long before American naval vessels were un-neutrally directing and escorting British warships to capture German vessels.[4] In addition, secret plans were being formulated for America s entry into the war. By early October 1939, the formation of the draft plan was ready to be presented to Congress a year later and war taxation was being studied.[5] Mr. Roosevelt called a special session of Congress in order to amend the Neutrality Act,[6] and, after assuring the country that it was "a shameless and dishonest fake" to assert that any "person in any responsible place . . . in Washington . . . has ever suggested in any shape, manner or form the remotest possibility of sending the boys of American mothers to fight on the battlefields of Europe," and that the United States "is neutral and does not intend to get involved in war,"[7] he managed to get the cash-and-carry amendments through on November 3, 1939.[8]

In November 1940, Roosevelt was elected President for a third term by the votes of isolationists who trusted his specific pledges to stay out of war. During his rest and relaxation cruise immediately following the election, Mr. Roosevelt received a very important letter

from Winston Churchill. In it Mr. Churchill emphasized two points: the serious threat of submarine warfare and the approaching exhaustion of Britain's financial assets. In this communication Mr. Churchill contemplated the continuance of war for at least two more years and was asking for help in the way of arms from the United States.[9] Roosevelt responded to Churchill's appeal by formulating the so-called Lend-Lease Program. In a fireside chat to the American people on December 29, 1940, he prepared the American public for his aid plan by describing the Fascist menace to world democracy. His speech was received favorably by the public. Thereupon Roosevelt proposed in the Lend-Lease bill that Congress apropriate $7 billion for aid to any nation in danger whose security the President determined was linked to that of the United States. Although isolationists vehemently opposed the measure as a sure way of bringing the United States to war, the bill became law.[10]

The enactment of Lend-Lease marked the end of the pretense of neutrality. It underwrote Britain's victory using America's industrial power and natural resources. It put America into an undeclared war in the Pacific months before Japan struck Pearl Harbor. While Congress and the American people were being officially informed that Lend-Lease did not mean war, Roosevelt's personal envoy, Harry Hopkins, was giving Churchill the following categorical pledge of all-out American aid in January 1941: "The President is determined that we shall win the war together. Make no mistake about that."[11]

The American people had been persuaded by Roosevelt and his Administration that by allowing the Allies to obtain supplies and munitions, Americans would buy their way out of active participation in the war. Little did they know that British and American staff members were having secret talks six months before the United States entered the war. They were exchanging scientific information, pooling military intelligence and national security intelligence, and planning a grand strategy for the United States' entry into the war. Robert E. Sherwood gives his explanation of why Congress and the American people were not made aware of these talks when he wrote:

> Although the common-law alliance involved the United States in no undercover commitments, and no violation of the Constitution, the very existence of any American-British joint plans, however tentative, had to be kept utterly secret. . . . It is an ironic fact that in all

> probability no great damage would have been done had the details of these plans fallen into the hands of the Germans and the Japanese; whereas had they fallen into the hands of Congress and the press, American preparation for the war might have been well nigh wrecked and ruined.[12]

Lend-Lease gave the President the power to carry out an undeclared war all over the world — the only thing America was not doing was putting soldiers in the front lines.

How to insure delivery of the supplies and munitions to England was the next important turning point. Since Lend-Lease had some amendments which prevented the President from convoying American naval vessels, Roosevelt had to find a way to get the carriers to England. He knew that if he asked Congress to allow him to convoy it would be defeated because the word itself connoted war. Instead he devised the system of "patrol." The Navy was assigned the task of patrolling the Atlantic west of a median point represented by 25 degrees longitude and the Navy ships and planes would search out German submarines and give their positions to the British Navy.[13] Although this was termed as a defensive move to protect the Western Hemisphere against attack, it seemed the question was when, not whether, the United States would enter the war.[14]

None of these actions seems to suggest that Roosevelt was following his campaign promises to keep the country out of war. Furthermore, he and his bellicose Secretaries of War and the Navy, Stimson and Knox, were busy holding press conferences and addressing the public on the radio with speeches designed to scare Americans and keep them hostile to any nation whose system of governing was in direct opposition to the United States.[15]

Hostility by Americans toward Germany was well-placed. Hitler was a maniac whose outrageous attacks against humanity went against every tenet that America stood for. But, Japan — what had she done to deserve the intense xenophobia that existed in the United States? Simply put, her "orderly ways of empire grated upon the sensibilities of many Americans who preferred the uneasy atmosphere of democracy to the regulated rhythm of the Mikado's government."[16] The United States misunderstood the problems facing Japan and the U.S. foreign policy further served to put Japan on the defensive.

The history of American policy in the Far East from 1931 onward is largely a story of blunders and fallacies in the interpretation and implementation of American interests. It was Henry L. Stimson, twice Secretary of War, who, as President Hoover's Secretary of State, first set the course of American opposition to Japanese expansion. When Japan established in Manchuria a puppet government to protect her economic interests in that area, Stimson announced to the world that the United States would not accept the legality of a new government established by force. Japan was charged with a violation of the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 as a result of her undeclared war with China.[17] In taking this step Stimson set the direction of American diplomacy for the next decade.

To Japan it appeared obvious that Manchuria was essential to her as a bastion of defense and as a keystone of her economic structure. An island nation with a growing population, stimulated by Western penetration, found its resources inadequate to achieve its aspirations for a higher standard of living. Following the Western pattern, Japan looked abroad for land, markets, and raw materials. She also developed aspirations for the status of a major power, again stimulated by Western influences. America did not see and understand her purposes in China. Secretary Stimson believed that American sponsorship of the Kellog-Briand anti-war pact called for active steps to maintain peace by opposing Japanese expansionism. America, no matter what, had to maintain the status quo and uphold the integrity of China in behalf of peace and stablity in Asia.[18] Stimson, however, was unable to persuade Hoover to place any sanctions on Japan. Congress, as well as the American people as a whole, assumed that American interests in China were far too small to justify war or even a risk of war with Japan.[19] It is generally accepted by most revisionist historians such as Tansill and Beard that it was Stimson's policy of constant unrelenting pressure on Japan over Manchuria that built up Japanese bitterness and resentment toward the United States. The Stimson doctrine had not only failed to stem the Japanese tide in Northern China, but it was producing an anti-American sentiment that would make the maintenance of good relations a difficult task.

When the Hoover administration was replaced in March 1933, the direction which Stimson had tried to give to American policy in the Far East was at last accepted. Roosevelt was in full accord with Stimson and committed his administration to bringing economic and political pressure upon Japan in order to stop Japanese expansion.[20] Roosevelt's

economic program was based on the assumption that threat and pressure would achieve American ends in dealing with Japan. The first call for the use of economic pressure followed the issuance of the Stimson doctrine in 1932. Proponents of sanctions advocated striking two blows at the Japanese, one by an embargo on arms and munitions and the other by a boycott on Japanese goods sold in the United States. The latter appealed particularly to the American manufacturing groups who were facing the competition of inexpensive Japanese merchandise which seemed to be selling widely on the American market. Neither program was successful because of the unwillingness of Congress and of the public to interfere in the Asiatic conflict in the early 1930s.[21]

When Japan struck at China again in 1937, the movement for economic measures was revived with great strength. Former Secretary of State Henry Stimson, now a private citizen, took the lead with a letter to the *New York Times* in October 1937. Stimson called upon the United States to end the sale of arms to Japan and claimed that in this manner the conflict could be brought to a halt. Stimson closed by expressing the hope that the President's "quarantine speech"[22] at Chicago meant that America would carry through with its "responsibilities" in the Far Eastern crisis.[23] The application of the so-called "moral embargo" by the Department of State in 1938 was the first official achievement of the supporters of economic sanctions. The decision, in 1939, to terminate the 1911 commercial treaty with Japan was an even greater victory. Within the Roosevelt cabinet the movement for embargoes grew in strength. Stimson was at the same time writing another letter to the *New York Times*, again appealing for an end to the sale of war materials as the first step to a firmer policy. He assured his fellow Americans that Japan did not want war with the United States and that an embargo was the road to peace. This simple program for winning a bloodless victory over Japan began to win wider public support.[24] Secretary Morgenthau, in the meanwhile, was continuing his fight against the moderates in the Roosevelt cabinet and called for the ending of Japanese trade by the freezing of Japanese assets. President Roosevelt was finally moved to carry out the Morgenthau-Stimson program. On July 26, 1941, following the movement of Japanese troops into Indochina, he issued an order freezing Japanese assets and cutting off all Japanese trade. Britain and the Netherlands followed suit. Japan now had no alternative but to bow to American demands or fight for the resources by which her economic and military strength was to be maintained. Short of a miracle, no change of course

could be expected from the Japanese government. The war with Japan was now at hand. The only question which remained to be answered was where and at what hour the attack would come. But the vigor which had been applied to pressuring Japan in the previous months was not now applied in preparing to meet the results of that policy.[25] The Roosevelt administration had underrated Japanese strength and morale and had based its economic program on the assumption that threat and pressure would achieve American ends in dealing with Japan.

To say that Japan was without blame in her actions would be a gross understatement. In the United States's eyes she was continuing her assault on China after repeated warnings not to do so. She had considered the Open Door Policy an impediment to her expansionist goals and she had signed a pact with Germany and Italy. But in her view these were all attempts at self-defense and self- determination. She had no wish for a war with the United States. The logical opponent for her next war would be Russia, but logic was not the basis for the foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration.

One of the main reasons for the clash between Japan and Russia was the Japanese fear of communism. "Communistic thought" was regarded in Japan with the utmost aversion, and drastic measures were taken to stamp it out of the country. This fear of communism, which so strongly colored the relations between Japan and Russia, was not felt by the Roosevelt Administration which decided to court rather than repel the advances from the Russian Foreign Office. They decided to recognize Soviet Russia and thus gave the cause of communism in China a tremendous boost.[26]

As early as 1932, Ambassador Grew was telling Stimson that "constantly pricking Japan might eventually lead to a dangerous outburst." "The Japanese public is convinced that the whole course of action in Manchuria is one of supreme and vital national interest," and it was determined to meet, if necessary with arms, "all opposition," wrote Grew to Stimson.[27] But Stimson would not recede from the stand he had taken. He had enraged all Japan with his policy of constant hostile pressure. However, Japan continued to press for peace with the United States and as late as March 1941, Secretary Hull and Ambassador Nomura had their first conversation on Japanese-American relations. Subsequently they met more than forty times in vain to find some firm ground on which to build a new structure of friendship.[28]

Since the people of this country were so strongly opposed to war, one of the Axis powers had to be forced to involve the United States, and in such a way " . . . as to arouse the American people to whole hearted belief in the necessity of fighting."[29] President Roosevelt accomplished this objective by a tightening of economic pressure, climaxed on July 25, 1941, when the United States stopped trading with Japan. The President's diplomatic policy was most apparently aimed at provoking Japan into taking the first step toward war. On November 26, the President delivered a note to the Japanese Ambassador which ended the possibility of further negotiation and thus made war in the Pacific unavoidable.[30]

All through 1941, the Japanese high-command was transmitting all communications in enciphered code. This Purple Code was unique in that a machine was employed for coding and deciphering messages. Washington broke the Purple Code in every detail; they knew not only that it was a machine built for intercepting all Japanese messages during 1941, but they were able to decode the messages as well. Breaking the Japanese diplomatic code was such a high achievement that the information gleaned from these decoded dispatches earned the title "Magic," and was known by this name to those to whom the information was delivered. However, it was the Philippines where all extra Magic deciphering machines were sent, not Hawaii, which was the most logical and strategic location.[31] With all the facts on the most advantageous location readily available, this appears to have been a deliberate act and not an oversight; it seems evident that the failure to locate a machine at Hawaii was part of a definite plan.

During the first nine months of 1941 the United States Intelligence unit did not intercept any reports indicating Japanese interest in any one special American port, but on September 24, 1941, a dispatch was intercepted which was completely out of the norm for such communications. It held definite implications for the United States Army and Navy Intelligence Services. Tokyo Dispatch No. 83 read, in part: "Henceforth, we would like to have you make reports concerning vessels along the following lines insofar as possible: 1. The waters of Pearl Harbor are to be divided roughly into five sub-areas . . ." and the message went on to enumerate information required on five Pearl Harbor areas. Husband E. Kimmel, then commander of the Pacific Fleet states about this: "I was not supplied with any information of the intercepted messages showing that the Japanese government had divided Pearl Harbor into five areas and was seeking minute information as to the berthing of ships of the fleet in three areas which were vitally

significant. . . ."[32]

On November 18, 1941, a Honolulu to Tokyo report of United States activity in the different Pearl Harbor areas was intercepted. From then on, decoded dispatches, some urging that all investigation be conducted with great secrecy, were intercepted. The messages pointed to one obvious conclusion — Japan was preparing for a surprise attack. The attack could logically occur at only one place; the Pacific fleet located in Hawaiian waters was an invitation to that attack. President Roosevelt's "conversation with Admiral Richardson in October 1940 indicated his conviction that it would be impossible without a stunning incident to obtain a declaration of war from Congress."[33]

Roosevelt was convinced Great Britain could not win unless we fought alongside her. In support of his belief, Roosevelt entered into a joint statement of broad principles with Prime Minister Churchill at the Atlantic meeting of August 1941, about which Churchill stated: "The fact alone of the United States, still technically neutral, joining with a belligerent Power in making such a declaration is astonishing."[34] The Atlantic Declaration was a group of statements setting forth essential postwar conditions which Roosevelt and Churchill felt were necessary for a better world.[35] To even the most casual observer it is apparent that the President and the Prime Minister did not make ". . . a twenty-five hundred mile trip through a submarine-infested ocean, accompanied by high-ranking diplomatic, military, and naval advisors, to produce nothing more concrete than this neutral pronouncement."[36] Supporting this theory is the fact that as soon as he returned to Washington, President Roosevelt took action calculated to strain Japanese-American relations even further. The Tokyo dispatch of November 28th, addressed to the Washington Embassy, definitely stated that the Japanese Government considered the American note of the 26th a termination of all possibilities for further negotiations.

President Roosevelt was well aware that Japan had a history of starting her wars by surprise attack. The intercepted Magic from November 28th on cautions the Japanese Ambassador to keep alive the appearance of continuing negotiation, showing that surprise was essential to the Japanese plans.[37] None of this information was sent to Hawaii; not until December 7th did Hawaii have any concrete reason to suppose that war with Japan was perilously close. As Robert Sherwood said:

> Millions of words have been recorded by at least eight official investigating bodies and one may read through all of them without arriving at an adequate explanation of why, with war so obviously ready to break out somewhere in the Pacific, our principal Pacific base was in a condition of peacetime Sunday morning somnolence instead of in Condition Red.[38]

From the Japanese viewpoint, their attack on the Pacific Fleet of the United States was indeed an unqualified victory; on the unsuspecting island that Sunday morning lay ". . . the pilots and ground crews of the great airbase at Hickham Field asleep in their barracks, their planes on the field or in hangars."[39]

The nation which had not wanted another war was now thoroughly entrenched in one. The Administration that had unequivocally stated again and again that the United States would remain neutral had, behind the backs of the American public, seemingly done everything in its power to force the Nation into war. "War begins in the minds of men," stated the framers of the UNESCO constitution. And so it was with Roosevelt and Stimson. Their foreign policy was based on the false belief that our national security and interests lay in what resulted in China. It assumed that because the United States was a "mighty power," it could literally intimidate Japan and force her to retreat to her tiny island.

World War II resulted in an exchange of one set of problems for another set of more serious ones. Japan became a subject nation, dependent on the United States for her economic existence for a long time to come. The Open Door Policy, which was one of the objectives of the war, was ended with the door closed more tightly than ever. In place of Japan came a more threatening force in the emergence of the Soviet Union as the dominant power in the Far East.

Americans do not expect their leaders to be clairvoyant. But they do expect them to exercise sound judgment in their policy-making and to exhaust every possible avenue before committing their people to war. Weighing the costs against the benefits to present and future generations is their obligation to those who have entrusted them with their power. World War II was paid for in American lives and resources; it netted ruin for Japan and assisted in the birth of a power more determined than ever to impose its ideology on the world.

ENDNOTES

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[11]Winston Churchill, *The Second World War: The Grand Alliance* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1950), p. 23.

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[13]Sherwood, pp. 291-92.

[14]Dallek, p. 260.

[15]William H. Chamberlain, *America's Second Crusade* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1950), p. 134.

[16]Charles C. Tansill, *Back Door to War: The Roosevelt Foreign Policy 1933-1941* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1952), p. 80.

[17]The Kellog-Briand Pact, signed by 60 nations, renounced war as an instrument of foreign policy and called for a peaceful settlement of disputes.

[18]Henry L. Stimson, McGeorge Bundy, *On Active Service in Peace and War* (New York: Harper Brothers, 1948), pp. 220-26.

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[20]Tansill, pp. 114-15; see also Stimson, pp. 292-93.

[21]Rebecca Gruver, *An American History: Third Edition* (Redding, Mass.: Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., 1981), p. 717.

[22]Roosevelt declared in this speech that the very foundations of civilization were seriously threatened by international lawlessness. This became known as the "quarantine-the Aggressor" speech because Roosevelt compared Fascist aggression to a contagious disease.

[23]Dallek, pp. 148-51.

[24]Stimson, pp. 311-20.

[25]Herbert Feis, *The Road to Pearl Harbor* (Princeton: Princeton Univ.

Press, 1950), pp. 236-50.

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[33]Theobold, p. 92.

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[36]Theobold, p. 17.

[37]Dallek, p. 308.

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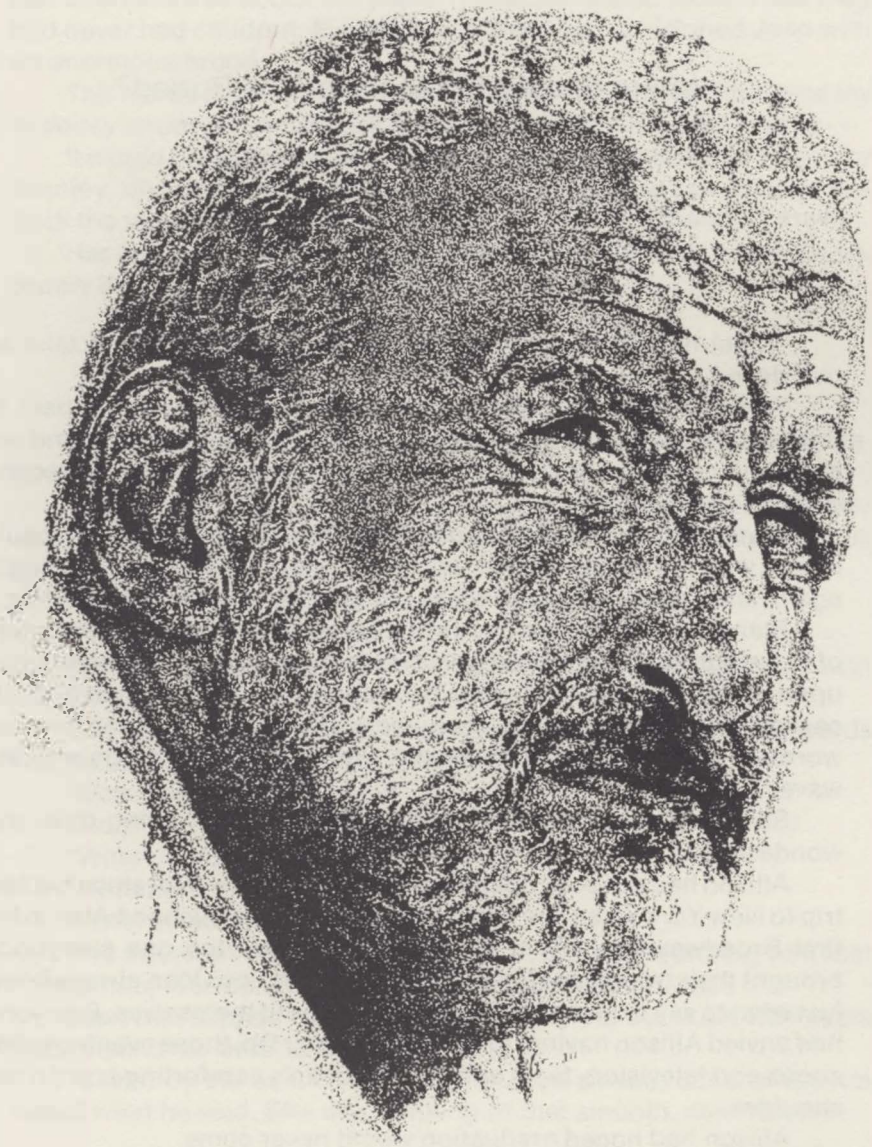


LAURA BLEAU

Where Should the Survivors be Buried?

Wark Hubbard

"I feel helpless and defeated. I think I'll go home and take an overdose."

Two years now, thought Allison as she stood on the pier in back of the beach house. Her robe, thrown on in the dark, was untied and not shielding her from the cold. There was only moon enough to see the outlines of the waves.

It would be easy to throw oneself in. Only an instant and you could merge with the waves forever, solving all ills. Two years, she thought again, and I still can't forget those words. She leaned on the railing.

Stanley had not heard her get up. He remained asleep, the corners of his mouth set in a satisfied grin. Death would become Stanley: sleep upon sleep. Not like Phil, who had looked so uncomfortable in his casket. Christ, she thought, two years since then. Phil and his last words. If only she hadn't heard the words. She looked again to the waves.

Suddenly she thought of Joan. What was Joan doing now, she wondered?

Allison had not seen Joan for several years now. Not since her last trip to New York when she had come to see Joan's husband Alan in his first Broadway play. At school Joan had been the one everybody brought their troubles to. Allison remembered how Joan always knew just what to say to make people feel good about themselves. Everyone had envied Allison having Joan as a roomate. Oh, those evenings with cocoa and television, tears and laughs, Joan's comforting arm on her shoulder.

Allison had hoped graduation would never come.

She and Joan still passed letters now and then, and Joan would always write something about getting together, but it had been some time since Allison had considered doing anything about it. Maybe it was Alan who put her off. She had stayed with them a week that last

time and he had spoken only about a dozen words to her. He and Joan had been married about ten years. It seemed odd to Allison that they had never had children. Everyone at school had envisioned Joan with an enormous brood.

The words began to come back again. Phil's words. Phil who lay in decay underground. Those words would drive her mad unless ---

It would only take a few minutes to pack a bag and write a note for Stanley. She could be on the train in half an hour and see Joan in New York the very next morning. Why not?

Her feet barely touched the ground as she ran back to the house. Surely Joan would know what to do.

II

"Have you mentioned divorce to Alan, Joan?" Ben Lewis asked, his folded hands resting under the desk lamp.

"Yes. Twice," Joan answered, wondering how Ben kept his blotter so spotless. Her third grade blotter had not lasted a week between milk splotches and palm sweat.

"What does he say?" Ben asked.

"Nothing. He just stands there."

"Do you really want a divorce, Joan, or do you want things with Alan to improve?"

Ben Lewis' eyes were fishhooks, drawing up out of her the words she had planned to save. "I'm pregnant" she confessed.

"Does Alan know?"

"No."

"What do you think he'll say?"

"Nothing."

"What do you hope he'll say?"

The intercom buzzed. It was Ben's secretary informing him that Joan's hour was up and that his next patient had arrived.

Joan had slipped her gloves on and risen at the buzz. Ben came from behind his desk to walk her out.

"Saved by the bell, eh?" he joked. Joan smiled, but she had not heard what he said. She was thinking of that smooth, clean blotter.

III

Alan remembered his first Broadway opening whenever he looked

at the scar on his left thumb. The leading lady had tried to cut his hand off with a butcher knife at the post-show party. "What did you expect?" asked the producer. "You got four times the applause she got." Joan had brought the notices to the emergency room and read them as the doctor stitched the thumb. They were the kind a mother would write, which had surprised Alan because his part was fifth-billed and he hadn't tried to call attention to himself. The play closed in a month but by that time his agent had ten offers of starring roles to choose from, and he had played leads ever since.

For his fourth play he had received a Tony Award, and he sat now beneath the bookcase where he kept it as he read the new script. Having already committed each line (not only his own) to memory, he now searched it for meaning and relevance. Page one. Act one, scene one. Curtain rises ---

Alan looked up to observe Joan replacing her door key in her bag and hanging her coat on the rack. She was looking at him. The first line must be his. Today was Tuesday. She would have been to Ben Lewis' today. Lower the script a moment. Adopt a concerned smile. "Things go well today?"

Joan folded her hands. "Alan, I'd like to talk with you about a divorce."

This was the third time she had mentioned divorce. What could she mean by it? They had never had a quarrel. Raise the script again and seem not to have heard. Maybe she won't repeat herself.

Joan took a step toward Alan's chair. "Alan, I'm not happy with the way things are."

Well, that was easier to deal with. Try a nod. A nod is always good. Shows empathy and the beauty part is that understanding isn't necessary.

Joan advanced to the side of the chair. "Alan, are you listening to me?"

Alan wondered how a scene like this might climax. Not on a slap or a shout, he hoped. It would be difficult to make that convincing. A touch of his hand on hers might seem reassuring. He held on to the script with the other hand.

Joan tore her hand from his, reached down and slammed the script shut. Alan barely ducked his fingers out in time.

"Will you please look at me?" she pleaded, thrusting her reddening face toward him. "I'm trying to tell you . . ."

The doorbell rang. Joan froze, her mouth half-open. She looked to the door, then back to Alan. "I'm pregnant," she whispered.

The doorbell was a good idea for a first act curtain, Alan thought. Have to remember to suggest that in rehearsal.

IV

"Surprised to see me?" Allison laughed as she settled on the sofa.

"Oh, yes. Very." Joan sat in an opposite chair, smoothing wrinkles out of her dress. Alan had greeted Allison and then retreated to a far corner, where he was dialing the phone.

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything."

"Oh, no. Of course not. You know you're always welcome." Joan was stealing looks in Alan's direction on every third word, and the smile she presented Allison with was an inverted tiarra with sharp peaks. Allison turned to see Alan moving halfway back toward them. She had not heard him say anything on the phone.

"I'm renting a limo and going out for awhile," he told Joan. Then he nodded to Allison and walked calmly out, the door closing soundlessly on the two women.

"Alan hasn't changed much, has he?" Allison breathed relief that he was gone, while Joan half-rose as if she might follow, adjusted her dress some more, and sat again.

"No," she answered, "I suppose he hasn't."

"It's so wonderful to see you again, Joan!" Allison bounced up and down on the words. "Remember those great times at Wolfe University?"

Joan leaned back in her chair and gazed at the air. "It burned to the ground last year. I read that sixty-seven people were killed."

Allison sat still a moment. Then she tried to reach a hand out to touch Joan's arm, but the distance between the chair and the sofa was too great, and if she stood up Joan might think she was leaving and stand up herself. "Joan, I wanted to talk with you about Phil."

Joan was still scanning the emptiness above them. "How is Phil?" she murmured.

A shiver ran through Allison like lightning. "Phil killed himself two years ago."

Joan looked down. "But weren't there two names on the Christmas card?"

"That's Stanley."

Joan paused. "How is Stanley?"

Allison started to say that Stanley was usually stoned when he wasn't asleep, so he was easy to get along with; it was Phil who was the problem. But Joan was looking skyward again.

"Is anything the matter, Joan?" No answer. "Are you all right?"

"I'm pregnant," Joan replied wearily.

"Is that all? I thought you were changing life ten years early."

Joan sprung up and circled the chair. "It's come at a bad time. You wouldn't understand."

"So have an abortion then. Alan wouldn't care. He's not like Phil."

"I didn't know Phil."

"But you do know me, Joan. And I know you. And I thought we could talk about Phil and ---"

"Talk costs too much." Joan was pacing back and forth behind the chair now. "I pay Ben Lewis a hundred dollars an hour for it twice a week."

Allison gasped. "A psychiatrist? You, Joan?"

Instead of turning to continue her pace back and forth, Joan now walked away toward the bedroom doors, a hand rubbing her forehead. "I need to lie down now, Allison," she said, and disappeared.

Allison dug into her purse to see if there might be a joint Stanley hadn't gotten to first. No such luck. Then she sat still for a minute, her eyes drifting toward the same empty space that had occupied Joan's attention.

"No!" she determined, and threw her vision around the room, making mental X marks on a silver ash tray, a radio and a trophy of some sort in a bookcase.

The yellow pages she found near the phone listed both pawnshops and psychiatrists, and there was only one "LEWIS, BENJAMIN."

V

The limo driver asked Alan if there would be time to get gas before Alan would be ready to leave. It had been a long drive out. Alan, already pushing open the rusty gate, turned back to wave assent. The car moved off.

Inside the crumbling stone walls, the albino dwarfs stood guard as they always had over their charges. They were knee-deep in grass now though, and many bore spray-paint obscenities on their faces.

For a moment he wondered if he would remember where Susan was. He had not been here, after all, for more than ten years. But his legs took him there straight, dropping him square in front of her. She had not changed, he noticed. The grass around her was trimmed. He knelt, and tried to remember her face. He did not know how long he had been in that position when he heard the grass rustling behind him.

The girl was no more than two steps behind him, standing still now, flowers in a vase held close to her chest. Alan guessed he should

have brought flowers too. He wondered if the girl was angry to see him empty-handed.

"I didn't know you still came," she said. It would be too involved to answer, to explain why he was here now. He used a catch-all look: a profound half-smile that would probably silence further questions on that subject. It did.

She offered her vase. Alan took it and placed it before the stone. Then he rose to study the girl's face. Her features were not like his. Had Susan looked like this?

"How is your wife?" she asked. Alan nodded. A nod was always good. He hadn't realized she knew about Joan. She had probably read something in the newspapers. He had never told Joan about Susan or the girl.

"Maybe I'll come to New York some time to see you," the girl smiled. Did she mean in a play? He could send her tickets. Include them in the checks he sent Susan's parents.

She made her exit then, turning back once or twice to look at either him or the grave. Alan knelt again. He wanted to stay a little longer.

He pressed his fingers to the recessed letters, but they did not bring Susan's face back. The numbers told him only that she had died, and that his love had not kept her from going.

VI

The coroner's jury took less than ten minutes to return with their decision, and it was later reported that it would not have taken that long had they not voted to finish the free coffee the city had provided before taking a ballot. Death by suicide, the foreman said. Allison remembered a moment of stunned disbelief. She had imagined she would presently be indicted and brought to trial in the same courtroom where she had last seen Phil alive.

Ben Lewis sat in dim light, not moving, as Allison told him this. She paused to inspect the lines of his face, trying to figure his age by them as you would a fallen tree. Unsuccessful, she went on.

"My abortion was two years ago. The man — the father I guess you'd say — was Phil. We'd been living together for some time, and I guess we'd gotten to the point where you think your body knows how your head feels, and that crossing your fingers is enough. Anyway, that was how I felt then." She paused again and looked at Ben Lewis. He was paying attention, all right, and waiting, though he made no

move to hurry her in the telling. Maybe there really were people who heard you.

"So it happened," she continued, "and when I told Phil he suddenly went all to mush on me, talking about marriage and breast-feeding and two cars and things like that. And when I asked what was he babbling about since of course I wasn't going to have it, he started yelling bloody murder and what about his fatherhood and so on."

"What was your reaction to this?" Ben Lewis asked.

"Sheer terror. There he was ticking off plans for the next twenty years and I didn't even know what I was going to watch on television that night."

"What did you do then?"

"Ran. Out the door and into the first car that would stop for me." Allison gripped the arms of the chair, rubbing her palms back and forth against the varnish. "When Phil found out where I was staying, he had me served with legal papers. Took me to court to try to stop my having the abortion."

"What happened?"

"The hearing only lasted ten minutes. The judge told Phil he didn't have a leg to stand on and threw the case out." Allison paused and took a breath. "Phil stood in the courtroom aisle when it was over so I had to pass him to leave, and as I went by he said,'I feel helpless and defeated. I think I'll go home and take an overdose.' He'd been saying so many wild things that I never gave it a thought.

I had the abortion the next day. While I was in the Recovery Room a nurse brought me the afternoon newspaper, and there was Phil on page four with fifty Nembutals in him. Every day since then I've heard those last words of his, and I want to know how I can make them stop."

She looked to Ben Lewis, waiting for him to speak.

VII

"I knew a man once," he began. "This man lived in a town that had two bordellos. One bordello was a wooden shack with a red lantern in the window, and its going rate was ten dollars a shot. The other bordello was a three-story building that flew the American flag and charged one hundred dollars.

Now this man's take-home pay wasn't that much, and after expenses he figured he had ten dollars a week to call his own. He knew he could spend it at the wooden bordello, but he was curious about what he'd find in the hundred-dollar bordello.

So each week he put ten dollars away, and he waited, every week getting more and more excited, until finally he had the hundred dollars.

He walked up to the hundred-dollar bordello and knocked at the door. A slot in the door opened and a woman looked out and asked if he had an appointment.

'A what?' he asked, and the woman said,'Appointments are made at the box office window nine a.m. to six p.m. daily. We require a doctor's certificate stating that you have no venereal diseases and at least three character references — including telephone numbers — affirming that you are not presently into whips, bondage, etc.'

Well, he just stood there and didn't say anything, and then the woman said that if he wanted he could take the literacy test now. He told her he'd forgotten what he came for, and he walked away.

On the way home he heard piano music, and he saw it was coming from the wooden bordello. He stopped and looked in the window and there in the parlor people were smoking and drinking and laughing it up. A blonde in a feather boa saw him looking in so she stepped outside. 'Looking for a good time, brother?' she asked. He went in with her and wasn't seen on the street again that night."

The intercom buzzed, and the secretary announced the end of Allison's hour. Ben rose to escort her out. "I hope I've been of some help," he said. Allison nodded.

Out on the street a young boy with a mailbag slung over his shoulder asked Allison if she would like to buy a book about the one true religion.

VIII

Joan looked at herself naked in the full-length bedroom mirror and wondered what Alan's new play was about. What kind of character would he be playing, moving through what plot? A silly thing to worry about, she supposed, but it bothered her that she didn't know.

He had been in the Central Park Shakespearean Repertory Company when they met, and she had seen every performance of every play, running to meet him after the bows and hoping to catch the thing she'd seen on stage before it got away. When he had been Petruchio she had wanted to be tamed. She would gladly have drunk poison for his Hamlet. And now she wished for this Henry VIII to

decapitate her! But the man she found turning his costume in to the wardrobe woman was small and boneless, almost timid as he asked where she would like to eat.

Had he proposed, or had she? Joan was not sure now. All she could remember was that he had remarked he could not imagine why she would want to marry him.

Joan stood back a step and scanned her body again. Could anything really grow beneath that bolt of rolled-up flesh? She imagined Alan bringing flowers to the hospital or standing before the nursery window, and the thoughts were funny but she did not laugh.

She heard the living room door open and shut. Alan was back. She looked at the pile of clothing on the floor, then kicked it under the bed. She opened the bedroom door and strolled out to the living room.

Alan was standing by the bookcase, staring up. Joan turned on a lamp to attract his attention, hoping her breasts might shine in the light, like gem stones.

Alan turned. "Where is it?" There was accusation in the question. Tense lines grew on his face. "Tell me where it is!"

"What?" cried Joan.

"You know what,"snapped Alan, and he threw his arm toward the empty space where his Tony Award had been. "What have you done with it?"

"Nothing . . . I . . ."

"You always hated that award. It meant I was a success."

He began to move toward her. When she was eight years old Joan had seen a 3-D movie. "The lion just *seems* to be pouncing on you," her mother had assured her, "He can't really get to you."

"Fifty-five fucking weeks I brought *life* onto the stage of the Mark Hellinger! Onstage every second for two hours without intermission! I worked hard for that award and I want it back!"

Nine complete sentences so far, Joan counted. More than I've had from him all year, and every one about the theatre. She had barely completed this thought when he grabbed her like a delinquent gumball machine.

"My award!" he screamed. "I want my award!"

Joan thought she saw Allison's face appear at the same moment she felt the floor go out from under her. Then there was a voice somewhere behind the blackness: "I needed a hundred dollars fast so I borrowed some things. See? Here's the pawn ticket. What have you done to Joan?"

And then she felt something else, something that seemed neither surprising nor unnatural now. Don't rats always leave a sinking ship?

IX

Allison paid the taxi driver who'd brought her from the train station and then walked slowly up the path to the beach house in the dark.

"I fell," Joan had told the ambulance attendants as they placed her on the stretcher. "The phone rang just as I was getting into the bathtub and I ran out to get it and fell." One of the attendants had asked Allison if this was true (Alan had already left for the pawnshop),and she had looked at the blood and sewage on the floor and nodded.

Later when she tried to see Joan at the hospital, a nurse informed her that Joan had asked that no one be allowed to see her except Alan. From the hospital she walked to Grand Central.

She gently opened the beach house door and entered the single room. Moonlight passing through the screens fell on the bed. Stanley was in the same position she'd left him in last night. Slipping her shoes off, she tip-toed forward. A board creaked under her foot.

He did not open his eyes, but his right hand crawled slowly out to the empty half of the mattress and patted it.

Taking a deep breath, Allison parachuted into the field of his sweat-caked underarm.

JANINE AZZOPARDI

The Power of the Mind in the Conquest of Illness

Virginia Stump

In primitive cultures, the success of the American Indian medicine man, the shaman, was contingent upon psychological factors within the patient rather than upon the actual rituals themselves. It has long been recognized that a patient's faith greatly affects his recovery. The fundamental belief of a separation between mind and body, which Western civilization seems sometimes unable to put aside, simply does not exist in primitive societies.

When Dr. Albert Schweitzer was asked how he accounted for the fact that anyone could possibly expect to become well after having been treated by a witch doctor, he replied:

> The witch doctor succeeds for the same reason all the rest of us succeed. Each patient carries his own doctor inside him. They come to us not knowing that truth. We are at our best when we give the doctor who resides within each patient a chance to go to work.[1]

Albert Schweitzer believed that the best medicine for any illness he might have was the knowledge that he had a job to do, plus a good sense of humor. He once said that "disease tended to leave him rather rapidly because it found so little hospitality inside his body."[2]

The notion of a relationship between the mind and body is as old as medicine itself. The Hippocratic formulation of a connection between certain humors and specific personality types and the role of these humors in health and disease not only dominated the primitive medical thinking but persists to some degree in modern medicine. Cousins states, "The body's defense against infection depends in large part on the mechanism's humoral and cellular immunity, but these mechanisms themselves are influenced by the mental state."[3]

Pain is an example of how the mind and body interact in an inseparable fashion. The sensation of pain represents a complex interaction of physiological and psychological factors. Many people panic at the very thought of pain. Advertisements concerning pain suppressants find their way into every aspect of our society via various media, e.g. television, radio, magazines, newspapers, and so on. They encourage us to take this or that at the slightest hint of pain to allay every imaginable symptom or malady providing us with an inability to deal with pain rationally.

Pain for the most part is self-limiting and is not always an indication of poor health. More often than not it is a result of tension, suppressed rage, insufficient sleep, idleness, boredom, overeating, poorly balanced diet, smoking, excessive drinking, worry, inadequate exercise, stale air, or any number of other abuses encountered by the human body. The best way to eliminate pain is to eliminate the abuse in most cases. If one examines the above list of causes of pain, it becomes obvious that each and every one can be handled within the human organism itself without the assistance of drugs. Yet, people instinctively reach for pain-killers, aspirins and the like, in an effort to alleviate the pain.

Until the last few decades most medications prescribed by physicians were pharmacologically inert. In a sense, the history of medical treatment until relatively recently is the history of the placebo effect. The word placebo comes from the Latin, meaning "I shall please." A placebo in the classical sense, then, is an imitation medicine — generally an innocuous milk-sugar tablet dressed up like an authentic pill — given more for the purpose of placating the patient than for meeting a clearly diagnosed organic need. According to *Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dictionary* a placebo is "an inactive substance or preparation given to satisfy the patient's symbolic need for drug therapy and used in controlled studies to determine the efficacy of medicinal substances. Also, a procedure with no intrinsic therapeutic value, performed for such purposes." According to Cousins:

> The process begins with the patient's confidence in the doctor and extends through to the full functioning of his own immunological and healing system. The process works not because of any magic in the tablet but because the human body is its own apothecary and because the most successful prescriptions are those

filled by the body itself.[4]

Numerous experiments have been conducted involving successful use of the placebo:

1) Patients with Parkinson's disease were given placebos and were told they were receiving a new drug. Result: Their tremors decreased markedly. However, after the effects wore off, the same substance was put in their milk without their knowledge and the tremors reappeared.

2) Eighty-eight arthritic patients were, unknown to them, given placebos instead of aspirin or cortisone. The number of patients who benefited from the placebos was approximately the same as the number who benefited from the anti-arthritic drugs.

3) In a study of mental depression, patients who had been treated with sophisticated stimulants were taken off the drugs and given placebos. The patients showed exactly the same improvement as gained from the drugs. In a related study, doctors gave placebos to depressed patients who had not yet received any drugs. One quarter responded so well that they were excluded from further testing of actual drugs.

4) Another experiment was conducted on two groups of patients with bleeding ulcers. The first group was given a placebo and told that it was a new drug just developed and undoubtedly would produce relief. The second group was given a placebo and told that it was a new experimental drug, and little was known about its effects. Within the first group, 70% received sufficient relief. In the second group, only 25% experienced similar relief.

It appears doubtful that a placebo or a drug would be very effective without the positive will of the patient. The experimental use of the placebo seems to indicate that there is no real separation between mind and body, that illness is an interaction involving both. It seems that placebos and drugs are not necessarily needed and that the mind can in most cases carry out its functions without pills.

Although drugs are not always necessary, the belief in recovery always is. After a workshop entitled "Psychological Factors, Stress and Cancer," Dr. Bernie Siegel sent letters to 100 of his cancer patients telling them he had come across something that could both improve and extend their lives. Expecting about 50 responses, both from his patients as well as from friends and relatives, the result was extremely

disappointing — only 12 responses. "This was when I began to understand that not all patients want to get well," says Dr. Siegel. "Statistics show that only 15-20% of patients say, 'I'll do anything I have to do to get well.' "[5]

Dr. Siegel says that he has the feeling that:

> Cancer is more of a response to loss and despair than anything else. The time or place a disease strikes is not a coincidence. With a salamander, if you cut off a leg, producing a physical loss, the response is the growth of a new leg. Our losses are not physical, but the body responds in a physical way as if to generate something new. One patient told me, 'It's a lack of love. There's a space inside of me that's empty, so I grow something to fill it.' That space can be filled with love. If you grow, the cancer doesn't. When you become a new person, you don't need the old illness.[6]

In another study, completed at the University of Oregon, Dr. William Morton discovered that more housewives die of cancer than do women who work outside the home. He received a grant to look for the carcinogen in the kitchen. Finding none, he concluded that "many of these housewives didn't want to be in the home."[7]

Experts in a new field called Behavioral Medicine have demonstrated what many doctors have long suspected: that we can increase our chances of avoiding disease by nurturing our minds as well as bodies. These behavioral doctors have helped discredit the belief that life is a game of chance, and that disease strikes us indiscriminately.

Everyone has setbacks in life; everyone experiences occasional losses or threats. For example, Norman Cousins, senior lecturer at the School of Medicine, University of California at Los Angeles, and consulting editor of *Man and Medicine*, was returning home in 1964 from a business trip in the Soviet Union, suffering from a slight fever. Within a week's time he was hospitalized. After a battery of tests he was diagnosed as suffering from a serious disease of the connective tissues, and told that his chances for full recovery were 1 in 500. Reflecting on what he thought when told by the specialists that his disease was progressive and incurable, he answered simply: "Since I didn't accept the verdict, I wasn't trapped in the cycle of fear,

depression and panic that frequently accompanies a supposedly incurable illness." When asked what conclusions he drew from the entire experience he answered:

> The first is that the will to live is not a theoretical abstraction, but a physiologic reality with therapeutic characteristics. The second is that I was incredibly fortunate to have as my doctor a man who knew that his biggest job was to encourage to the fullest the patient's will to live and to mobilize all the resources of body and mind to combat disease. I have learned never to underestimate the capacity of the human mind and body to regenerate.[8]

Another case closely related to me involves a favorite uncle of mine. Two years ago, Uncle Roy was admitted to New York Medical Center to undergo open heart surgery. This was not his first encounter with it, since he had undergone similar surgery some eight or nine years previous. He had had one valve replaced and now was going to have the other two replaced. He was then 68 years old and his health was fair. The doctors, however, felt that surgery was imperative.

He underwent surgery and survived the operation with flying colors. The doctors were extremely pleased and the prognosis for full recovery was very optimistic. But one thing was lacking in his subsequent treatment — his own vital contribution of his will to get better.

After several weeks following the surgery he was not getting any better nor did it appear that he would. The doctors could find no medical explanation. He refused to eat and ultimately had to be fed intravenously. The prognosis now was grim. Then, against the better judgment of the surgeon who had performed the operation, the family decided to transfer him to Danbury Hospital which was close to home. It also was the hospital where his regular heart physician was on the staff. He was transported via ambulance to Danbury Hospital. In essence, the family was bringing him "home to die."

His admission to Danbury Hospital, however, marked the turning point in his recovery. Miraculously, within two days he was eating solid foods and began getting stronger, and to this day, he himself cannot offer any explanation for the turnabout. Being in familiar and more conducive surroundings and also being treated by his regular physician

in whom he had trust and confidence gave him the "will power" necessary to turn things around.

Dr. Caroline Bedell Thomas says, "Anybody who does not believe that emotions and disease are linked is ill-informed." In fact, Dr. Thomas predicts a day when "the psychobiological profile of the cancer-prone individual will be recognized, and a broad preventive approach undertaken."[9] This does not mean that a specific emotional state causes cancer, only that such a state may be one of the causes.

What can we do to prevent our emotions from making us sick? Dr. Dudley advises:

> Learn to take care of your mind as well as your body. Recognizing that emotions trigger psychological reactions and vice-versa is half the battle. The other half is knowing that the foundations of good health lie in love, laughter and faith in oneself.[10]

So it seems all of us have within ourselves the ability to prevent and/or control many maladies. Possessing supreme trust and confidence in God and the power of prayer, the old adage that "God helps those who help themselves" makes good sense.

Endnotes

[1]Quoted in Norman Cousins, *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient* (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1979), p. 69.

[2]Cousins, p. 79.

[3]Cousins, p. 19.

[4]Cousins, p. 59.

[5]Peggy Taylor, "How To Get Your Body To Heal Itself — Despite Great Odds," *New Woman*, November,December 1981, p. 37.

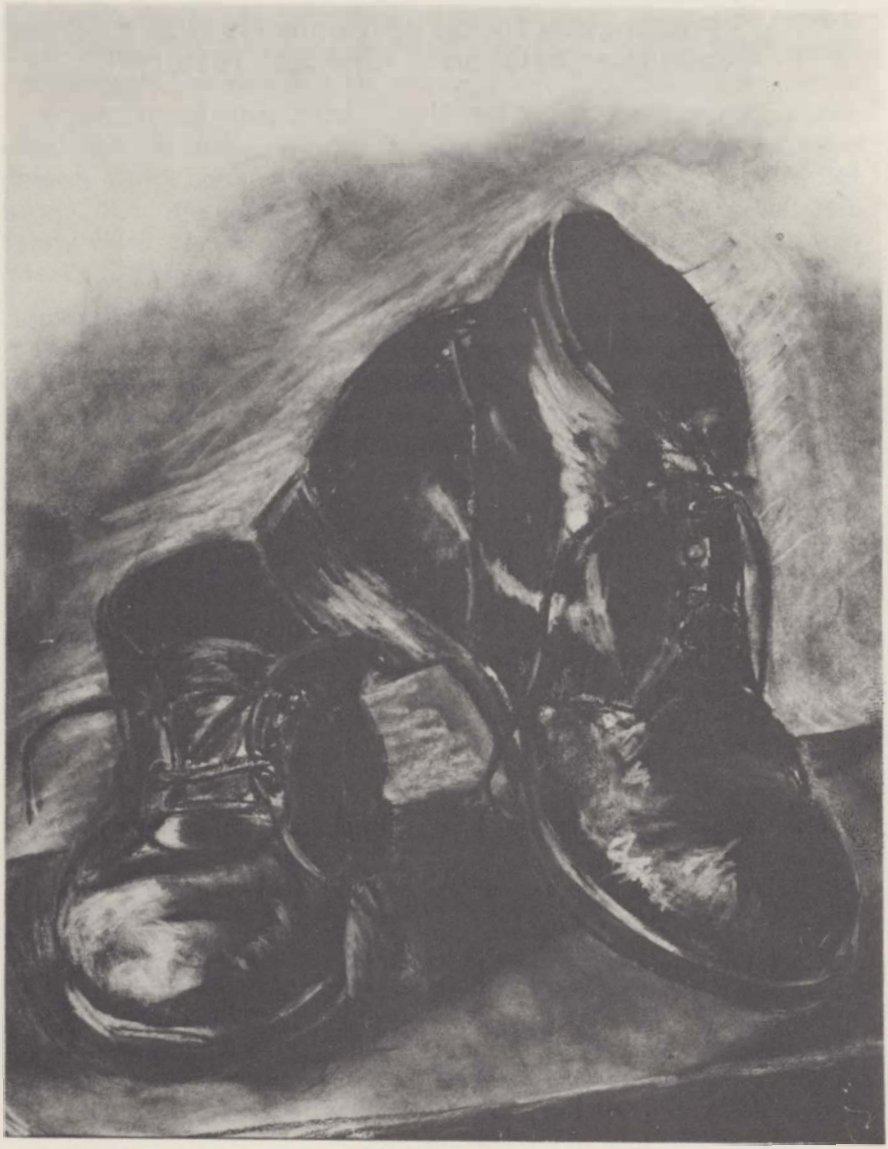
[6]Taylor, pp. 37-8.

[7]Taylor, p. 39.

[8]Cousins, p. 48.

[9]Quoted in Peter Michelmore, "How Emotions Rule Our Health," *Reader's Digest*, October 1981, p. 43.

[10]Michelmore, p. 45.



MARY LOU RAMOS

Frederick J. Turner's Frontier Thesis: A Valid Interpretation of American History?

Katherine Macauley

Frederick Jackson Turner is considered to be among the major historians of the United States. Although Turner's works have been under a great deal of criticism since his death, it is generally believed that he changed the course of the interpretation of American history and greatly influenced the explanation of the growth of American civilization.

Turner's works were a response to the fact that earlier historians wrote mainly from the point of view of the eastern United States, European influences, and colonial origins. He rebelled against the so-called "germ" theory which traces American institutions to their origins in medieval Germany. Unlike his contemporaries, Turner believed that the true point of view from which to study American history is not the Atlantic coast but the West. With this, Turner felt that he had to reinterpret American history.

In 1890, the superintendent of the census announced that there was no longer a discernible frontier line. In 1893, Turner, then a professor at the University of Wisconsin, presented his paper, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," to the American Historical Association at the World's Fair in Chicago. His thesis stated: "The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward explain American development."[1] The frontier, not European origins, shaped the American character. Nationalism, democracy, and individualism were a result of the settlers' slow westward movement. The end of the frontier closed the first era of American history.[2]

According to Turner, cheap land allowed the settlers to relocate time and time again from complex to more simple forms of society. This continuously refreshed the national spirit with new beginnings.

Turner, in his earlier writings, firmly believed that there was an immutable procession of civilization. First came the fur-traders to the new region, and then the hunters, the cattle-raisers, and finally, the pioneer farmers. When the earliest settlers came to the new region, they cleared the land for farms and built their homes. This frontier cycle ended in an area when farms were developed, neighbors shared common fences, and roads, county towns, schools, and churches were built. At this point, the children of the early settlers left their parents' farms and moved to a frontier of their own. Thus, new cycles began. Turner also espoused the idea that the frontier served as a safety valve of discontent. When eastern factory workers became unsatisfied, they could go West. This way, the frontier relieved social and economic discontent.

The frontier, said Turner, is where democratic ideas and institutions and rugged individualism grew. Because the settlers were isolated, they had to rely upon themselves for practical and spiritual needs. According to Stanley Elkins and Eric McKitrick, the settlers had to work together for purposes of housing, clearing the forest, defending themselves against the Indians, creating law and order, educating the young, building churches, and maintaining public health — all of which exposed the settlers to the making of basic and vital decisions.[3] Turner held that the continual movement of people eroded old class distinctions; social distinctions were now based upon a family's qualities, such as strength of will and self-control. Most of the European habits, institutions, and culture were lost in the wilderness. People came to dislike government intervention and economic control.

Walter Prescott Webb too believed Americans left old institutions behind. Before nature, on this continent, all men were free and equal, and they formed habits of freedom. When the government tried to take that freedom away, the settlers resisted (hence, the American Revolution). Abundance in America allowed a free-for-all system of wealth-getting. This capitalistic system permitted each person to better himself by his own work and effort.[4] Although the Westerner defended himself and resented governmental restrictions, Turner, and here he seemed to contradict himself, believed that legislation regarding the land, tariff, and internal improvements (the American System of the Whig party) were conditioned on frontier ideas and needs.[5] The abuses of the railroads and eastern monopolies also resulted in appeals to the government for protection. In summary then, Turner held that the conditions of the West and the need to solve problems as a group created a respect for majority rule. The frontier was the seedbed of

democracy.

Turner also preached that the wilderness served as a melting pot. Here, newly arrived immigrants could shed their Old World customs and take on those of the New World. To the immigrant, Turner thought, the United States was a new home and a land of opportunity and democracy. In America, the European peasant could destroy the bonds of social caste. All of these aspects of the frontier discussed here supposedly created a people of unique characteristics. At first, the Atlantic coast was a frontier of Europe, but the more westward the settlers went, the more American they became. The West and East began to get out of touch with each other, and the Westerners became more and more independent. (It should be noted that the East had a rather low opinion of these frontiersmen.) The environment of the wild was at first too strong; the pioneers had to accept these conditions or die. However, in time, the Westerner transformed the wilderness, but the result was not a European society. The new product was American, and the settlers displayed disturbingly American traits: mobility, optimism, acceptance of change, materialism, and wastefulness of resources.

It was Turner's belief that Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln represented the pioneer folk. Jefferson, the first prophet of American democracy, felt that democracy should have an agricultural base, and that industrial development and city life were dangerous. The famous president also stressed the right of revolution and the freedom of the individual. Those who won vacant lands were entitled to shape their own government. All of these elements were characteristic of western expansion and culminated in the Louisiana Purchase. Andrew Jackson was considered by Turner to be the personification of frontier democracy. His triumph marked the end of the era of the trained statesman for the Presidency and the beginning of the era of the popular hero. Important was Jackson's assault upon the Bank, which was seen as an engine of aristocracy. Finally, Lincoln especially represented the pioneer folk who went to the Northwest and "chopped out" a home.[6]

The Turner thesis remained unchallenged during the first quarter of the twentieth century, but a reaction against Turner did finally come about as a result of the Depression. Historians rebelled against Turner's emphasis on the rural past when problems at the time were coming from the urban present. They could not accept Turner's stress on individualism when collective action seemed the only way to solve

the economic crisis.[7]

In general, Turner's thesis has been criticized because of his overemphasis on the importance of the frontier. George Wilson Pierson has pointed out that Turner did not define his terms, such as "democracy" and "individualism."[8] Mr. Pierson has also drawn attention to Turner's lack of concrete examples and the repetition of his works. Turner's later essays show little if any advance from his earlier writings. Pierson has stated that the Turner thesis is too optimistic, provincial, romantic, and nationalistic to be reliable in a survey of world history.[9]

Turner's belief that cheap land allowed settlers to move repeatedly came under attack when historians began to look at how many and what kind of people were lured to the West seeking this land. According to Professor E. Riegal, farmers took little advantage of free land. Much of the land provided by the Homestead Act of 1862[10] went to land speculators. Other critics feel that cities contributed as much as the frontier to the shaping of American life; the American West actually had an urban tradition since cities often preceded settlement of the countryside. Some such cities include St. Paul, Kansas City, and Denver.

The safety valve theory has been attacked a great deal since Turner's death. It has been shown that the greatest movements in the West were in prosperous times and that few migrants came from industrial parts of the East. It took money to move West, buy equipment, and live until the first harvest. This kind of money factory workers were not likely to have. In 1850, land prices were cheap, from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars and acre, but the average workman earned about one dollar a day. Farm machinery, animals, and housing together cost about $1000. The cheapest travel rates from New York to St. Louis were thirteen dollars per person.

Actually, it is believed that people migrated more from the farm to the city. Between 1860 and 1900, the farm population increased from nineteen million to twenty-eight million, but the non-farm population jumped from twelve million to forty-eight million. It has been estimated that twenty people left the farm for the city for every one worker who left the city for the farm.[11] Fred A. Shannon disputed the safety valve theory by pointing out the labor unrest of the nineteenth century that resulted in violent, explosive strikes. There were bloody railroad strikes in 1877 and labor upheaval in the 1880s. Where was the safety valve? As stated before, during depressions, land was beyond the

workman's reach. Everett S. Lee has noted that there was a safety valve, but it was simply migration, whether to the frontier or the city.[12]

Turner was especially criticized for his belief that the frontier was the most decisive factor in the development of democracy in this country. Many historians consider the persistence of English and European political and cultural heritage as the most important factor in shaping American life. In the early settlement of the West, everyone was equally poor, but the lack of social and economic distinctions did not last long. According to Louis M. Hacker, the frontier was different from Europe during settlement, but in time, society did return to the mainstream of European institutional development, and class lines were again solidified.[13]

One major reason why democracy developed on the frontier was because Englishmen had such a devotion to local self- government. American democratic theory was influenced by the Old World through the rise of the English middle class, Reformation, evolution of Parliament, and voting habits of the trading-company stockholders. One can see Old World influence on the American colonies through the colonial legislatures, the New England town meetings, and the self-government of Congregational churches. Democratic practices such as manhood suffrage, equitable legislative representation, and the concentration of power in the legislature rather than the executive were all eastern in origin.[14]

Benjamin F. Wright asserted that there was no great desire of early Westerners to introduce governments different from those in the East. Throughout the Mid-west there was a familiar pattern of government: a single executive, a bicameral legislature, and a hierarchy of courts. Development of the new sections may have accelerated the growth rate of democracy, but it did not change it. Wright also stated that in English colonies, representative governments were set up. France was despotic; the essentials of that system were transferred to Canada and remained there throughout French control. Spain had a centralized monarchy, and her colonies reflected that kind of rule. *European* traditions determined how colonies were governed. One should also keep in mind that the West did not vote as a bloc in favor of innovations but was often divided over such issues as slavery. Crusades to further democratize the social system — women's rights, abolition, prison reform — thrived in the East. One must also question whether there really was all this democracy in the West. What about the slavery in Louisiana, the oligarchy in the Mormon state, or the hacienda system

in California? It is also a fact that tenancy increased during a period when the frontier was extant. By 1900, 35.3 percent of farms were operated by tenants.[15]

The so-called melting pot has also been brought into question. Many immigrants did not want to simply shed their ways and become Americanized. The most extreme example of non-assimilation would be the experience of the Chinese immigrants in the West. They were a cultural island; they did not want to take on American ways, and Americans would in no way accept them.

Do Americans have unique characteristics as a result of their experience with the frontier? Studies on the frontier expansion in ancient Rome, Spanish America, and the Russian penetration of Siberia have shown those settlers were also crude, tough, individualistic, and inventive. Carlton J.H. Hayes wrote that few European nations have been without a frontier at some time or another with the corresponding effects of that wilderness. Spain pushed into the Moorish lands, and Germany advanced into the barbarous regions of north central Europe.[16] Pierson made an interesting point when he stated that Turner defended the cultural shortcomings of the pioneers. Once settled, the settlers could enjoy the refinements of life again. What Pierson wondered is, were we most American when we were least cultivated?[17]

Professor Riegal further expressed that the popular Presidents of which Turner wrote (Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln), who were known for their love for the common man, were elected more by eastern, rather than western, votes.[18] Another problem with the Turner thesis is the omission and supposed lack of understanding about certain American aspects of life. Turner was moved by the achievements of America, and justly so, but what of land speculation, vigilantism, the despoiling of the country, the arrogance of expansionism, the mistreatment of the Indians, and nativism? Turner did acknowledge these things, but only in passing.[19] According to Pierson, Turner omitted the influence of the industrial and agricultural revolutions in American life, and simply did not understand the commercial revolution, Romanticism, Evangelism, the scientific discoveries of the time, the Enlightenment, or secularization of thought.[20]

In fairness to Turner, it must be noted that he did indeed believe in multiple causation. Turner held that the frontier phenomenon was one key to history. He overstressed the frontier because he was trying to achieve a badly needed balance since the West had been so long

neglected. Turner knew the frontier alone did not explain American development and urged his own students to study the industrial revolution, capitalism, labor, and class conflicts. He never denied that democracy originated in Europe and that many of its theories and practices went from East to West. What is *American* in our democracy is the result of the wilderness. Turner also made some qualifications on his earlier writings. For example, he later came to the conclusion that the frontier was not a direct safety valve and that expansion did not proceed in well-defined, unchanging states.[21]

Even Turner's unkindest critics admitted that there was some relation between American history and the frontier. I tend to agree with historian Ray Allen Billington when he states that the thesis is wrong in detail and is oversimplified, but it does point to an essential truth. According to Mr. Billington, our civilization is a result of the influences of both the Old World heritage and New World conditions. Among these conditions is, of course, the frontier. The frontier did not create democratic theory and institutions, but tended to make them more democratic through the widespread ownership of land and the lack of a prior leadership structure.[22]

Endnotes

[1]Frederick Jackson Turner, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," in *The Early Writings of Frederick Jackson Turner*, ed. Everett E. Edwards (New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1969), p. 186.

[2]Turner's paper made the young historian a scholar with honor in America. Charles A. Beard believed Turner's paper would have a profound influence on thought about American history, more so than any other work written on that subject. In February of 1894, Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Turner thanking him for a copy of his thesis. Turner's impact was still being felt during the debate over Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal program. With the frontier gone, some felt that the federal government had to provide the security once found in the West. Ray Allen Billington, *Frederick Jackson Turner* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. 447.

[3]Stanley Elkins and Eric McKitrick, "A Meaning for Turner's Frontier Democracy in the Old Northwest," in *The Turner Thesis*, ed. George Rogers Taylor (Boston: D.C. Heath and Co., 1956), pp. 101-02.

[4]Walter Prescott Webb, "The Frontier and the 400 Year Boom," in *The Turner Thesis*, pp. 93-94.

[5]Turner, "Significance," p. 216.

[6]Frederick Jackson Turner, "Contributions of the West to American Democracy," in *The Turner Thesis*, pp. 23-26.

[7]Ray Allan Billington, ed., *The Frontier Thesis* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1966), p. 3.

[8]George Wilson Pierson, "Turner's Views Challenged," in *The Frontier Thesis*, pp. 35-36.

[9]George Wilson Pierson, "Criticism of the Turner Theory," in *The Turner Thesis*, pp. 61-63.

[10]This act provided 160-acre farms for only a fee of ten dollars. However, poor people could not afford to move out West; western soil and weather conditions were foreign to easterners; 160 acres was too large an area to irrigate and too small for cattle grazing or grain raising. Rebecca Brooks Gruver, *An American History*, 2nd ed. (Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1976), p. 581.

[11]Ray Allan Billington, *The American Frontier* (Washington, D.C.: Service Center for Teachers of History, 1958), pp. 10-11.

[12]Everett S. Lee, "Mobility a Strong Influence," in *The Frontier Thesis*, p. 92.

[13]Louis M. Hacker, "Sections — or Classes?" in *The Turner Thesis*, p. 46.

[14]Billington, *The American Frontier*, p. 15.

[15]Richard Hofstadter, "The Thesis Disputed," in *The Frontier Thesis*, p. 105.

[16]Carlton J.H. Hayes, "The American Frontier — Frontier of What?" in *The Turner Thesis*, ed. George Rogers Taylor (Boston: D.C. Heath and Co., 1949), p. 90.

[17]Pierson, "Criticism," p. 53.

[18]Gruver, *American History*, p. 585.

[19]Richard Hofstadter, *The Progressive Historians* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1968), p. 104.

[20]Pierson, "Criticism," p. 65.

[21]Billington, *Turner*, pp. 459-61, 477.

[22]Gruver, *American History*, pp. 586-87.

SHOSHANA

. . . a beautful woman came up to me and said,
You don't remember me. I am Shoshana in Hebrew.
Others in other languages. All is vanity.

— Yehuda Amichai, from *On the Wide Stairs*

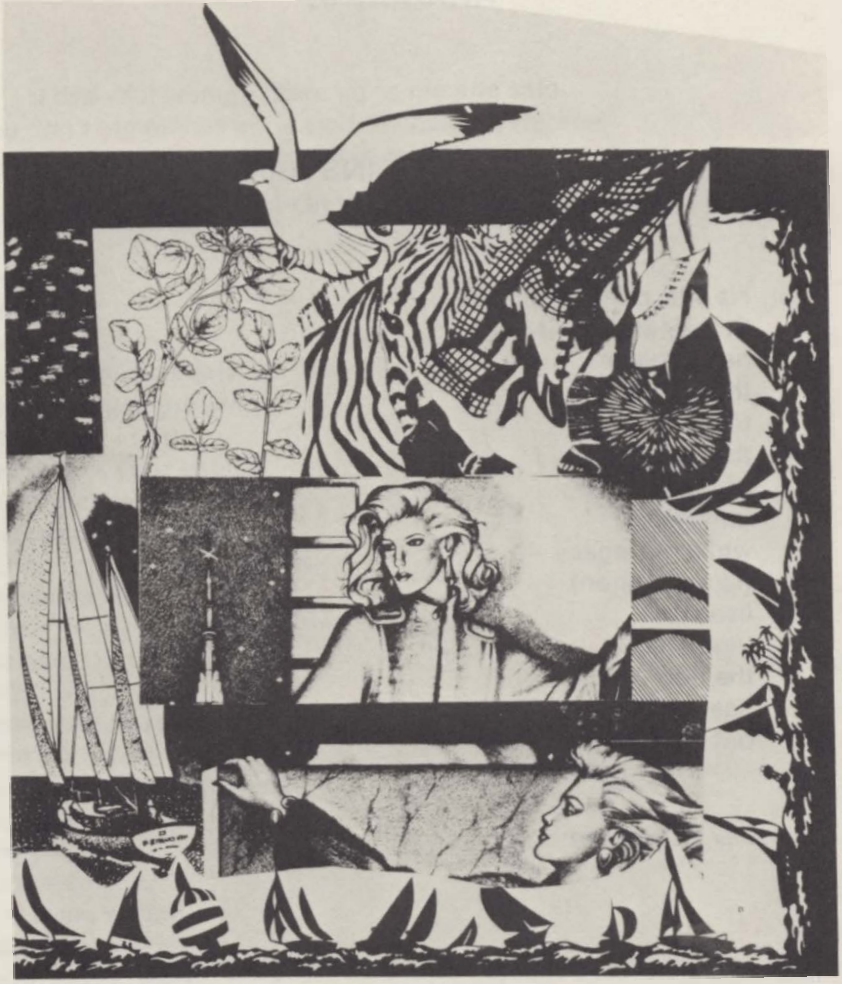
shoshana;
the lily,
the rose,
the thorn in my heart.
where are you growing?
where may i find
and caress your petals?
celebrate life with you;
and make the sweetest
of honeys from your pollen.
shoshana;
i am
the bee
your lover,
come to make your children,
your generations,
one lovelier than the next.
shoshana;
every spring
i come to you,
and every spring
i leave hurt — a
thorn in my heart.
shoshana;
my love,
my death,
i loved you once too much,
you never once loved me enough.
shoshana;
you are the lily,
the rose,
you are the thorn in my heart.

Jay Guberman

EINSTEIN

He sits, puffing his pipe.
Smoky clouds rise —
he imagines
those clouds
to be
the galaxies
of the
universe,
while his legacy —
(like radiation)
lives on
long after
the fire
has gone
out.

Jay Guberman



LISA SCHMIDT

A Woman's Woman

Sharon Denton

Kneedeep in mud, Harriette picked up the next 2x6, revved the skilsaw and began cutting. Halfway through the board, the saw jumped to a halt, wrenching her wrist.

"All right, who the fuck . . . ."

Larry, Charlie and Buzz, standing along the freshly poured concrete wall, smiled suspiciously. The plug swung slowly from Buzz's hand propped on his beer gut.

"C'mon you assholes," Harriette cursed. "Enough of your bull. I'm trying to get this done."

Their smirks turrned to boisterous laughter as the three men began picking up the tools. Buzz, wrapping the cord around his forearm, yelled, "It's quittin' time, ya gotta go make Markie his supper."

Harriette yanked the saw out of the board and yelled, "Hey Buzz . . . go fish," as the saw disappeared into the mud. She climbed the ladder amid the men's laughter.

"All right Harry," Charlie snorted, "Buzz always liked a little fishin' after work."

"Hey Buzz! she got you again."

The wet mud on her hip boots and the belt filled with nails and tools seemed heavier today. She felt like catching a ride on the utility truck, but instead hoisted the sledge hammer onto her already aching shoulders, brushed the muddy hair from her cheek and marched on.

At the trailer, Harriette sat down for the first time that afternoon. The men filtered in, throwing their tools into the corners. The stench of sweat and the nearby Port-A-John filled the small room. The men waited as Buzz tromped up the steps.

"Hey Harry, you're awful bitchy today, you on the rag or sumpin'?"

"And what's with you?" Harriette quipped, suppressing a smile. "Your old lady holdin' back on you?"

Buzz readjusted his ball cap, his cheeks reddening, but soon he too joined the laughter. "You're sumpin' else," he announced. "C'mon down to the Pine Tree. I'm buyin' the first round."

"I'll catch you tomorrow," Harriette smiled walking towards the

parking lot. "Mark's waiting for me in the car."

As the car was turning into the driveway, Harriette hung out the window and screamed, "Get up you lazy dogs, how you doin' Ern, c'mon Abb." She jumped out and played roughly with the dogs until they had her down on the ground, Ernie licking her face, Abby biting her boots.

Mark approached the struggle wiping the dust from his suit.

"How was work today?" Harriette asked still sprawled on the ground.

"The usual . . . Jenkins has the paperwork piled higher than ever with that inventory. What did you do today?"

"We poured the north wall and finished forming most of the south end, but it was so god damn hot down in that hole all day . . . .That Buzz is such a character," she grinned. "Remember Mr. Bentley in Calculus class? Buzz looks exactly like him but is as smart as Billy's bull."

"They still giving you a hard time?"

"Nothing I can't handle, but I'm so fucking tired!"

Mark walked to the house, but hesitated at the door. "There's an opening at the office next month."

Kicking off her work boots, Harriette wiggled her toes in the grass and inspected her sun-tanned muscular arms and mud-covered hands. The screen door slammed and she heard pots and pans begin rattling in the kitchen.

"Harriette! Are you going to help me fix some dinner? I'm starved."

"In a minute, damn it!"

It felt so good to stretch out, loosening all the kinks in her body. But as soon as she relaxed, the dogs were once again upon her.

"O.K., you're right. I can't get too comfortable out here."

She groaned as she lifted herself and grabbed her boots. "C'mon let's go get cleaned up."

Harriette slowly lowered herself into the steaming bath; the water caressed and massaged each muscle until only her head remained above the healing liquid. She smiled and looked over her body for new cuts and bruises.

"A farmer's tan," she murmured holding up her arms. "Who'd have ever thought it."

The faucet dripped a relaxing rhythm; this seemed to be her one reward after each grueling work day. The heat and the day's work were taking their toll when Mark pounded on the door.

"Are you going to help me with dinner or what?"

"Just open a can of soup or something . . . ."

"Soup!" Mark roared, "Great, just what I need, a can of chicken noodle soup. If you . . . ."

Harriette quickly slid her head beneath the water muffling Mark's ranting.

Mark was waiting at the kitchen table when Harriette entered shaking her wet hair.

"I made a salad to go along with the soup," he smiled.

"Aren't you just the gourmet cook."

Mark tightened his lips and served dinner.

"What's been bugging you?"

"Just tired."

"You're always tired . . . maybe that job."

Harriette slammed her spoon on the table. "What about the job? What are you going to say this time?"

She stood and grabbed her bowl from the table. "At first it was 'Great, you're looking for a job. We need the money.' Then when I told you I was in the union you just sneered, thinking I wouldn't last."

"Well you have to admit the odds weren't in your favor."

"Fuck your odds. I have survived." She threw her bowl into the sink. "I've survived the aches and pains of learning and the torment from the men. Now you and all the other assholes who didn't think I could do it can eat shit. Because I can and I'm damn good at it."

"But what good is it really?" Mark leaned back in his chair in control. "Everyday you come home from work too exhausted to do anything. You eat dinner, then go straight to bed . . . and straight to sleep."

"What the hell do you expect me to do? I do more physical work in one day than you have done in your whole life! Do you want me to run home, fix a romantic candlelit dinner, romp in bed with you all night, then get up at five in the morning and do it all again?"

"Oh be realistic Harriette, you're an intelligent woman. You don't have to subject yourself to such unnatural torture."

"Unnatural?! Mark, look at your arms." He inspected his forearms, then shrugged. "They are white and limp. Now look at mine." She rolled up her sleeves and exposed her arms. "I am suntanned and healthy and stronger than I've ever been in my life. You go into a building and look up at the clock to determine how long the day is. At my 'unnatural' job, I look up to the sky and the clouds and the sun to see how much longer I must work and under what conditions."

"That's not my point!" Mark replied now raising his voice. "Great, you're suntanned and look better than ever. But Harriette, I just can't understand why you're doing this. It makes no sense."

Mark's loss of control seemed to calm Harriette. She returned to the table and sighed deeply.

"You ask me why? . . . I like the challenge, the hard work and the comaraderie. It's like no other job I've ever had . . . When I'm at work I am not a woman and I'm really not even a man . . . I'm a body, purely physical, stretched to my physical limits. But at the same time I must constantly think of how I can make this job easier on my body; what tools I can use, what short-cuts I can take. But there's another reason . . ." Harriette looked dreamily out the window. "I'm not quite sure I can explain it. But this job makes me special. I am the first woman that those men have ever worked with and I've pulled down the barriers and proven myself capable. And so down the road I'll be remembered. This is my little chunk of posterity."

"Fine," Mark said after a moment. "But where am I in all this reasoning?"

Harriette turned away disgusted.

"I'm really beginning to wonder lately," Mark continued. "We used to have such great fun together, laughing more, talking more . . ."

"And fucking more, right?"Harriette stared at Mark.

"Oh c'mon. . . O.K., you're right. I've spent dozens of frustrated nights with you zonked out next to me; that does drive me crazy, but it's more than just that. You seem to have become as hard as the concrete you work with all day."

He waited for Harriette's reply, hoping, but she stared blankly at the refrigerator door.

"I admit I still don't understand," Mark continued. "You seem to be sacrificing so much for this damn job and your posterity or whatever it is you get out of it. You just used to be so . . . ."

"That's enough Mark! I'm tired of hearing how it used to be."

She rushed out of the room leaving Mark alone at the table. The bedroom door slammed shut.

Buzz placed the truck in gear and lunged forward towards the trailer. Even the wipers could not clear the mud-smeared windshield so he leaned his head out of the window.

"Hey watch out!" someone yelled as Buzz slammed on the brakes just missing Harriette.

"Watch where you're going!" Harriette yelled.

"Just get in the truck," he ordered. "We'll all be safer."

Harriette helped Buzz clear the windshield; then they both continued towards the trailer.

"Broads," he grumbled, shifting into second.

"Hey, it's not my fault you can't drive."

"We always have to watch out for you."

"Buzz, are you saying I don't do my job? You're full of shit if you are. I work my ass off everyday."

"Now don't get excited, Harry. Listen, it's nothin' against you. I like you. I really do. It's just . . . ." He nervously glanced out the side window. Harriette straightened in her seat and looked at him.

"It's just what?"

"Well, me and all the guys still think this job ain't no place for a woman."

"That's a crock of shit and you know it. I always do everything you tell me and I've never fucked anything up. Besides, I am only an apprentice. You can't expect me to know everything."

"Yeah, but the fact is, Harry, we all carry you, if you know what I mean. If you was a big guy we could give you more things to do that a cub usually does, like carrying those eight foot pans. But we always have to remember that you're not as big when we're dishin' out the jobs."

"Oh Christ, not you too." She slumped back in her seat, looked out the window and remembered Mark coming into the bedroom the night before.

The door clicked open and Harriette waited for the inevitable. It was hours since dinner, but she could not sleep. Mark silently crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Harry? You asleep?" He placed his hand on her back.

Her body tightened. She didn't move.

"Harry . . ." Mark pulled her over and she stared up coldly. "I'm sorry. It's just that it's been two weeks since we . . . ." He leaned down over her.

"Get off me," she hissed and rolled to the other side of the bed.

"Why you little bitch . . . ."

"So what do you think?" Buzz asked in conclusion.

"Huh? Sorry, Buzz, what'd you say?"

"I was sayin' that maybe it would be better for everybody if you gave this whole shebang up." The truck pulled up to the trailer. Harriette climbed out and pushed the heavy door closed. She walked towards the other men.

"Well, what do you say Harry?" Buzz yelled after her.

"See you tomorrow Buzz."

JANINE AZZOPARDI

Southwestern Connecticut's Role in the Revolution

Susan Vornkahl

In the twentieth century Americans have never had to face a war on their own land. This situation has not always been the case, however, as this nation was founded after major confrontations on American soil with the British. In Connecticut, the British landing on Compo Beach in Westport and the subsequent march on Danbury was a very real part of the American Revolution.

Connecticut was one of the only American colonies not to experience a Patriot-Tory conflict of any significance during the Revolutionary War, principally because the internal conflicts had been worked out by 1775. David Roth interprets the situation in this way:

> Connecticut's political leadership and principles as well as its governmental framework remained stable during the Revolutionary War. Hence, while other states had their war effort seriously weakened by political reorganization or by controversies stemming from political innovations, Connecticut, enjoying a smooth transition from a colony to a state and maintaining its conservative orientation, could devote itself without serious distractions to aiding Washington's forces.[1]

Connecticut was also better able to support the Patriot cause because the state escaped British occupation. If Connecticut had experienced the prolonged presence of enemy troops, as did New York and Pennsylvania, the state clearly would have been less able to contribute to a United States victory.

The British were never able to take hold of any land for any length of time within the state. According to William Burr, "The invasion of western Connecticut may not hold a place among the nation's great battles, but it is one of the finest exhibitions of the promptness and

heroism that has characterized the inhabitants of New England, in rallying to her defense, whenever her land has been invaded, or her liberties menaced."[2]

At the close of 1776 the condition of the American forces was not very inspiring. Burr says that the loss of Long Island and New York by the Patriots was a severe blow to the cause. The commander-in-chief of the American army with a handful of ragged, half-starved militia fleeing across New Jersey was not an inspiring spectacle and presented little encouragement for the ultimate independence of the new world.[3]

The British plan for the 1777campaign was to promptly separate the various rebellious sections, and thus speedily terminate the insurrection, and subdue the spirit of independence. Wakefield Dort explains the British plan in his book *Westport in Connecticut's History*. According to Dort:

> in the winter of 1776 the British high command laid its plans to split the Colonies. Burgoyne was to come down from Canada and make a rendezvous at Albany with an expedition from New York, which was to ascend the Hudson, destroying everything in its way. The plan failed to work. Burgoyne encountered more difficulty than he had anticipated; part of the British force in New York sailed to capture Philadelphia, and Clinton was afraid of his line of communication, especially from Connecticut in the east.It was decided to strike a blow which would be a lesson; and that was the origin of the famous Danbury raid on stores gathered there for Colonial troops.[4]

The march to Danbury originated in Westport. A little before sunset on April 25, 1777, a fleet of twenty-six ships flying the flag of Great Britain sailed up Long Island Sound and dropped anchor off Cedar Point (now Compo). Nearly two thousand British troops came ashore, many of whom served in the European wars. The expedition was led by William Tyron, Major General, a soldier by profession. Burr describes Tyron's troops as models of discipline and military splendor, and mounted on handsome charges, sixteen hands high. He says they presented a most formidable appearance.[5] The troops also included Brown's corps, otherwise known as the Prince of Wales American

Volunteer Corp. James Case, in his account of the Danbury raid, includes an advertisement from one of the royalist papers in New York, which shows the special inducements offered to loyalists to join Brown's corp:

> The Royal and Honorable Brigade of the Prince of Wales Loyal American Volunteers quartered at the famous and plentiful town of Flushing. Recruits taken also at Wm. Betts, sign of Gen. Amherst, Jamaica. £5 bounty and one hundred acres of land on the Mississippi, for 3 years or during the rebellion. Present pay and free quarters. Clothing, arms and accoutrements supplied.[6]

This corp was popular with loyalists. According to Herbert F. Geller, about three hundred Tories were recruited for the British, among them many residents of Fairfield county. The corp's special task in the expedition was to provide information to the British and obtain possible help from friends and relatives in the towns through which the raiders would march.[7]

The main objective of this raid, authorized by General Sir William Howe, British commander in New York, was to attack and destroy the American supply base in Danbury. Geller adds that "if the Danbury raid were successful and there appeared to be little American opposition, General Tyron's army was authorized to march west through northern Westchester, to attack the American supply base at Peekskill."[8]

While the well-equipped British forces landed there was little the American patriots on shore could do. According to Geller, Gen. Tyron had picked Compo for a landing because there were no shore batteries there, as there were in neighboring towns.[9] Wakefield Dort adds that the British also knew that the main bodies of Connecticut troops were engaged on other fronts.[10] Geller comments that the Americans sent riders to alert the Militia that the British had invaded Connecticut. The messengers informed Connecticut's military leaders, General Benedict Arnold, General Silliman, and General Wooster about the invasion and the Militia subsequently gathered to defend against the threat from the sea.[11]

While the riders informed the Militia, General Tyron commanded

the British to begin their march along Compo Road. Some contradictions exist among authors about the first opposition the British encountered.

According to Geller, the Redcoats met their first opposition at the intersection of Compo Road and the Post Road in the form of gunfire from behind a stone wall by a group of seventeen militiamen, from Weston. The Americans fired one volley; the British halted and fired a volley in the direction of the stone wall. The Americans, according to Geller, escaped unharmed; the Redcoats were not as fortunate. One officer and several enlisted British soldiers were wounded.[12]

William Burr, however, says that a man named Disbrow, one of Washington's aides during the fighting around New York, was home on furlough and learned about the British landing. According to Burr, "Disbrow gathered thirty men, stationed them in a sheltered position, and as the British advanced in the moonlight they challenged with 'Who goes there?' The answer was: 'You will know soon.' The Americans thereupon fired and a number of the enemy fell and the advancing column returned the fire, slightly wounding one American."[13] It is difficult to find the exact truth of this encounter as there was little written about the account at the time. Herbert Geller goes on to say that after the first encounter the British reformed their ranks and continued their march toward Danbury, traveling on Cross Highway to Redding Road.[14] The British camped that night in the northern part of Fairfield (Westport), resuming their march early he next morning. It is noted that General Tyron had breakfast with a Tory in Redding.

Tyron's army entered Danbury early in the afternoon and according to Wakefield Dort they quartered their troops as though they intended to stay.[15] Tyron, since he had only encountered scattered groups of militia during the march, undoubtedly felt that his army was secure. James Cass, however, offers an interesting interpretation:

> That night of April 26, 1777, was not a particularly happy one for the general in command of the British forces. He had met with complete success in reaching Danbury and destroying the stores, which was the object; but the great bulk of his force was helpless in the strong embrace of New England rum, and news had come that a force of the enemy was gathering and marching toward him.[16]

Tyron learned from the loyalists that the country was rising and that generals, heroes of many battles, were approaching with the patriots. William Burr adds that General Tyron needed no other impetus to hasten his departure.[17]

The patriot messengers had completed their task. According to Burr, before the dawn of the new day messengers were calling on all to resist the foe. The call met with patriotic response. By Saturday morning General Silliman was on his way to Redding with five hundred men. General Silliman said, "The people of this region were very patriotic and never hesitated a moment when their country called."[18] On their way this group of militia were joined by Wooster, Commander of the Connecticut militia, and General Benedict Arnold. According to Burr, a heavy rain retarded the progress of the militia. The men were fatigued and their wet muskets were unusable. The miiitia halted to fix their arms and refresh the men. Then at dawn Arnold and Silliman with four hundred patriots marched to Ridgefield, after the retreating enemy, while Wooster with two hundred men attacked the flank.[19]

According to Burr, Tyron may have moved southwest for two reasons: to avoid an encounter with the provincials, and to secure assistance from the loyalists. Burr notes that in the early days of the war the citizens of Ridgefield were staunch supporters of the Crown (in 1775 they voted to follow the King). He adds,however,that "time had wrought a marvelous change in the sentiments of the people. They were Americanized."[20] When the British entered Ridgefield, they were attacked, and had to fight a pitched battle against General Arnold's troops. The British were able, however, to destroy part of Ridgefield. According to Geller:

> at the end of the day, the British withdrew from Ridgefield and set up camp on Ressiguie's ridge, which is located on the road to Wilton, a mile south of town. They left about 5 a.m. on Monday April 28, 1777, for an 18-mile forced march back to their ships at Compo beach.[21]

This is when Westport again became a theatre of war. Geller remarks that on Tyron's retreat back to Westport, his men were fired at from behind rocks, trees, and walls, similar to the battles of Lexington and Concord. He adds that Genertal Arnold, with almost one thousand American troops, was in hot pursuit. According to Geller, Arnold

decided his best bet was to try to cut the British off at Saugatuck Bridge. Arnold's position was strong; he had reached the bridge ahead of the British. But Arnold was outsmarted by the British, who learned of an alternate route across the river. Geller adds that the river may have been difficult to ford. But the cold swim was preferable to the hot lead. According to Geller Arnold's troops made one last effort. They were able to force the British into defensive positions, a critical time for the British. The Redcoat troops, exhausted from the four day ordeal, were nearly out of ammunition. The Americans were also tired but they had the benefit of obtaining many new reinforcements from militiamen and Continental army troops who arrived to join the fight. This was a critical time. The British decided to attack with bayonets, and according to one British officer the rebels suffered considerable losses. The bayonet attack completely demoralized the American forces, and the British retreated to their ships.[22]

This battle was not one of the major engagements of the war, but it was important. Dort says that an unorganized force of about twelve hundred colonials succeeded in breaking up a British expedition consisting of at least twenty-five hundred of the King's best troops. Second, Dort adds that although the English did destroy the military stores in Danbury, they could not maintain a force at that point to protect the later line of communication up the Hudson River. This failure, without any question, according to Dort, was a partial cause of Clinton's hesitation in moving up the Hudson to join General Burgoyne — an irresolution which resulted in Burgoyne's defeat and surrender to colonial troops at Saratoga. Never again during the Revolutionary War did raiding British troops from Long Island Sound move beyond the sight of their ships.[23]

Endnotes

[1]David M. Roth, *Connecticut: A Bicentennial History* (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1979), p. 68.

[2]William Hanford Burr, *The Invasion of Connecticut by the British and the Landing at Compo Beach, April 25, 1777* (Westport, Conn.: Westport Library Association, 1928), p. 1.

[3]Burr, p. 2.

[4]Wakefield Dort, *Westport in Connecticut's History* (Bridgeport, Conn.: Brothers Warner Co., 1935), p. 56.

[5]Burr, p. 5.

[6]James R. Case, *An Account of Tyron's Raid on Danbury in April 1777: The Battle of Ridgefield and The Career of General David Wooster* (Danbury, Conn.: The Danbury Printing Co., 1927), p. 14.

[7]Herbert F. Geller, *A Fight for Liberty: Southwestern Connecticut's Role in the American Revolution* (Bridgeport, Conn.: The Post Publishing Co., 1976), p. 2.

[8]Geller, p. 3.

[9]Geller, p. 3.

[10]Dort, p. 56.

[11]Geller, p. 3.

[12]Geller, p. 3.

[13]Burr, p. 7.

[14]Geller, p. 4.

[15]Dort, p. 56.

[16]Case, p. 25.

[17]Burr, p. 7.

[18]Burr, p. 7.

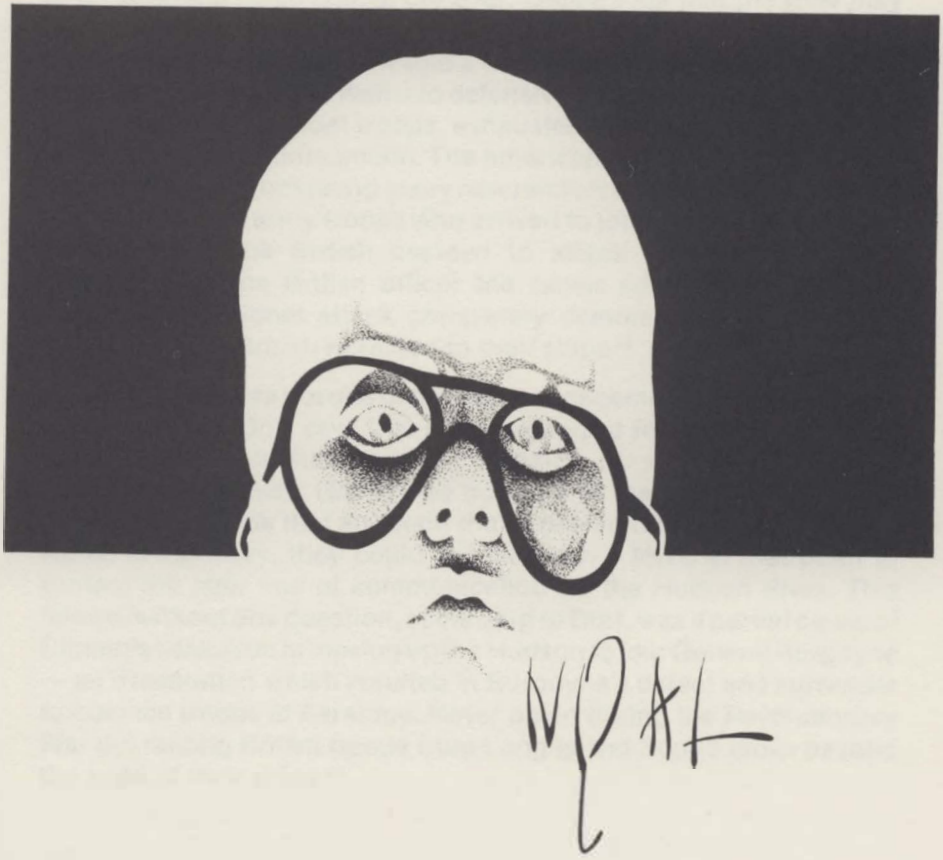
[19]Burr, p. 8.

[20]Burr, p. 8.

[21]Geller, p. 22.

[22]Geller, p. 4.

[23]Dort, p. 57.



JOHN WILSON

The Universal Quest

Karen Mose

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.[1]

The heroine's journey in Margaret Atwood's novel *Surfacing* is backward in time and space to deep within the self, into an age of the gods and a sacred world. Her journey is a return to origins to recover what has been lost, some previous time of fullness and innocence, some center of primal wisdom and power. It is a spiritual quest in search of answers to the fundamental questions of Everyman/woman: "Whence Come We? Who Are We? Where Are We Going?"[2]

The heroine is nameless, without an identity. She is unknown to herself and to her friends: "My friends' pasts are vague to me and to each other also, any one of us could have amnesia for years and the others wouldn't notice."[3] Early in the story there is a sense that the heroine is lost, when she declares: "Nothing is the same. I don't know the way anymore" (p. 15). And later, after she finds an old scrapbook at her family home she says: "I searched through it carefully, looking for something I could recognize as myself, where I had come from or gone wrong . . ." (p. 109).

The literal journey of the heroine takes her back to her family home in the wilderness to find her missing father. But the essential journey she undertakes is into the uncharted territory of the self and the realm of the collective representations of the race. Or as another voyager, Melville's Ishmael, has said, the journey is "not down on any map; true places never are."[4]

To find her way in this labyrinthian world, the heroine first searches for some kind of secret clues that may have been left by her parents to guide her, " . . word of some kind, not money, but an object, a token" (p. 42). There is also a suggestion that she struggles to

recapture something within her, something she has forgotten that would guide her: ". . . but it was there in me, the evidence, only needing to be deciphered" (p. 91). Hidden within her is some basic remembrance: "From where I am now it seems as if I've always known, everything, time is compressed like the fist I close on my knee in the darkening bedroom, I hold inside it the clues and solutions and the power for what I must do now" (p. 91).

The profane myths and language of her own age do not offer solutions for the heroine. The clues she seeks are only to be found by recovering a primordial experience and interpreting the language of a far distant past. Contact with the heritage she seeks is first provided in her father's drawings. They suggest this ancient past and lead her to the place that had inspired them. "He had been here,"she says, "and long before him the original ones, the first explorers, leaving behind them their sign, word, but not its meaning" (p. 150). The hieroglyphic, or sacred language of another age, becomes one of the vehicles for the heroine's journey.

Meanings from a different mythology begin to occur to her when she discovers a dead heron in the wilds. She recognizes that: "It would have been different in those countries where an animal is the soul of an ancestor or the child of a god, at least they would have felt guilty" (p. 151). The image of the murdered heron brings about the first feelings of guilt and responsibility in the heroine: "I felt a sickening complicity, sticky as glue, blood on my hands, as though I'd been there and watched without saying No or doing anything to stop it . . ." (p. 154). Her own knowledge of good and evil has begun to surface. She recalls the pseudo-innocence of her childhood and her complicity with evil then: "To become like a little child again, a barbarian, a vandal: it was in us too, it was innate" (p. 156). To acknowledge evil, however, is not enough. She has come to a blind passage in the labyrinth and the source of her blindness has not yet been revealed to her: "A thing closed in my head, hand, synapse cutting off my escape: that was the wrong way, the entrance, redemption was elsewhere, I must have overlooked it" (p. 156).

Guided to the lake by her father's drawings, the heroine dives, at first directly into her "other shape" reflected in the water, in a sense confronting her other self that she has been cut off from. Her next descent is through ". . . darkness, layer after layer, deeper than before . . ." (p. 166). It is at the depths of the lake that she encounters one of the images that transform her: "It was there below me, drifting

toward me from the furthest level where there was no life . . . it was something I knew about, a dead thing, it was dead" (p. 167). The heroine had "plunged" figuratively, to deep within her own unconscious, and simultaneously backward in time, for to paraphrase Joseph Campbell, the unconscious may be interpreted as a symbol of the mythological age.[5]

The fictional world that she has built begins to collapse as the heroine brings into consciousness the memory of the abortion she has experienced. Of her parents she says: "Their own innocence, the reason I couldn't tell them, perilous innocence, closing them in glass, their artificial garden, greenhouse. They didn't teach us about evil, they didn't understand about it, how could I describe it to them? They were from another age, pre-historic" (p. 169). This repressed, submerged memory of the abortion, this true story that she had refused to tell, along with her complicity in it, has stopped the flow of life in her: "Since then I'd carried death around inside me, layering it over, a cyst, a tumor, black pearl . . ." (p. 170). It is through her encounter with this death experience that the heroine begins to regain her life.

Searching intuitively into her own experience, the heroine re-establishes a connection with the gods of nature: "These gods, here on the shore or in the water, unacknowledged or forgotten, were the only ones who had ever given me anything I needed; and freely" (p. 170). Seeking her own truth, she says of the primitive inhabitants of this place: "The Indians did not own salvation but they had once known where it lived and their signs marked the sacred places, the places where you could learn the truth" (p. 170). In order to make more intimate contact with this ancient past, the heroine leaves a token of clothing as an offering to the gods, and begins an awakening process: ". . . feeling was beginning to seep back into me, I tingled like a foot that's been asleep" (p. 171). A new potential for life has surfaced within her: ". . . everything is waiting to become alive" (p. 186).

Her father's guidance, through the drawings, had given the heroine ". . . only knowledge and there were more gods than his, his were the gods of the head, antlers rooted in the brain" (p. 179). Her father had given her the power of vision, but to find her center and give meaning to this vision, she also needs her mother to lead the way.

In one of the scrapbooks that she is certain has been left her by her mother, the heroine finds one of her own childhood drawings: "On the left was a woman with a round moon stomach: the baby was sitting up inside her gazing out" (p. 185). Her mother's intercession has led the

heroine to the powers of her body; to her own female roots, ". . . that which receives, nourishes, and gives birth on all levels of being through her awareness of the earth and her ability to bring up the waters of life from under the earth."[6]

To reclaim her goddess powers the heroine conceives a child with her lover: "He trembles and then I can feel my lost child surfacing within me, forgiving me, rising from the lake where it has been imprisoned for so long . . ." (p. 191). According to the myths: "Woman's magic is primary, and of nature,"[7] and the heroine returns to nature in an instinctive attempt to recall her powers. She separates herself completely for the rest of the journey, from her companions and from the civilized world. In a ritualistic ceremony she immerses herself in the water of the lake: ". . . when every part of me is wet I take off my clothes, peeling them away from my flesh like wallpaper" (p. 208). She has peeled away the layers of a false identity and is left simply naked. When she says, "The earth rotates, holding my body down as it holds the moon . . ." (p. 208), there is a sense that she has recovered the regenerative powers that are related mythically to the earth and moon.

"The direction is clear . . ." to the heroine. In order to make contact with her parents she decides: "It is time that separates us, I was a coward, I would not let them into my age, my place. Now I must enter theirs" (p. 207). She has given up her own ego and language; her world has been destroyed. It is out of this destruction that new creation becomes a possibility.

Withdrawing into the wilderness of her instincts, the heroine finds that the garden she has nurtured has become a primordial, sacred place. But she is barred from the Garden: "The gate stops me . . . The fence is impregnable . . ." (p. 210). The age of fullness, of childhood and innocence is no longer available to her. She has acquired the knowledge of the opposites; of good and evil, flesh and spirit.

The heroine's passage takes her to the edge of human experience, and her journey is into the underworld where she hopes to make contact with the spirits of her dead parents. Guided now only by her own animal instincts, she awaits instructions from the spirit world. All things have become sacred to her. She becomes an animal, and a tree; she becomes one with nature.

She has fulfilled the conditions of solitude and suffering and is now prepared both psychologically and mythologically for an

encounter with the sacred, for those experiences that transcend ordinary reality. In a Shamanistic sense, the heroine "sees" her parents. First her mother, who is feeding the birds in a scene that indicates her realm in nature. Her mother is then transfigured into the shape of a bird, ". . . wings ripple over the ground and she's gone" (p. 213). Later the heroine "sees" her father: "He is standing near the fence . . .looking in at the garden" (p. 218). His spirit takes on the form of a wolf who gazes at her ". . . with its yellow eyes, wolf's eyes, depthless but lambent as the eyes of animals seen at night in the car headlights" (p. 218).

The visions of her parents are the final transformative images for the heroine. Her spirit has grown, and she "knows the place for the first time." She accepts the fact of her parents' humanness and the "fallen," fragmented condition of being human. Of the ancient gods she says: "They've receded, back to the past, inside the skull, is it the same place" (p 221).

The heroine has discovered that what is lost cannot be fully recovered: "No total salvation, resurrection. Our father, Our mother, I pray. Reach down for me, but it won't work . . ." (p. 221). She has gained the knowledge that: "We must live within the ambiguity of partial freedom, partial power and partial knowledge."[8] She has accepted her life within the limitations of her humanness. But she has gained the powers she needed — those that prepare her for the quests and trials of a responsible life. She says: "This above all, to refuse to be victim . . . I have to recant, give up the old belief that I am powerless and because of it nothing I can do will ever hurt anyone" (p. 222).

The heroine emerges from her journey with the divine wisdom she has acquired there. She is re-born into her own age:

> I re-enter my own time. But I bring with me from the distant past five nights ago the time-traveler, the primeval one who will have to learn, shape of a goldfish now in my belly undergoing its watery changes. Word furrows potential already in its proto-brain, untraveled paths. No god and perhaps not real, even that is uncertain; I can't know yet, it's too early. But I assume it; if I die it dies, if I starve it starves with me. It might be the first one, the first true human; it must be born, allowed (p. 223).

The successful heroic adventure has been completed — "the unlocking and release again of the flow of life into the body of the world."[9]

Thrown inward to her own depths and outward to the unknown, the heroine has touched the zones of darkness unexplored, and returned.[10] Having established her origins, she has recovered her true identity and discovered the divine destiny within herself. "The perilous journey was a labor not of attainment but of reattainment, not discovery but re-discovery."[11]

> There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
> And found and lost again and again.[12]

Endnotes

[1]T.S. Eliot, *Four Quartets* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971), p. 59.

[2]Paul Gauguin, title of a painting, 1897.

[3]Margaret Atwood, *Surfacing* (New York: Fawcett Popular Library, 1972), p. 35. All other references to this text will be taken from this edition.

[4]Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1967), p. 60.

[5]Joseph Campbell, *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1973), p. 259.

[6]Helen Luke, "The Perennial Feminine," *Parabola*, 4 (Fall 1980), 11.

[7]Joseph Campbell, "Joseph Campbell on the Great Goddess," *Parabola*, 4 (Fall 1980), 75.

[8]Sheldon Kopp, *No Hidden Meanings* (Palo Alto, Ca.: Science and Behavior Books, 1975), p. 32.

[9]Campbell, *Hero*, p. 40.

[10]Campbell, *Hero*, p. 326. This sentence is a paraphrase of the quote: "He is thrown inward to his own depths and outward to the unknown; either way, what touches her is a darkness unexplored."

[11]Campbell, *Hero*, p. 39.

[12]Eliot, p. 31.