

THE MAGAZINE OF THE OKLAHOMA HUMANITIES COUNCIL

Oklahoma
HUMANITIES

WINTER 2015

*Once Upon
A
Romance*

*Swept up in a tide of passion and intrigue,
it was her story, it was his story,
it was history ...*

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Oklahoma HUMANITIES

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WINTER 2015

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The Oklahoma Humanities Council (OHC) strengthens communities by helping Oklahomans learn about the human experience, understand new perspectives, and participate knowledgeably in civic life. The humanities—disciplines such as history, literature, film studies, ethics, and philosophy—offer a deeper understanding of ourselves and others by confronting us with the questions, values, and meanings of the human experience. As the nonprofit, state partner for the National Endowment for the Humanities, OHC brings people together to explore these ideas through programming and community grants that support book groups, exhibits, film festivals, teacher institutes, and more. OHC engages people in their own communities, providing forums for education, critical thinking, and productive civil discourse.

The opinions expressed in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES are those of the authors. Any views, findings, conclusions, or recommendations expressed in the magazine do not necessarily represent those of the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Oklahoma Humanities Council, its Board of Trustees, staff, or donors.

Reader letters are welcome and may be directed to the editor at: carla@okhumanities.org or by mailing to the above address. Letters are published subject to editorial discretion and may be edited for clarity or space.

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ON THE COVER

Lourdes Blazek, “KalosysArt,” is a digital artist from Argentina specializing in photo manipulations, digital painting, and creating covers for books and CDs. Her artworks have been chosen as book covers for bestselling authors from Europe, the United States, and Latin America. She currently works with a large repertoire of topics: romance, emotional, dark, fantasy, and more. kalosysart.deviantart.com and kalosys.wix.com/kalosysart





WHAT MATTERS TO THE HEART? Romance, of course! The search for passion and love is a storied part of the human experience. Just in time for Valentine's Day, we look at traditions, temptations, and entanglements on the path to "happily ever after."

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from our PERSPECTIVE

IT'S THE NEW YEAR AND WE'RE TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY to give a brief summary of who we are and what we do. We have several new members of our Board of Trustees and some news about our office's impending move.

This magazine is one of several programs that the Oklahoma Humanities Council (OHC) provides free of charge to Oklahomans. It is published three times a year and individuals can receive a free one-year subscription simply by contacting us. After that year, we ask for a donation of any amount that shows your support of our work. Libraries, prison libraries, veterans' centers, colleges and universities, public school libraries, and many nonprofit organizations receive the magazine for free because of the generosity of our donors. We know these recipients value the educational content of each issue.

Our other activities include traveling Smithsonian Institution exhibits; a grant program that supports scholarship and cultural activities across the state; and two reading and discussion programs, *Let's Talk About It, Oklahoma* and *Literature and Medicine*. Check out our calendar of events at our website: okhumanities.org/calendar.

OHC's operating budget is approximately \$1 million a year. Part of our funding comes from the National Endowment for the Humanities, which provides support to all 56 of the state and territorial humanities councils. To match those funds, we ask individuals, corporations, and foundations to support our work. We appreciate all our donors who have supported us throughout our 43 years of service to the state.

A big part of what makes OHC successful is a dedicated Board of Trustees [see list on page 2]. Our trustees represent a wide range of



ANN THOMPSON
Executive Director



SUSAN MCCARTHY
Chair, Board of Trustees

talents and interests and come from across the state. Their expertise and community connections help us to serve the people of Oklahoma.

Finally, be looking for news of our new address. For the last 25 years we have been located in downtown Oklahoma City in a restored fire station that dates from the 1940s. It has served us and several other nonprofits well, but will be razed this year to make way for new development. We won't be going far, and once we are settled in, we'll invite you to visit us in our new location.

Last year we did some major program evaluation and public relations work. Among other useful outcomes was a new mission statement: *The Oklahoma Humanities Council strengthens communities by helping Oklahomans understand the human experience, gain new perspectives, and participate knowledgeably in civic life*. Thank you all for your continued support of the Oklahoma Humanities Council and for your interest in making this important work possible.

why I GIVE

FOOD IS GENERALLY PRETTY BLAND. Potatoes bland. Chicken bland. Fish bland. Pasta bland. Polenta inscrutable. Broccoli and squash inedible. Even a good steak will be bland if not prepared properly. To make food delicious we need the creatives, those who have knowledge of flavors and spices, who can combine them in new interpretations, sculpting dishes for our pleasure. We need chefs. We can't all be culinary masters but we can all patronize them and savor their masterpieces.

When you think about it, life can be pretty bland. Schedules, work, chores, routines. To our rescue come the writers, the teachers, the thinkers, the provocateurs, the documentary film makers, the architects, the poets, the organizers of festivals of every variety—books, art, food, film—and, yes, the chefs. I could go on. They make the spice of life. They give flavor, texture, perspective, pleasure to our otherwise largely bland existence.

They are the practitioners of the humanities. We cannot all be thinkers and practitioners, but we can all be supporters and patrons. It is a noble and ancient tradition. The *Aeneid*, the great epic of Rome, would never have been composed had not one of the wealthiest men of the Empire, Maecenas, provided food, drink, and shelter for Publius Vergilius Maro (we know him as Virgil) as he labored for years, crafting twelve books of Latin dactylic hexameters. It has been so through the centuries. Patrons large and

small keep the flame of the humanities burning with the fuel of treasure they provide. While states, corporations, and foundations today often are the largest “patrons” of the humanities, individuals have a vital role in assuring that the spice continues to be added to life and that the salt we all contribute does not lose its savor.

I make a recurring gift to the Oklahoma Humanities Council each month. That is my support for people and projects that I admire—and some I may never see or hear, but I know that some will and they may well be inspired or moved or better informed. It feels good to give.

There is a little Maecenas in all of us. Become a patron. Sustain the Oklahoma Humanities Council. Put some spice in your life.



Peter G. Pierce,
Norman

CORRECTION:

In our Fall 2014 issue, we misprinted two dates in the article by Christiane Brandt Faris. Adolph Brandt wrote to his brother in 1919 and his passport was dated 1906, not 1916. We regret the error.

Letters

CLASS ACT

When I received the Fall 2014 issue of *Oklahoma HUMANITIES Magazine*, it gave me the additional information I needed for an online course, World War I Memorials. The content was too good to not share with the instructor and other class members—OHC staff graciously sent me copies so I could pass them along. Following are comments from Dr. Rainville and a fellow classmate:

Thank you so much for the magazine on World War I. Interesting reading and references for further research.—Shelby, student
Many thanks for sending the magazine. What a great resource!—Dr. Lynn Rainville, Sweet Briar College; Director, Tusculum Institute

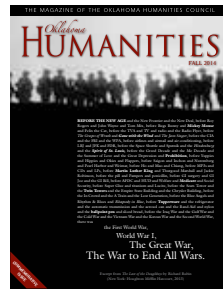
Thank you for your assistance and for producing such an excellent publication.
—Luann Sewell Waters, Wynnewood

WOUNDS OF WAR

I've just looked at the Fall 2014 issue of *Oklahoma HUMANITIES*. The cover is brilliant. It's touching and it's a keeper. My father, Dale Smith, was wounded in France in 1918, driving a supply truck that was bombed, and spent three months in hospitals. He never talked about the war. He was 21 years old and probably very frightened, as I would have been if I were in a combat zone. My father never made peace with the "Huns."

As in all wars, there was an inhumanness: I once met a man who had been exposed to mustard gas. His throat and vocal cords were nearly destroyed. "Trench foot" also came out of this war. Standing in water-logged trenches led to diseases and amputations of limbs that, today, could have been saved. Your stories showed the inane mentality of that fighting, all at the cost of lives and injuries. You also correctly referenced Woodrow Wilson and his election campaign in 1916, "He kept us out of war"—and then he sent us into it two years later. It reminds me of another recent U.S. President.

—Dr. Donald Smith, Oklahoma City



FILLING THE GAPS

The Fall 2014 issue of *Oklahoma HUMANITIES*, commemorating the centenary of the First World War, inspired a companion display at the John Vaughan Library at Northeastern State University. Graduate students in Dr. Melissa Strong's Women's Literature class prepared posters and annotated bibliographies for the library display; several also created lesson plans for high school classes. Students' projects addressed soldier suicide, amputation, female nurses, and women's pursuit of non-traditional roles. While identifying material for the display, librarian Gary Cheatham noticed there were relatively few monographs dealing with the role of women in the conflict; similar gaps exist in the literary canon. Through their contributions to the library display, students helped fill in those gaps while sharpening skills that will benefit their careers. It was a unique opportunity to work together in support of our community, colleagues, faculty, and students.

—SophiaBeverley Thrëatt
Librarian and WWI Display Coordinator
John Vaughan Library, Northeastern State University

HOME RUN

Congratulations on the Fall 2014 issue on World War I. Again, *Oklahoma HUMANITIES* hits a home run. It makes me so proud to be a "Eufaula boy," growing up in a state full of history and people who care about the preservation of our past. I appreciate all you folks do.

—Mac R. Harris, Brookings, South Dakota

DOUBLE SCORE

Your last two issues of *Oklahoma HUMANITIES Magazine* were terrific: informational and provocative. Keep up the good work for our state and its people.

—Jan Vassar, Chandler

Love our magazine?



Then check out our other programs ...

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT, OKLAHOMA
Discussions about great literature

MUSEUM ON MAIN STREET
Smithsonian exhibits in rural Oklahoma

THINK & DRINK
Conversations on issues and ideas

LITERATURE & MEDICINE
Using literature to improve health care

COMMUNITY GRANTS
Funding for programs at the local level

Find events and info at our website:
okhumanities.org



EDITOR'S NOTE

Can the humanities be sassy? You bet they can, and this issue proves it.

In our quest to bring you interesting—and, yes, surprising!—ways to present the humanities and how they add meaning to our lives, we hit upon the idea of exploring the *everyday* of human experience rather than the broad, staid *disciplines* of the humanities. Perhaps, we thought, we could look at what the humanities tell us about human emotion—say, passion, love, romance.

Fearing the lurid sites that could pop up from a Google search on *passion*, and the saccharine sentiments that would surely fall under *love*, the safer search term was definitely *romance*. Cue the choir with a glorious “Ahhh!” Wonder of wonders we find that romance novels defy their 1970s label as “simplistic, anti-feminist brain candy.” Not only do romance novels reflect a twenty-first-century zeitgeist, not only are they mega-moneymakers, the genre is being adopted, studied, and critiqued by a new movement of literature, popular culture, and social-behavior scholars. Jayashree Kamble enlightens us on the serious work she and colleagues are doing, mining the genre for topics as diverse as class, gender, ethnicity, religion, politics, and capitalism, how these issues affect human relationships, and how they are reflected in history and popular culture.

In a real-world contemplation of marriage as the longed-for happily ever after, Meghan Laslocky tells us that matchmaking is an age-old profession and that arranged marriages make sense. Who better than family knows you well enough to find the perfect setup?

If you're going it alone, don't miss Mary Brodnax's “Movie Lover's Guide to Kissing.” From Buster Keaton to Romeo and Juliet, her tutorial will have you rushing to make a movie date.

Come February 14th, anyone with romantic prospects will ensure goodwill with that most ubiquitous gesture of affection—the valentine. Nancy Rosin gives us a brief history on the practice of exchanging these lovely paper greetings, and the Gilcrease Museum provides images from a young Oklahoma woman's collection dating from statehood.

Poetry, anyone? Jessica Glover tells us that contemporary female poets are dancing to a different meter. This is not your mother's sing-song rhyme. Today's women have strong voices. They are romancing readers with bold analogies, vivid metaphors, and in-your-face



To My Valentine, c. 1890. Cupid paddles a rose-filled boat named *Hearts Delight*. Inscription reads: *Pray, Sweetheart, send me just a line, to say you'll be my Valentine*. Library of Congress

declarations of love and despair—we can't all have a happy ending.

Never fear, this issue isn't all hearts and flowers. When you're ready to embrace reality, sans romance, there's nothing like a good dose of sports. Catch Amy Carreiro's article on Oklahoma athletes. As state scholar on this year's project, she previews OHC's ten-month tour of the Smithsonian traveling exhibit *Hometown Teams*, set to appear in six Oklahoma communities beginning in March. Amy explores the hurdles that Oklahoma athletes have overcome to make their mark on sports history.

In closing, no foray into romance would be complete without a confession of true love. Mine has lasted more than forty years. To what am I so devoted? I'll give you a hint: I'm a sucker for happy endings. In reference to romance novels' new cachet and literary worth ... well, I knew it all along.

Carla Walker, Editor
carla@okhumanities.org

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Carla".

Have a comment, question, or suggestion?

Email the editor at carla@okhumanities.org or tweet us: @okhumanities



A heart-shaped valentine, 4 x 4 inches, with cream roses meaning charm and thoughtfulness. Dated 1894. Inside reads: *I send you, love, a line. I'll be your Valentine.* GM5316.1274

Sount of the Heart

The Edna Crockett Valentines

Nancy Rosin

*The art and heart of exchanging valentines.
Treasures from the Gilcrease Museum*

Over time, even the simplest items of a personal nature can become treasures. Whether they appear to be extraordinary, seemingly unimportant, or even ephemeral, they are tangible reminders of childhood, adventures, or love, evoking fond memories and rekindling tender emotions. Personal items cherished by an earlier generation and saved—intentionally or by accident—lend perspective to our knowledge of the past and help to clarify our journey to the present. Fortunately, our forebears have provided a unique resource, their own history; we embrace the fact that their fingerprints still illuminate the personal objects we hold in the palms of our hands. These relics and the stories they tell deepen our understanding of people who were much like us, but lived in a very different time, people whose dreams built this place we call home. A unique collection of paper valentines preserved in the archives of the Gilcrease Museum offers an irresistible opportunity for an exploration into the lore of sentimental keepsakes.



Calling Cards

The Victorian calling card was a mark of genteel etiquette and sophistication. Also known as hidden name cards, these would be presented on specific visiting days at proper homes, or left on a small tray in the foyer. Not much larger than an inch by two, calling cards might be elaborately fringed with silk floss or bear simple calligraphy; most were similar to the three shown above. A die-cut chromolithographed image, called a scrap, would be glued to the card at one edge; when the scrap was lifted from the opposite side, the caller's name was revealed. A popular motif was the outstretched hand, symbolic of friendship.

Numerous sample books and folders arrived from companies as far away as Pennsylvania and Ohio, from traveling salesmen, or from local entrepreneurs, who eagerly encouraged the inexpensive and popular trend. Enticing designs and custom printing made calling cards an essential and tasteful accessory in this rising community. GM5316.1285; 1286; 1287

Expressions of Love: A History

The exchange of expressions of love and friendship goes as far back as the first time a beautiful flower was offered as a gesture of tenderness, or the gentle touch of a delicate feather signified romance, or perhaps, when poetry was first inscribed for a beloved. In an ancient Roman springtime festival, the Feast of Lupercalia, a written name drawn from an urn on a sacred altar revealed a chosen lover for the year. In later festive celebrations reminiscent of that early pagan rite, the choice of a love partner was also selected in the style of a lottery. For centuries, the chosen lover was called a "valentine" in honor of the third-century martyr, Valentinus, patron saint of lovers. The word *valentine* came to signify not a person but the gift we recognize as today's valentine.

As early as the 14th century, sacred religious tokens known as devotionals—or *canivets*, *dévotes dentelles*, or *andachtsbilden*, depending upon the area of their European origin—were skillfully handmade using the same knife that would have been used to sharpen quills for writing. (See Anne Ball, *Encyclopedia of Catholic Devotions and Practices*, Huntington, IN: Our Sunday Visitor Publishing Company, 2002; and Philip N. Cronenwett, *Characteribus ex Nulla material Compositus: A Unique Manuscript Format*, Dartmouth College Library Bulletin, 1995.)

These delicate parchment tokens, the precursors of the lace-and-paper valentine, were created in convents, decorated in honor of a saint, and sold to benefit the church. Given with respect, admiration, friendship, or love, crafted on parchment or vellum, they were the epitome of the personal love token. Collectors of antique valentines seek them as important touchstones that reflect the purest example of the form. As revered gifts, they celebrated special occasions such as birth, first communion, marriage, birthdays, friendship, mourning, or simply were expressions of love. The religious designs emulated tatted lace of the era and incorporated motifs such as the sacred heart and the dove, representing the Holy Spirit, gouache paintings of saints, as well as floral bouquets, swags, ribbons, and ornate borders. As time passed, the hearts came to symbolize the lovers, and the religious devotion gradually dissolved away, replaced by a secular, romantic love. The emblems, cut or printed upon paper, endured, and became the characteristic designs we recognize today as symbolic of romance.

Permission for Love

A holiday for love was welcomed as a festive excuse for romantic indulgence among every stratum of society. The tradition was enhanced by the evolution of paper valentines that were increasingly available to a very receptive audience. As a result of numerous advances in printing and paper-making techniques and the development of an efficient and inexpensive means of postal delivery, the holiday reached its pinnacle by the mid-nineteenth century. The availability of a vast variety of valentines, at every price, expanded and democratized the observation of the holiday. There were satiric or caustic products for a certain audience and amorous ones for traditional romantics. The competition between English valentine manufacturers resulted in the creation of a wide range of exquisite offerings using engraving, lithography, and cameo-embossed lace paper. Businesses profited from their



"Arrival of the Country Postman On St. Valentine's Morning," *Harper's Weekly*, New York, Feb. 19, 1859. Nancy Rosin Collection

enormous popularity, which further encouraged the ascent of the most popular holiday.

The progression from the earliest European religious keepsakes and the majestic Austrian friendship cards to the superb British paper lace examples is filled with magnificent specimens of art on paper. Technological developments fed the flow from handmade to machine-made paper lace, creating a beautiful canvas for ornate confections. Embellished with tiny faux jewels, feathers, ribbons, floral decorations, metallic die cuts, and often even scented, they ranged from simple elegance to overloaded garish creations—increasingly costly, but enthusiastically given and received.

A cadre of focused writers made Saint Valentine's Day a major theme for newspapers and magazines. Many upcoming young artists were captivated by the romantic imagery and participated in the creative process, as well as the timely publicity. It was an extraordinary era, when the reality of the brevity of life, the joys of romance, the blessed fulfillment of marriage, and the certainty of death, were celebrated intensely in poetry and art. Journals and keepsake albums became repositories for much of what we now call ephemera, the items of everyday life that reveal valuable insight about the past.

As technological change affected the pace of nineteenth century life, the time once available for creating handmade expressions of love at home began to decrease. New machines could now manufacture paper valentines inexpensively, and the holiday came within the reach of an eager public, anxious to acquire an item representative of the latest popular trend. Sentimental wishes could now be bestowed upon everyone on one's list, wherever the mail could be carried.

Prior to the modern postal service, recipients paid upon receipt of their greetings, the rate dependent upon the weight of the mail, and the distance carried—which would have been by coach or horseback. Valentines were generally sent anonymously, so many an irate father would be faced with an enormous expense, but willingly suffer the burden for the sake of a lovely



An embossed pink and gold blank, 3.5 x 5 inches, adorned with red paper showing through paper lace. A pensive cupid sits above a fellow cupid delivering a letter while riding a swan. A pink daisy carries the message: *With affection and regard.* Printed inside: *Never, O never doubt my true heart. Though we may linger far, far apart! Day thought and night dream, thou art to me. All my life's pathways lead me to thee.* GM5316.1271

The Language of Flowers

Acacia – <i>Platonic Love</i>	Corn – <i>Riches</i>	Larkspur – <i>Swiftness</i>	Rose – <i>Love and Beauty</i>
Acanthus – <i>The Arts</i>	Cowslip – <i>Early Joys</i>	Laurel – <i>Glory</i>	Rose Bud – <i>Young Girl</i>
Almond – <i>Thoughtlessness</i>	Crocus – <i>Pleasures of Hope</i>	Lavender – <i>Distrust</i>	Rosemary – <i>Your Presence</i>
Amaranth – <i>Immortality</i>	Daffodil – <i>Unrequited Love</i>	Lilac – <i>First Emotion of Love</i>	<i>Revives Me</i>
Amaryllis – <i>Pride</i>	Dahlia – <i>My Gratitude Exceeds</i>	Lily – <i>Majesty</i>	Sage – <i>Esteem</i>
American Cowslip – <i>You Are My</i>	<i>Your Care</i>	Lily of the Valley – <i>Return of</i>	Scarlet Geranium – <i>Folly</i>
<i>Angel</i>	Daisy – <i>Innocence</i>	<i>Happiness</i>	Sprig of Spruce – <i>Farewell</i>
Apple Blossom – <i>Preference</i>	Dandelion – <i>Oracle</i>	Marigold – <i>Pain</i>	Star of Bethlehem – <i>Purity</i>
Ash – <i>Grandeur</i>	Evening Primrose – <i>Inconstancy</i>	Mistletoe – <i>I Rise Above All</i>	Strawberry – <i>Perfect Goodness</i>
Balsam – <i>Impatience</i>	Fennel – <i>Strength</i>	Moss – <i>Maternal Love</i>	Sunflower – <i>False Riches</i>
Beech – <i>Prosperity</i>	Fern – <i>Sincerity</i>	Moss Rose – <i>Love, Voluptuousness</i>	Violet – <i>Modesty</i>
Birch Tree – <i>Gracefulness</i>	Forget-me-not – <i>Do Not Forget Me</i>	Oak – <i>Hospitality</i>	Tulip – <i>Declaration of Love</i>
Bachelor's Button – <i>Celibacy</i>	German Iris – <i>Ardor, Flame</i>	Pansy – <i>Think of Me</i>	Weeping Willow – <i>Melancholy</i>
Bluebell – <i>Kindness</i>	Hollyhock – <i>Fruitfulness</i>	Passion Flower – <i>Faith</i>	Wheat – <i>Riches</i>
Buttercups – <i>Cheerfulness</i>	Honeysuckle – <i>Bonds of Love</i>	Peony – <i>Shame</i>	White Rose – <i>Silence</i>
Candytuft – <i>Indifference</i>	Horse-Chestnut – <i>Luxury</i>	Peppermint – <i>Warmth of</i>	Wreath of Roses – <i>Rewards of</i>
Cherry – <i>Good Education</i>	Hyacinth – <i>Game, Play</i>	<i>Sentiment</i>	<i>Virtue</i>
Clematis – <i>Artifice</i>	Hydrangea – <i>You Are Cold</i>	Periwinkle – <i>Pleasing</i>	Wreath of White Daisies – <i>I Will</i>
Clove – <i>Dignity</i>	Ivy – <i>Friendship</i>	<i>Remembrances</i>	<i>Think of It</i>
Columbine – <i>Folly</i>	Jonquil – <i>Desire</i>	Pine Tree – <i>Daring</i>	Yellow Rose – <i>Unfaithfulness</i>

Information on the Victorian meanings of flowers comes from Robert Tyas, *The Language of Flowers; Floral Emblems of Thoughts, Feelings, and Sentiments* (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1869), and *The Language and Poetry of Flowers, and Poetic Handbook of Wedding Anniversary Pieces, Album Verses, and Valentines, Together with a Great Number of Beautiful Poetical Quotations From Famous Authors* (New York: Hurst & Co., Publishers, no date).



A McLoughlin Company card, 4 x 6.
GM5316.1283



An embossed card, 3 x 4, with applied lacework and a scrap of roses and violets. The delicate flower design of the blanks is in the style of the George Whitney Company, Worcester, MA, a major producer of valentines. Printed inside: *O tell me how to woo thee, love, He sang and wandered by; My queen thou art O dearest heart, no other love have I. She softly laughed, he turned his head, she whispered soft and low: "If so you love me," sweetheart said, "why don't you tell me so?"* Written on back: *Edna Crockett, 1894.* GM5316.1276



An embossed card, 3 x 4 inches, with intricately-layered flowers and a crocus (signifying cheer) scrap pasted in the center. The date 1892 is inscribed on the back. Printed inside is a poem, "Love's Question": *I send a question to thee, dear, each morning by the lark, and every night the nightingale, brings answer ere the dark. The question needs no other words and this is the reply—I'll love thee, dearest, while I live. And bless thee if I die.* GM5316.1269

daughter and her unknown suitors. With set rates, pre-stamped mail included weight allowances to make envelopes feasible, and valentines could be more private than ever, and shielded from the curious.

Besides being a popular mode for affectionate greetings, sentimental offerings, amorous prose, or even secret messages, valentines frequently became the vehicle for marriage proposals. This was the one occasion when women could send messages protected by the traditional anonymity of the unsigned valentine. Guessing the suitor was a great part of the intoxicating fascination. Heavily advertised to soldiers at the time of the Civil War, valentines proved to be a soothing balm to their absence, and were often the sole link to home—and an enhancement of the will to survive. Notes longingly written upon the valentines shared stories of war and bittersweet thoughts of home.

By the 1850s, the process of chromolithography began to be adopted, and color printing gradually became the rage. That meant that valentines could be decoratively printed in appealing colors, and embellishments once laboriously handcrafted could be machine-made. Until the end of the 19th century, when imported fold-down, open-out valentines and colorful postcards stole everyone's attention, the chromolithographed blank, often in several colors, became the background on which decorations could be applied. These modernized valentines were cherished as much as more elaborate versions from an earlier era. Far from ephemeral, these trifles were regarded as special objects worthy of being saved in the safest of places—albums, trunks, and often, because they were deemed nearly sacred, between the pages of the family Bible.

The Crockett Valentines

The twenty-four valentines and three calling cards [see sidebar, page 8] in the Gilcrease collection, all dated between 1890 and 1895, bear the name of Edna Crockett, for these are her saved

treasures. There is no recorded provenance for the collection, and we do not know where and how Edna Crockett lived. She may have been a city dweller or a pioneer. We do know that in the late 19th century valentines were widely available in the large cities. They were also sold by traveling salesmen, or could be ordered by mail. Personal collections of valentines were treasured.

The Chronicles of Oklahoma in the digital archives of the University of Oklahoma Library preserves the story of one such personal valentine collection belonging to a young settler, Augusta Carson Metcalf. In "My life in the Indian Territory of Oklahoma," she recounts her family's arduous wagon crossing of the flooded South Canadian River:

Well a lot of things got wet. I still have a few of the valentines Aunt Belle had sent us from Philadelphia, and they have the brand of that Canadian Flood on them—river mud. (Melvin Harrel, Vol. 33, 1955)

The cherished valentines survived, a connection to the past, guarded tenderly as a talisman. History is built on such an illuminating detail.

Whatever route valentines took, whether carried by railroad, stagecoach, canoe, horseback, steamboat, or blissfully hand-delivered, the excitement of receiving them was the same. Valentine's Day spread west and eventually reached California, where it has been popular since the days of the Gold Rush.

A Holiday for Everyone

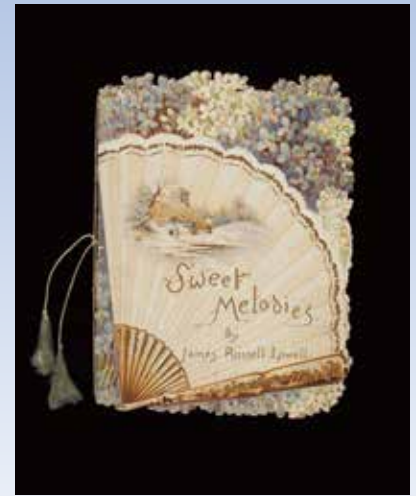
Die-cutting and chromolithography, two of the mechanical processes used in the creation of appealing cards, had become much more affordable by the time Edna's valentines were made, enabling the less expensive merchandise to be more widely distributed. Two prominent companies dominated sales, George Whitney of Worcester, Massachusetts, and the McLoughlin



An embossed card, 4 x 6 inches, with a rose, symbol of love and beauty. On the back is written: *Harry*. A printed red “C” in the upper right corner on the back is a price/size code for McLoughlin Company. GM5316.1284



Manufactured using the same blank, these cards are printed inside: *Lo! At thy feet I lie, I am all thine. One smile do not deny thy Valentine*. At left, a little girl holding a bouquet and a letter and inscribed on back: 1893, *Edna, E.L.* GM5316.1272. At right, a heart framing a rose, inscribed date on the back: 1890. GM5316.1278



Sweet Melodies. This 4 x 6 fan-shaped booklet with silk tassel is reminiscent of an elegant dance program. On the back is written *O.L.* Inside are sentimental verses from famed American poet James Russell Lowell. Published by Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., Publishers to the Queen (London, Paris, and New York), printed in Germany. GM5316.1280

Company of New York City. The magnitude of the McLoughlin business empowered them to provide a sophisticated service to stationers throughout the country in the form of printed catalogs. New ones were mailed out annually, listing the varieties available by the gross, or in selected assortments. Even shopkeepers in distant areas were encouraged to “buy early” to meet the demand.

While there were comic “vinegar” valentines catering to a specific audience, the popular traditional items were charming and romantic, often exceptional in taste and assembly, and were accompanied by decoratively embossed envelopes. The sizes and degree of decoration advanced by an alphabetical code designating the price, from a penny to seventy-five cents each (in today’s dollars, approximately twenty cents to \$15), wholesale. Boxed lots were not always marked individually, as the exterior of the box would bear the letter code. It is possible to find numerous examples of the same design, obviously copied from a template, and to study the blanks—the base layer of the design—for different, increasingly elaborate variations. It is a fascinating aspect to collecting, affording hours of pleasure; the fact that these can still be found is exciting. Several pieces in this collection bear marks that associate them with this company; gratifying detective work identified others by comparing the base layer of the card. Lost were the personal touches, the individuality, and the infinitesimal detail, but people were entering a modern age, and chromolithography made it possible to mass-produce by machine.

Over five centuries, through all its stages of evolution and forms, changing from a person to a gift, from ethereal calligraphy to commercially printed poetry, elaborate or naïve, or embellished with a mystical secret language of flowers and designs, the message of the valentine has remained constant. We continue to honor it as an inexpressibly tender tribute of love and affection.

NANCY ROSIN is president of The Ephemera Society of America (ephemerasy.com) and president of the National Valentine Collectors Association (valentinecollectors.com). This article first appeared in the Fall 2013 issue of *The Journal of Gilcrease Museum*. Text and images provided courtesy the Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

EXTRA! | READ | THINK | TALK | LINK

- *CBS Sunday Morning*, “Collector’s Rare Valentine’s Day Cards.” Charles Osgood narrates this video profile of Nancy Rosin and her collection of more than 10,000 period valentines. cbsnews.com
- *John Johnson Collection of Printed Ephemera*, Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford. See examples of traditional and comic valentines and an online exhibit, “The Season for Love.” To read about the collector and his effort to preserve a massive paper heritage, explore the “About Us” section of the homepage. bodleian.ox.ac.uk/johnson (search: *Valentine*)
- *Eugene Rimmel—Master of Scent & Sentiment*, National Valentine Collectors Association. Online exhibit of Victorian-era valentines created by the staff of famed London perfumer Eugene Rimmel. valentinecollectors.com/rimmel
- *Valentine’s Day: Love and Derision “By the Bushel,”* The Victorian Web. Short article by professor Catherine J. Golden on how the penny post made the exchange of valentines affordable for everyone: victorianweb.org/technology/letters/valentine.html
- *Love Poems*, Poetry Foundation. A collection of classic and contemporary love poems to share: poetryfoundation.org/love-poems



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The Fortune

Matchmaking: The Second-Oldest Profession

By Meghan Laslocky

Art by Tammy L. Brummell

Making the perfect match is a global, centuries-old tradition.

Much as it might offend our Western sensibilities, matchmaking and arranged marriages are still de rigueur in many cultures, although how it's done, as well as why, varies widely. Among traditional Turks a young man might signal his readiness to get married by a deliberate show of grumpiness, in which case his mother puts the wheels in motion to find him a suitable wife while his father stands aside, maintaining the requisite emotional distance that society expects between fathers and sons. In Kenya the Meru, a Bantu tribe, rely on what we'd think as a maddeningly obtuse metaphorical exchange in order to determine whether a match can be made: The boy's father might ask the girl's father if there was any water nearby to be had, and if his daughter was already engaged, the girl's father would say that someone had already drunk the water. But if his daughter was available and it seemed like a good match, they'd strike a deal and skip the water to instead share a ceremonial beer.

For many societies, marrying up is the name of the game, but in Egypt, according to ethnographers, it's not considered to one's advantage to marry above one's station—doing so is asking for trouble, because then one partner is inevitably more sophisticated than the other and will have too-high expectations. And then among some Jewish communities, there is a very practical and scientific justification for matchmaking: With DNA analysis, they're able to weed out incompatible genetic matches that can result in Tay-Sachs disease, cystic fibrosis, and Canavan disease in a couple's progeny. Sure, matchmaking is just plain practical in many traditional societies, but it can also head off all manner of heartbreaks, and not just romantic ones.

Never Match An Ox With A Dog

In China before the twentieth century, marriages were almost always arranged, and the basic foundation for it was *men dang bu dui*—the idea that both families should be of the same social and economic status. Typically, when a child became an adolescent, the parents enlisted the help of a professional matchmaker (usually an elderly married woman with excellent people skills) who would be armed with the basics about every eligible person in her community. She made it her business to constantly propose matches until she hit the sweet spot.



Sad Mia

Traditional Chinese culture boasted a particularly nifty variation on arranged unions called a “ghost marriage,” in which a living person, usually a woman, married a dead man. A ghost marriage could be deployed if a bride's fiancé died, so she could still have the protection of his family. But in the early twentieth century, ghost marriages became popular among women resistant to marriage, particularly those who were silk producers in the Canton Delta that wanted to be financially independent. According to historians, competition for a dead man's hand was fierce, with women reporting that “it's not so easy to find an unmarried dead man to marry.”



Abstract 1.3



Abstract 1.7

As detailed in the book *Mate Selection Across Cultures*, while matchmakers proposed an initial match based on *men dang bu dui*, when it got down to the families making an actual decision, they pulled out Chinese superstition's big guns: ancestors and zodiac signs. Once a family approved a boy as a possible mate for their daughter, the matchmaker would write down the time and date of the girl's birth on a piece of paper, take it to the boy's family, and there it would sit on their ancestral altar for three days. If after three days nothing bad happened ("bad" being anything from a stomach-ache to a death in the family), then both sets of parents would move on to the next step—consulting an astrologer to see if their children's zodiac signs were compatible. Now, if *that* proved to be a bad match (never set up an ox with a dog or a rat with a rabbit), then the deal was immediately called off. If, however, the zodiac signs proved compatible,

then the boy's family would give the girl's family a slip of paper with *his* birth details, they'd set it on their altar for three days, and provided that no indigestion or dislocated shoulders descended on the family ... well, then they were good to go.

To many of us, this system seems curious, but given that China was traditionally a collectivist society, it made perfect sense. Moreover, in a culture where elders and ancestors were revered, it was logical that important decisions like whom to marry weren't left to the inexperienced young. And while it's certainly impossible to ascertain just how many good marriages came out of this system, we can't discount the fact that an arranged marriage could be a very caring, even passionate one, while as we all know, a love match can easily deteriorate into bitterness and profound disappointment. As one elderly Chinese man who had an arranged marriage in 1940 put it, because he "dated" his wife only *after* marrying her, their union was "cold at the start but hot at the end."

While arranged marriages were outlawed the year after the communists came to power in 1949, over time love, rather than political stature or job prestige in the Communist order, became a solid prerequisite for a successful marriage, and these days dating and premarital sex, particularly in the "love haven" of college, is now very much the norm.

Good Dharma

Now let's look at India, where globalization and modernization have taken firm root, where women are commonly elected to the highest government positions, and around 95 percent of Hindu marriages are arranged.

Just as in traditional China, Indian culture champions collectivism—the greater good and the family's success over individuals' happiness. And also as with China, elders are expected to have the best judgment when it comes to a mate for a young

person, with young people often agreeing that their parents have known them their whole lives and have their best interests at heart. Their best interests, moreover, are rooted in compatibility over the long term rather than romantic love at the outset. Even among educated upper-middle-class women who could choose to find a mate themselves, arranged matches are often preferred for a host of reasons, not the least of which is surely that an arranged marriage qualifies as *dbarma* (righteous), while a marriage not arranged by one's kin is seen as *adbarma* (non-righteous). Overall, women in *dbarma* marriages are better respected than their *adbarma* counterparts. Finally, there is more collective accountability in an arranged marriage. If the going gets rough, the parents involved are more likely to play a supportive role, guiding the couple toward peace and productivity, whereas in a love marriage when things go south, a couple is on their own when it comes to sorting things out.

The matchmaking process often goes something like this: A young person's elders (parents, aunts and uncles) pay a visit to a broker who will have listings of hundreds or even thousands of candidates, or maybe they'll post an advertisement online or in the newspaper. What they're looking for is someone who is a good match in terms of education, class, and family values. Once the pool is narrowed down to the most promising candidate and both families agree to meet, they might all gather at someone else's home, a country club, or a restaurant. The prospective couple might chat alone or even go off to a local coffee shop while the parents size up one another. Everyone is keenly aware that this is a pairing of two families as much as it is of two people, if not more so.

If everyone is game, the next step is to exchange horoscopes, with the prospective couple's compatibility rated by factors like their behaviors and interests, their attraction to each other, their "nature match" (e.g., never put two people with hot tempers together), emotional sturdiness during crises, and longevity of life. All of the factors add up to thirty-six points or *gunas*. If one's prospective mate gets a score of less than eighteen *gunas*, then the deal is off. Eighteen to twenty-four *gunas* is thought to result in an average match, twenty-five to thirty-two *gunas* counts as a very good match, and if the score is more than thirty-two points, then you've got yourself a winner. (And if for any reason one or the other party wants out, then either family can fall back on the horoscopes and say it just wasn't a good match according to the stars, and everyone saves face.)

Then, after a quick negotiation over things like who is going to pay for the wedding, what sort of gifts the bride's family will throw in to sweeten the deal (which could be cash, furniture, gold jewelry, land, or pots and pans, but these are not contractual obligations), they get married. Long engagements are sometimes frowned upon as risky, and sometimes it's a matter of days between first meeting to wedding night. A couple can use the time between the engagement and the wedding to date and become romantic.

Now, many Westerners are quick to vilify arranged marriages like these. They're seen not only as completely lacking in romance but demeaning to women, a terrifying example of the mad clutch of patriarchy. Moreover, there are plenty of ways an arranged marriage can be less than perfect, not the least of which is that Indian brides leave their natal homes to live with their husband and often their husband's parents. For many a bride, issues arise not so much with her husband as with her mother-in-law—the real keeper of power in domestic life.

But as increasing numbers of Indian women are becoming better educated and seek careers outside of the home, we have to ask the question, why has arranged marriage endured? The



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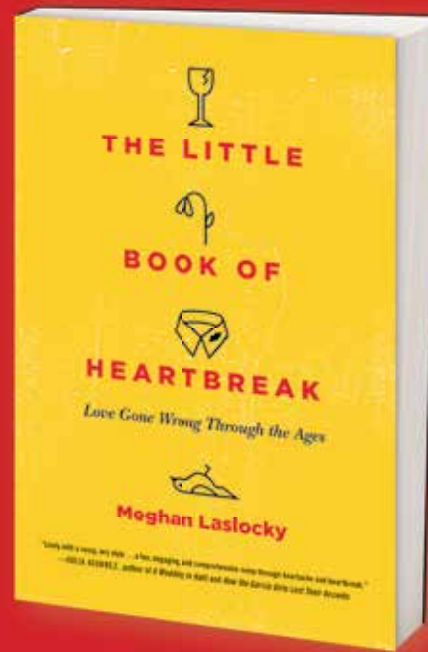
- ▶ “Jewish Matchmaking Is Alive And Well, With Some Post-Shtetl Updates,” Rebecca Adams, *The Huffington Post*, June 18, 2014. Singles in the Jewish community are using global dating websites that offer modern-day matchmaking services. huffingtonpost.com
- ▶ “Modern Lessons From Arranged Marriages,” Ji Hyun Lee, *The New York Times*, January 18, 2013. One key to strong, successful arranged marriages is the amount of parental involvement. nytimes.com
- ▶ “For China’s Educated Single Ladies, Finding Love Is Often a Struggle,” Sushma Subramanian and Deborah Jian Lee, *The Atlantic*, October 19, 2011. In China, the tradition of “marrying up” leaves many highly-educated women without partners. theatlantic.com
- ▶ “Arranged Marriage: Trapped Between Two Cultures,” Jamie Tarabay, *Morning Edition*, NPR, October 14, 2008. Arranged marriage can be a source of contention between Muslim immigrant parents and their adult children who have grown up in the United States. npr.org

answer just might be “Because it works.” Of course not every arranged marriage is happy, but plenty are, and plenty of *dbarma* couples recount their very first meeting with a narrative that sounds an awful lot like love at first sight. Maybe arranged marriage is far more empowering to a woman than an outsider might think. Falling in love, after all, means loss of power. Marriage is a long, difficult haul, and romantic love too often has a short lifespan and ends unhappily. Maybe the enduring nature of arranged marriage in India, a country that otherwise has rocketed towards modernity, is due to an update of the tradition. It’s as if the culture kept the good things about arranged marriage—the careful selection of an appropriate mate, guided by loved ones—and dumped many of the bad parts, like the emphasis on property (dowries, or the contractual property exchange involved in marriage, were officially outlawed in 1961). Well-crafted arranged marriages might result in less heartbreak, result in fewer fractured (and fractious!) marriages, thereby underpinning a more stable society. The divorce rate in India is 1.1 percent, while in the United States it is, staggeringly, 50 percent. Maybe that’s a trade-off worth thinking about.

MEGHAN LASLOCKY graduated from Middlebury College, where she studied English literature, and studied at the UC Berkeley Graduate School of Journalism, where she received the Clay Felker Award for Excellence in Magazine Writing. The above text is excerpted from her first book, *The Little Book of Heartbreak: Love Gone Wrong Through the Ages*. Copyright © 2013 by Meghan Laslocky. Used by permission of Plume, an imprint of Penguin Group (USA) LLC.

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A quirky exploration of all things lovelorn, featuring anecdotes from history, literature, culture, art and music.



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—O Magazine

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—The Toronto Star

ON SALE NOW.

The Movie Lover's Guide to

Kissing

By Mary Brodnax

Tips and clips for reel romance

Ah, the movie kiss. So satisfying, isn't it? Especially when deftly delivered. But reality always gets in the way. Take this scene from *The Americanization of Emily* (1964). The young couple is boating down a stream, having a bit of fun before soldier Charlie ships out. While Emily reclines, Charlie is struggling to push the boat along with a long pole.

Emily: As Sheila would say, it's too bloody lovely, really it is.

Charlie: Well, she's not doing the bloody poling!

Emily: It's defiant, is it? Just give it a big push.

(They make it to shore and laugh their way to a picnic spot. Emily plops down, lies on the grass, laughing.)

Charlie joins her and they embrace for a long kiss.)

Emily: Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie ...

(Thorough kiss)

Charlie: Oh, I love you, Emily.

(Another kiss and lingering embrace)

Emily: How many more weeks do we have?

Charlie: Three, maybe four. (Kiss) I know Admiral Jessop has to be back in Washington by the end of June.

Emily: Oh, lord, I hope I don't get pregnant.

Zzzzzzzzzzz—! Let's back up a few frames, Emily.



Remember when you were that uncomfortable, uncoordinated teenager anticipating a magical first kiss? The question was, how? How do you ensure a smooth move if you've never done it before? When I think back to how I learned to kiss, I would say trial and error was the primary method of instruction (If there were manuals on how to kiss, who was reading them?), but the movies surely provided inspiration. Ask people about favorite films with great kisses and you'll get blockbusters like *Gone with the Wind* (1939), *Casablanca* (1942), *From Here to Eternity* (1953), *First Knight* (1995), *Love Actually* (2003), and *Brokeback Mountain* (2005). An impressive film, especially one with a well-executed kiss, has staying power in the imagination.

The most memorable screen kiss I saw as a child was between Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey in Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* (1968). There are folks for whom the kiss between Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable in *Gone with the Wind* is sacrosanct; but to *this* stick-fencing tomboy, Gable just seemed old and Leigh bafflingly flirtly. No, *Romeo and Juliet* was more exciting and the love scenes between Whiting and Hussey deserved the term *eye-opening*.



Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in *Gone with the Wind*, 1939; Selznick International Pictures, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM)

For a child of the Sixties, there were frightening events happening in the world (the assassinations of JFK and MLK, Jr., the Birmingham church bombing, the Kent State shootings). Though hardly important compared to these things, the interracial kisses between Captain Kirk and Lt. Uhura (in the 1968 *Star Trek* episode "Plato's Stepchildren") and between Sidney Poitier and Katherine Houghton (in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*) provided moments of optimism. By the time *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* was released in 1967, some viewers complained that it was too little, too late; the kiss between Poitier and Houghton was relegated to a reflection in a mirror. Today, it is impossible to watch director Stanley Kramer's film and not remember that it was released in the same year that the Supreme Court struck down laws prohibiting interracial marriage in the *Loving v. Virginia* decision.

From my current vantage point, the world is no less complicated and I sometimes turn to movies for purely escapist reasons (although I rarely watch a film without drawing *some* parallels to the world around us). But just for fun, let's see what helpful hints the movies offer on that ageless question—how to kiss.

TIP 1: *Watch a master.*

If Buster Keaton were alive today, he would surely tell us that "talkies" made little improvement on the silent film kiss—the gesture is timeless, no matter the medium. In *Sherlock, Jr.* (1924), Keaton addresses the question of whether the movies are simply entertainment or if they are a model for our actions.

Keaton plays The Projectionist, a lonely fellow working at a movie theater. He longs to impress his girl (Kathryn McGuire), either with candy or the skills he acquires while reading *How to Be a Detective*. He falls asleep during a movie screening and dreams that he is a detective hero who saves the day and wins the heart of The Girl. He wakes to find his true love in the projection booth. What to do next?



Buster Keaton and Kathryn McGuire in *Sherlock, Jr.*, 1924; Buster Keaton Productions, dist. by Metro Pictures Corp.

Our young hero looks to the movie screen and imitates what he sees in "Hearts and Pearls," the film-within-a-film: As The Detective takes The Girl's hands, The Projectionist follows suit with his girl. The Detective presents a ring to his love, so The Projectionist presents one too. All that is left is the final kiss. The movie couple's kiss fades to black and the next scene shows them with two babies. Our hapless Sherlock, Jr. is left scratching his head—something's missing!

TIP 2: *Take a train.*

Train stations are intensely romantic settings, as we see in the opening scenes of *Fury* (1936). Katherine and Joe (played by Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy) are walking through Chicago, but will soon be parted. They must save some money before they can marry. Katherine is headed to California; Joe will pump gas until he earns enough to join her. They pause before a department store window display of twin beds. The Hollywood custom of depicting the marital mattress as twin beds must have amused director Fritz Lang, for Joe says: "The rugs are out ... the twin beds, too." Walking on, their happiness is sealed with a kiss as, the next image we see, a train barrels down the tracks. Before they kiss again, Joe and Katherine will undergo shattering experiences of mistaken arrest, violence, and revenge.



Following on the principle that love is better with trains, David Lean's *Brief Encounter* (1945) is a film punctuated by what was once considered one of the top film kisses ever. To the strains of Rachmaninoff's housewife Laura Jesson (Celia Johnson) and Dr. Alec Harvey (Trevor Howard) meet in a railway station café. After the chance encounter, these two restless souls realize that life is passing them by. They are both married to other people, but gradually fall in love as they meet at the café every Thursday. The clandestine kiss they share in a pedestrian

Sylvia Sidney in *Fury*, 1936; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM)



Spencer Tracy, co-star of *Fury*

tunnel as a train roars past stands the test of time.

If it's true romance you're looking for, try Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger's *I Know Where I'm Going* (1945) with Wendy Hiller as headstrong Joan Webster. Again a train is part of the plot, but as our leading lady embarks she bids farewell not to her true love, but to her father. Joan is on her way to bigger and better things, to marry her wealthy industrialist boss, Sir Robert Bellinger. A "destination wedding" is planned in the

Hebrides, where Sir Robert has leased property on the island of Kiloran. Joan opens the window of her berth to call goodbye and assure her father that everything will be fine.

Goodbye, Daddy-darling. I'll be back in a week ... And, darling, don't worry about me—I *know where I'm going!*

Or does she? A storm prevents the final leg of her trip, a ferry crossing to the remote island. She is forced to wait it out and a young naval officer, Torquil MacNeil (played by Richard Livesey), also headed to Kiloran on shore leave, invites her to join him to stay at the home of a friend. She doesn't find out until later that Torquil is also Laird of Kiloran, the owner of the property Bellinger is renting. Joan overhears the locals talking about her fiancé, laughing at the rich outsider who wants to build a swimming pool on an island surrounded by water and who brings his own salmon because he's lousy at fishing.

He has the finest tackle from Glasgow, but, ach, the fish do not know him. Yes, yes. The fish do not know him. No.

Joan risks the weather, the legendary curse of the MacNeils, and her own neck as she struggles to outrun her growing attraction to Torquil. She asks him for a parting kiss before following through to her marriage of convenience. Will she have her happily ever after?

TIP 3: *Practice sincerity.*

"O what a tangled web we weave, / When first we practice to deceive!"—words to the wise from Sir Walter Scott. But will a little deception get you a kiss? It will, according to the movies.

The Blob (1958) is the perfect drive-in film, with just enough "scary" to provide the excuse to lean in and put an arm around your date's shoulder. The movie opens with teenagers Steve (played by 28-year-old Steve McQueen) and Jane (Aneta Corsaut) kissing in a convertible under a canopy of stars. In short order, they might save their community from The Blob, if they can convince the grownups they're telling the truth. But it is this kissing scene and its implied, gender-specific tips that deserve the attention of the amateur sociologist: Boys, get yourself a turquoise blue convertible. Girls, question the intentions of a boy who kisses well—but don't let that stop you from kissing him.

After the opening credits, *The Blob* cuts straight to a big-screen kiss and a little practiced persuasion.

Jane: I know what you mean, Steve.

Steve: No, no, it's not what you think, Janey-Girl.

Jane: My name is Jane. Just Jane. For a little while I ...

I even thought that shooting star business wasn't just part of your line.

Steve: But it's not, Janey-Gir— ... (pause) ... Jane. I've never brought anyone up here before.

Jane: Never?

Steve: Never. (He raises his hand in a gesture of swearing.)

Jane: Well, I may be crazy, but ... but I believe you.

Steve: Well, you're not crazy.

(Screeeeee ... boom! A meteor lands a few fields away.)

Are you kidding me, Jane? You believe this guy? I don't. There is no way he's never brought a girl to that very spot. And Jane? Has she *never* kissed a boy? Is this her own carefully-calculated performance of innocence? Who is manipulating whom? It seems there's another underlying message: Dishonesty in the service of getting a kiss may just be part of the game.

A more recent version of this lesson appears in *About Time* (2013), written and directed by the prolific Richard Curtis. At age 21, Tim Lake (Domhnall Gleeson) inherits a superhuman family trait and becomes the latest in a line of Y-chromosome-dependent time travelers. He perfects this incredible power—to get a girlfriend, of course. He meets and falls in love with Mary



James Garner and Julie Andrews in *The Americanization of Emily*, 1964; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM)

(Rachel McAdams) and wins her heart by time traveling to their first romantic encounter, again and again until he gets it just right. He's quickly caught up in the deception, trying to pull off the perfect proposal, avoid clichéd wedding mishaps, and steer friends and family away from problems. Eventually, he learns that seizing the day trumps perfecting life's important moments. The lesson here? Use only enough deception to get to the point where you can be sincere. That's a tricky one.

TIP 4: *Don't forget the chocolate.*

The Americanization of Emily (1964) has Julie Andrews getting “insanely sticky” about James Garner. That word *Americanization* refers to American soldiers who traded rationed goods for companionship in Europe during World War II. Worn down by hardship and loneliness, some women traded their company for nylons, Hershey bars, and cigarettes. Emily Barham (Andrews) gives Lt. Commander Charlie Madison (Garner) *what for* at the implication when he brings a treat to their date for tea.

Emily: You've brought some chocolates?

Charlie: Two boxes of Hershey's.

Emily: That's very American of you, Charlie. You just had to bring along some small token of opulence. Well, I don't want them. You Yanks can't even show affection without buying something.

Charlie: I just thought you liked chocolates.

Emily: I do! But my country's at war ... and we're doing without chocolates for a while. And I don't want oranges or eggs or soap flakes, either. Don't show me how profitable it will be for me to fall in love with you, Charlie. Don't Americanize me.

In its unusual combination of drama, romance, comedy, and satire, *The Americanization of Emily* takes a nuanced look at the wages of war. Emily has lost her husband, her father, and her brother. But she's ready to carry on—until she meets Charlie, who believes that there's a difference between fighting out of necessity and fighting for “the virtue of war.” The more Emily finds out about Charlie, the more she falls in love with him. When he's sent on a fool's errand on D-Day (to film the first dead sailor on Omaha Beach), Charlie very nearly makes a decision that could cost him Emily. Suffice it to say that when the two meet again, a kiss and a little chocolate help seal the deal.

Charlie: What do you get out it?

Emily: I'll settle for a Hershey bar.

Writer Paddy Chayefsky's fantastic dialog may be one reason *Emily* was a favorite of both Garner and Andrews. The pair repeated the romance in *Victor Victoria* (1982).

TIP 5: *Try, try again.*

In *Gregory's Girl* (1981), nice guy Gregory Underwood (John Gordon Sinclair) is so incompetent on the soccer field that it's guaranteed he won't be of any romantic interest to Dorothy (Dee Hepburn), a fine soccer player who has made the boys' team. Gregory is instantly in love with her and desperate enough to take dating advice from his ten-year-old sister, Madeline (Allison Forster). Despite Gregory's efforts to win a date with Dorothy, a clever ploy by her friends lands him instead with a certain Susan (Clare Grogan), who just might have a crush of her own. Susan walks him to his doorstep after dark—and the stage is set for, you guessed it, the big kiss. Gregory discovers an affinity for the trial-and-error method, and reciting a few random numbers doesn't hurt his efforts.

Susan: That's better. You've stopped kissing me like I was your auntie. . . . Nobody's looking. (Kiss)

Gregory: What's my auntie going to say when I kiss her at Christmas? (Kiss)

Susan: Say something . . .

Gregory: Three hundred and forty-two. (Kiss)

Susan: A million and nine. (Kiss)

Gregory: How come you know all the good numbers? (Kiss) Thanks for seeing me home. (Kiss) When can I see you again?

Susan: Tomorrow. History. 10:30. (Kiss)

Gregory: I want a date. (Kiss)

Susan: Okay, Mr. Spaceman. 12:30. Room 17. Tomorrow. We'll talk about it. (Kiss)

Gregory: 10-4. (Kiss) (Kiss)

Susan: Goodnight, Mr. Spaceman. (Kiss)

(Susan leaves)

Gregory: Three hundred seventy-five. (Blows a kiss) Five thousand six hundred and seventy-two. (Blows another kiss)

You know what they say ... even in the movies, practice makes perfect.

MARY BRODNAX teaches Humanities and Film courses at the University of Central Oklahoma. She has a Ph.D. in German Studies from the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. One of her favorite film memories is seeing young kids have a blast at a 2005 Oklahoma City Museum of Art screening, with live music, of Buster Keaton's *The General* (1926). Films discussed above are available through Netflix ([netflix.com](https://www.netflix.com)), Amazon Instant Video ([amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)), and Hulu ([hulu.com](https://www.hulu.com)). Unless otherwise noted, images are courtesy the collectors at Dr. Macro's High Quality Movie Scans, where you'll find movie stills, movie summaries, and podcasts of 1940s-era radio shows. doctormacro.com.



Spencer Tracy

EXTRA: | READ | THINK | TALK | LINK

- ▶ *The Kiss* (1896). Watch the first kiss captured on film, a scene from the stage comedy *The Widow Jones*. The film was reported to be Thomas Edison's most popular Vitascope production of 1896. publicdomainreview.org (search: *The Kiss*)
- ▶ *Sherlock, Jr.* Watch Buster Keaton's 43-minute film. Spoiler alert: The guy gets the girl (and a kiss) in the end. archive.org (search: *Sherlock Jr.*)
- ▶ Turner Classic Movies. Read overviews, watch film clips, and see photos from the movies featured in Mary Brodnax's article: [tcm.com](https://www.tcm.com) (search by movie title)



What's Love Got to Do with It? —In Romance Novels, *Everything!*

Jayashree Kamble

The romance novel is getting new respect.

Pay attention. Plato says that lovers are like two parts of an egg that fit together perfectly. Each half is made for the other, the single match to it. We are incomplete alone. Together, we are whole. All men are seeking that other half of themselves. [...] I think you are the other half of me. It was a great mix-up in heaven. A scandal. For you there was meant to be a pretty English schoolgirl in the city of Bath and for me some fine Italian pastry cook in Palermo. But the cradles were switched somehow, and it all ended up like this ... of an impossibility beyond words.

—Annick Villiers, *The Spymaster's Lady* (2008) by Joanna Bourne

When the *Fifty Shades of Grey* (2011) phenomenon gathered steam (no pun intended), I was constantly being asked if I had read the trilogy. I had not. *Fifty Shades*, from what I was told, focused on erotic sex of the BDSM variety—this is not exactly the central criteria for romance fiction. So the question seemed like a variation of when people ask me if studying romance novels means that I read Danielle Steele, or Nicholas Sparks, or Dean Koontz. *Dean Koontz*? Really? But to be fair, there are hundreds of romance novels published each year, so perhaps the confusion is not unreasonable. Worse, romance novels are routinely conflated in the press with pornography, soap operas, melodrama, and women's diaries. Even scholars who first studied romance fiction in the '70s and '80s would select a few books and then extrapolate from those novels to come up with severe judgments condemning the genre as regressive, anti-feminist, and simplistic.

In seeming defiance of all this negative publicity, romance fiction continues to sell—and sell. According to the Romance Writers of America website, romance fiction sales in 2013 totaled \$1.08 billion and represent thirteen percent of all adult fiction. Not only do readers take the form seriously, so do a new generation of scholars.

So what is romance fiction exactly? It's a genre in which every turn of the story is meant to bring about or maintain a romantic connection between its central protagonists. Though romance as a mass-market form came into prominence in the last century, it has deep roots, going back to Greek and Roman myths, to fairytales, and to folklore. Its earliest ancestor in novel form is Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740), the story of a virtuous maid who resists the seductions of her employer and eventually wins his love and hand in marriage. It was the first novel bestseller and an absolute media sensation. Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) and Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* (1847) are also key in romance fiction history as stories of strong women whose intelligence and resolve lead to loving marriages with attractive, wealthy men. In the twentieth century, writers like Georgette Heyer, Barbara Cartland, and Victoria Holt have been a significant influence on the genre's growth, bestowing on it key traits, such as a focus on British nineteenth-century life and manners, and tropes like the heroine-in-peril and the aristocratic hero.

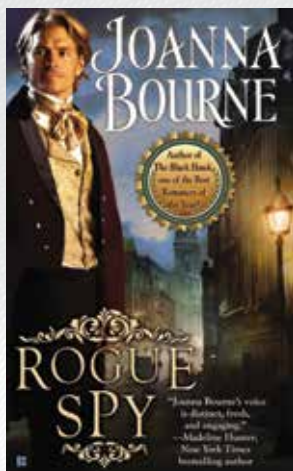
The current form of romance fiction (as specially structured and marketed books) began at the London publisher Mills & Boon in the pre-World War I decade. These stories were the contemporary courtship tales of young, working- or middle-class British men and women, some in unhappy marriages. The novels spread to the British Commonwealth and North America, the latter through the small Canadian firm Harlequin Books. Harlequin began reprinting Mills & Boon titles in the '50s and the two companies merged in 1971. Harlequin Mills & Boon romances included British Regency settings, but were largely contemporary stories with wealthy, worldly European heroes whose advances both seduced and frightened British ingénues before the couple managed to express their true love and marry. Over the '60s and '70s, Harlequin emerged as a key player in molding the genre, adding new authors, plotlines, and readership (even though each novel was usually limited to about 180 pages and had to address certain plot elements).

Following the success of Kathleen Woodiwiss's historical romance novel *The Flame and the Flower* (1972), the '70s saw the emergence of U.S. authors and publishers like Avon amidst a paperback boom. The growth of American romance publishing added a new vigor to the existing plots. While Mills & Boon's romance fiction had begun as the stories of working- or middle-class Britons, and gone on to address themes like domestic and professional conflicts, the shift to the U.S. led to a greater flexibility in the courtship plot, a plethora of backdrops and perspectives, and subtle variations in tone as well as style. As a result, we now have romances that range from spy thrillers to lighthearted comedies of manners, not to mention steampunk and paranormal adventures, and narratives that address issues of religion (Inspirational or Christian Romance) and race (African-American Romance).

Even as classic romance plots and settings continue to thrive (contemporary novels published by Harlequin and historical romance set in nineteenth-century Britain), a click on Amazon's Romance link reveals half a dozen more subsets, all of which have one element in common—sexual and emotional love as the key to happiness. In other words, no matter what else the protagonists may get up to (saving lives in hospitals and war zones, signing corporate deals, working in independent small businesses, solving murders, fighting for or against vampires/gods/werewolves/terrorists, and so on), their stories are fundamentally about their love for a romantic partner. All conflict and resolution is in service of this love and the life it deserves.

Another significant development has been the flourishing of academic scholarship on romance narratives. Starting in the '70s, academics like Tania Modleski and Janice Radway began to see the genre as worthy of serious study because it distilled women's desires and fantasies as an oblique critique of the contemporary moment. These scholars' critique, however, contained an undercurrent (or overt accusation) about the brain-candy nature of the novels or the genre's seeming acceptance of patriarchal oppression: women were clearly unhappy with gender relations in our society (as was visible in the struggle between heroes and heroines), they argued, but the happy endings plastered over the problems and avoided a real questioning of the system.

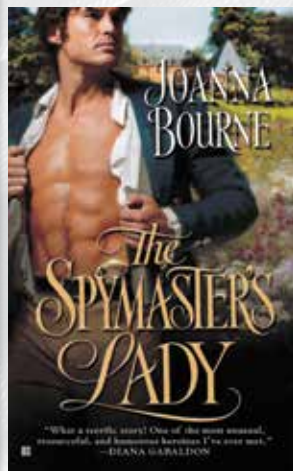
The second wave of academics has turned away from this outsider approach (which seemed to pass judgment on the genre and its subculture) and toward an analysis of the possibilities



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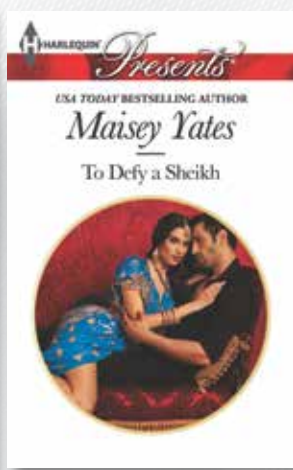


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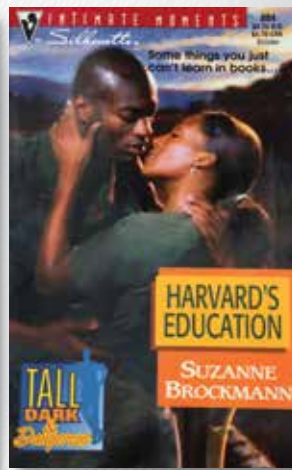




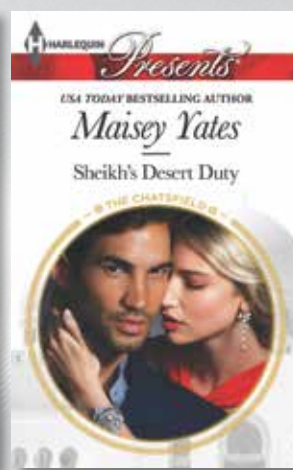
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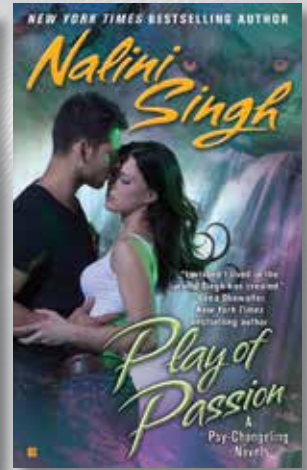
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it holds. This second wave gathered strength with the publication of Pamela Regis's 2003 work *A Natural History of the Romance Novel*, which examines the genre's "essential elements" (e.g., the first encounter between the hero and heroine, the barrier to their love, the moment of extreme crisis that might prevent a happy ending, etc.) and has continued with scholars like Hsu-Ming Teo, whose recent book *Desert Passions: Orientalism and Romance Novels* examines representations of the Middle East in sheikh-hero romance novels. Other scholars are studying the genre's structure (and the possible variations it can have), its readers, its racial politics, and its marketing. These studies are demonstrating new ways to critique and appreciate the genre instead of treating it like soft-core pornography with no literary merit or socio-political themes.

For this genre, love is the potent mix of desire and trust that is foundational to the human narrative.

Studying romance narratives is a serious academic endeavor to a new generation of scholars whose expertise ranges from literary theory to cultural and media studies, and from business to social sciences. In recent years, scholars have won research funding to examine the genre. For instance, scholar and romance writer Catherine Roach's forthcoming work, *Happily Ever After: The Romance Narrative in Popular Culture*, has received Fulbright funding to explore what she calls "the most powerful and omnipresent narrative in modern Western culture," a genre that functions "as an imperative for how to live a good life: Find your one true love and live happily ever after." The ambitious Popular Romance Project (popularromanceproject.org), which documents the experiences of romance writers, readers, and scholars, has received support from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Grant funding has supported my own work on the genre's ideological complexity, such as its economic, sexual, religious, and race politics. In my book *Making Meaning in Popular Romance Fiction: An Epistemology*, I explore themes like the problematic effect of capitalism on contemporary society as reflected in romance, the most widely read of all genres; to study romance is therefore to understand modern sensibilities, be they social, economic, or

political. When I include romance novels in my courses, students engage in these issues with alacrity. Readers, authors, scholars, and grant-bestowing bodies all seem to agree that romance fiction (and the romance narrative in all media) is worth reading, writing, and scrutinizing analytically.

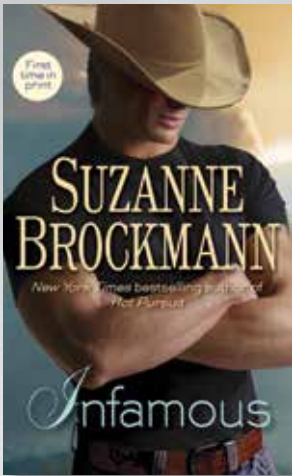
As a romance *reader*, my taste is wide-ranging, with novels taking me from Napoleonic Europe to present-day Manhattan and from the yachts of Italian billionaires to the battles of American vampire hunters. My delight in some authors lies in their delicate command of figures of speech in conveying emotions. Here, for example, is Lisa Kleypas's heroine Anastasia Kaptereva in *Midnight Angel* (a governess romance), explaining her solitude to the hero:

Did you know the ancient Russians used to build their fortresses on top of hills? When the Tartar invaders attacked, the Russians would pour water over the hill, on all sides. In a very short time it would turn to ice, and no one could climb up. The siege would last as long as the ice and the supplies held out [...] For a long time I've been alone in my fortress. No one can join me, and I can't leave. And sometimes ... my provisions fail me.

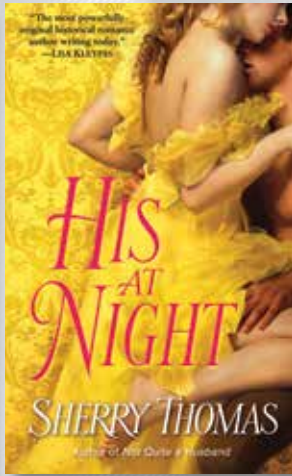
Kleypas is equally deft at comedy, as in this scene in *It Happened One Autumn*, when the staid British aristocrat finds his American romantic nemesis inebriated in his library:

If he had required additional proof that Lillian Bowman was utterly wrong for him, this was it. The wife of a Marsden would never sneak into the library and drink until she was, as his mother would put it, "a trifle disguised." Staring into her drowsy dark eyes and flushed face, Marcus amended the phrase. Lillian was not disguised. She was foxed, staggering, tap-hackled, top-heavy, shot-in-the-neck, staggering drunk.

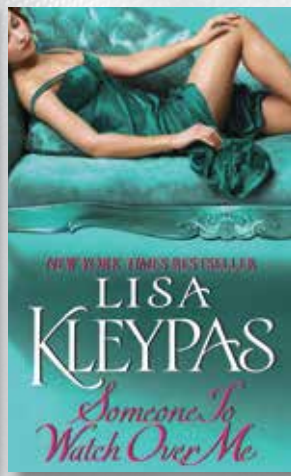
Some writers delight us in their takes on "the classics," such as Mary Balogh (whose *Slightly Dangerous* is a retelling of *Pride and Prejudice*) or Judith Ivory (whose *The Proposition* reverses the genders of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*—i.e., *My Fair Lady*). Some writers are intriguing for their use of new literary devices, such as Teresa Medeiros, who wrote dialog almost entirely in tweets for her social-media setting of *Goodnight Tweetheart*. Dialog is a special



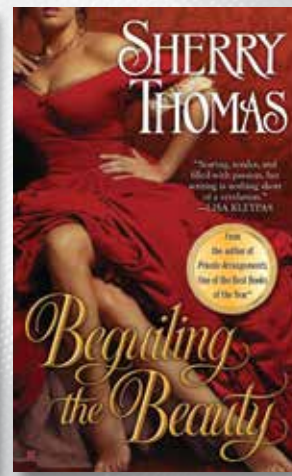
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pleasure in the fierce banter of Linda Howard's protagonists, often strong-willed heroes and heroines.

And one cannot speak of romance fiction without mentioning Nora Roberts, whose prolific output of contemporary, historical, futuristic, suspense, and paranormal romance novels constantly occupies bestseller lists, making her the most successful of romance authors. While her MacGregor novels (about an East Coast family headed by Irish immigrant patriarch Daniel MacGregor and Boston blue-blood surgeon Anna Whitfield MacGregor) have been in print for decades, she has just as many fans for her futuristic police procedurals starring protagonist Eve Dallas and her husband Roarke (written under the pseudonym J.D. Robb). Her staccato prose lends her work a spartan charm, an unromantic style of romantic storytelling.

Amidst these big-name authors, it is easy to overlook the writers of Harlequin and "category" romances and lump them together. Such sidelining perpetuates the belief that romance novels are assembly-line products that cannot be told apart from each other. For many readers like me, however, there is just as much (if not more) to commend in the sweetness of Susan Napier's scrappy ingénues, Lynne Graham's Heathcliff-and-Cathy-style protagonists (who find happiness), Ann Charlton's wounded lovers, and Maisey Yates's fiery heroines. To create such variety and depth of both character and plot (all while working within the publisher's constraints), shows these writers to be superior craftspeople. With such writers testing mass-market romance fiction's limits, Harlequin has adopted plots with more equitable relationships, female sexual agency, and racial diversity.

Outside of Harlequin, writers like Roberts and Kleypas, as well as Suzanne Brockmann, Joanna Bourne, Sherry Thomas, and Nalini Singh keep pushing the boundaries, both in terms of style and in terms of who may fall in love and expect social recognition of that bond. While Singh's protagonists can cross species boundaries and also include martial angels, Thomas's lyrical, stirring prose is building a reader base that will follow her heroes and heroines from British landscapes to India and China, settings that were once impossible to sell in the Euro-American-centric romance market. Brockmann has explored same-sex relationships against the backdrop of war and terrorism and Bourne has infused the Regency romance with an enchanting freshness. Her breakout work, *The Spymaster's Lady* (which I initially avoided because I disliked the title and the cover), contains some of the most startling plot twists

and sharply-drawn characters ever to grace a romance novel. The epigraph at the beginning of this article is a brief glimpse into the sweetness and poignancy that writers like Bourne have brought to romance fiction.

What then, to revisit the question with which I started, is romance fiction? On a recent trip to France, I visited Leonardo da Vinci's last home, Clos Lucé in the Loire valley, and happened upon this framed quotation attributed to him that can help answer that question: *Qui peut arrêter la haine sauf l'amour?* (Who can stop hate but love?) Like the Renaissance genius, romance novels have an unshakeable faith in love. For this genre, love is the potent mix of desire and trust that is foundational to the human narrative. Romance novels believe in the triumph of the human heart and the fulfillment of hopeful possibilities via courtship and lasting companionship. Read one and you just might believe in love, too.

JAYASHREE KAMBLE is Assistant Professor of English at the City University of New York's LaGuardia Community College. She is the author of *Making Meaning in Popular Romance Fiction: An Epistemology* (Palgrave, 2014) and the only two-time winner of the Romance Writers of America Academic Research grant. She studies popular fiction and film.

EXTRA! | READ | THINK | TALK | LINK

- *Masterpiece*, PBS. Search the site for details on authors Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte, their novels, and dramatizations of their works. pbs.org/wgbh/masterpiece
- *A Celebration of Women Writers*. Read a digital copy of Georgette Heyer's *The Black Moth* (1921). Here's a sample from the Prologue: "Clad in his customary black and silver, with raven hair unpowdered and elaborately dressed, diamonds on his fingers and in his cravat, Hugh Tracy Clare Belmanoir, Duke of Andover, sat at the escriptorio in the library of his town house, writing." digital.library.upenn.edu/women (search *Author* tab: *Heyer, Georgette*)
- "Real Romance," Lauren Collins, *The New Yorker*, June 22, 2009. In-depth article on "how Nora Roberts became America's most popular novelist." newyorker.com
- The Popular Romance Project. Read articles on romance novels and authors, watch videos of scholars discussing the cultural value of the romance genre, and learn more about writing your own romance. popularromanceproject.org



"Pointed Boots Are Just Bad News"

By Jessica Glover

Art by Lance Hunter

Love lessons from contemporary female poets

When the September 2014 issue of *The Writer's Chronicle* arrived in my office mailbox, I, like most instructors, was already drowning in the demands of the fall semester. I shoved the journal in my bag and it later landed on my night table, atop a stack of paperbacks, magazines, bills, and receipts. Weeks later the journal was buried under an even taller stack of "intended reads" and "needs to be filed." It was not until Elizabeth Taylor, my black Labrador, knocked over the stack in a fury of excitement that I read the front cover copy: "I Have Killed My Black Goat." Immediately, I recognized the line from Ai's 1973 poetry collection, *Cruelty*. While enrolled in the creative writing program at Oklahoma State University, I had the opportunity to study under the tutelage of Ai during the last months of her life. *Cruelty* remains one of my favorite books.

Later that evening I read Leslie McGrath's article, an examination of violence in Ai's poetry. For the first time I realized that what draws me again and again to Ai's work is the striking juxtaposition of violence with love, as reflected by the poem's complete title that scrawls the length of the page: "I Have Got to Stop Loving You So I Have Killed My Black Goat." The love Ai describes is love that would push me to slice open my beloved dog, remove her organs and stroke her from the inside; a love that would leave me hugging myself, blood soaked and praying for rain. I have never come close to that degree of love and I remain in awe of the poet who captured it on the page.

Our society doesn't ordinarily associate poetry, particularly love poetry, with thematic violence. When we think of romantic poetry, we cite, for example, Anne Bradstreet's (1612-1672) iconic sonnets, written in strict rhyme, to her husband.

Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

Or we imagine the luxurious jaunts described by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) in "Wild nights – Wild nights!"

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - the Sea!
Might I but moor -
tonight -
In thee! (Franklin Variorum 1998)

We might even turn to the work of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950), heralded as the New Woman, and her scandalous twists from convention:

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why?
I have forgotten ...

Really Edna? So many lovers that you can't recall them all?—
Fantastic.

The love described by Ai, however, is not the love of Anne Bradstreet, Emily Dickinson, or even Edna St. Vincent Millay. Ai's poetry is ferocious and the subject of love is as dangerous as a knife drawn across the throat.

The most common questions I'm asked when teaching poetry by women writers are: Why does contemporary poetry have to be so brutal? It doesn't gush about beating hearts behind heaving bosoms or the twinkle in a lover's eye across a ballroom. It doesn't even rhyme! Why does it have to be so heartless, so anti-romantic?

Such exasperation is understandable. Strict form, meter, and rhyme are the hallmarks of the "Western canon," that mythical, exclusionary label given to texts written predominately by European males. Because these texts have been taught disproportionately more than contemporary poets (especially poetry written by women, people of color, and the economically disenfranchised), we may mistake the forms of rhyme and meter as the ideal. We're simply not familiar with the freedoms and imagination contemporary poets claim. A similar challenge



Oblivion's Wake

ON MY WAY TO HEAVEN

- Stockton, Missouri 2005

Itinerants on the shore have taken off their shirts this morning to reveal the raw glow their flesh holds. The deck hands shout in an ancient cadence, release a reefed sheet, and hoist it aloft. I watch their rituals with religious devotion. One man, shoulders broad as the flag above, stands near the mizzen, blacks out the sun. Both boots planted on polished planks, he rocks back, cups hands across brow, spits—I think how he could bend two ropes around my bed frame, trade this heart for a terracotta pot, then steal away. I watch him climb atop the sailboat's mast. He sways above me, lifts his hands toward the sun, and falls back with complete faith that the harness around his waist will hold. Below, I am laid out flat on a freshly-scrubbed deck. My skin as white as those new sails taking their first breath after the winter months. The wind catches, and I watch the top half of his body swing back and forth freely against the May sky. *You're going to die*, I yell with a nervous laugh. He pauses. Ospreys circle the ripples for a shadow darting beneath the surface. The sailors pour another round on the dock. The boat rocks. I finally relax and spend the afternoon thinking of an answer after he yells back down to me: *Can you imagine a more beautiful way?*

—Jessica Glover

Published in *Moon City Review*, Alumni Special Edition, 2011

arises when attempting to read contemporary poetry written by females; a pervasive gender disparity within the publishing industry continues to limit the public's access to women's varied voices (see www.vidaweb.org).

It is important to note that not every contemporary poet tackles the subject of love. Those that do, to the dismay of novice poetry readers, resist antiquated notions of romance, choosing to explore the seedier side of intimacy in twenty-first-century America. This is poetry written by women who have managed to tear themselves away from Facebook and Instagram. Women who shop at Wal-Mart and watch reality TV on Netflix. Women who use the stove as storage space and leave red bras hanging in the bathtub. Women who are bombarded with billboards portraying idealized beauty and cinematic sexuality as they walk to work, knowing full well that Hallmark and Hollywood get it wrong.

Beth Ann Fennelly's "Why We Shouldn't Write Love Poems, or If We Must, Why We Shouldn't Publish Them" (*Tender Hooks*, 2004) initially resists even the act of writing love poetry (and ultimately revels in delight of it). At first, Fennelly's narrator mocks these "silly" poems:

Oh, aren't the poems stupid and devout,
trying each key in their pockets in plain view
of the neighbors, some of whom openly gloat.

"We should write about what we know / won't change, volleyball, Styrofoam, or mildew," she argues, implying that love *does* change. Love is unreliable and fickle. Upon first read, this might

seem like cynicism on Fennelly's part; the poem doesn't erase or resolve the problems of romantic poems or love in general. Instead, she provides an out: "if we must" write love poetry, then at least we shouldn't push it on the public by publishing it. The paradox is that the poem's mere existence on the page proves that love poems continue to be written and published and read by audiences today. By the end of the poem, the narrator concedes to "burning, burning, burning" desire and concludes:

Ah, poem, I am weak from love, and you,
you are sneaky. . . .

All sneakiness aside, some contemporary female poets openly embrace sensuality in their writing. The black-and-white cover of Kim Addonizio's *What Is This Thing Called Love* (2004) depicts a man sleeping, his head at the foot of a bed, sheets and comforter ruffled to expose a corner of bare mattress. A woman stands near the door, perhaps caught in the act of dressing—or undressing. In Addonizio's poem "You Don't Know What Love Is," the title reads into the first lines:

You Don't Know What Love Is
but you know how to raise it in me
like a dead girl winched up from a river.

The simile is reminiscent of Ophelia in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Ophelia is driven to insanity after Hamlet kills her father. She falls into a river in Denmark, where onlookers report that she

Beneath the Surface



was still chanting grief-stricken songs as she drowned. Sir John Everett Millais depicts the iconic scene in his painting *Ophelia*.

Addonizio's violent metaphorical description of romantic love might be jarring, but it is nothing new. Poets have a long history of linking beauty with death, particularly the death of a beautiful woman. In his 1846 essay "The Philosophy of Composition," Edgar Allan Poe wrote, "The death of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world." Addonizio complicates this now rote narrative; as the poem continues, the dead girl sits up, blinks, and resumes the pursuit of her desires. She is not the venereal corpse of Shakespeare, Millais, and Poe. Addonizio flips the literary trope on its head as love resurrects the girl from an early demise, commanding the reader's attention as she "dances in nothing but her underwear."

Sandra Cisneros' perfectly titled book *Loose Woman* (1994) is another example of how female poets successfully marry sass and sex in a rollercoaster read. In many ways, Cisneros adopts the brazen attitude of Edna St. Vincent Millay, but has even greater freedom to push boundaries in her portrayal of intimate theatrics. The titles alone would have made Cisneros an outlaw in any other century: "I Am on My Way to Oklahoma to Bury the Man I Nearly Left My Husband For" and "I Am So in Love I Grow a New Hymen." These poems belie a single definition of love, showing how it encompasses a spectrum of emotions. Cisneros' poems detail the anguish that accompanies unabashed passion: "I Don't Like Being in Love" and "I Am So Depressed I Feel Like Jumping in the River Behind My House but Won't Because I'm Thirty-Eight and Not Eighteen." Her women triumph and the words leap from the page:

I like the itch I provoke.
The rustle of rumor
like crinoline.

This "Loose Woman," Cisneros' title poem, continues with a warning:

I strike terror among the men.
I can't be bothered what they think.

Despite heartbreak, Cisneros' women charge forward and her poetry captures the tumultuous journey.

Verses underpinned with lessons on love can be found throughout the history of poetry. So it is not surprising that contemporary female poets write love poems riddled with warnings against heartbreak. Luci Tapahonso's "Raisin Eyes" (*Saanii Dahataal: The Women Are Singing*, 1993) describes the timeless rift between good and bad when it comes to matters of the heart. The narrator listens to her friend Ella's description of "Navajo cowboys with raisin eyes" in a lengthy dialogue about her latest love interest. Ella knows she is being used for her house and money and car:

but I just stay with him and it's hard
because

he just smiles that way, you know,
and then I end up paying entry fees
and putting shiny Tony Lamas on lay-away again.

The reader can sympathize with Ella as she laments:

These Navajo cowboys with raisin eyes
and pointed boots are just bad news,
but it's so hard to remember that all the time ...

Despite the inequality in the relationship, Tapahonso does not render this woman helpless. Ella knows her cowboy is bad news. Through her wry humor it is apparent that she willingly chooses to remain in the relationship. Even though she gives him financial support and a place to land, he never knows when she will leave him. She has the paying job and a voice in the relationship. She has choices and agency. The reader doesn't necessarily feel sorry for her; we know her story is all too familiar.

The stark reality portrayed in these poems can be the gravitational force that pulls readers in, allowing them to relate to the plight of the narrative speakers. It can also have the opposite effect. It can propel readers toward the safety of timeless love poetry that, despite the world's mess, upholds the illusion that once-upon-a-time true love exists without complications and heartbreak. Who doesn't want to escape from reality for a while? Traditional romance poetry can be comforting in its reliability. Anne Bradstreet's connection to her husband looms in our collective consciousness as she continually dares: "If ever a wife was happy in a man, / Compare with me, ye women,



Fish Tales II

if you can.” Compared to Bradstreet’s meditations, the verses of contemporary female poets can seem devoid of devotion and iconic romance. The wife in Deborah Garrison’s “Husband, Not at Home” (*A Working Girl Can’t Win*, 1998) does not long for her husband to “return, return sweet *Sol* from *Capricorn*” as Bradstreet writes. Instead, Garrison’s wife reflects an obscure delight as she walks through the quiet house: “his life / strange to her, and hers to him.” The physical distance between the couple mirrors the emotional distance between them. The wife indulges in minor rebellions, allowing the cat to drink from her cereal bowl, since, in her husband’s absence, “no one’s / home to scold her.” A far cry from Bradstreet’s relationship, the narrative speaker admits:

... she likes him
almost best this way: away.

To say that contemporary love poems somehow lack the visceral artistic qualities developed by their highly-anthologized predecessors is to dismiss the cleverness of the poets and the complexity of their female narrators. True, these women often fail at tempering their emotions. They unabashedly detail romance and its physical correspondent, sexual satisfaction, and can transition between lovers with the turn of a page. Occasionally, their portrait of love is disturbing, so imbued with danger it makes the reader cringe. Collectively, however, they illuminate a dynamic sense of self. These women have power over their own lives, relationships, and bodies. They choose love, with all its troubled and tortured repercussions, ultimately controlling the violence as they control the romance—holding their heart in one hand and a knife in the other.

Fortunately, we don’t have to kill our favorite pet to appreciate contemporary love poetry. At worst (and at their best), these poems require honesty, acceptance, acknowledgement of the limitations of love and the frailty of the human heart. They shake us up and urge us toward a discovery of love on our own terms. We might find that we intimately relate to the women portrayed by these female poets—even if we must accept that their poems rarely rhyme. We might even recognize the emotional impulse behind *Ai’s* bloodbath.

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LANCE HUNTER is a signature member of the American Watercolor Society and the National Watercolor Society. His work has been published in national and international art magazines and books and he is the recipient of more than 27 awards in national or international exhibitions. He is an Associate Professor of Art at Northeastern State University in Tahlequah. lancehunter.com

EXTRA! | READ | THINK | TALK | LINK

- *Ophelia*, Tate Museum. View the painting by Sir John Everett Millais. tate.org.uk (search: *Ophelia*, Sir John Everett Millais)
- *Poetry Foundation* (poetryfoundation.org) and *Academy of American Poets* (poets.org). Enter the poet’s name in the search box to find poems, biographies, videos, and podcasts, or browse for essays on how to read and enjoy poetry.
- The following websites (at this writing) feature poets mentioned in Jessica Glover’s article. Enter the poet’s name in the search box at each site.

Kim Addonizio: kimaddonizio.com

Anne Bradstreet: xroads.virginia.edu/~hyper/hypertext.html (select *Ann Bradstreet*); NPR.org

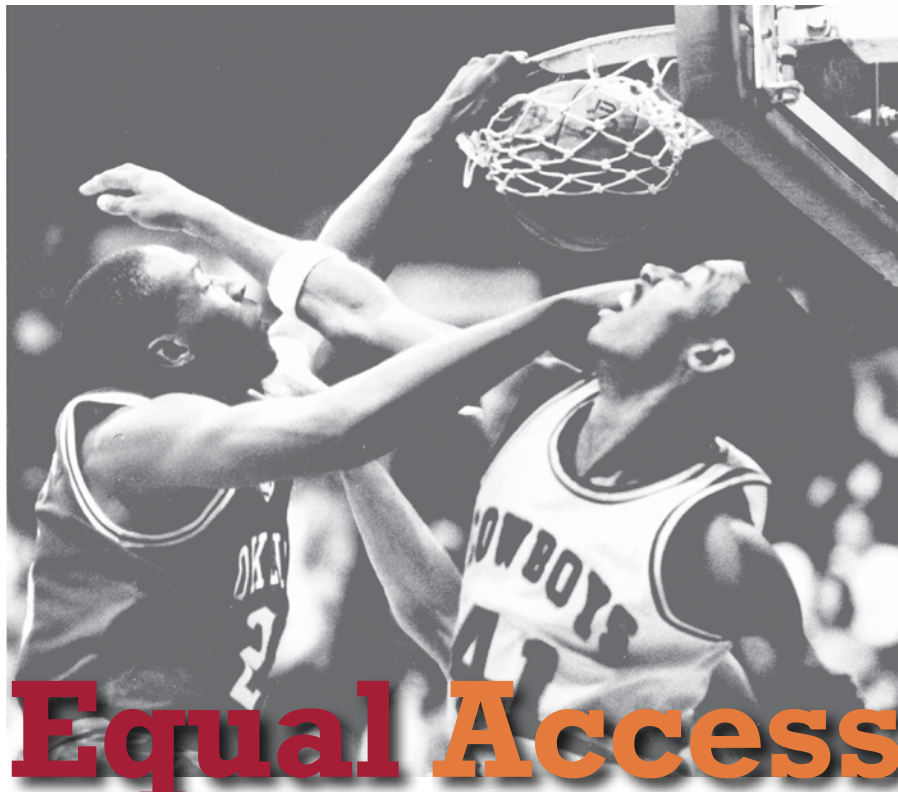
Emily Dickinson: emilydickinsonmuseum.org; publicdomainreview.org; vimeo.com/8116641 (a film commissioned by the Lower Eastside Girls Club; runs about 12 mins.)

Beth Ann Fennelly: poemsoutloud.net; blackbird.vcu.edu

Deborah Garrison: billmoyers.com; writersalmanac.org; amazon.com (enter *A Working Girl Can’t Win* in the search box; scroll down and click on *See all Editorial Reviews*; scroll down to find poems, including “Husband, Not at Home”)

Edna St. Vincent Millay: millay.org

Luci Tapahonso: uapress.arizona.edu; blueridgejournal.com/poems/lt-poems.htm



OU's Wayman Tisdale and
OSU's Joe Atkinson, 1984

Equal Access TO Hometown Teams

Amy Carreiro

Hurdling Race and Gender Barriers in Oklahoma Sports

Beginning in March, Oklahomans will be treated to a Smithsonian exhibit, *Hometown Teams: How Sports Shape America*, in a ten-month tour of the state [find dates and sites on page 30]. The Oklahoma Humanities Council partners with the Smithsonian Institution to bring Museum on Main Street exhibits to small towns and some urban neighborhoods.

Hometown Teams chronicles sports and the American experience, emphasizing the importance of athletics' cultural and social influence on our nation's character. It demonstrates the significance of pivotal moments like Jackie Robinson integrating Major League Baseball and the expanded opportunities that Title IX legislation secured for female athletes. Oklahomans have made important contributions in sports. Like the rest of the nation, debates over gender and race have affected Oklahomans' opportunities to participate. Resolution of these conflicts is a legacy of countless Oklahoma athletic pioneers.

Working The Wild West

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, rodeos and Wild West Shows were among the first to offer African Americans and American Indians professional opportunities in sports. Although Wild West Shows often perpetuated stereotypes, they created jobs for those skilled in riding, roping, and shooting. The Miller Brothers 101 Ranch hired black cowboy Bill Pickett, whose achievements and invention of bulldogging (steer wrestling) resulted in a film career and induction into the Rodeo Hall of Fame and the Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame. Another 101 Ranch alum, Will Rogers (Cherokee), parlayed his riding and roping skills into a role with the Ziegfeld Follies in New York City and later launched a successful career as a humorist and actor.

In Oklahoma, rodeos and Wild West Shows eroded gender barriers, too. May Manning and Lucille Mulhall found that trick riding, roping, and shooting made them popular and wealthy. Manning

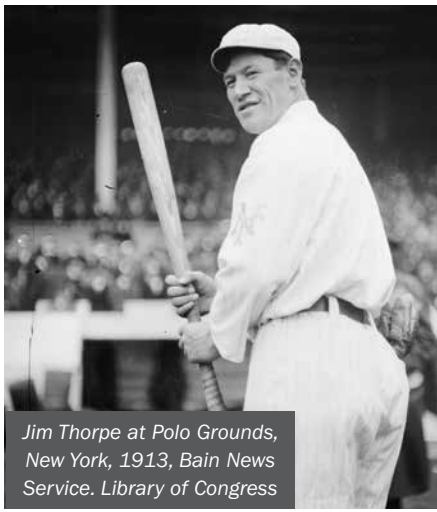
and her husband, Gordon Lillie, started Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show, where she exhibited her riding and shooting skills. She also starred in a biographical film, *May Lillie: Queen of the Buffalo Ranch*.

Lucille Mulhall honed her riding and roping skills as a child on her family's ranch in Oklahoma Territory and later founded her own rodeo, Lucille Mulhall's Round-up. Mulhall, known as "America's First Cowgirl," often competed against men, earning membership in the Rodeo Hall of Fame and the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame.

For decades, women like Manning and Mulhall were seen as performers; more recently, they have been recognized for their contributions in challenging gender roles in sports. These successful entrepreneurs balanced careers and families in a male-dominated profession. Oklahoma women continue to succeed in rodeo. Oklahoma State University's Equestrian team has garnered five Western National Championships since 2000.

HOMETOWN
TEAMS
HOW SPORTS SHAPE AMERICA

The Smithsonian is coming to Oklahoma!



Jim Thorpe at Polo Grounds, New York, 1913, Bain News Service. Library of Congress

Overcoming Stereotypes

As a state, Oklahoma grew up with the Modern-era Olympics, which began in 1896. Jim Thorpe's achievements at the 1912 Stockholm Olympics are legendary. Thorpe (Sac and Fox) did not win every event but scored the most points in the pentathlon and decathlon, including events he had never competed in before. He won gold medals in both competitions and impressed the crowd with his athleticism, becoming an instant favorite. The importance of Thorpe's achievements surpasses his number of medals. He challenged negative Native American stereotypes, and his success in a variety of sports on the world stage made him an icon for subsequent generations. Although the International Olympic Committee (IOC) stripped him of his medals in 1913 after learning that he had been paid to play baseball in 1909 and 1910, many Americans still consider him the greatest athlete in history.

Olympic synchronized swimmer Mary Killman (Citizen Potawatomi) counts Thorpe among her idols. The Ada native, a two-time collegiate national champion and three-time U.S. National Champion, was proud to recognize the 100-year anniversary of Thorpe's achievements by participating in the 2012 games. Continuing a long-held Native American tradition that encouraged *both* men and women to participate in sports, Thorpe and Killman helped institute an American culture of sports participation where neither race nor gender hindered their success. Today, American Indian youth participate in the Jim Thorpe Games to demonstrate their athletic abilities and to honor Thorpe's legacy.

By the 1930s, Oklahomans were making significant contributions to basketball. Jesse "Cab" Renick (Chickasaw-Choctaw) played at Marietta High School and gained accolades at Murray State School of Agriculture (now Murray State College). He was recruited by coach Henry Iba and became the first two-time All-American at Oklahoma A&M (now Oklahoma State University) in 1939 and 1940. Renick played for and later coached the Phillips 66ers in the Amateur Athletic Union and captained the 1948 U.S. Olympic basketball team. Renick led the United States to an undefeated tournament, beating France 65-21 to take the gold medal. He and Don Barksdale, an African American from UCLA, made this the first racially-diverse team in U.S. Olympic basketball history.

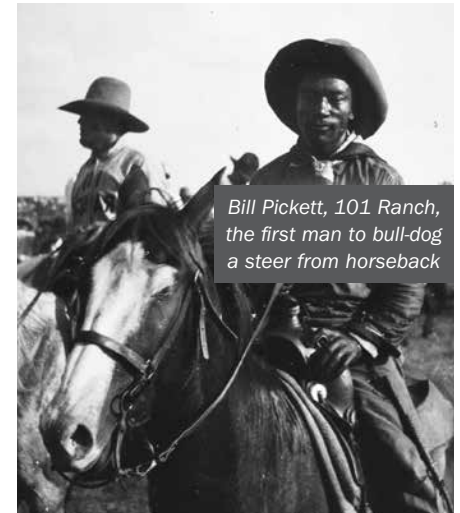
For American Indian children who attended government-run boarding schools, some suggest that sports created a diversion from their homesickness and loss of heritage, and strengthened bonds among students. Tommy Thompson (Cherokee) excelled on the gridiron and was a successful coach at his alma mater, the Sequoyah School in Tahlequah. During the 1940s, his students referred to him as *Ab-sky-uh* (the man), a term of respect that reflected his influence on them as athletes and young men. Nearly sixty years later, Angel Goodrich (Cherokee) led Sequoyah's women's basketball team to three straight state championships (2005-2007). After a stellar college career, the point guard was drafted into the Women's National Basketball Association (WNBA) in 2013 and ended her first season



Lucille Mulhall at 101 Ranch, c. 1909, photo by J.V. Dedrick. Library of Congress

averaging over twenty-one points with the Tulsa Shock.

Historically, American Indian athletes were successful, but some dealt with insensitivity and trivializing comments about their culture. The IOC's decision to punish Jim Thorpe has been perceived as racist because they did so after the thirty-day time limit expired. Consequently, many



Bill Pickett, 101 Ranch, the first man to bull-dog a steer from horseback

Americans believe that prejudice kept the IOC from returning Thorpe's medals until 1983. In 1912, the *El Paso Herald* mentioned that Thorpe's complexion was not as dark as other Indians. When he played for the New York Giants baseball team, editorial cartoons in the sports pages often showed him wearing a headdress with his uniform and speaking halting English. His bat was referred to as a "war club."

Other Native American athletes were described as "being on the warpath," "shooting arrows," or "scalping" an opponent. During his career, Jesse Renick often heard "pass it to the Indian" during games. Allie P. Reynolds (Creek) pitched on six World Series Championships for the New York Yankees (1947-1953) and was often called "Super Chief" by the press. Some rationalized that his pitches reminded them of a high-speed train; for others, it was a reference to his American Indian heritage.

Pursuing Inclusion

Although in Oklahoma some whites and American Indian students attended public schools together, African American children were excluded until the 1950s. But segregated sports facilities, leagues,



Cleveland Indians players Allie Reynolds, left, and Bob Feller, center, with New York Yankees player Spud Chandler.



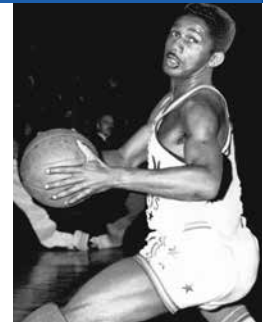
Coach Bertha Teague, 1976



OU Coach Bud Wilkinson, 1950



OSU Coach Henry Iba, 1963



Marques Haynes, 1953

and teams did not stop black youths from competing in organized athletics. Langston University provided opportunities for African American athletes and won the National (“Negro”) Championships in basketball and football under legendary coach Zip Gayles. He coached future Naismith Basketball Hall of Famer Marques O. Haynes of Sands Springs, who led the Lions to a fifty-nine-game winning streak and a 112-3 record (1942-1946). Haynes later played for the Harlem Globetrotters. Another notable Lion alumnus was Maurice “Mo” Bassett, a fullback from Chickasha who was drafted by the Cleveland Browns in 1954.

While Oklahoma segregated its college athletes, schools in the Northeast, Midwest, and West fielded integrated teams dating back to the late 1800s. These integrated schools periodically played against all-white teams and black players were sometimes treated harshly. In 1951, Oklahoma A&M’s all-white football team played integrated Drake University in Stillwater. Drake’s star player, Johnny Bright (African American), excelled as both a halfback and quarterback and was in consideration for a Heisman Trophy nomination. During the game, A&M’s Wilbanks Smith threw a forearm to Bright’s face mask, breaking the Drake player’s jaw. The illegal hit was captured in photos that were reprinted in *Life Magazine* and later won *Des Moines Register and Tribune* photographers John Robinson and Don Ultang a Pulitzer Prize. “The Johnny Bright Incident” caused a national uproar; many viewed the assault as racially motivated. A&M’s tepid response prompted both Drake and Butler University to leave the Missouri Valley Conference. Oklahoma State University finally issued an official apology in 2005. In recent interviews Smith said his actions were not racially motivated, that he believed his forearm to Bright’s helmet was legitimate. However, according to the 1951 NCAA football rule book, the hit was illegal. The incident led to changes in rules and more protective equipment.

When universities throughout the South began integrating sports teams, black athletes were ready to compete, including Prentice Gault of Oklahoma City. In 1956 he became the first African American to earn a football scholarship at the University of Oklahoma. As a senior, Gault was named an Academic All-American. He twice earned All-Big Eight honors as a running back and later played for the Cleveland Browns and the St. Louis Cardinals in the NFL. Gault’s success, on and off the field, encouraged southern schools to recruit African American players.

Unfortunately, pioneering black athletes often dealt with racism on their campuses and on the road. Initially, Prentice Gault felt isolated and believed that he had to prove his worth to his white teammates. Both Gault and Coach Bud Wilkinson received hate mail. Early in his career at OU, students sometimes mistook Gault for a bootblack and asked him for a shoeshine. Gault willed himself to stay at the university and prove that he belonged.

L.C. Gordon arrived in Stillwater from Memphis in 1957 and became the first black basketball player at Oklahoma A&M. Under Coach Iba, Gordon was treated like his white teammates; on the road, however, things were different. Gordon was delighted to have the staff at an Alabama hotel offer him room service. Later, he learned that the establishment had dissuaded him from eating in the public dining room where the rest of the team was served. Men like Prentice Gault and L.C. Gordon paved the way for later African-American athletes like OU’s All-American basketball player and 1984 Olympic gold medalist Wayman Tisdale, and OSU’s 1988 Heisman Trophy winner and Pro Football Hall of Famer Barry Sanders.

Capitalizing On Access

Women faced limitations in sports participation until the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries when activities like basketball expanded at the collegiate and high school level. Early on, women

The Smithsonian is coming to Oklahoma!

<p>Oklahoma City Ralph Ellison Library 2000 NE 23rd St. • (405) 424-1437 March 6, 2015 – April 17, 2015</p> <p>Miami Miami Public Library 200 N. Main • (918) 541-2292 April 24, 2015 – June 5, 2015</p> <p>Muskogee Five Civilized Tribes Museum 1101 Honor Heights Dr. • (918) 683-1701 June 12, 2015 – July 17, 2015</p>	<p>Ponca City Pioneer Woman Museum 701 Monument Road • (580) 765-6108 July 24, 2015 – September 4, 2015</p> <p>Weatherford The Museum on Main Street 210 W. Main St. • (580) 744-3240 September 11, 2015 – October 23, 2015</p> <p>Guymon Guymon Public Library 206 Northwest 5th St. • (580) 338-2659 October 30, 2015 – December 11, 2015</p>
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March 5, 2-4 p.m., Ralph Ellison Library

Sponsors: *Hometown Teams* has been made possible in Oklahoma by the Oklahoma Humanities Council. *Hometown Teams* is part of Museum on Main Street, a collaboration between the Smithsonian Institution and State Humanities Councils nationwide. Support for Museum on Main Street has been provided by the United States Congress. Oklahoma programming has been generously supported by The National Endowment for the Humanities and our local sponsors: The Boeing Company; Kirschner Trusts; The Pauline Dwyer Macklanburg and Robert A. Macklanburg, Jr., Foundation; Guernsey; Beaver Express Services LLC; and the Oklahoma City Thunder.

Image: Calvert Lithographing Co., Detroit, c. 1895; Library of Congress



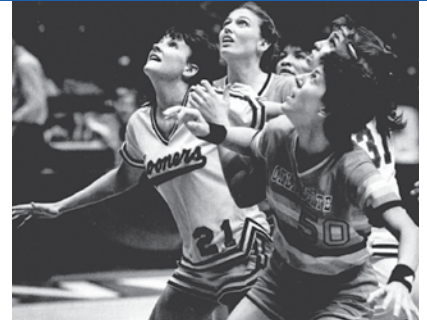
Prentice Gautt



Shannon Miller, 1993



Kenny Monday, left



OU's Lynn McCurdy and OSU's Kathy Shui, front left and right, 1984 Women's Bedlam Basketball

played on a court divided in three sections. Stealing a pass and the two-handed shot were considered unfeminine. Still, women excelled at the game. The winningest basketball coach in Oklahoma history is Bertha Teague, who began coaching at Byng High School in 1927. In a career spanning more than forty years, Teague won 1,157 games and lost only 115, won every conference game for twenty-seven years, and amassed thirty-eight conference championships and eight state titles.

After World War II, women's basketball teams began adopting the rules used by men but still struggled to acquire gear, uniforms, and monetary support. These problems were aptly portrayed in the film *Believe in Me*, loosely based on the experiences of Coach Jim Keith and the women at Sayre High School. Through the 1950s and 1960s, women played in older gyms, scheduled their practices and games around men's teams, and often received inadequate support from school systems. It was even more difficult for women's programs at all-black high schools and colleges. Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 brought significant change to women's sports. The legislation guarantees female students access to *all areas* of education at institutions which receive federal funding; consequently, it ensures that women have equal opportunities to compete in sports.

Since the passage of Title IX, Oklahoma's female athletes have succeeded in numerous sports at all levels. Crystal Robinson was a star basketball forward at Atoka High School (1988-1992) and Southeastern Oklahoma State University (1992-1996) and then spent seven years in the WNBA. One of Oklahoma's most recognized Olympians, gymnast Shannon Miller, garnered two silver and three bronze medals during the 1992 games. In 1996, she won a gold medal for the balance beam, helped her team to win gold, and earned a place in the United States Olympic Hall of Fame. The Amateur Softball Association hosts the annual Women's

College World Series at its Hall of Fame Stadium in Oklahoma City; the OU Sooners women's softball team won national championships in 2000 and 2013.

These women and others like them challenged antiquated views and gained respect for female athletes. The Oklahoma City University Stars defied gender perceptions and dominated Women's Collegiate Wrestling with four successive championships (2009-2012). And in the spirit of "sportsmanship," the late OSU women's basketball coach Kurt Budke was pleasantly surprised on his arrival in Stillwater when the men's basketball coach, Eddie Sutton, informed Budke that Gallagher-Iba Arena belonged to the women as much as it did to the men.

Today, Oklahomans herald the athletic success of contemporary women, American Indians, and African Americans, such as: the University of Oklahoma's women's basketball coach Sherri Coale, a Healdton native and Oklahoma Christian University graduate; Heisman Trophy winner Sam Bradford (Cherokee) of Putnam City North High School and OU; and Olympic gold medalist wrestler Kenny Monday of Tulsa's Booker T. Washington High School and OSU, who was also a three-time All-American and a four-time U.S. Nationals Champion. It may be taken for granted now, but throughout most of the twentieth century, female, Native American, and African American athletes fought for equal playing time and against stereotypes. Their struggles to overcome gender and racial barriers created equal opportunities for many American athletes and fostered bonds among fans and teammates for their Oklahoma hometown teams.



Phillips 66ers, 1947; Jesse "Cab" Renick, fifth from left

AMY CARREIRO received her Ph.D. in history from Oklahoma State University and teaches courses on American culture, race, and sports in the American Studies Program at her alma mater. She is the state scholar for the Oklahoma Humanities Council's Museum on Main Street program, *Hometown Teams: How Sports Shape America*.

IMAGES: Except where noted, images are courtesy the Oklahoma Historical Society.

EXTRA! | READ | THINK | TALK | LINK

- ▶ "History of Women's Basketball," Sally Jenkins. A fun rundown of how the rules have changed. wnba.com/about_us/jenkins_feature
- ▶ "Why Are Jim Thorpe's Olympic Records Still Not Recognized?" Sally Jenkins, *Smithsonian* magazine, July 2012. Article on the controversy and athletic legacy of Jim Thorpe. smithsonianmag.com
- ▶ "Without Rules – The Untold Story of the Johnny Bright Incident," Kyle Fredrickson, *Daily O'Collegian*, posted online October 18, 2012. "What We Learned," Kyle Fredrickson and Adam Kemp. In-depth article and video interview with Wilbanks Smith, the player who "threw an elbow" in a college game that changed football history. ocolly.com
- ▶ "Confessions of a Designated Hitter," Russell Cobb, *This Land Press*, Dec. 12, 2012. In-depth article on the Johnny Bright incident and a radio podcast in which reporter Russell Cobb talks about the historical period leading up to the event and his interview with Wilbanks Smith. thislandpress.com



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