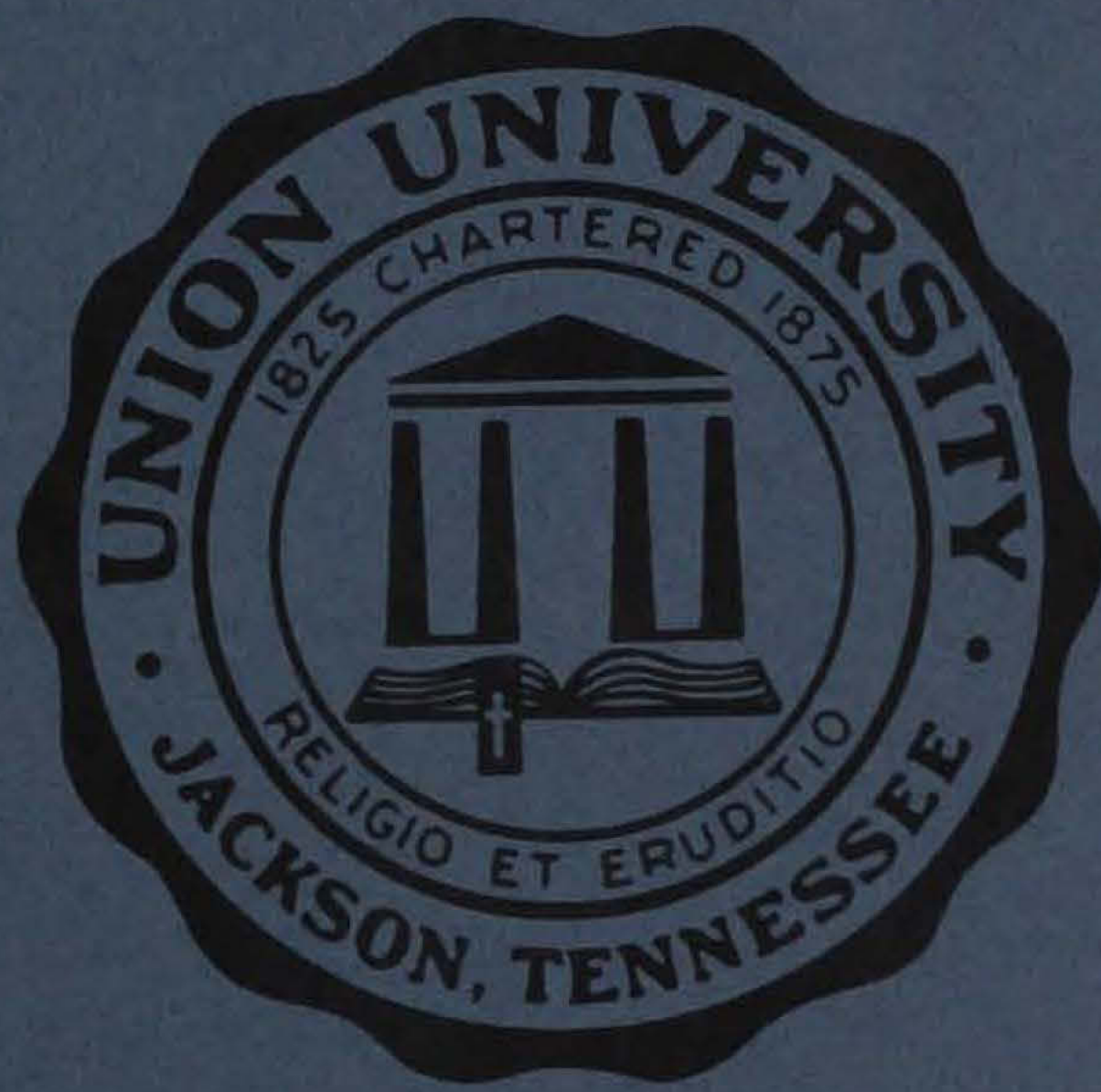


Journal of the Union Faculty Forum



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Faculty Forum President's Letter

by R. Kelvin Moore

Welcome back to a new year at Union University. Each time I look into the faces of new and returning students, I am reminded of opportunities and responsibilities. We all have yet another opportunity and yes, a responsibility. A new Faculty Forum year awaits us as well. The Forum serves as a platform for faculty members to discuss particular interests and communicate those interests to the appropriate personnel of the university. The Forum is one of the places where faculty members can voice their opinions candidly and be assured that these voices are heard.

Your Faculty Forum officers—President Kelvin Moore, Vice-President Jean Marie Walls, Secretary Jan Wilms, and *JUFF* Editor Roger Stanley—are committed to serving you. Feel free to communicate your concerns and suggestions to any of these officers.

In the past, the Forum has made significant contributions to the life of Union University regarding salaries, safety, curriculum, and numerous other areas. My goal as Forum president is to make significant contributions to the life of Union in 1997-1998. But we cannot accomplish that goal without your assistance. Please accept this as an invitation to participate in Union's Faculty Forum. We anticipate lively discussions and productive suggestions.

A Word from the Editor

It is my hope as editor that as you read through the seventeenth issue of Union's in-house faculty publication, you will note that all writers save one are repeat contributors to the journal. I hope this suggests more than mere exclusivity or staleness. Though they are but a small fraction of the many current Union faculty members who are researching and publishing, John Harris, Lillian Baggett, and Randy Johnston have gone out of their way to provide copy for this important venue without my solicitation. In two of their cases, work has been accepted or is under consideration for "outside" publications—highly respected periodical titles in the respective disciplines. For this initiative, I am grateful.

JUFF welcomes professional librarian Melissa Moore to its annals this year, with a piece of literary criticism also under consideration elsewhere. Coupled with the recent essays from Steve Baker in JUFF '95 and JUFF '96, a strong case could be made that our library staff is among the most viable areas of academic research and publication.

The deadline for JUFF '98 is next May; the publication welcomes all manner of contributions—stories, poems, essays, art work—even now. First-year faculty are especially encouraged to submit.

Regards as always to the Provost's office for funding, and to College Services in general. Marjorie Richard there has endured the harried tardiness of this editor and the vagaries of incompatible computer disks with patience and competence. Thanks.

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The House of Fallen Leaves
From *The Entelechy Kid: His Life and Times*

by John R. Harris

By the time Jamie's Buick Riviera came purring toward the tracks, most of the shops had closed for midday, and the bars, cafés, and cantinas were doing a thriving business.

"Mrs. Calderon, my landlady, almost fainted," called Jamie through the lowered windows before Juan could step inside, "but she only saw me on my way out, so... I'm sure I haven't been followed. Frankly, it bothered me that she wasn't more surprised. Maybe she thinks I staged my own kidnapping to run off with some man."

Juan eyed her through the opened passenger door and gave his quick burst of a laugh, with its long, lingering smile. "Landladies and secret police see little to make them optimistic about human nature... and then, you know, to come back from the dead--that's always a disappointing experience, for both sides! You might at least have looked like you'd been through hell. She should have seen you on your way in--"

"I... you don't understand, I just had to take a shower. I felt so awful..."

"Don't apologize! That blue skirt brings out your eyes... or should I say, your eyes bring out the blue skirt. For this Ortega can wait!"

"So... to the prison? I don't know where the prison is, I'm afraid."

This time Juan's attempts to suppress a more violent laugh were so overwhelmed that he choked and coughed. "We don't have a prison as such in this metropolis, Contessa. Dissidents are usually given ten to thirty days in the city jail, at the police station. Criminals whose infraction calls for a longer stay are invariably allowed to try their hand at escape."

So they cruised the few blocks to the police station. Also constructed of brownish-pink granite, the noble edifice was within a pistol shot of the Capitol and the Senate houses--a proximity which made the sudden disappearance of wrong-headed representatives readily orchestrated. They pulled up to the curb next to a blind beggar with no legs. Juan de Dios slipped him a handful of soiled coins and muttered, "Watch the car, pelado. Take good note of anyone who loiters around it. My generosity is legendary, as is my ill temper."

"It shall be done, jefe," murmured the stubbled half of the face beneath the impassive sunglasses.

"One of yours?" whispered Jamie as they met in front of the car.

"Never seen him before in my life," whispered Juan back, stretching himself indulgently.

"This will be fun. I haven't done it in... oh, six months--"

"But Juan... he's blind?"

"Who's blind? Him? Contessa, it's you who are blind. How can you not see this place for what it is? Where it's dangerous to see things, everybody starts turning up blind. I have been known to be blind myself, sometimes. Now give me five or ten minutes."

"Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. I'm going with you."

"You--"

"Don't look at me like that, and don't say anything. You'd be wasting your words. In any case, I might be recognized just sitting there in my car... and it wouldn't do for the dead to come back to life just as you two stagger out of the jail house, now, would it? That would be a disappointing experience for both sides--but especially for ours."

Juan de Dios exhaled from his puffed-out cheeks all the air he had collected for a rebuttal, and shrugged. "There is truth in what you say... and I have endured enough disappointment for one week."

They began to ascend the stately steps. Jamie was no longer carrying her pocalillo cane, and she scarcely limped at all. Nevertheless, Juan held her elbow, and she permitted herself to lean slightly.

"How long do you think we have?"

"Ah, Contessa, nobody can answer that question for you. In my opinion, fate is like a black-jack dealer in the pay of terrorist counter-revolutionaries--"

"No, I mean how long do we have inside, before the other guards come back?"

"Now that is a much more determinable issue. Oppression is a hungry business, and being oppressed a very thirsty one. And then... siesta time."

"Yes, but surely... I mean, when President Quanaco is finished with the police, he'll surely send them straight back..."

"Oh, no doubt. And they'll only make one or two stops along the way. You don't think they'd miss their lunch just because they gunned down a few dozen people this morning, do you? On the contrary, that will call for an extra round. Trust me. We can take our time."

Nevertheless, Jamie was breathing heavily as they topped the last stair. The insouciance with which Juan flicked his straw hat from the back of his head, sending it to dangle by the chinstrap, left her almost gawking. For some reason, she noticed with horror that he was still wearing his tightly laced rawhide moccasins, as if he should have worn more formal attire to execute a jailbreak. A few leisurely paces, and they were through the wide-open doors of the station's main entrance. Having apparently read her mind, Juan smirked, "Walking out is not always as easy."

The dense blue penumbra within was slightly stirred by several ceiling fans whose arms moved noiselessly, and almost invisibly, up and down the corridors to either side of them. "This way, I think," whispered Juan, squeezing her elbow and lightly lifting it to make her turn left.

"Just a little minute, campesino! Where do you think you're going with that gun on your hip?"

The barrel of a carbine arrested their progress. Jamie managed to swallow most of a squeal. A blue-uniformed guard with jackboots folded at the knees blocked their way.

"Hand it over now, cabrón."

Without a word, Juan de Dios did precisely as he was bid--up to a point. But a small miracle occurred as he extended the gun butt-first to the guard's reaching left hand. The revolver spun and clicked in a beautifully blurred pirouette like some sleek metallic bird. When human eyes could adjust themselves to its new perch, it sat with its barrel now smugly in the guard's nose.

"Damn! A classic road agent's flip! I haven't seen one of those in... what's it been? Maybe ten years!" smiled the guard enthusiastically. "And never have I seen it done so perfectly!"

Nobody carries revolvers any more, you know. The whole criminal world is moving to semi-automatics. Things just aren't the same--traditional values are going to hell. Señor, I should like to shake your hand!"

"My hand has a rattlesnake in it, in case you didn't notice. I'll settle for your slinging that carbine back on your shoulder. I would take that most kindly."

The guard obeyed, and left his thumb stuck jauntily through the shoulder strap. In the same instant, Juan reholstered his gun.

"Very well, now. Just remember, my snake is quick, and his bite is lightning--"

"It's so good to hear talk like that again!" laughed the guard jovially, leading them down the corridor into which they had only taken a step or two. "Nowadays, it's all politics. Comrade, do you love the people? Citizen, will you do your duty? There's no more color in what we do any more, no more poetry. You might as well be... a robot. That's all they want, is robots. Even then you don't ever get promoted, because you don't say the right words with the right zeal. A zealous robot--that's what they want! But then if you're too zealous, sometimes you don't make it through the purges. It's a wise man who keeps a pocketful of armbands, one for every color of the rainbow. I'll bet you're Juan de Dios! You know, I said to my wife this morning, 'I wouldn't be half-surprised to see Juan de Dios show up in the station today.' I mean, that assassination attempt--Juan de Dios has to know about that. And he has to figure that the Presidente will pull out the police from the station house to guard him from a real assassination while his palace guard is busy assassinating the assassins..."

Jamie's blue eyes kept turning bluer and bluer, and seemed to grow so wide that they could take in both the guard and Juan in one look. Other than by chewing on his upper lip, Juan gave nothing away. But Jamie could no longer contain herself.

"How did you know? How could you possibly have known about all this?"

"If you live, you learn. Something like this happens every month. I suppose, señor, you are here to break somebody out. I'll have to get the key over there at the desk."

"Don't--don't let him, Juan! He knows too much--he's already figured all this out! It could be a trap--"

"Ah, who would listen to him, and why would he want to speak to anyone? If he's lived this long on the police force, he knows that thinking too much is a good way to lose your job, or more--"

"Being perceived to think too much, señor."

"It's the same thing. I speak from an official point of view. You wouldn't be stupid enough to think too much, would you, compadre?"

And Juan gave the guard a kind of slap on the shoulder--less to push him along, it seemed to Jamie, than to invite him into an odd communion.

"What have I to do with captains and colonels, señor? They all have their careers, and I... I'm just trying to keep beans on the table."

"Anyway, I've told you before," nodded Juan to Jamie, "I make a nice peg while I'm alive. Everybody likes to hang things on me. What would they all do if I should be killed? They'd only have to bring me back to life."

The desk they approached down the huge, empty, echoing corridor reminded Jamie of the

ticket window to a movie theater. Much to her dismay, the little man who looked up from an upside-down pot lid filled with rice and wiped his mouth on his sleeve was clearly alarmed to see the guard accompanied by two strangers.

"So, what is it? What's up? Who are these people?"

"Eh... we need one of the keys, Clemente." The guard's smile was still jovial; but when he finished speaking, it remained awkwardly plastered to his face, and his eyes darted about like the flies that had taken an interest in the clerk's rice. "Um... whose key do we need, señor? I forgot to ask. Who are we letting out?"

"By the Mother of God, you're not letting anyone out!"

A loud smack on the window's plywood partition made them all jump--all but Juan de Dios, who had administered the blow sharply with a raised heel.

"Do you trust your life to these boards? Before you go burdening the Mother of God with your oaths, consider that I can give you three peppers where you just stuffed that rice without lifting my hand from my hip. Now back off, back away from that counter, and get me the key for Emilio Ortega."

"Of course!" cried the guard, snapping his fingers triumphantly. "Your right hand man!"

"Who, him?" snorted Juan. "You've been reading the wrong comic books--I'm my own right and left hand men. I just do this because the old bugger gets so depressed in detention. There's no getting near him when he comes out."

"Hey, how do I get you this key if I'm backed away from the counter? How do I know you won't think I'm reaching for a gun?"

"I think it only fair to warn you that I will think you're reaching for a gun, if your hands go again where I cannot see them."

"Well, there you go. What am I to do? How do I get the key?"

They all thought for a moment. "What if you put your hands on your head and get it with your teeth?" smiled Juan de Dios unsympathetically.

"My teeth! What do you take me for, a honey-creeper?"

"Now there's a good idea, try your nose--"

"Um, if I might just make a suggestion..." interposed Jamie. "I see a meter stick farther down the counter. Let him lift the keys out with the end of the stick."

"Ah, there, you see? God bless women!" said the guard. "They're so practical! They always have the answer to everything. My wife says--"

"Shut up! Go ahead now, do as she says."

The clerk, who was unable to see that Juan had not even drawn his gun, had some difficulty making the meter stick behave in his shaking hand. Nevertheless, there was a kind of resentment in his knitted brow which didn't mix well with his fear. Jamie could see it, and she knew that Juan de Dios could see it so much the better. She was about to beg the little man in soothing tones not to do anything foolish when he suddenly flung the key like a bullet through the window. It happened to come straight at her face, and she had to turn aside for an instant. When she looked back, the near end of the meter stick was in Juan's left hand, and the clerk was sinking slowly down the wall behind the counter, his tongue hanging out and his eyeballs rolling up into his head.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped. "What have you done?"

"Classic!" beamed the guard. "The señor grabbed the other end of the stick and jabbed my friend Clemente in the windpipe! Such poise! Such accuracy! He'll be sleeping like a lord for ten minutes, and then he'll be in grave need of strong drink. Have you never had that happen to your lovely self, señora, God forbid? The trachea is surprisingly sensitive. One learns all about throats in my position, especially in the present times..."

"It says twenty-five twenty-three," murmured Jamie, straightening up with the key in her hand.

"That's not too far. Come on down this way."

And the guard led them farther into the seemingly endless corridor. His footsteps and Jamie's echoed as if in a tunnel, while Juan's moccasined soles floated along between them in ghostly silence. As her troubled gaze lifted, Jamie discovered a window splattering the corridor's far end with a milky glow that appeared to dribble and pool on the smooth stone floor. Yet their section remained in utter dusk. At intervals of about ten feet on their right, large, arched portals yawned upon pitchy new depths which, to judge from the play of echoes, offered so many chances for infinite digression. The guard stopped before one of these.

"There--does that say twenty-five hundred to twenty-seven fifty above the arch? You acquire the eyes of a salamander working in this place... let me get the light."

The guard felt around inside the opaque archway until he found the switch. A single lightbulb, whose socket dangled nakedly from a wire, began to sputter like an angry insect some twenty or thirty feet into the corridor. Jamie at once registered two shocking impressions. The first was visual, and she couldn't help crying out, "What... these look like lockers! It's almost like the hall of my old high school--these look like the lockers where school kids put their books!"

"They're about the same size," said Juan de Dios dryly, "a little deeper, perhaps. And they have a kind of ledge where the prisoner can sit down if he doesn't want to sleep on his feet."

The second impression was olfactory. It struck Jamie as soon as they stepped off the stone slabs of the main corridor and onto the concrete of the lateral one. This impression, too, she had to vocalize, though it was so reflexive that it found no words. She simply wrinkled her nose and hissed.

"You'll notice that the vents on the bottom of the lockers are turned upward," continued Juan coolly. "That's so that the guards can come through once or twice a day with hoses and assist the feces down the drains inside. It's not as bad as it might be. Since they only get fed once a day--if you can call it food--the prisoners haven't much need of relieving themselves. It's about as close to a life of the spirit as one can have in this body. In fact, some call these halls the Abbey of Saint Starvatus. That's funny, now, isn't it, compadre! You're being awfully quiet all of a sudden... not interested in explaining this part of your duties to the lady? What about your wife? What does she think of what you do?"

"Please, señor, I do what I'm told, as we all do. In fact, if you like--with your permission--I'll show you a back way out of here, so you don't have to go walking right into Freedom Avenue with your friend. He won't be very easy to disguise as one of the living."

"Ah, you've done so much already! I wouldn't dream of imposing further! We have a saying in my village: the danger that you know is a most faithful friend."

"I never heard that one," said a hollow voice through the vents of Locker 2523.

"Yes, and look at you, Ortega--there you sit in a locker, like one of the lady's high school books. You never listened to anything that would have been of profit to you."

"Are you going to get me out of here, or preach?"

"For my sins, I suppose I must be saddled with you again. Go ahead, let him out. As for how we are to get him to the car, I have an idea... but I'm afraid you may not like it much, querida."

"What... me?" said Jamie with a start, her eyes still riveted on the speaking locker. "You want me to do something?"

"Not much. I just want you to go a few paces ahead of us; and before you go out into the sunlight, I want you to undo a couple of buttons on your blouse, wet your kerchief in the drinking fountain, and... well, it's a hot day, and the people who inhabit this city, as you well know, are all swine."

Jamie was thinking of anything but sunlight at that moment. As Emilio Ortega reeled into the arms of the guard, he did indeed look like the kind of specter Juan had described before. He was strangely sheet-like--not so much in the soiled pallor of his skin as in the way his body seemed to flap upon the guard's arm. She had a feeling that if she were to view him from the side, his form would entirely vanish.

"Now put him in there," said the paper-doll figure with a stunningly deep, resonant voice. "Take his carbine and put him in there, and let him serve out the rest of my term." And he almost hugged the blue uniform as his knees buckled.

"No, please--I'm a family man! He's right, they won't find me for a week, at least. And when I am found, I'll be worse off than before."

"A family man who does what he must... do you know, my friend, history as we know it would be quite impossible without men like you," smiled Juan with an odd shrug. "But tell me, what were you planning to do, just pretend that Ortega was never in there and hope he would never be missed? Or shoot us all three, maybe, on the way out? Perhaps I was wrong about you... perhaps you are too stupid to abstain from thought--"

"No, I assure you I'm not! That is, I am thoughtfully stupid rather than stupidly thoughtful. Take the number 2523: it becomes very easily 2528, or 2823, or... eights are very helpful to us around here in the art of reconstruction. We simply change the books a little... and when the new Ortega walks out, two men go free. They don't remember who they put in here, and everybody looks the same when he leaves. It's all a matter of what we call--if you will forgive a slight technicality--postponement. We do it all the time for... for special people, you know."

"You mean for special favors."

"Well... favors are what make people special!"

"And what about your friend Clemente behind the desk? He seemed somewhat unpracticed as a reconstructionist, and--so it appeared to me--somewhat keen for strict construction."

"Ah, these young people! He needs educating, but... at any rate, what choice does he have? If he admits that a prisoner got away, we'll both be shot."

"Stick him in the locker," boomed Ortega's voice with a force that made them all jump. "Go on! Give me his carbine--"

"In the first place, if you tried to pick up his carbine, its bore would swallow you. In the second place, I admire the quaintness of this picture in my mind where he is walking peacefully back down the corridor with us, as if everything were normal. Now stop your complaining, and let's go."

The guard merrily whistled a tune as he closed the locker and replaced the padlock. He tossed the key up and down in his hand meditatively as he sauntered toward the light switch, the other three behind him; but before he had quite reached his goal, he caught the key tightly in his fist and turned back to Juan de Dios with a deep sigh.

"Señor, speaking of special people--"

"You mean special favors."

"--you are so very special to me that I would never forgive myself if I didn't... if I didn't ask for your autograph. My oldest son is a great fan of yours, you know, and he collects trading cards. I have some of them right here in my breast pocket, just in case I should ever find among our guests--"

"What do you mean, trading cards?"

"Right here. There's a whole series of them... Heredia and the other rebel generals, defectors from the government, mercenaries from farther south (where times are really hard, they say), advisors from the superpowers... the President had some Yanqui company print them up. You get them in bubble gum or prepackaged tortillas, or lately every time you order a Big Mac. It's supposed to help the people get to know their public enemies. Yours is not a hologram, regrettably--but then, those ones look cheap, don't you think?"

"That doesn't look like you!" Jamie giggled at Juan's shoulder. "What a mustache! The eyes, maybe, but... did you used to wear a mustache like that?"

"Mustaches and beards make a hell of camp life--you attract enough fleas and ticks even if you shave once a week--and they also identify you with certain rabble-rousing political ideologies which I do not endorse. No, I never looked like that, but I've been telling you, they don't want me to be recognized. I'm much more valuable to them alive. Every time someone mysteriously dies, it's all my fault."

"So it would seem!" smirked the guard. "Look on the back, at your statistics. You're quite a desperado. In fact, last season you led the other rebels in three different categories."

"Yearly Survival Probability... point eight two five..."

"An excellent YSP, but Heredia surpassed you."

"Ambushes... thirty-three; killings with firearm... seventeen; killings with machete—I don't even carry a machete!"

"Bribes offered... one hundred and twelve," frowned Jamie, continuing to read over Juan's outburst, "bribes paid... twenty-five—"

"Not so successful there," pouted the guard. "A low payment-to-offer ratio. You should come see us in the city more often."

"Blackmail solicited... two hundred and ninety-two; blackmail collected... two hundred and fifty-eight..."

"Ah, now that led the world! My son is particularly impressed by your ability to extort cash!"

"This is the most despicable, dishonorable, disgusting, desperate damned fiction... this is the most bald-faced, grotesque parody of a man's life--a good man, a man of conscience! Find me one man who will say that I bribed him or received filthy trash out of his greased palm!"

"Sign it and be done," grumbled Ortega. "You just told the woman yourself that they put your name beside every unsolved case on the books, wherever the books are. Why do you act so surprised? As for your character witnesses... the ones with the deepest pockets are precisely the ones who have the most of those. You would be better off having no one."

"Humph! So you want me to sign this, do you?"

"If you please, señor," smiled the guard, fishing out a Gold Cross pen.

Juan de Dios peered from pen to guard and back again, then shook his head slowly. "Never mind, I don't want to know. Suffice it to say that the stupidity business must be booming."

"Perceived stupidity, señor. The other variety I leave to my betters."

"Of course. I tell you what, I'll sign left-handed. I sign well that way, and with my right hand I can still shoot you in an unforeseen contingency... I'm afraid there is too much of the unperceived about you to suit me entirely."

"Upon my honor--by the blood of Christ--"

"Whom you would have set free, too, no doubt, if He had turned a few wineskins into payrolls for you. Do you think I never heard the story of the crow who let the cheese fall from his beak when the fox praised his singing?"

"Ah... the magical-realist Garcia-Marquez? We entertained him here three times in the past... that is, there were three occasions when someone claiming to be him... but all three came to an unhappy end. Why do people not choose their names better, I have often wondered, since nothing prevents them from being anyone they please?"

"Here, Jamie," sighed Juan, "lend me your shoulder. If I write on Ortega's back, I'll pierce his heart when I dot my 'i'. You know," he continued to mutter, "his stupidity may be counterfeit, but his ignorance is pure gold. What a country! Hey, scholar! Tell me, now, what is your eldest's name--or has he chosen one he likes yet?"

"Ah... no. That is to say, he is in the process. He's having an identity crisis. Who knows, perhaps he will choose your name!"

"At least for certain embarrassing moments, eh? So you want me to sign this with best wishes to myself..."

"He wants you to sign it with nothing else, fool, because it's worth more that way," said Locker 2508.

"One more word from you," growled Juan de Dios at the steel-plated wall, "and I'll have our friend reconstruct your number into a bunch of eights. As for you..."

"Well, so it's true! What do you want?" shrugged the guard with a laugh. "Would you rather I cherish forever some scrap of trash full of slanders about you?"

"Is it really Juan de Dios?" said a plaintive voice from Locker 2506. "Please, patrón, please take me with you! Another day in here and I am dead of heartbreak. I have four little children--"

"Please, patrón, please take me with you, too!" sang Locker 2508. "He can't take you with him, you old chicken dropping! You think he wants to be followed out of here by a parade of ghosts? Even Juan de Dios isn't that big a fool!"

Juan's eyes turned a shade darker than the blackness behind the lockers' vents, and he spat accurately at one of 2508's upper openings. Its interior began to echo with giddy, hysterical laughter, while they could hear sobs coming from 2506. Juan returned the glossy card and the Gold Cross pen to the guard, then leaned close to the second locker's food-vent, pushing Jamie gently aside.

"Listen, friend, whisper to me your mother's full name."

Jamie heard a strange sound at her back--not from any locker, and neither a whisper nor a cackle, but something in between. It was Ortega grinding his teeth. In another instant, he blurted out his fury--but she noticed that he had given Juan time to hear his question's response.

"Now what game is this? My God, we have to get out of here!"

Mockery began to issue from 2508 in louder peals than ever. In further frustration, Ortega smacked the flimsy iron partition so hard with his open palm that he fell backward into Jamie's arms. "And you in there, tell me your name, if you have the nerve! I'll find you when you get out!"

"I never get out!" roared the laughter. "I've been dead for years! I'm waiting for the Second Coming!"

"Pipe down! Now who's playing the fool?" said Juan soberly to his liberated comrade.

"Didn't you hear our guide, our own devoted Virgil? A man may give any name he chooses. But a man's mother..." and he turned suddenly to the guard. "You send me someone up to the monte tomorrow, Virgil, on the timber train, someone who can tell me his own mother's name. And you send by him as many trading cards as you please, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope: 'Virgil, Hell'--or whatever. If the man who comes to me repeats the same name as I just heard, I'll sign all the cards and drop them on the next mail train back down."

"No offense, great one, but..." The guard smiled faintly, and then decided to grin. "Well, there is a limit to what one may reconstruct with eights. In essence, the problem is... how do I know that you'll put them in the mail?"

"Because I am me. Whatever my name is, and whoever borrows it, I tell no lies."

"But how do I know that?"

"Because you are a liar yourself, and you can tell that I am not of your brotherhood. All of these men are liars, and you can tell that none of them truly knows me."

The guard thought for a moment before he puffed out his unshaved lips resignedly. "It's been so long since I heard the truth that I've forgotten how it sounds, to tell you the truth... but what you say has the advantage of sounding different from anything else I've heard for a long time."

As they all finally proceeded back up the vast main corridor to the one entrance's promise of sunshine, Ortega continued grumbling with scarcely contained rage at Jamie's elbow.

"Will you tell me, woman, since you seem to be the only one here with some brains... why is it that I always end up in jail and he always goes free? The idiot trusts everyone! He pretends he sees through us all, but he's too much of a child to understand anything! What an imbecile! What are you trusting this guard for, you lunatic--he's probably leading us to our deaths right now! And I had only a week left in the coffin..."

"Haven't you learned yet, Ortega, that all of us little people are really fighting for the same thing?"

"Listen to him! What an idiot! What do you mean, fighting for the same thing? No two people have been fighting for the same thing in this country for the last ten years! The only thing that the little people are fighting for is to figure out what the big people are fighting for before they get stood up against a wall!"

In the cool shadows, Jamie thought she could see the sharp brow of Juan de Dios lift into a dominating arch. "That's just what I said. We're all fighting for the same thing."

The Man in the Mirror

by Melissa Moore

All the characters in *Broken Glass*, Arthur Miller's most recent play, are paralyzed from the play's outset by lack of self-knowledge. The play's action revolves around Phillip and Sylvia Gellburg developing an understanding of self, recognizing their paralysis, and seeking to make changes in their lives that will give them new freedom. Initially, the glass in the mirror is broken, so they have trouble seeing themselves clearly. Once they begin to understand themselves, they seek change in the guise of freedom from certain constraints and attempt to break free from the inner and outer forces which paralyze them. This paper's concern is with their awakening self-knowledge and subsequent ability to change.

At the play's opening, Phillip Gellburg's paralysis is shown as he sits alone, dressed in black, in "*perfect stillness*," while Margaret Hyman bustles about her husband's office (491). Phillip is waiting to see Dr. Hyman, a fellow Jew who is attending Phillip's wife, Sylvia, a victim of sudden paralysis. It quickly becomes apparent that Phillip is very uncomfortable with being Jewish, as evidenced in the misunderstanding of how his name is spelled: "It's Gellburg, not Goldberg . . . We're from Finland originally" (492). Once Hyman enters, he informs Phillip that Sylvia is suffering from "hysterical paralysis" (498), which could be connected to "a sexual disability" (500) or her sudden obsession with "the pictures in the paper" of the Jews who are being attacked by the Nazis (501). Instead of understanding her empathy and concern for fellow Jews, Phillip feels alienated from the German Jews, whom he sees as stuck-up, superior in tone, and unaware that they are "refugees" who should act accordingly (496). His comments resemble a Nazi's words rather than those of a fellow Jew. Phillip is unable to recognize himself in others, to know the man in the mirror.

Phillip is also very uneasy about his feelings for Sylvia. To many of the other people in their lives, Phillip obviously adores his wife (520), yet he can only tell her he loves her with "*immense difficulty*" (514). He wants Sylvia "to be happy" but has no idea how to promote this (512). Phillip's impotence is most likely a combination of his feelings of reverence and awe for Sylvia, and self-loathing for and "self-denial" of himself (Wolf 18). Unaware of his impotence, Hyman suggests that Phillip shower Sylvia with physical love, yet how can he when her response to his kiss on the cheek is to be "*embarrassed and vaguely alarmed*" (511)? When Phillip comes to bed and kisses her on the mouth, he is obviously sexually aroused ("I got a . . . big yen for her" [534]). Phillip wants desperately to believe that he has overcome the impotence, that he really has made love to Sylvia and hasn't imagined it as she implies (536). Note that Hyman is the one who suggests that they have made love, and Phillip "*becomes rigid*" as he agrees, almost defensively (535). After all, Hyman (whose name suggests sexual knowledge) is a virile male attractive to most women (including Sylvia), and Phillip could never bring himself to admit sexual failure to such a figure.

Phillip doesn't realize that he, and to a lesser extent his son Jerome, is being used by American society to satisfy minority quotas and handle other people's dirty work. His position

at Brooklyn Guarantee as the only Jew is a source of pride, but even so, "he'd rather not be [Jewish]" (518). When he finally comes to understand how his boss has used him, this helps him see himself a little more clearly: "I never wanted to see it this way but he goes sailing around on the ocean and meanwhile I'm foreclosing Brooklyn for them You got some lousy rotten job to do, get Gellburg, send in the Yid" (561). His new awareness of persecution is tempered by Hyman's reminder that "everybody's persecuted" (566).

As a result of his Jewishness and impotence, Phillip is suffering from a tremendous inferiority complex. As many do, Phillip covers up his insecurity with a haughty, lofty tone (492). Initially he is superior in his interactions with Margaret, whom he has passed on the street for years but never acknowledged because of a "lot on [his] mind" (492). Sylvia's sister Harriet has also been on the receiving end of his arrogant ways: "God forbid you have an opinion -- you open your mouth and he gives you that Republican look down his nose and your brains dry up" (517). His defensiveness does not fool Hyman, who after much prodding tells Phillip, "You hate yourself, that's what's scaring her to death" (565). Hyman doesn't believe anyone is willing to look in "the mirror" to see who he truly is -- "You might as well tell him to take a seat in the hottest part of hell" (566).

But Phillip, lying on his deathbed, is ready to be honest with himself and Sylvia about his fears of being Jewish, his self-hatred, and the blame he carries for her unhappiness. He has been lackadaisical about the changes he knew were necessary for their marriage to survive: "I kept waiting for myself to change. Or you. And then we got to where it didn't seem to matter anymore. So I left it that way. And I couldn't change anything anymore" (555). Perhaps Philip had some sort of vision at the moment of his brush with death, when "an explosion went off in [his] head" (560). Oddly, he felt joy at that moment, "happiness . . . like I suddenly had something to tell her that would change everything" (560). But he cannot remember what it was, and the clearest way he can express himself is to share with Sylvia his fears "of Germany, Mr. Case. Of what could happen to us here," and by implication his own uncertain identity as a Jew (568). This realization is not truly productive, however. He realizes that "change" must follow self-awareness, yet Phillip cannot survive this critical look at himself and undertake the necessary changes.

Sylvia also struggles with knowing herself and feeling paralyzed to make the changes she desires in her life. She is more comfortable with being Jewish than Phillip, but her close identification with the Jews makes her fearful. She is haunted by a photograph of two old men scrubbing the sidewalks with toothbrushes, one of whom reminds her of "Grandpa" (508). But the real meaning is buried much deeper. Phillip has already been likened to a "dictator" by Margaret (505), and it is only a short step to make him a Hitler-figure in Sylvia's life, a "domesticated Nazi" who subjugates her against her will to deny herself (Wolf 18). When asked by her sister to explain why the old men are being treated in this way, Sylvia angrily exclaims, "To humiliate them, to make fools of them!" (509). Does she believe that ever since Phillip forbade her to return to work twenty years before he has been humiliating her, trying to make her a fool by forcing her to sacrifice her intellect and business acumen? Since there is no physical explanation for her paralysis, is it possible that "some very deep, hidden part of her mind is directing her to do it" in an act of rebellion against Phillip's authoritarian rule (503)? After all, it is

made clear that Phillip is really the one who suffers from the paralysis, for he speaks in "*an overtone of protest of some personal victimization*" (493) while Sylvia seems to be almost "enjoying herself" (503).

Sylvia's obsession with the German Jews' plight is also frustration at their seeming refusal to resist the Nazi oppression. She cannot understand why they don't stand up for themselves, "why they don't run out of the country! What is the matter with those people!" (551) Like Phillip, she also doesn't recognize herself in the mirror of others' lives or see her own inaction reflected in theirs. However, an argument could be made that subconsciously Sylvia does identify with the German Jews, not because of their shared Jewishness but because of their mutually oppressed situations. Whereas we see Phillip in several locations, Sylvia is always in the house, reflecting her paralyzed state. Others, such as Hyman and Harriet, must come to her. It should be noted that her physical paralysis is a manifest association with the Jews' limited freedom. Yet Sylvia is seeking more than the freedom to walk: she desires the freedom to walk *away* from Phillip. Hyman senses this when he spends time alone with Sylvia; he gives her hope of "getting . . . free" (528). Sylvia's ultimate goal is the freedom to be herself, away from the smothering hand of Phillip.

Sylvia's fear of her husband and hatred for their life together grows increasingly apparent as the play continues. She has a recurring nightmare about being physically attacked, raped, and sexually mutilated by a Nazi. When she shares this dream with Hyman, she realizes that the German Nazi is Phillip, revealing a great deal about how overpowered and sexually deformed she feels in this marriage. She cannot verbally acknowledge that she fears Phillip, but "*the answer is in her eyes*" (546).

The modern reader's response is most likely astonishment that Sylvia has endured this sham of a marriage for more than twenty years rather than leave Phillip, but this play is set in the 1930s. Divorce, even for the right reasons, was an embarrassment at that time, so Sylvia, "not that kind of woman" (518), stays with Phillip "for my mother's sake, and Jerome's sake, and everybody's sake, except mine, but I'm here and here I am" (515, emphasis mine). In saying this, Sylvia recognizes that her decision to stay in the marriage has put her where she is, in the wheelchair. She is finally willing to confront Phillip with the ugly truth of "what I did with my life! Out of ignorance. Out of not wanting to shame you in front of other people. A whole life. Gave it away like a couple of pennies--I took better care of my shoes" (553-4).

The home is so stale that Sylvia doesn't even show any emotion upon receiving letters from Jerome, her only son who is serving in the army. Phillip's only relationship with his son appears to be his pride in Jerome's breaking through anti-Semitic attitudes to become "the first Jewish general in the United States Army" (King 45). Sylvia's parents' home was full of love, not fear, but her home with Phillip is one of constant edginess and suspicion: "I've been tip-toeing around my life for thirty years and I'm not going to pretend -- I hate it all" (567). She has felt trapped in a loveless, sexless marriage for a long time, and this is physically manifest in her paralysis, which controls her "and will never let [her] go" (567).

Sylvia does take two steps during the course of the play. The first "*step off the edge of the bed [is] an hysterical attempt to reach Hyman and the power he represents*" (551). It occurs in the midst of an animated discussion they are having over the German Jews, in which Sylvia's fear

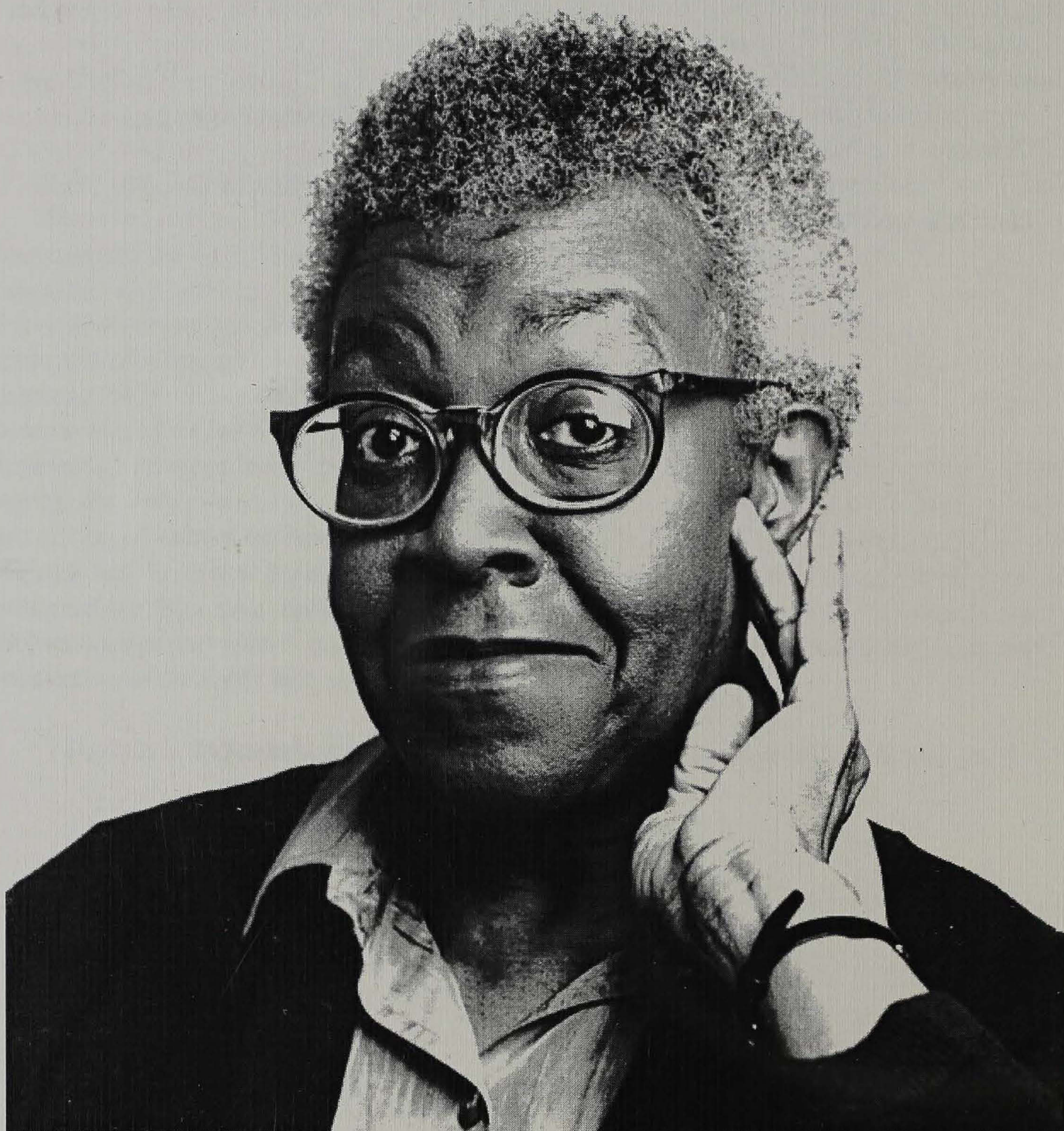
for the safety of the Jews and their children is overcome by frustration at their unwillingness to save themselves and the incapability or unwillingness of others to rescue them from Nazi oppression. Again, Sylvia is unwilling to save herself from her own husband's oppression, yet no one else can do it for her, not even Hyman. Her physical step is Miller's way of showing Sylvia that she can rescue herself when no one else is able. This is a turning point in the play, not only because she temporarily overcomes the paralysis but also because she puts herself forward to Phillip as a "Jewish woman" (553). She has discovered her voice ("I am talking about it" [553]) and from this point shows herself capable of gaining her freedom.

The other step Sylvia takes is literally at the play's close. Phillip and Sylvia honestly communicate for the first time in years. He comes to some realization of what her life has been like as his wife and begs her forgiveness. Her response, "There's nothing to blame," reveals that Sylvia knows now that at least part of the problem was her own doing, in refusing to be forthright with him about her unhappiness and doing her part in reinforcing the charade of their marriage (568). When Phillip falls back in agony and becomes unconscious, "*she struggles to balance herself on her legs and takes a faltering step toward her husband*" (568). Phillip's apparently imminent death "*astound[s]*" her, and "*charged with hope yet with a certain inward seeing, she looks down at her legs, only now aware that she has risen to her feet*" (568). Miller's use of "*hope*" echoes the hope she discovered earlier in the play of being free from Phillip. That she now has "*a certain inward seeing*" distinctly indicates that she fully comprehends what has paralyzed her these two weeks. She now knows the [wo]man in the mirror. Can she live with this knowledge and what it has cost her (and Phillip)? One must presume that Miller, at least, believes so, as the lights fade on an erect Sylvia.

[Quotes in italics indicate stage directions, whereas those not in italics are dialogue.]

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Gwendolyn Brooks

My Friend Gwen

by Lillian Faulkner Baggett

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

Internationally honored and celebrated poet:

- Winner of the American Academy of Letters Award and Guggenheim Fellowships (1946 and 1947);
- Pulitzer Prize winner (1950) for her *Annie Laurie* poetry collection (the first black writer to win the Pulitzer Prize for literature);
- Poet Laureate of Illinois (1968-present)
(succeeded the late Carl Sandburg);
- Served as Consultant-in-Poetry to the Library of Congress, one of twenty-nine poets to do so before the position's title was changed to Poet Laureate;
- Inducted into the National Women's Hall of Fame, Seneca Falls, New York (1988);
- Awarded the Frost Medal from the Poetry Society of America (1989);
- Awarded the Senior Fellowship in Literature by the National Endowment for the Arts--their highest literary award (1989);
- Honored by the Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction Committee (1989);
- The only American writer to be chosen for the estimable Society for Literature at the University of Thessaloniki, Athens, Greece (1990);
- Winner of a Distinguished Award for Lifetime Achievement in Arts and Letters, New York University (1991);
- Recipient of the prestigious Sewanee Review Award (1992);
- Recipient of the 1995 National Medal of the Arts presented by President Bill Clinton;
- *My friend Gwen (Always)*

Gwendolyn Brooks and I have been friends since I had the privilege, as Chair of Union University's Lyceum Committee, of inviting her to this campus in April 1992. After spending a few days together, she and I realized that we wanted to remain in touch; thus we have been corresponding with each other ever since.

Long an admirer of Miss Brooks' poetry, I had searched for ways that the Lyceum could present her here at Union despite our limited budget. God smiled on this endeavor. In a conversation with Beryl Zitch, Miss Brooks' Artist's Representative, I learned that Brooks would be in Tennessee in April at the University of the South to receive the Sewanee Review Award. When I learned that she would be travelling by Amtrak to Memphis, where she would be met by someone from the University of the South who would drive her to Sewanee, I asked Zitch if we could book Brooks in Jackson on her return to Chicago via Memphis. I offered to drive Brooks from Sewanee to Jackson and then the following day to Memphis, thereby making it unnecessary for anyone at the University of the South to make the round-trip. After checking with her client, Zitch gave me the news that I wanted to hear: Brooks was coming to Union!

On April 5, 1992, my husband Jim, Dean of Union's College of Arts and Sciences, and I drove to Sewanee where we heard Brooks' poetry reading. Even before she spoke a word, she commanded the attention of her audience by her tremendous presence. And when she began to share her poems, her voice drew her audience near and established a magical intimacy. She read "White Girls Are Peculiar People" from *Children Coming Home*, which begins

White girls are peculiar people.
They cannot keep their hands out of their hair.
Also
they are always shaking it away from their eyes
when it is not in their eyes.

Two rows in front of us sat a young girl who simply could not keep her hands out of her hair. The interplay between Brooks' reading and the girl's unconscious pantomiming of the poem fascinated me.

Following the poetry reading we accompanied Gwen to Sewanee's guest house, the *Rebel's Rest*, for a reception. The incongruity of the juxtaposition of *Rebel's Rest* with its famous guest that week provided some amusing reflections. I feel certain that the irony was not lost on Brooks. The following morning we asked her if she would like to tour the lovely All Saints' Chapel on The University of the South campus before we departed for Jackson. She accepted enthusiastically. We drank in the beauty of the chapel and began our journey refreshed. This journey was "such stuff as dreams are made on" because we had Brooks all to ourselves. Our enduring friendship began during that trip.

When we arrived in Nashville, we drove to the Vanderbilt area where we had lunch at the famous Pancake Pantry. Gwen ordered bacon with her pancakes and, at the end of the meal, she carefully wrapped some leftover bacon and placed it in her purse, close to the \$10,000 check she had just received from The University of the South as part of her *Sewanee Review* Award. My parents' generation would have been so proud of her. Anyone who lived through the Great

Depression would have applauded such an action. This incident provided insight about Gwen that I never would have discovered in an anthology, and I savored that private knowledge. Gwen graciously shared her thoughts about many subjects and we learned that she feels deeply about many things. Her love of children can be seen both in her poetry and in her generosity when surrounded by adoring young fans. She loves sharing her poetry with live audiences; consequently, several months each year she speaks on college campuses throughout the country. She spoke of an engagement at Brigham Young University. Pointing out that Mormons formerly believed that blacks bore "the mark of Cain," she said, "I was very surprised to get an invitation. But when I went there I addressed on one occasion 3,000 students and faculty." She said, "those people couldn't have been nicer to me or more curious about what I was offering them." She referred to that engagement as "one of [her] pleasantest experiences in visiting a campus."

On Tuesday, April 7, 1992, Gwen electrified an audience here at Union University in our G.M. Savage Memorial Chapel. Her appeal to poetry lovers of all ages was readily apparent in the age diversity of the audience. Lane College faculty and students turned out for this special occasion, as did other blacks and whites from throughout the West Tennessee area. Since her poetry is so widely anthologized, many young people in the audience had read and enjoyed many of her poems, and that evening they listened attentively and appreciatively as she recited in her rich voice so many familiar lines. Of course, for most of the younger audience their favorite Brooks poem is "We Real Cool," and her reading of that poem was unforgettable. Early into the performance I began dreading the moment that the curtain would fall. Gwen read each poem as if she were reading it for the first time. Struck by such immediacy and freshness, her audience sat spellbound. During the reception that followed, fans surrounded Gwen, wanting to touch her and to get a treasured autograph. They were not disappointed. No one was slighted; she made everyone seem special.

The following day Gwen returned to our campus to visit with students and faculty. Again, despite having a very bad cold, she held back nothing. After reading more of her poetry and inviting her audience to ask questions or make comments, Gwen remained to talk to individual students seeking advice about their own poetry writing. My admiration of her soared.

That evening Jim and I drove our distinguished guest to the Amtrak station in Memphis. Never would we have dreamed that such a short trip would be so full of adventure and terror. All went well until we arrived in the River City that night and began our search for the Amtrak Station. A jovial Beale Street pedestrian returned our greeting but was unable to provide the directions we sought. The city was in the midst of tearing up every street which might possibly allow someone to drive to the Amtrak Station even if the travellers knew where to look for such a station. We recognized the precariousness of our predicament when, spying a police car, we stopped for assistance and the lone policewoman seemed reluctant to lower her window before scrutinizing us. Naturally Amtrak was secreted in the slums of the city where no one with good sense would willingly journey after dark. We trailed some derelicts to a shelter where, safely ensconced in our automobile, we stopped to seek directions. When Jim lowered the window to ask for directions, Gwen said, "Jim, do you think it is safe to stop here?" Perhaps the directions would have led us to the Amtrak Station if the streets had not been torn up and traffic rerouted.

Eventually we arrived at the Amtrak Station. Dimly lit and mysteriously lacking prominent identification, the station nevertheless was a welcome sight. Fortunately, we had allowed ourselves sufficient time for our unforeseen nocturnal wanderings. To reach the railway platform, we climbed endless exterior steps. Suddenly the train appeared; its time in the Memphis station was limited. We rushed down to the sleeping compartments where we were "greeted" by a silent rail employee who hastily threw down some steps for boarding and just as hastily disappeared. Jim and I picked up Gwen's luggage and followed her aboard. We said our goodbyes, making certain that she was where she needed to be in the train, and Jim began to jump from the train, intending to help me down. Some evil spirit had stolen the steps. With no forewarning the train began to move just as Jim began to jump. The train, lurching like a bucking bronco, flung Jim backwards onto the railroad bed. Gwen and I watched with horror. I remember leaning over the side of the train and screaming, "Jimmy!" The force of the fall had injured Jim and ripped his clothes, including his shoes. The memory of his lying there on the railroad bed will remain with me forever. I shall always be grateful that he was able to stand and wave at us so that we would know the fall had not been fatal. Meanwhile, I was aboard a nonstop, fast moving train to Chicago, a train putting more and more distance between me and the man I love more than life itself. Feeling like a harrassed heroine in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, I pulled the emergency cord and managed to convey that my husband had just been thrown from the train and needed medical attention, and that I did *not* want to go to Chicago. The Amtrak people agreed to stop the train on down the line and let me disembark. Gwen and I hugged and I shall always remember her worried countenance. Fortunately, when I stepped off the train, I saw a condominium complex with a security officer who allowed me to call Amtrak. Someone there assured me that Jim would be all right; he promised to send an employee to drive me back to the station. Upon arrival I ran to see how Jim was and found him applying first aid to his wounds. Even though he was bleeding, his clothes were in shreds, and the soles of his dress shoes had been partially ripped off, he had never looked better to me. Since Amtrak's pitifully inadequate first aid box lacked sufficient supplies, we departed for Baptist East Hospital's emergency room. In this country *no one*, except perhaps an injured President of the United States, receives medical attention until countless forms have been completed. When Jim and I entered the hospital around 2 a.m., a bored attendant looked up and asked, "What seems to be the problem?" Jim replied, "I've been in an accident." The attendant then asked, "What happened?" A pause ensued before Jim reluctantly revealed that he had fallen from a train. Evidently this attendant had heard many strange tales for she did not appear the least bit surprised. After I completed the required stack of forms, Jim was taken to be x-rayed, to be given a tetanus shot, and to have his wounds treated and dressed; then we left for Jackson.

When Gwen arrived in Chicago several hours later, she telephoned to see how Jim was. She had worried about him all night and was relieved to hear that my Butch Cassidy had survived his leap from the train. That near calamity drew us closer and we have corresponded from that day.

GB to LFB, May 8, 1992:

Dear Lillian--how are you two dear people? I hope [Jim] is doing well. (If he is *not* doing well, I INSIST on settling the expenses.) [Recognizing its negligence, and perhaps fearing a lawsuit, Amtrak mailed Jim \$1000 for compensatory damages.]

I've thought of my lovely time with you two very often. The Cathedral--the deliciously talky *drive*--the nice people I met on the campus--the fine response to my reading.--Dear, *dear* Lillian--when I have stopped galloping and gasping, I'll call for a nice "catch-up" chat.

LFB to GB, June 26, 1992:

Dear Gwen--One of the most rewarding and pleasant experiences I've had this year was meeting and spending time with you....When your note and the autographed copies of your books arrived some time ago, I opened them with delight and for the rest of the day walked around wearing an incredibly stupid Cheshire cat grin. One of my "rewards" I've promised myself after completing this summer term is that I will sit down and savor your poems. That will be even more pleasurable now that I can hear your cadences and conjure up an image of you reading your poetry.

Meeting you has changed forever my impressions about Chicago: formerly I associated Chicago with Sandburg and the City of the Big Shoulders; now I think of it as Brooksville, the home of the poet with the Big Heart.

Jim sends his regards. His friends still kid him about jumping from a moving train, and he jokes about the big impression he made on the railroad bed....

I must tell you about a phone conversation I had with Mother following our Amtrak adventure. Mother dislikes wearing her hearing aids and was not wearing them during our conversation. After she had listened a minute or so, she said, "Jim jumped from a *plane*?" Patiently I explained that no, he had merely jumped from a *train*. Then she said, "Well, I don't understand what you were doing on a train headed for Chicago anyway!" I laughed and responded, "Neither did I."

GB TO LFB, September 18, 1992:

Hi! Late but loyal!--I hope your summer was as progressive and decently restful as was mine. You two *needed* the blessing of a peaceful summer....I am not an excellent correspondent, but please know I shall always think of you as a genuine and valued Friend.

LFB to GB, December 21, 1992:

Dear Gwen, what a lovely Christmas Card & sweet note!....

Shakespeare's Polonius is a pompous windbag, but occasionally his words ring true, as when he advises Laertes:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel" (*Hamlet*, I.iii). We've "grappled" *you*--hope you don't mind....God Bless You and Yours During Christmas and throughout the New Year!
Love, Lillian

GB to LFB, February 4, 1993:

Dear Lillian, you write such lovely, lively *rich* letters. They sing in the hand! Honest!....Your letters are so special, they should one day be published. I'm keeping them, so (if you agree with me), I'll be happy to make copies upon request, and send them to you!....

What news do *I* have? Well, for the first time in my Traveling "Career" I was home September, October, and November. The "recession" reached *my* "line of work" too! But Sunday I leave for Indiana, Michigan, and Virginia,--not returning home until the 18th. Then, I have busy calendar pages through May, and some of June. "Great Performances" (PBS) is going to present my "Life and Art" this year. I'll notify you when that's imminent! I'm sending you a pack of the Christmas cards you were kind enough to admire. I'm not sure you have "Children Coming Home," so I'm enclosing that too. I hope you're both well! Bless you, dear warm-hearted NATURAL Lillian! Love, Gwen.

LFB to GB, December 24, 1993:

Dearest Gwen,

You should see my face at this moment--it is red with embarrassment felt for the delay in responding to your last letter!Please forgive me. The Christmas break usually provides me an opportunity to catch up on my correspondence backlog. You would be surprised if you knew how often I think about you.

Gwen, I am flattered that you have requested permission to publish my letters. Even though I am not at all certain that they merit such treatment, these letters are yours to do with as you please. I have kept your letters and shall always cherish them.

This past summer I again taught Modern Poetry. After examining numerous poetry anthologies, I settled on Prentice-Hall's *Discovering Poetry*, 1993....I particularly like its chapter "Three Poets in Depth: Dickinson, Frost, Brooks" because it explores the work of two of my favorite poets: Brooks and Dickinson. I find powerful your "The Chicago Defender Sends a Man to Little Rock." Its controlled intensity reminds me of Dudley Randall's "Ballad of Birmingham."

Love, Lillian

GB to LFB, January 15, 1994:

I read every word of your rich letter, almost gasping--it is SO exciting!....I'm storing it on a favorite shelf of a favorite bookcase, to be taken down and savored many times in the future. You have SUCH a love of and *active* response to life. You praise others so warmly (hope you showed your husband that paragraph of praise you created in tribute to him). BUT *please* understand what a truly SPECIAL person YOU are.

I'm packing to start my winter traveling now, but someday I'm going to sit down and "speak" to every point in this magnificent letter....Love-and Pride!--Gwen

LFB to GB, February 4, 1994:

Dear Gwen,

You were so sweet and generous to send me autographed editions of *Maud Martha*, *Gottschalk and the Tarantelle*, *Very Young Poets*, and *Children Coming Home*. Union's Spring Semester begins the first of February, so I've "sampled" these goodies & I'm eagerly anticipating settling into a comfy club chair and hearing my friend's poetic voice. Love, Lillian

LFB to GB, August 14, 1995:

Dear Gwen,

....In April we attended *The Nobel Laureates of Literature: An Olympic Gathering* at The Jimmy Carter Library and Museum in Atlanta...truly a heady experience. Seven of the living Nobel Prize Laureates for Literature were there: Czeslaw Milosz (1980); Claude Simon (1985); Wole Soyinka (1986); Joseph Brodsky (1987); Octavio Paz (1990); Derek Walcott (1992); Toni Morrison (1993); and Kenzaburo Oe (1994). In addition, Rita Dove, poet laureate of the United States, participated in the program....

Ted Koppel moderated the two panel sessions....The opening panel session included Brodsky, Morrison, Oe and Soyinka. Morrison read passages from her recently published *Jazz* in her lovely, mesmerizing voice. She also observed that "Writing is very private--it sets up a tension because it is done in the interior but is written for public consumption." Soyinka called literature "the most human of the arts" and said that "literature opens the human mind...necessary for human survival." That is what you have done in your poetry....

The Boston trip in early June was a welcome respite. We toured Salem and when we visited the infamous cemetery where many of the Salem "witches" were laid to rest, I felt chilled to the bone that so-called religious, educated, God-fearing people could have committed such atrocities. The human propensity for evil staggers the imagination as evil proceeds along the continuum from the Salem of the 18th century, to the slavery of the 19th century, to the Oklahoma bombing, the Paris bombing, the Japan nerve gas in the subway, the Serb/Croatian atrocities...of the 20th century.

I've just finished writing a paper on Shakespeare's Shylock which is being published this month in Union's faculty journal...I'm fairly well pleased with the way it turned out. My very strong feelings about racial, religious, and gender prejudice found their way into the paper. For that, I offer no apology to anyone.

Since meeting you in the spring of 1991, everytime I hear *Chicago*, I think of you. So I've been especially concerned about you during this unrelenting heatwave. I hope that you're avoiding the heat as much as possible....

Union has a video of you made during your tenure at the Library of Congress. I like to view it because the video showcases so many of your attributes--not the least of which is your expansive nature that draws an audience right into a very charmed Brooks' circle and makes that audience regret having to leave such enthusiasm, vivacity, and warmth.

Please say "hello" to Beryl Zitch for me and thank her for arranging our odyssey into each other's world.

Love, Lillian

GB to LFB, August 23, 1995:

Lillian! Jim! Can't BELIEVE you have sent me these treasure-gifts!!Thanks also for the rich and newsy letter.--

Lillian, I wish I could make you write! You have such talent!

Love, Gwen

P.S. I'll have great news in a month or so. Right now I'm forbidden to tell "even" my daughter and husband!!!!

LFB to GB, October 25, 1995:

Congratulations, Gwen, on receiving from President Clinton the 1995 National Medal of the Arts!!! I've thoroughly enjoyed exercising my bragging rights among my colleagues and other friends. I had been in...suspense since hearing that you would have "great news in a month or so." Of course, you know that I think you were the *ideal* recipient for such an honor....

Love, Lillian

LFB to GB, June 12, 1996:

Dear Gwen,

Jim and I have just returned from "An International Celebration of Southern Literature," a program of the 1996 Olympic Arts Festival at Agnes Scott College in Atlanta....

Margaret Walker Alexander read passages from her *Jubilee* and read some of her poems. After her presentation I talked with her briefly and mentioned that you and I were friends. She said that you and she are good friends and that you see each other as often as possible. I liked her poem "Delta," especially the line about wanting her body bathed again in Southern suns, and I enjoyed "Papa Chicken." She seems warm and generous, like you, and I was glad that I got to meet her....I hope that you and your family are well and enjoying life.

Love, Lillian

GB to LFB, January 1997:

Hi there! Thank you for remembering me at holiday--time. Hope yours was rich with health, peace, and cheer. And I hope 1997 will contain those same blessings.

--What I enjoyed most, this Christmas, was a combination of music and scarlet poinsettias.

Of course, there were shadows. My husband died July 3...

Love, Gwen

LFB to GB, January 17, 1997:

Dear Gwen,

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy on the death of your husband. What a dark night of the soul you must have been walking in.

You've been very much on my mind--I've felt for some time that something was amiss, and my uneasiness did not come simply because I had not received responses to some letters. I have a sixth sense about those individuals whom I admire and love....

There are times when words, those "choicest of relics," seem limp & dreadfully inadequate; this is such a time. Please consider this letter a warm metaphorical hug and know that in Jackson, TN, you have a friend who cares deeply about you. May God Bless and Keep You in His Loving Care.

Love, Lillian

When I received Gwen's letter about her husband's death, I remembered some lines from her poem "To Be in Love":

...You look at things / Through his eyes.
A Cardinal is red. / A sky is blue.
Suddenly you know he knows too. / He is not there but
You know you are tasting together
The winter or light spring weather....
When he / Shuts a door--/ Is not there--Your arms are water.
...You are the beautiful half / Of a golden hurt.
You remember and covet his mouth,
To touch, to whisper on.

LFB to GB, June 24, 1997:

Dear Gwen,

This week I have been following your advice to *write*. My subject is you and our friendship, and the article (pending your approval) will be published in Union University's faculty journal.

We're leaving the middle of next month for England where we'll be enrolled in a Shakespeare course at the University of Oxford! I'm so excited. Studying the Bard in his own environs will be thrilling. Of lesser importance is that one of my favorite films is *Chariots of Fire* and some of its key scenes were shot there. It will be fun exploring such a historically-laden, literature-filled world.

Jim, the Butch Cassidy of West Tennessee, has chosen to retire in 1998, and he didn't have to twist my arm to persuade me to join him. Both of us plan to write in retirement and have decided to retire in the Atlanta area. Even though we have not lived in Georgia for a long time, we are native Georgians and are looking forward to returning *home*. So, after summer 1998, our Atlanta home will have its welcome mat out for our dear friend Gwen....Love, Lillian

—

Gwen celebrated her 80th birthday on June 7. On July 1, [only two days before the first anniversary of her husband's death], as has been her practice for the last twenty-eight years, she sponsored and judged a poetry contest conducted in ten elementary schools and ten high schools in Illinois. This she does at her own expense; she pays the awards out of her lecture fees and the sale of her twenty-plus books.

Gwendolyn Brooks possesses an indomitable spirit. She is an encourager. One of her Writing Workshop sponsors describes her as "a quintessence of wit, humor, stamina, intellect, and nurturing womanhood." What a wonderful accolade! What a wonderful friend!

Design of Transition Metal Complexes with High Quantum Yields for Ligand Substitution: Efficient Photochemical Chelate Ring Closure in Cyclopentadienylmanganese Tricarbonyl Derivatives

by Randy F. Johnston, Ph. D.

Abstract

The quantum yields for photosubstitution of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ ($\text{R} = \text{H}, \text{COCH}_3, \text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3, \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3, \text{CO}(\text{CH}_2)_2\text{SCH}_3, \text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3, (\text{CH}_2)_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$) in heptane for 337 nm irradiation are 0.67, 0.82, 0.64, 1.00, 0.82, 0.80 and 1.05, respectively. The yields of ring closed products were determined for the sulfur containing complexes while the yields of substitution with dispersed ligands were determined for the remaining complexes since the ring closed products were not stable. In contrast to a previous study for Cyclopentadienylmanganese complexes the quantum yields were found to change with the structure of a substituent. The results for $\text{R} = \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3$ and $(\text{CH}_2)_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$ are apparently the first *bona fide* examples of unit quantum yields for organometallic complexes in solution. It is proposed that after CO dissociation that selected ring substituents can trap the metal center before CO can recombine with the metal.

Introduction

We have studied various organometallic compounds in an effort to understand processes that effect the quantum yields for ligand substitution reactions.¹ A perfectly efficient photochemical reaction would have a unit quantum yield, and while such cases have been reported for the substitution of organometallic complexes in solution, the quantum yields were later found to be less than unity.^{1,2} Many of the organometallic complexes that have high quantum yields are carbonyls; nevertheless, the quantum yields vary greatly for these complexes, and what determines which complexes have high quantum yields is not clear.³ It has been postulated that for some metal carbonyl complexes a competition between the cage recombination and cage escape of photodissociated CO has a role in determining the quantum yield.^{1b,2b,4} Hence a ligand that could chelate before CO recombination could increase the net yield of CO substitution. Previous studies of $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\eta^1\text{-Me}_2\text{P}(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{PMe}_2)$ ($n = 1\text{-}3$) were not encouraging: the quantum yields for the ring closures that follow CO photodissociation do not change with chain length suggesting that ring closure does not compete with the processes that partition CO loss and return to the ground-state complex.⁵ We thought that these were unusual results, thus we investigated the photochemical ring closure of the related $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ ($\text{R} = \text{H}, \text{COCH}_3, \text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3, \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3, \text{CO}(\text{CH}_2)_2\text{SCH}_3, \text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3, (\text{CH}_2)_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$). In contrast to the previous study, we have obtained quantum yields for chelate ring closure that are highly dependent on R. Two of the complexes are apparently the first reported *bona fide* examples of organometallic complexes that have unit quantum yields for substitution in solution. These results may be of synthetic utility as well. In particular, we

found a labile intermediate for $R = (\text{CH}_2)_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$ (most likely an oxygen chelate)⁶ can react further with a dispersed ligand to give a substitution product with a unit quantum yield.

Experimental Section

Materials. All compounds were used as received from Aldrich unless mentioned otherwise. Heptane (HPLC grade) was refluxed with sodium overnight under argon prior to distillation. Toluene was distilled over Na. $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$ was sublimed twice under vacuum before use. Triphenylphosphine was recrystallized from ethanol, and tetrahydrothiophene (THT) was distilled after refluxing over CaH_2 for 6 hours. Aberchrome 540 ((*E*)-2[1-(2,5-dimethyl-3-furanyl)ethylidene]-3-(1-methyl-ethylidene)succinic anhydride, Aberchromics, Ltd., Cardiff) was stored at -20°C until used. The synthesis of various $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ derivatives (including chelates) have been described recently.^{6,7}

Quantum Yield Determinations. UV-vis absorption coefficients of all complexes were obtained from the slopes of absorbance versus concentration plots. The square of the correlation coefficient (R^2) was greater than 0.998 in all determinations. The absorbance at 337 nm of solutions containing 10% THT and $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ ($R = \text{H}$, COCH_3 , or $\text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3$) were investigated. After correction for THT absorbance, the absorbance due to $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ was found to be the same as solutions containing no THT. Examination of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ infrared spectra revealed that CO bands broadened at high THT concentration (0.5 M), but the areas remained constant. No such broadening was observed for the other complexes in the absence added ligand. To simplify measurements ligand concentrations were kept constant for measurements of all complexes. Photoproduct concentrations were determined from CO stretching frequencies by using calibration plots of absorbance versus concentration. Concentrations were determined from IR absorbances below 0.3 where the R^2 for the calibration plots were greater than 0.998. Molar absorption data for quantum yield determinations are listed in Table 1. The UV-vis spectra of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ in cyclohexane, dichloromethane, THF, acetone and acetonitrile were also obtained. No peak shifts were observed for these solvents, although the magnitude of these peaks changed slightly (5 to 14 %).

The actinometry apparatus has been described previously.¹ Light intensities at 337 nm were routinely determined with Aberchrome 540.⁸ The accuracy of this chemical actinometer was verified by using azobenzene and $\text{Cr}(\text{CO})_6$ as secondary actinometers.^{2a,9} The volume of the Aberchrome 540 solution was calculated from its weight and density.¹⁰ The 494 nm absorbance of the Aberchrome 540 solution was measured before and after each irradiation of Aberchrome 540. The average of the light intensities determined before and after sample irradiation was used to calculate the quantum yield for each sample.

In a typical irradiation experiment, 0.0260 g of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ were weighed in a 10-mL volumetric flask. The flask was moved into a dry-box and filled to the mark with 0.258 M $\text{P}(\text{OEt})_3$ in heptane and sealed with a rubber septum. After stirring, the absorbance of this solution was greater than 3.5 at 337 nm. The solution was cannula transferred to an argon-filled septum-sealed quartz cuvette, kept in the dark, and stirred with a micro stir bar

for one-half hour before use. Two matched quartz cuvettes were used: one was filled with actinometer (65 mg of Aberchrome 540 dissolved in 50-mL of toluene), and the other was filled with the $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ stock solution. At least three different concentrations of each $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ were prepared, and the concentration of trapping ligand was the same as that used in molar absorption determinations. Since the chelate products were stable for $\text{R} = \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3$ and $\text{COCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{SCH}_3$ no trapping ligand was required.⁶ The measurement for each $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ concentration was the average of at least 4 determinations where the irradiation time was varied for each determination. The quantum yield was found to be independent of concentration of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ and irradiation time. The conversion to photoproducts was limited to 1-4 %. Quantum yields were corrected for the inner-filter effect.^{2b}

Results

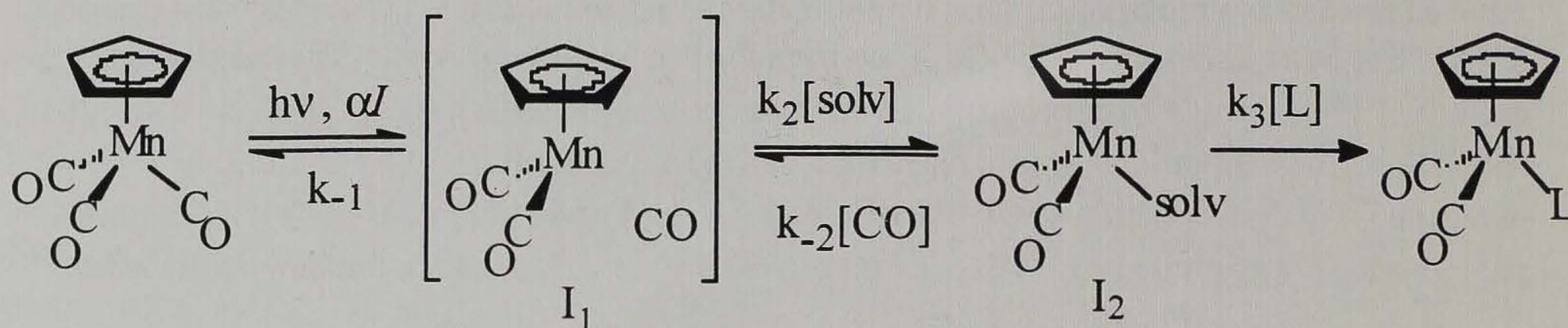
The values of the quantum yields for monosubstitution of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ are reported in Table 2. The literature value of the quantum yield for $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$ photosubstitution (0.65) was confirmed by using the same conditions.¹¹ Photolysis of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ resulted in the formation of a disubstituted and a monosubstituted product. The quantum yield of the disubstituted product was 0.14. No disubstituted photoproducts were found for the other derivatives. To further establish the differences in the quantum yields $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{SCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ (1.23×10^{-2} M in heptane) and $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ (1.37×10^{-2} M in 0.125 M THT heptane solution) were alternatively irradiated, and the Aberchrome 540 was only used at the beginning and the end of the experiment to verify the magnitude of the light intensity. The ratio of the yields for $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{SCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ and $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ was 1.25, and this agrees with the ratio of 1.28 obtained from Table 2. The quantum yields were independent of the ratio of the metal-to-ligand concentrations used. The λ_{max} in Table 2 corresponds to lowest energy band for each complex.

Discussion

The lowest electronic transition for $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ is populated by 337 nm irradiation and has been assigned to $\text{Mn} \rightarrow \eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R}$ CT with lesser contributions from LF and $\text{Mn-CO } \pi^*\text{CT}$.³ The proposal that the absorption is dominated largely by $\text{Mn} \rightarrow \eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R}$ CT is consistent with our results where small but significant decreases are observed for electron withdrawing substituents on the cyclopentadienyl ring. While absorption is dominated by the more intense $\text{Mn} \rightarrow \eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R}$ CT transition the photochemistry is most likely to occur by population of LF excited states which are σ antibonding.³ The changes in the electronic spectra with R are small and show no correlation with the changes in the quantum yields, thus we propose that the same excited state is accessed in each case. No luminescence¹² or side products were observed. For such cases the quantum yield for product formation is determined by the competition between the forward and reverse processes for each step in a photoreaction when

luminescence or side reactions are insignificant. Scheme 1 shows possible steps in the photosubstitution of CpMn(CO)_3 that could account for a quantum yield of less than unity

Scheme 1



where α is the fraction of excited state that undergoes CO dissociation and I is the light intensity. Upon applying the steady-state assumption to I_1 and I_2 , eq 1 is obtained. Every I_2 is converted to product if $k_3[L] \gg k_2[CO]$, and an examination of our data and the literature indicates this is

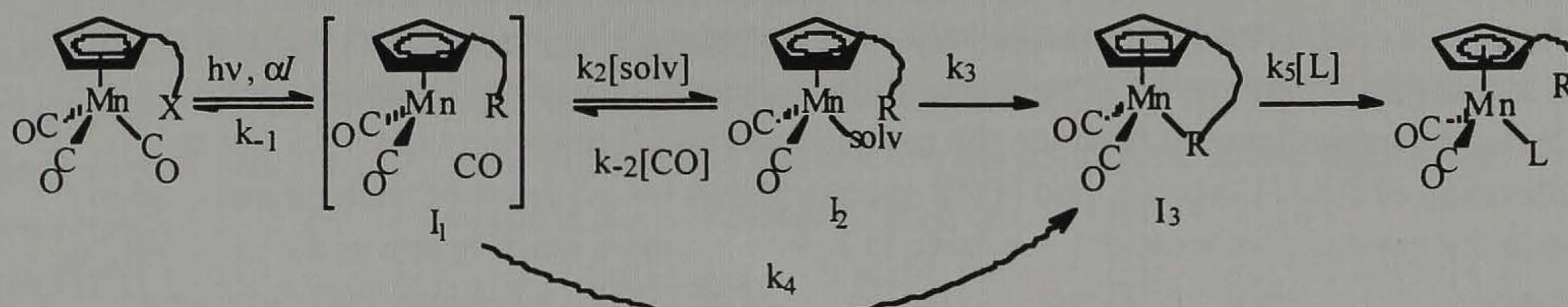
$$\Phi = \frac{d[\text{CpMn(CO)}_2\text{L}]/dt}{I} = \frac{\alpha k_2[\text{solv}] \frac{k_3[L]}{k_{-2}[\text{CO}] + k_3[L]}}{k_{-1} + k_2[\text{solv}] \frac{k_3[L]}{k_{-2}[\text{CO}] + k_3[L]}} \quad (1)$$

the case. Specifically, k_3 and k_2 for the addition of PPh_3 and CO to $\text{CpMn(CO)}_2(\text{cyclohexane})$ are 5.3×10^6 and $3.4 \times 10^5 \text{ L mol}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-1}$, respectively, and the rate constants in heptane are greater by a factor of 2 to 3 for each ligand that was investigated.¹³ The upper limit of the CO produced from CpMn(CO)_3 in our experiments is $9 \times 10^{-4} \text{ M}$, while the lowest concentration of added PPh_3 was $1.36 \times 10^{-2} \text{ M}$. Thus $k_3[L] \gg k_2[CO]$, and eq 1 simplifies to eq 2. According to this expression the non-unit quantum yield is due to either deactivation of the excited state of $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn(CO)}_3$ ($\alpha < 1$), cage recombination with CO ($k_2[\text{solv}]/(k_{-1} + k_2[\text{solv}]) < 1$), or both. A similar mechanism is proposed in

$$\Phi = \alpha \frac{k_2[\text{solv}]}{k_{-1} + k_2[\text{solv}]} \quad (2)$$

Scheme 2 for the photosubstitution of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn(CO)}_3$ (excluding perhaps $\text{R} = \text{COCH}_3$) where I_3 is either a stable product or is an intermediate that is converted completely to a stable product.

Scheme 2



The steady-state assumption applied to I_1 and I_2 yields eq 3. If direct addition of L to I_2 (not shown) is faster than CO addition (as it is for $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$) or if $k_3 \gg k_{-2}[\text{CO}]$ (even more likely), then the quantum yield can be expressed as eq 4. If Schemes 1 and 2 are correct an analysis of the structures and quantum yields suggests that ring closure in certain cases can

$$\Phi = \frac{d[(\eta^6 - \text{C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2] / dt}{I} = \frac{\alpha k_4 + \alpha k_2[\text{solv}] \frac{k_3}{k_{-2}[\text{CO}] + k_3}}{k_{-1} + k_4 + k_2[\text{solv}] \frac{k_3}{k_{-2}[\text{CO}] + k_3}} \quad (3)$$

$$\Phi = \frac{\alpha(k_4 + k_2[\text{solv}])}{k_{-1} + k_4 + k_2[\text{solv}]} \quad (4)$$

compete with geminate CO recombination (*vide infra*).

The analysis begins with $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ for which the quantum yield is unity. This requires that α is also unity and $k_4 + k_2[\text{solv}] \gg k_{-1}$. The electronic spectra of the complexes do not change with the polarity of solvent, and this indicates a charge transfer with R in the excited state is unlikely. The metal-centered electronic structure of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ and $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$ should be nearly identical (see Table 2), thus we conclude that α is also unity for $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$. It follows that the quantum yield for $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$ is determined by the competition between CO recombination and solvent addition and that $k_2[\text{solv}]$ and k_{-1} are of comparable magnitude. Since $k_2[\text{solv}]$ or k_{-1} are not expected to be different for $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ and $\text{CpMn}(\text{CO})_3$ the unit quantum yield for the former must be due to k_4 being greater than k_{-1} (eq 4). This analysis suggests we have created compounds that have substituents that can compete with CO cage recombination. Indeed ring closure must be much faster than CO recombination.

Our results suggest that subtle changes in R dramatically effect k_4 . For example, substitution of sulfur for the ether oxygen in $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ increases the quantum yield to unity, or increasing the chain length in $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$ decreases the quantum yield. Such a ring closure would have to be extraordinarily fast since recent studies have reported that cage CO recombination can occur within 200-300 fs.¹⁴ Extremely rapid ring closures have been reported in studies of $\text{Mn}_2\text{CO}_{10}$ and

spiropyrans.^{14a,15,16} In both these examples ring closure was for geminate reaction sites generated with no intervening solvent molecules. As a consequence the recombinations are not diffusive. For $R = \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3$ a five-membered ring must close, and if the most stable conformation of R extends into the solvent, ring closure will be >100 ps and will not compete with solvent coordination or CO recombination.¹⁷ A very rapid ring closure could be explained by an association between the metal center and R prior to photolysis, but an examination of the UV-vis, IR, and NMR spectra shows no evidence of such an association.⁷ Among the various conformations available to R , one having a reactive site in the proximity of the metal center needs to be favored by only 2-3 kcal/mol. Such a conformation could be assisted by a weak dipole-dipole interaction. Such an interaction might go undetected by routine spectroscopic examination. In contrast, it might be argued that association of R should have no effect on the quantum yield since a solvent molecule is always available after CO dissociation and would eventually be displaced by R ; however, this neglects the importance of bond strengths in overcoming the excess vibrational energy of the excited complex. Upon CO dissociation, the complex is vibrationally excited, and by analogy to $\text{M}(\text{CO})_5$, will relax in 100 ps.¹⁸ While CO can coordinate 300 fs after photolysis a hydrocarbon solvent does not coordinate until about 10 ps.^{14,19} This difference can be attributed to the excess vibrational energy that breaks the weak metal-solvent bond until the complexes has relaxed sufficiently. Finally it should be pointed out that subtle changes in solvent can have significant effects on quantum yields.^{1b} For example the quantum yield for substitution on $\text{Cr}(\text{CO})_6$ is 0.73 ± 0.01 in *n*-heptane and 0.66 ± 0.1 in *n*-octane, and the authors concluded that the quantum yield is not a simple function of viscosity.²⁰ These results and other suggest that molecular properties (such as shape) that are not directly related to bulk viscosity can effect dissociation quantum yields. Thus, given the right circumstances we propose R can be more efficient than solvent in trapping the metal center.

Our results seem to contradict those reported for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\eta^1\text{-Me}_2\text{P}(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{PMe}_2)$ ($n = 1-3$) where the quantum yields were independent of n and less than unity (0.61).⁵ These results indicate that ring closure in the phosphine complexes did not occur on the same timescale as CO recombination; either the ring closures must be much faster than the CO recombination or much slower. If the ring closures are faster, then the low quantum yield would have to be due to a partitioning of competing processes at an earlier stage of the reaction. These processes would be CO dissociation and the return of the excited state back to the ground state. In analogy to Schemes 1 and 2, this would mean α for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\eta^1\text{-Me}_2\text{P}(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{PMe}_2)$ is 0.61 in contrast to the 1.0 observed for the tricarbonyl complexes. Previous studies indicate that the LF transitions for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2\text{L}$ are at lower energy than for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$, but for 337 nm excitation the ligand dissociation still occurs from the excited LF state.²¹ Interestingly, phosphines are the only ligands known where CO not L is observed to substitute.²² In contrast, when L is an amine, only the amine substitutes not CO. This is presumably due to the fact that the weakest metal-ligand bond dissociates. With the current data we cannot predict how the relative rates of the excited state decay pathways may differ for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2\text{L}$ and $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$. Thus we cannot rule out that the changes favor the return of the excited state to the ground state, in which

case $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\text{PR}_3)$ could have an α of 0.61. Interestingly the quantum yield at 366 nm for CO substitution of $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\text{PPh}_3)$ is 0.59 ± 0.05 . If α is 0.61 for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\text{PPh}_3)$, then this leads to the unlikely conclusion that no significant cage CO recombination occurs, otherwise the quantum yield would be lower than 0.61. The alternative conclusion is that all the ring closures for $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\eta^1\text{-Me}_2\text{P}(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{PMe}_2)$ is much slower than the CO recombination and that the low quantum yield is due to CO cage recombination. If this is the case it is curious that at least one $(\text{Cp})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2(\eta^1\text{-Me}_2\text{P}(\text{CH}_2)_n\text{PMe}_2)$ does not have a higher quantum yield; nevertheless, these compounds are fundamentally different than those in our study in that the ring terminates at a phosphine instead of the C_5H_4 ring and the electron density of the metal center is greater. Both steric effects and electronic effects could conspire to inhibit rapid ring formation. The approach of a phosphine will be sterically inhibited more by $\text{Mn}(\text{CO})\text{PR}_3$ than by $\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2$, and the non-covalent attraction with the electron-rich $\text{Mn}(\text{CO})\text{PR}_3$ will be weaker than with $\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2$.

In summary, we have reported the first documented examples of an organometallic photosubstitution in solution with a unit quantum yield. The magnitudes of the quantum yields show no simple correlation with chain length, or coordinating atom of R. By analogy with other metal carbonyls geminate CO recombination is expected to be a major pathway for decay of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2$. Thus the unit quantum yields observed for two of the complexes indicates a change in relative rates of very rapid processes. Ring closure for $\text{R} = \text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3$ and $(\text{CH}_2)_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$ could be very rapid if a favorable conformation brings the side chain sulfur or oxygen in close proximity to the metal center. Upon CO dissociation, the sulfur or oxygen would combine with the metal center in an extremely rapid non-diffusive process. Time-resolved and molecular mechanics studies will be undertaken to study these processes in further detail.

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(Prof. Zhen Pang and Prof. Theodore J. Burkey [The University of Memphis] contributed to this study)

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Table 1. Molar Absorptions of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$, Substitution Products, and Ligands in Heptane^a

$(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$		L (M)	$(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2\text{L}$	
R	ϵ_{337} ($\text{M}^{-1} \text{ cm}^{-1}$)		ϵ_{337} ($\text{M}^{-1} \text{ cm}^{-1}$)	ϵl^b (M^{-1})
H	1003	PPh_3 (0.02) ^c	1559	801 (1885)
COCH_3	1221	THT (0.0476) ^c	1357	650 (1885)
$\text{COCH}_2\text{OCH}_3$	1827	THT (0.125)	1362	658 (1887)
$\text{COCH}_2\text{SCH}_3$	2022		491	761 (1898)
$\text{COCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{SCH}_3$	1377		1370	683 (1894)
$\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$	915	$\text{P}(\text{OEt})_3$ (0.258)	1168	685 (1888)
			^d 955	387 (1868)
$\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{CO}_2\text{CH}_3$	1113	$\text{P}(\text{OEt})_3$ (0.100)	1000	640 (1887)
			^d 1024	364 (1867)

^aerrors are $\pm 3\%$

^b $l = 0.2 \text{ mm}$, values in parentheses are IR peak frequencies in cm^{-1}

^cThe 337 nm extinction coefficients of PPh_3 and THT are 3.03 ± 0.03 and 0.249 ± 0.006 , respectively

^da disubstituted product.

Table 2. Quantum Yields for 337 nm photosubstitution of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$

R ($\text{M} \times 10^{-3}$)	L (M)	n ^a	λ_{max} (ε)	Φ (1 σ) ^b
H (14-21)	PPh ₃ (0.02-0.1)	4	330 1410)	0.67 ± 0.04
COCH ₃ (9-12)	THT (0.0476)	3	338 (1360)	0.82 ± 0.05
COCH ₂ OCH ₃ (8-33)	THT (0.125)	6	338 (120)	0.64 ± 0.05
COCH ₂ SCH ₃ (3.4-12)		4	336 (2020)	1.00 ± 0.06
COCH ₂ CH ₂ SCH ₃ (12-15)		4	338 (1380)	0.82 ± 0.05
CH ₂ CO ₂ CH ₃ (9-19)	P(OEt) ₃ (0.258)	3	332 (920)	0.80 ± 0.05
CH ₂ CH ₂ CO ₂ CH ₃ (2-19)	P(OEt) ₃ (0.100)	4	330	1.05 ± 0.06

^anumber of independent stock solutions of $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{R})\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_3$

^b propagated errors

2P(OPh)₃	7.28 (m, 15 H, Ph) ^d	227.4 (d, CO, J _{PH} = 35 Hz) ^d	1969(s)
	4.96 (m, 2 H, Cp)	192.1 (s, -C(O)-)	1910(s)
	4.07 (m, 2 H, Cp)	152.7 (d, OPh)	1672(m)
	3.28 (s, 2 H, CH ₂)	130.5 (OPh)	
	2.02 (s, -SCH ₃)	125.7 (OPh)	
		122.4 (d, OPh)	
		91.0 (Cp1)	
		85.5 (Cp)	
		83.6 (Cp)	
		39.9 (s, -CH ₂ -)	
		15.7 (s, -SCH ₃)	
2P(Tol)₃	7.22 (m, 12 H, Ph)	230.7 (d, CO, J _{PH} = 26 Hz)	1944(s)
	5.17 (t, 2 H, Cp)	193.5 (s, -C(O)-)	1885(s)
	4.04 (t, 2 H, Cp)	139.8 (d, Ph, J _{pc} = 2 Hz)	1667(m)
	3.35 (s, 2 H, CH ₂)	134.1 (d, Ph, J _{pc} = 44 Hz)	
	2.34, (s, PhCH ₃)	132.7 (d, Ph, J _{pc} = 10 Hz)	
	2.13 (s, -SCH ₃)	129.0 (d, Ph, J _{pc} = 10 Hz)	
		87.6 (Cp1)	
		86.6 (Cp)	
		85.2 (Cp)	
		39.7 (s, -CH ₂ -)	
		21.3 (s, PhCH ₃)	
		16.0 (s, -SCH ₃)	

a. CDCl₃ was used as the solvent and the chemical shifts are reported relative to the residual H of the solvent. b. Toluene was used as the solvent. c. C₆D₆ was used as the solvent and the chemical shifts are reported relative to the residual H of the solvent. d. THF-d₈ was used as the solvent and the chemical shifts are reported relative to the residual H of the solvent (the H with the larger chemical shift).

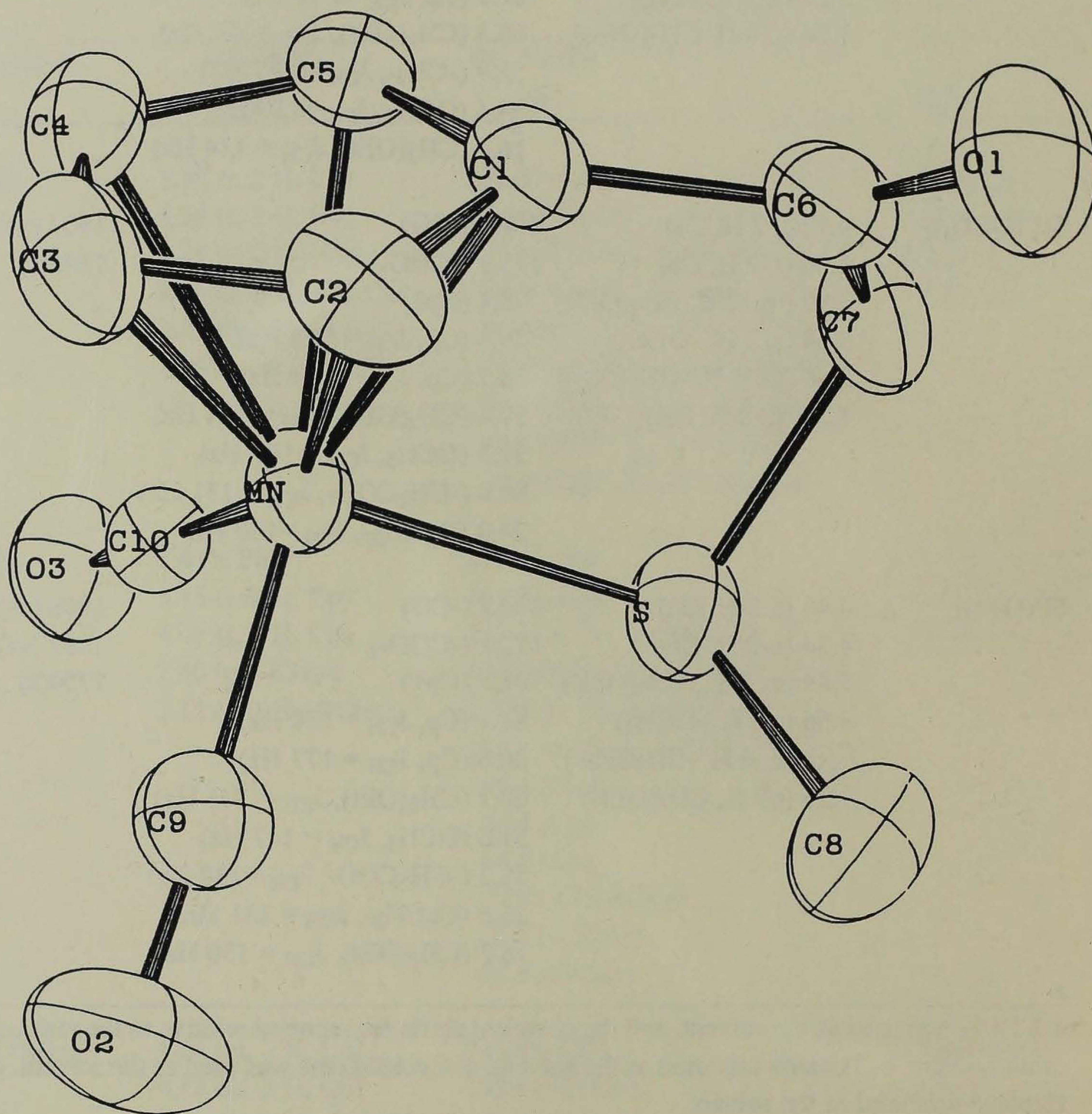
Table 5. ^1H , ^{13}C NMR and IR Data for the Derivatives with the Formulas
 $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{C}(\text{O})\text{CH}_2\text{OCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2\text{L}$, $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{C}(\text{O})\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{SCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_2\text{L}$,
 $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{COOCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_{3-n}\text{L}_n$ (where $n = 1$ or 2), and
 $(\eta^5\text{-C}_5\text{H}_4\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{COOCH}_3)\text{Mn}(\text{CO})_{3-n}\text{L}_n$ (where $n = 1$ or 2).

Compound	^1H NMR ^a (δ)	^{13}C NMR ^a (δ)	IR ^b (cm^{-1})
1THT	5.08 (t, 2 H, Cp)	231.3 (-CO)	1946 (vs) ^c
	4.56 (t, 2 H, Cp)	194.6 (-C(O)-)	1884 (vs)
	4.34 (s, 2 H, -CH ₂ -)	87.4 (Cp, $J_{\text{CH}} = 178$ Hz)	1686 (m)
	3.46 (s, 3 H, -OCH ₃)	86.4 (Cp1)	1660 (m)
	2.73 (br, 4 H, THT)	81.1 (Cp, $J_{\text{CH}} = 179$ Hz)	
	1.96 (br, 4 H, THT)	75.4 (-OCH ₃ , $J_{\text{CH}} = 146$ Hz)	
		59.4 (-CH ₂ -, $J_{\text{CH}} = 142$ Hz)	
		43.6 (THT, $J_{\text{CH}} = 146$ Hz)	
		30.0 (THT, $J_{\text{CH}} = 1660$ Hz)	
3PPh ₃	7.4 (b, Ph)	230.4 (CO)	1946(s)
	5.15 (t, 2 H, Cp)	197.7 (-C(O)-)	1885(s)
	4.06 (t, 2 H, Cp)	137.1 (d, Ph, $J_{\text{pc}}=42$ Hz)	1678(m)
	2.80 (m, -CH ₂ -)	132.8 (d, Ph, $J_{\text{pc}}=11$ Hz)	
	2.12 (s, 3 H, -SCH ₃)	129.8 (d, Ph, $J_{\text{pc}}=2$ Hz)	
		128.3 (d, Ph, $J_{\text{pc}}=10$ Hz)	
		89.4 (Cp1)	
		86.4 (Cp)	
		84.6 (Cp)	
		39.0 (-C(O)CH ₂ -)	
4(P(OEt) ₃) ₂	4.24 (m, 2 H, Cp)	233.8 (-CO)	1869(vs) ^d
	4.17 (m, 2 H, Cp)	172.4 (-COO-)	1750(s)
	3.90 (m, 12 H, CH ₂ (OEt))	90.6 (Cp 1)	
	3.65 (s, 3 H, -OCH ₃)	80.7 (Cp, $J_{\text{CH}} = 175$ Hz)	
	3.27 (s, 2 H, -CH ₂ -)	79.4 (Cp, $J_{\text{CH}} = 177$ Hz)	
	1.21 (t, 18 H, CH ₃ (OEt))	59.5 (CH ₂ (OEt), $J_{\text{CH}} = 127$ Hz)	
		51.9 (-CH ₂ -, $J_{\text{CH}} = 147$ Hz)	
		34.4 (OCH ₃ , $J_{\text{CH}} = 130$ Hz)	
		16.4 (CH ₃ (OEt), $J_{\text{CH}} = 145$ Hz)	

4P(OEt)₃	4.57 (m, 2 H, Cp)	230.0 (-CO)	1950(vs) ^d
	4.40 (m, 2 H, Cp)	171.3 (-COO-)	1888(vs)
	3.90 (m, 6 H, CH ₂ (OEt))	94.0 (Cp1)	1752 (m)
	3.68 (s, 3 H, -OCH ₃)	82.7 (Cp, J _{CH} = 170 Hz)	
	3.27 (s, 2 H, -CH ₂ -)	81.1 (Cp, J _{CH} = 178 Hz)	
	1.26 (t, 9 H, CH ₃ (OEt))	60.3 (CH ₂ (OEt), J _{CH} = 144 Hz)	
		51.9 (-CH ₂ -, J _{CH} = 147 Hz)	
		34.4 (OCH ₃ , J _{CH} = 130 Hz)	
		16.4 (CH ₃ (OEt), J _{CH} = 134 Hz)	
5(P(OEt)₃)₂	4.12(t, 2 H, Cp)	234.0 (-CO)	1867 (vs)
	4.06 (t, 2 H, Cp)	173.5 (-COO-)	1748(s)
	3.90 (m, 12 H, CH ₂ (OEt))	98.4 (Cp1)	
	3.64 (s, 3 H, -OCH ₃)	79.5 (Cp, J _{CH} = 175 Hz)	
	2.56 (m, 4 H, -CH ₂ CH ₂ -)	78.7 (Cp, J _{CH} = 174 Hz)	
	1.21 (t, 18 H, CH ₃ (OEt))	59.4 (CH ₂ (OEt), J _{CH} = 144 Hz)	
		51.5 (OCH ₃ , J _{CH} = 147 Hz)	
		36.0 (-CH ₂ COO-, J _{CH} = 131 Hz)	
		24.0 (CpCH ₂ -, J _{CH} = 130 Hz)	
5P(OEt)₃	4.40 (t, 2 H, Cp)	230.2 (-CO)	1948 (vs)
	4.34 (t, 2 H, Cp)	173.1 (-COO-)	1887 (vs)
	3.89 (m, 6 H, CH ₂ (OEt))	101.8 (Cp1)	1750(s)
	3.66 (s, 3 H, -OCH ₃)	81.1 (Cp, J _{CH} = 178 Hz)	
	2.56 (m, 4 H, -CH ₂ CH ₂ -)	80.8 (Cp, J _{CH} = 177 Hz)	
	1.25 (t, 9 H, CH ₃ (OEt))	60.2 (CH ₂ (OEt), J _{CH} = 146 Hz)	
		51.6 (OCH ₃ , J _{CH} = 147 Hz)	
		35.3 (-CH ₂ COO-, J _{CH} = 130 Hz)	
		23.6 (CpCH ₂ -, J _{CH} = 131 Hz)	
		16.2 (CH ₃ (OEt), J _{CH} = 130 Hz)	

a. CDCl₃ was used as the solvent, and the chemical shifts are reported relative to the residual H of the solvent. b. Toluene was used as the solvent. c. Cyclohexane was used as the solvent. d. Heptane was used as the solvent.

Figure 2. ORTEP view of 2*chelate*. Ellipsoids are drawn at 50% probability.





Conservation or Humboldt District? It Is Where It Has Always Been!
by Wayne Day

How the War Over Journalism Education Was Won

by Janice Wood

"War is over and I am trying to forget it. The South has a still greater conflict before her. We must do something to train her sons to fight her battles, not with the sword, but with the pen."
— General Robert E. Lee

With these auspicious words in 1869, the former Confederate leader waged yet another battle when he proposed the first ever university-level training program for journalists.¹ As president of Virginia's Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), Lee envisioned a program concerned more with printing skills than with writing and editorial duties.² Although it never trained a student for professional work,³ the press took notice—and the battle lines were drawn.

From Lee's original concept sprang controversy among professional journalists, most of whom saw no need to educate people for work they did not recognize as a profession.⁴ Legendary editor Horace Greeley (of "Go West, young man" fame) summed it up: "Of all horned cattle, I want least to see in my office a college graduate."⁵

Philadelphia reporter Eugene Camp synthesized these opposing arguments into a report called "Journalists, Born or Made?" in 1888.⁶ Among the notables quoted in Camp's paper was New York publisher Joseph Pulitzer, who reversed an earlier stand on the issue. He originally had said there was "no sense in the suggestion"⁷ of a journalism school, but he had come to believe college training could be "made beneficial."⁸

Yet it was not until 1908 that America's first separate academic unit for journalism—at the University of Missouri—opened its doors. By then, a group of distinguished Americans had laid the foundation for journalism education and set patterns that still influence the academic discipline today. Other schools across the country were offering a smattering of newspaper-related classes. In 1924, *Journalism Bulletin* magazine assessed the situation this way:

It seems a fad for universities to establish schools and departments of journalism. According to college catalogues, more than 200 schools are advertising courses in journalism. If more than half of these develop professional courses, there will be a period of oversupply and low standards in the profession.⁹

The editorialist's warning against overexpansion restated the crumbling skepticism of editors. Yet other newsmen, with a growing entourage of academicians on their side, took up the cause of collegiate journalism education.

The Warriors

By 1903, Pulitzer had accepted a responsibility he saw to endow a school of journalism "because there was a need which nobody else appeared anxious to meet."¹⁰ Pulitzer's plans for a journalism school were compiled by George W. Hosmer into a pamphlet, "The Making of a Journalist," copies of which were submitted anonymously to President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University and President Charles William Eliot of Harvard.

Both administrators responded with proposed adaptations to their schools, but Pulitzer deemed Butler's more agreeable. Disputes between Columbia and the benefactor delayed the \$2 million endowment until after Pulitzer's death; the school was established in 1912.¹¹

What motivated Pulitzer? By one account, a noteworthy period of Pulitzer's life was closing:

He had come through years of heated skirmishing with William Randolph Hearst's [New York] Journal [in "yellow journalism"], skirmishes which in many respects had been cutthroat competition and done little credit to either of the rivals. Pulitzer had grown to be distinctly tired of this rivalry and had developed a definite conscience about sensationalism in the news. He began to speak more often about the duties and responsibilities of the press, as a bearer of objective information and as a crusader and public servant. Again the idea of a school loomed large in his mind, a school which would give newspaperdom integrity and ethical quality. All his later writings on the subject of education for journalism emphasized this moral goal ahead of any merely academic or technical goal.¹²

As the public was becoming aware of Pulitzer's plans for Columbia and of journalism education in general, another veteran editor, Walter Williams, was campaigning in Columbia, Missouri, home of the University of Missouri. Williams believed "There are no two professions more closely allied in the work of bettering and uplifting mankind than those of teaching and journalism."¹³ So inspired, he boldly led the charge of the state press association to organize a journalism program, which first encountered opposition in the state legislature. This legislature later funded the proposal in 1908 and established the first school of journalism.¹⁴

Williams, who became its first dean, acknowledged the possibility of failure for himself and for the school. Yet he wrote, "There is fascination in the creation of a new school, on the broad lines existing nowhere else. I might be of service to the University, the state and journalism."¹⁵

Historians of journalism education have regarded the developments at Columbia and the University of Missouri as precedent-setting. One writer described the impact:

The very wide publicity given to support for professional education by so distinguished an American journalist as Joseph Pulitzer, and the actual establishment of schools, one in a state university and the other in one of the oldest of the privately endowed institutions, swiftly overcame most opposition to such training.¹⁶

Another program later cited as influential had been growing since 1904 at the University of Wisconsin. The efforts were directed by Willard Bleyer, member of a Milwaukee newspaper

family and long-time English instructor.¹⁷ Bolstered by student interest, Bleyer took his case for a separate journalism program to university president Charles R. Van Hise. Bleyer's proposal met with approval by Van Hise, who found it compatible with the "Wisconsin Idea" of meeting the needs of state residents.¹⁸ Bleyer's department of journalism was founded in 1912.¹⁹

The Arsenal

Among the writers and commentators on the history of journalism, there is a discrepancy over the origins of curricular patterns found in the early schools and departments which set the tone for all programs to come.

Two divergent philosophies have been attributed to Pulitzer and Eliot, both outlined for the Columbia school.²⁰ Pulitzer's plan emphasized the journalist's responsibility in gathering and disseminating news and featured a social science approach.²¹ His journalism school was to "mark the distinction between real journalists and men who do a kind of newspaper work that requires neither culture nor conviction, but only business training."²²

The approach of Eliot, who was known as America's foremost educator, was considered more practical and called for journalists to gain an understanding of all aspects of newspaper work, including editorial and business office procedures.²³ The courses on his outline of studies which Eliot considered most important were Newspaper Administration and Newspaper Manufacture.²⁴

Vernon Nash disagreed that the Pulitzer and Eliot plans had much impact. He concluded, "Sharp dichotomy by groups of schools in what might be called the philosophy of journalism education is not discernible. Degrees and shadings are found, but not typical groupings."²⁵

In the 1970s, the Association for Education in Journalism launched an important project to record the history of journalism education. Taped interviews featured key second and third-generation professors who also regarded two distinct curricular patterns. However, they credited not Pulitzer and Eliot with the formulation of the two approaches, but rather Walter Williams for the practical school and Willard Bleyer for the theoretical.²⁶

The outstanding characteristic of the Missouri program was that:

All of the practical activities of the school center around the University *Missourian*, a four-page daily evening newspaper published by the students of the School under the supervision of the faculty. Students in reporting, feature writing and advertising classes formed the paper's staff, which dealt with city news, not just campus events. The emphasis on practical experience earned for the school's curriculum the nickname, "The Missouri Plan."²⁷

University of Wisconsin students supplemented their classes with work for the *Daily Cardinal* newspaper. However, the department "did not...emulate Missouri in establishing a general daily newspaper. The emphasis on general education and particularly on writing and the social sciences was, however, of greater usefulness in developing journalists than preoccupation with artisan training."²⁸ Bleyer's work has been cited for the advancement of graduate study and research in journalism.

Bleyer acknowledged in 1934 the influence of outside sources. "This seems to have been the first attempt to carry out Pulitzer's and President Eliot's proposals for combining instruction in social sciences with that in journalism for the purpose of giving students [a] broad background and some technical training in journalism."²⁹

Years later, the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism memorialized the pioneering work and contrasting approaches of Williams and Bleyer in the presentation of awards named for them. The Walter Williams Memorial Award honored "a faculty member in a professional school of journalism who makes the greatest contribution to journalism through education and professional leadership." Conversely, the Willard G. Bleyer Memorial Award paid tribute to "a faculty member in a professional school of journalism who makes the most notable contribution to journalism through scholarly or scientific study of the press or a problem of the press."³⁰

Analysis

Robert E. Lee fired the first shots in the battle for journalism education. Joseph Pulitzer outflanked the enemy, disguised as nay-saying newspaper editors. Walter Williams and Willard Bleyer successfully rallied the troops in their local crusades.

Who won the war? Possible answers include the American public, the press itself, and the legions of future inkslingers who studied under these veteran soldiers.

But what has been happening on the academic front since then?

Education for newspaper journalism readily opened the collegiate door for the communications-related disciplines that followed in the years to come. As the century progressed, fledgling journalism schools and departments expanded to include programs for broadcasting, public relations, and advertising. As a result, it is uncommon today to see journalism as a separate unit in a college or university. Normally, it exists alongside similar subjects within a department or school of "mass communication," "media studies," or "communication arts."

But the evolution did not stop there. Advances in technology continue to push the boundaries of training for careers in communication. For instance, many journalists practicing today have witnessed the obsolescence of the basic professional techniques they learned in college, an evolution made possible by computers.

The newest challenges include desktop publishing, cable, corporate communication, media management, major shifts in audience readership/listening/viewing patterns, and, of course, the ever-changing flow of current events.

What about the two philosophies?

Certainly they still exist, and both are needed for responsible journalism. A Missouri Plan type of program would teach reporters to follow up leads aggressively for news stories through reliable sources in order to get to the truth. A recent example would be *Newsweek* reporters who doggedly pursued a story on Navy Adm. Jeremy (Mike) Boorda over a seeming contradiction regarding the decorations he wore. Yet the University of Wisconsin heritage would show in the subsequent thorough evaluation of the media's conduct and ethics in light of Boorda's suicide.

As stated earlier, many college programs have preferred one approach over the other, but a wide range of variations exists between the theoretical and practical styles of education. Each college and university has adapted these equally important purposes to fit the school's overall mission statement.

The war over journalism education is no longer a significant factor. Instead, new chapters of the evolving story are being written on a regular basis. The pioneers in the field probably would be content for their work to be relegated to footnotes, as long as the main action and characters carry on the standards they fought so hard to establish.

Notes

¹James Melvin Lee, "Schools of Journalism," *Review of Reviews*, 49 (May 1914): 14.

²Albert A. Sutton, *Education for Journalism In The United States From Its Beginning to 1940* (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1945), p. 11.

³DeForest O'Dell, *The History of Journalism Education In The United States* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1935), p. 17.

⁴Sutton, *Education for Journalism*, p. 10.

⁵Frank Luther Mott, *Time Enough: Essays in Autobiography* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1962), p. 146.

⁶Sutton, *Education for Journalism*, p. 10.

⁷Richard Terrill Baker, *A History of the Graduate School of Journalism* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1954), p. 15.

⁸Ibid, p. 9.

⁹"Too Many Schools," *Journalism Bulletin*, I (1924): 61.

¹⁰Joseph Pulitzer, "The College of Journalism," *North American Review*, 178 (May 1940): 654.

¹¹Baker, *Graduate School of Journalism*, p. 22-67.

¹²Ibid, p. 22.

¹³Frank W. Rucker, *Walter Williams* (Columbia, Mo.: Missourian Publishing Association, 1964), 125.

¹⁴Sara Lockwood Williams, *Twenty Years of Education for Journalism* (Columbia, Mo.: The E. W. Stephens Publishing Company, 1929), pp. 17-21.

¹⁵Rucker, *Walter Williams*, p. 17.

¹⁶Vernon Nash, "Educating for Journalism," Ph.D. dissertation, Columbia University, 1938. p. 19.

¹⁷Donald K. Ross, "Willard G. Bleyer and Journalism Education," *Journalism Quarterly*, 34 (1957), p. 466.

¹⁸Walter Monfried, "Willard Grosvenor Bleyer, Pioneer in Journalism Education," University of Wisconsin School of Journalism 50th Anniversary brochure.

¹⁹Ross, "Willard G. Bleyer," p. 469.

²⁰O'Dell, *History of Journalism Education*, p. 69, 88.

Sutton, *Education for Journalism*, p. 14.

²¹Sutton *Education for Journalism*, p. 13.

²²Pulitzer, "College of Journalism," *North American Review*, pp. 656-657.

²³Nash, "Educating for Journalism," pp. 23-24.

²⁴O'Dell, *History of Journalism Education*, p. 85.

²⁵Nash, "Educating for Journalism," pp. 25.

²⁶Association for Education in Journalism files, Box 50, in the Mass Communications Center, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison.

²⁷Dwight Bentel, interview by Richard Whitaker, Association for Education in Journalism files, Box 50, in the Mass Communications Center, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison.

²⁸Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen, *The University of Wisconsin* (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1949), 2:328.

²⁹Donald K. Ross, "Willard G. Bleyer and Journalism Education," *Journalism Quarterly*, 34 (1957), p. 466.

³⁰Lawrence Murphy, "Trial Wording of Three Suggested Recommendations to the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, from the National Council on Education for Journalism" Files of Lawrence Murphy in the Association for Education in Journalism collection, Mass Communications Center, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison.

Authors such as Blue and Burkett have sold thousands of books advocating their "debt-free living." But much of the advice in these books is grounded in fear and extreme interpretations of current events. *The Coming Economic Earthquake* (Burkett, 1994b), for example, strikes a note of prophetic doom based on the size of the national debt. The author goes beyond asking individuals to minimize potential risks by calling for complete elimination of all long-term debt, even if one's pension plan must be robbed to do so.

In addition, many authors cite scripture such as Romans 13:8 to indicate the need for debt-free living. At the other extreme, some have interpreted scriptural stories such as "The Parable of the Talents" as proof of 100% debt at any level of risk.

But truth is not found at the extremes of the pendulum, but in the balance. Thoughtful interpretation of Biblical passages will reveal support for a debt/equity mixture, with the level of acceptable debt varying with the portfolio of assets of each individual. God's wisdom reveals principles that can help each individual determine, maintain, and control an appropriate amount of debt. Just as the corporation must maintain an optimal capital structure to maximize shareholder wealth, the good steward must apply Biblical principles to arrive at an ultimate balance of debt and equity.

Assets \neq Equity: Arguments Against Debt-Free Living

"Let no debt remain outstanding..." (Romans 13:8, *New International Version*)

At first glance this verse may appear to be a financial command from God. In fact, it is often used as a justification for no debt. However, a study of the text reveals it has nothing at all to do with finance. Instead, the subject of Romans 13 is justice. The first seven verses deal with the duty of submission to the state; the eighth relates to justice in private relations.

Godet (1984) points out, "love is mentioned here as the solid support of justice." A man does not offend, or kill, or rob (owe) those he loves. There is the application of justice that dismisses profit maximization at any cost. However, this is not a command supporting the no-debt equation.

"Well then, you should have put my money on deposit with the bankers, so that when I returned I would have received it back with interest." (Matthew 25:27, *New International Version*)

The Parable of the Talents speaks to the idea of investing or lending. Talents, translated as a monetary term not related directly to ability, comes from the Greek word *talanton*. The word "originally referred to a balance, a talent in weight, and a sum of money in gold or silver equivalent to a talent" (Vine, 1966). The idea of something weighed provided the meaning for the English word as a gift or ability.

The use of these terms in the parable can leave no doubt that the Lord expects his servants to apply their ability to what their Master has "loaned" them. If the application is suited to physical ability (talent), it is even more appropriately applied to the use of resources (money). Clearly, there seems to be no indication that debt is bad, although as will be pointed out in the next section, overuse can be dangerous.

Assets ≠ Liabilities: Arguments Against the Overuse of Debt

"The rich rule over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender." (Proverbs 22:7, *New International Version*)

This passage stands as a warning against the overuse of debt. Debt implies a commitment to pay back what is owed, a commitment not to be taken lightly.

The economic landscape of the U.S. is littered with many people who spend beyond their means to buy items of luxury. The Bible clearly warns mankind about such ill-fated desires, cautioning readers about the discontent and folly of trusting in riches (*i.e.*, I Timothy 6:6-10 and James 5:1-6). It is improper hermeneutics to lift these warnings from their scriptural context and seek to prove a no-debt equation. However, it is just as erroneous to apply similar types of Biblical principles to a 100% debt equation. The Bible clearly warns that liabilities have inherent risk. Therefore, a good steward must recognize the servitude which debt implies and exercise caution and wisdom in the process.

LENDING AND PROFITS

Lending in the Bible

"You may charge a foreigner interest." (Deuteronomy 23:20, *New International Version*)

The Biblical balance sheet would not be complete without a view from the lender's point of view. Here again, tilted viewpoints paint all lending as evil or at best ill-advised. Abuses by God's people and the associated warnings are often used as proof texts.

The Hebrew law concerning the exacting of interest on loans was based upon the principle of justice. These laws were very humane. Hebrews were to lend to their brethren without interest. However, strangers were charged usury (Exodus 22:25-26 & Deuteronomy 23: 19-20).

Usury from the Biblical perspective must be fair and just. Taking advantage of someone by charging excess interest violates the principles of love and justice. It is not the lending of money (credit/creditors) that the Bible warns against, but the inherent dangers associated with being a lender.

Moneylenders were numerous among the Jews. The Lord's overturning of the tables of the moneychangers in Matthew 21:12 is not a condemnation of loans and interest. He charged them for where and how this was done.

Biblical Teachings about Profits

"She considers a field and buys it; out of her earnings she plants a vineyard." (Proverbs 31:16, *New International Version*)

"Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their work."
(Ecclesiastes 4:9, *New International Version*)

In addition to addressing the balance sheet, the Bible also speaks to an income statement item, profit. In the term *profit* we include the concept found in the Greek word *tokos*- "interest springing out of the principal." Interest earned is the result of money or goods (resources) put to work.

Examples of profit-making abound. For example, II Kings 4:1-7 tells of a widow woman speaking to Elisha, "But now the creditor is coming to take my two boys as his slaves." Elisha, God's prophet, tells her to "Go around and ask all your neighbors for empty jars." The vessels are miraculously filled with oil. The man of God tells her "Go, sell the oil and pay your debts."

There is nothing inherently wrong with profit. It is simply the by-product of selling what someone else needs (goods or money) and reaping a reward as a result (Burkett, 1994a). Excessive gains motivated by greed and resulting in injustices are condemned by God's Word. However, good stewardship demands a Biblical balance sheet with a view toward optimizing capital structures and resources to earn a profit.

THE GOOD STEWARD'S BALANCED SHEET

"Suppose one of you wants to build a tower. Will he not first sit down and estimate the cost to see if he has enough money to complete it? For if he lays the foundation and is not able to finish it, everyone who sees it will ridicule him, saying, 'This fellow began to build and was not able to finish.'" (Luke 14:28-30, *New International Version*)

"But remember the Lord your God, for it is he who gives you the ability to produce wealth." (Deuteronomy 8:18, *New International Version*)

"Counting the cost" is the principle by which financial debt considerations should be measured. Building a tower, a company, or a personal portfolio requires "sitting down first and counting the cost." God is not glorified in another way. As a Christian, one must exercise prudence when weighing a financial liability. The transaction should be "sufficient to finish" and when examined bring glory to God.

The planning process will lead to a level of debt that maximizes gains, reduces risk and provides a positive return on investment. It promotes the greater good as God is glorified and man is benefitted. The Biblical balance sheet will reflect not only reasonable credit but also sacrifice. Biblical principles support the planning and budgetary processes. Counting the cost may require short-term sacrifices to attain long-term goals.

Counting the cost is a requirement of all good stewards. Many of the financial principles set forth in God's Word are warnings to those who forget they are stewards. The Greek word for steward is "oikonomos" and literally means "the manager of a household or estate" (Vine, 1966). The manager may reap personal blessings as a result of his/her service, but should never claim ownership.

God will never give away His right and title as absolute owner of all things. He has permitted men to manage His possessions, but never has He surrendered to them His proprietorship.

A steward is one who has been entrusted with the care of another's property. The steward manages the affairs and possessions of another without laying claim to ownership. This is clearly seen in the "Parable of the Talents." Each servant at the time of reckoning said to the master, "Thy pound." The master fully expected this, plus a return on the investment.

The Christian who recognizes God's absolute ownership of all things and who considers himself a steward (manager) gladly accepts and practices all that the Bible teaches about the responsibility of one's material blessings. Good stewards should level the balance sheet with the appropriate amount of debt, not for personal gain, but to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness!" (Matthew 25:23, *New International Version*).

(Additional material for this article was contributed by Dave Morrison.)

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Casey Contemplation
by Wayne Day

Clear Night

by Walton Padelford

I saw the stars last night up on the ridge,
and I was amazed—walking and seeing the curve of the sky.

Perceiving a small red glow on the horizon unnerved me
until a lanky friend arrived smoking a pipe.

The stars shooting were small and thin
like tiny cracks in a big black bowl.

The blue planet scrolled upward from the eastern edge,
marking time.

As my breath smoked in the cold, I began to see the clouds—
not rain, mind you, but clouds of stars.

It's been a long time since I've heard their line.

An hour in the sky can clear the brain,
so that trudging back on the gravel path becomes a joy,
and crunching rocks become not noise but talking,
and in the chant of the nightingale, I hear the lyrics.

JUFF Contributors

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