The Wisdom of the Heart: "These Fragments Have I Stored…" (T.S Eliot, *The Wasteland*)—The Power of Storytelling in the Growth of Italian-American Women Writers

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They are all we have, you see,
all we have to fight off
illness and death.
You don't have anything
if you don't have the stories.[1]

Storytelling appears to have become a fundamental element in the personal and psychological growth of Italian American women writers for it has the power to enrich one's innermost being with the wisdom, the faith, and the tales their foremothers passed dawn to them:

> All were illiterate. They all knew oppression, injustice, and poverty, yet they all were part of a rich, oral culture filled with folks tales, family stories, ghost stories, religious stories…which were committed to memory and passed down orally. [2]

As Will Eisner states: "Storytelling lies deep in the social behaviour of human groups: ancient and modern. Stories are used to teach behaviour within the community, to discuss morals and values, or to satisfy curiosity."[3] As such, it is a true and constant practice in the culture of Italian American women writers as well, and, in many of their works, it even serves as a healing and curative power.

In Josephine Gattuso Hendin's novel, *The Right Thing to Do*,[4] storytelling acquires the same healing power in the moment when Nino, the old-fashioned and oppressive father, tells his daughter Gina a tale from his boyhood in Ventimiglia, while on his deathbed: at that time a young girl, who was dying, requested that she be buried with her father, who had died a year before. When the father's coffin was exhumed, the corpse was found not to be decayed, but it did before the villager's eyes, just as they crossed themselves the third time, in the presence of what they thought was a miracle. The priest regretted having sanctioned Lucia's request, having allowed his feelings, rather than his duty, dictate his behaviour.

Through this tale, Nino speaks to his daughter and gives her a legacy of words as an attempt to protect and transmit his cultural heritage. As Mary Jo Bona says: "Nino functions much like the *cantastorie* or story singers of southern Italy, the preservers of local traditions whose stories entertain and edify. In fact, Gina receives a story about her cultural heritage that will paradoxically liberate her from her father and ensure her loyalty to the family."[5]

Later on Mary Jo Bona also says that "folktales function to guide behaviour."[6] Through this folktale, "Gina has been nourished but she must engage regularly in the telling of such traditional stories in order to guard against losing her identity as an *Italian* American."[7] The words pronounced by Nino on his deathbed are very meaningful because, on the one hand, they lead his daughter in her desperate search for freedom and personal autonomy, and, on the other, they underline the indelible bond with her own origins: "A child has to make its own way...if the child finds the right way, it finds its own road back to where it belongs."[8]

In a different instance, but linked to the previous one by the strong family bond between the characters, that is in Carole Maso's *Ghost Dance,* [9] Vanessa, the young protagonist, finds the strength to go on recalling the magic moments when her mother used to tell her bedtime stories. On those special, intimate occasions, the difficult relationship with her mostly frantic mother took on a positive dimension: "We were like lovers drifting off to sleep together, whispering in the dark."[10] In this novel, storytelling is represented by the symbol of the 'Topaz Bird' (The brilliant bird of imagination): "Only the luckiest people are born with a bird flying over their lives. It's no ordinary bird, mind you,"[11] and as the mother told the story she would ask her young daughter to imagine the Topaz Bird along with her.

Vanessa tried to discover her mother's story, through what she told her, but, later she realized that she must tell her mother's story so that she could cease to be her mother's captive: "discovering the mother's story to understand the self, to embrace the mother, but also to be free of her."[12] Thus, storytelling has, here too, the power to link the thoughts of the narrator with those of the listener, prompting a sense of complicity and a deep communion between the two. Later in life, in her mind, Vanessa envisages her mother in the act of telling her bedtime stories and this has a special effect on her, as if for the first time she knew who she was and where she belonged:

> "Oh Mother!" we say. And we see the flowering of all human beauty, the end of all pain and disease, and men walk like brothers on the great land. Her eyes overflow with love - her all body. And we too overflow. Who can contain such love, such beauty, such peace as this?[13]

Thus the inner discourses, which derive from her unconscious mind, mingle with facts and events pertaining to her experience, and are consolidated through storytelling: the present and the past, the present and the absent are connected. As the sweet, tender voice of her mother flowed, some images took shape in her mind: imagination extended her visual and mental horizon placing things on a more elevated level, which allowed her to see the world under in a different light. In Vanessa's mind the characters ceased to be people and became figures, slowly moving in a surreal environment. The title of the novel suggests a dance of ghostly figures, but, in this case they are not frightening instead they show the protagonist the way to a successful, happy and fulfilling life, conveying a feeling of reassurance and hope which chases away dread and uncertainty:

> "We will do a *Ghost Dance*," he said. "Everything will be all right. There will be sweet grass and fresh water 'The dead will come alive again, and it will be like old times. You remember, Pale Moon'." He smiled and closed his eyes.[14]

In this novel, storytelling appears to be a source of positive energy, which develops a sort of inner dynamism, enabling the protagonist to be set free from inhibitions which prevent her from reacting. It helps her build up ideals and it eliminates fears allowing her to escape the often harsh reality and to enter a more flexible world painted with the colours of optimism.

Also in Waldo's *A Cup of the Sun*, the young female protagonist, Niobe, suffers from a series of dramatic situations, first and foremost of them the possessive nature of her father's rearing practices, which enforces silence and obedience, with no regard for the child's personal needs, but also, no less traumatic, the experience of incest with her brother, and the apparent passiveness of her mother. Niobe's pain, too, is eased at the end by storytelling: her mother, sensing her distress, tells her a story about her own childhood in Italy, where:

> she learned from her mother not to be embarrassed over female sexuality. Although Niobe does not understand the story's meaning then, her mother passes along, aware of its ability to soothe her suffering daughter. [15]

Thus, storytelling seems to have the power to cure the protagonists of these novels of their moral and physical paralysis preventing them from reacting to the calamities that cross their paths in life.

In Tina DeRosa's *Paper Fish* storytelling serves the same essential function: it soothes away the suffering and re-establishes the hopes for what has been lost in those dark times when the struggle to become one hundred per cent American deprived the children of the immigrants of their own culture, confining them to an obscure dimension where it was difficult to claim an identity, or a sense of belonging. In DeRosa's novel the story narrated by Grandma Doria provides an explanation to the psychic paralysis which affected her niece Doriana. In her story, the forest becomes a metaphor recalling the negative aspects of society, but the labyrinth, where she gets lost, never to find her way out, is, in another way, also the positive meaning of the forest, as opposed to a corrupt society and a way to find a more balanced union with nature. In this novel nature appears the only entity able to understand her distressed mind. Only by submerging herself in the natural world of the forest can she find peace and serenity, and thus, finding the key to the forest could represent obtaining access to a world, denied to others, where her condition allows her to go beyond normality, to see the beauty of the colourful birds and listen to their magic melodies. The story of the forest is the story of a place where the distinction of race and culture does not exist, a place where she would like to loose herself forever:

> In the forest the birds are. Ah, such beautiful bird...Blue and pink, Doriana she go into the forest to look at the birds. The birds they sing in the tree. One day Doriana go into the forest. She forget the key. She gets lost in the forest.[16]

This is another powerful instance of how storytelling allows many Italian American women writers to move in space and time by painting past memories with a subjective light, as an aid to the struggle they are undergoing in the attempt to end the constraints limiting the condition of many women:

> …Rosa ultimately maintains her individual sense of self through storytelling. Bevilacqua observes how Rosa refuses to retreat into "an attitude of victimization" adopting instead the major strategy of cultivating the art of telling stories, which earns her the attention of others, gives her an identity that is related to her community and expressive of her individuality,

> and is an outlet for the richness of her inner world, so in contrast to her external poverty. [17]

Their tales recall a world without boundaries where the agency of women, the depositaries of a unique knowledge, dominates, enriching their descendents of a wisdom that, in order to be everlasting, must be passed down to future generations. Through storytelling, Italian American women writers reach a spiritual freedom which enables them to display, without any sense of inhibition, the innermost aspects of their being and to free their creativity, which appears as a:

> Kind of liberation, a freedom, occurs by assuming the concentrating and illumination, the saturation of the moment as in poetry; and the prolonged temporal ability to stay were one's vision is and watch it evolve, change, double back on itself, augment, amplify, come to uneasy terms, resolution - of a sort, as extended prose is capable of doing.[18]

The stories they narrate arise from the juxtaposition of fantasy and reality and have the purpose to deliver an urgent message, displaying their position as 'boarder women', who, struggling to find their place in two different cultures, can easily get lost. This thesis is confirmed by, Josephine Gattuso Hendin, when she states that:

> The struggle to individuate by redefining connections and the question of female identity are central issues that are affected by storytelling traditions. These traditions can be applied to the new purpose of establishing the nature of connections as the contact for any form of separation. Women are traditionally keepers of family solidarity and stories which, like folk tales, often instruct the listener in tales of harmony and conflict.[19]

Thus, storytelling becomes for them an anchor to keep an hold on safety of a magical world that cannot be swept away by the waves of modernism.

In this shift from silence and seclusion to memory and imagination, Italian American writers witness stories arising from other stories, but also from a tangible reality highlighting the hardships of a minority group in a society which tends to conform individuals to given standards. These tales become one true voice, a chant of those women who strive to find a full identity; they narrate traditional stories mingling memories, fantasy with their own experiences, in an effort to speak out denouncing their inner conflicts, so that they can be heard by the all too often anti-traditionalist

society in which they live. Oral tradition is the centre of their tales and they celebrate it through words, and talks, referring to times long ago and recalled by a memory which pieces together the elements of an often painful past. The power of storytelling in the growth of the Italian American women writers is also confirmed by the Josephine Gattuso Hendin, when she states that:

> Storytelling, for me, means continuing the dramatic forms of Italian narrative traditions and Italian American culture. I prize their stress on the intense immediacy, moral force, and feel of life that—even in its fantastic, miraculous aspects—is always lived face to face. I hope my storytelling, extends those traditions into the maelstrom and excitement of American reality. Balancing an Italian American heritage with the claims of an unruly contemporary world, those traditional codes, styles, and expressive forms will be revised and repositioned. I believe they will always be bright beacons for any journey down new and different paths.[20]

Many stories, in fact, start by evoking memories in the hometown of the old world, describing the countryside bathed in sparkling sunshine. The fragrance of the wild flowers, the valleys, the streams, and the aroma of the food characterize the humble but warm atmosphere which the Italian American women writers often recall in their works

> In the hills of Piedmont…the sun was bright and warm but not scorching. Above, the sky was clear and of such an intense blue that it seemed almost to palpitate. In the distant horizon, it became gradually white and soft as cotton …the daisies in the meadows, the poppies in the fields of grain already mown, and the country roses along the sides of the country road.[21]

As Mary Jo Bona says "Italian American women writers have been drawn to tell ancestral narratives of Italian family life in the homeland and the New World."[22] In this process, everything acquires a positive tinge because storytelling is meant to bring hope and establish courage. Mary Ann Mannino says that as far as Maria Fama is concerned: "the immigrant voice imparts a legacy not of fear and anxiety, but of resiliency and hope,"[23] and in her poems she endows the characters with positive traits, such as patience, honesty, generosity, and, among them, the leading figure is always the one of the grandmother, who, through her honesty, determination, courage and good deeds, transmits, to her grandchildren, even after the struggle of the past generation, a deep sense of pride for their own roots,

and the wish to discover more about their own heritage, almost forgotten by the mainstream society: "I know these great grandmothers only from the snatches of stories told about them," [24] laments Maria Fama.

Hence, storytelling can also be considered by Italian-American writers an ancestral journey in places lost to their memory. The constant recollection of their homeland explains the strong and close link that foremothers had with nature: they tell stories about the harvest, grape picking, wine making, stressing that hard work became a feast under the special communion and solidarity that held together friends and family. They recall the myths associated with the land, its crops and the constant movement of labourers; they are stories full of laughter, prayers, joy, but also shadows and silence because they were keenly aware that everything was a blessing that could be lost without God's mercy. Although they left their homeland in search of a better future in these stories we can always detect a pang of sadness and a nostalgic tone when there is mention of their homeland:

> They recounted stories of their village, of their farm, and of each other, one beginning and flaming the other's memory…As they spoke I could make out the out-of-doors they lived in--the hot sun, and the stony cragged land that had to be worked by hand, the small cramped farm.[25]

These stories enable the listener or the reader to come in touch with a past which is an essential part of her own being, so that storytelling becomes a sort of documentary, an element of reflection, the creation of an inner as well as an external reality filtered through the writers' sensibility.

The tales narrated by the foremother are not only derived from fantasy, but grasp an empirical reality, which, in turn, becomes a search for imagination in a society governed by facts, materialism and greed:

> There in my valley the light lingers, a soft glow, pink like jewels before the blue shadows come down, and then all is black, black so that you cannot see a finger before your eyes. Only above here is light the light of the *stelle*. The vineyards are green and heavy with fruits in the spring the wild flowers spread their colours everywhere, the Christmas rose, the violet anemones, the gentians and the dark columbine.[26]

This vivid, detailed description explains, here, how Rosemary, the young protagonist of Benasutti's novel *No Steady Job for Papa*, recalls the stories of the homeland narrated by her Grandma. The nostalgic tone in her Grandmother's voice creates a rainbow of contrasting colours in the girl's mind, which acquire different meaning and connotation. The girl, listening

to the story, imagines the valley as her own, using the possessive pronoun 'my', it becomes for her a sort of refuge, a personal space to visit with her imagination whenever she feels like it. She paints this space with intense, vivid colours: the daylight is of a brilliant pink which sparkles like a jewel, the obscurity of the night is dense and deep, only broken by the bright stars sparkling in the sky. This brilliant design of colourful shades stands, in Rosemary's mind as a more complete and rewarding wealth than the materialistic one that her mother pursued in America. In her grandmother's tales, the generosity of nature, warmed by the sun and protected by the shades, is plentiful, offering its ripe fruits and its fragrant and colourful flowers. The imaginary valley, which dominates the setting of the tales becomes for Rosemary and her Grandmother a meeting place away from the dust and the mud of Back Street where they live. The story of the valley becomes a symbol of peace and serenity and stands as a contrasting element against the American reality, where Rosemary's father struggles to find a job and his wife, in the attempt to save enough money to buy a house, loses her sensibility for human relations, while her daughter suffers the sneers of the rich Americans of Goat Hill.

As Josephine Gattuso Hendin says, the expressive style used by the Italian American women writers:

> borrows from the tradition of Italian folk storytelling, it emphasizes communicating through illustrative tales or anecdotes, dynamic dialogue and clarity of meaning. It involves a rejection of abstraction. It uses stories anecdotes characters tell each other within the frame of the novel to encode and dramatize a relational vision of identity that can register the stress exerted by large cultural forces in personal relations. Even when issues of estrangement or of escape are critical signs of stress, a focus on relational identity lends dramatic intensity and division of alienation. [27]

In this journey through new and different paths both the writer and the protagonist seem to be caught up in the web of an obsession with past memories, as if they were afraid that a wave of modernism could sweep away centuries of tradition, thus depriving them of the only possibility to hold on to a tradition that could be easily forgotten by future generations. At this point, recalling oral tradition becomes vital to find a balance in the present. In storytelling, the past emerges in the writers' mind with light and soft tones which recall memories of happy times: "I loved the summers…Something different, new, always exciting, happened in the summer, never planned, just happening. Like going to the cherry farm."[28]

While making their characters recall memories like this one, the writers explore their own selves and the surrounding world. The shift from past to present, the alienation deriving from it are used to bridge the gap between time and memory, between the new world and the old one. Storytelling seems to have a double role, to carry the listener on to a world of fantasy and to awaken past memories so that the two can mingle, creating new stories from past ones, so that the experience of the immigrants and their descendents may be written down. During the narration, the storyteller's mind visits places never seen before as if she were part of them, as if they belonged to her. Time disappears and all elements come together assembling themselves according to the narrator's subjective will. Some of the tales acquire a positive light, others do not, because what caused pain and humiliation is not always so easily turned into something positive. In these cases memories appear as a disorderly number of images inhabiting the storyteller's mind without any coherence; these fragmented images struggle to find an order and a sequence and only when they do is the storyteller able to tell his story:

> When Gran'ma gave up her beloved land; when we left the mining town and our nice house there; when someone died; when you lost your job--the world ended like that, a little bit at a time, and although a new and different world might begin, those little bits and pieces were gone forever.[29]

The stories are composed putting together events that hold a particular meaning and intend to teach the listener a moral lesson: in doing so, the artist grasps lost memories, things he heard, life experienced and builds up a story relying on reality and fiction. Many of the stories hold fantastic elements as well as true facts which are emphasised to give the protagonist an often epical stature.

This sort of full immersion into the past enables the writer to explore all aspects of the narrating entity during the time of narration, and in so doing, it feeds her creativity as if there were no differences between reality and imagination. The Italian American women writers see storytelling common territory where the past and the present are united, involving the old and the young: the elders telling the stories while the young listening to them so that one day they too will be the storytellers:

> This coming together of the women and children makes the children part of the history of women. Alone with the children, the mother becomes

> storyteller: "She would tell us stories about San Mauro, the town where she grew up".[30]

However, grandmothers, more so than mothers, are the source of life, generosity, strength, and courage and most of all a source of knowledge inherited by the ancestors. Thus they become a vital link with tradition, enabling Italian American women writers to discover their ethnic origins:

> As I think about it now, I realize that as a little person I was not separated from the old: the sight and feel of soft, dry wrinkled skin was associated with the sight and feel of love. Of those who had the time to listen, to tell the story. I learned to love the smell and feel of old flesh--I love to put my round child cheek up against her wrinkled one.[31]

In order to understand their own selves, it is important for these women to understand the secrets passed down orally to them: "Our early whispers have evolved into full-throated voices singing a myriad of songs, exploring our many identities and singing our poems and our stories".[32]

This message of storytelling was passed down from the old to the young also by the foremother of another Italian American women writer, Rachel Guido DeVries, who says:

> I was named after my Calabrese grandmother, Rachel Guido…through the years, I heard over and over again that this first Rachel Guido was a storyteller. She would gather her eight children around her and say, "You want to hear a story?"[33]

This same storytelling is passed on from the women to the children in Maria Mazziotti Gillan's collection of poems *Things My Mother Told Me*,[34] when they seek her children's company asking them not to leave her alone at night.

In the children's mind the stories expand and are articulated because as childhood and youth are the ages during which the unconscious takes shape, it is from the unconscious itself that this endless source of creativity flows freely, crystallizing storytelling. Although often characterized by uncertainties and a contradictory behaviour, youth is represented in storytelling as a period of discovery during which young people find an answer to their questions, also thanks to the illuminating message delivered by these stories. The outcome of the stories influences, therefore, the growth of the characters and narration becomes for them a way to get to know themselves, to explore hidden parts of their being and to reflect upon

the problems of ethnic minorities, often left aside and neglected by society. In these stories, we can also see the loneliness and the suffering that have characterized the life of the Italian American writers, together with the hold the family has upon them. The denigration of society is also a proof of the double position they had to share in the attempt to belong to two different cultures too often without being recognized by either of them. Maria Mazziotti Gillan confirms this status of estrangement referring to her personal experience:

> Of course when I went to Italy in June 1977, I discovered I was not Italian but American. Yet, back in the United States I found I was not American either, but some hybrid creature, neither fully American nor fully Italian.[35]

For the Italian American women writers storytelling is a way of making justice of this sort of alienation as well as of the hardships, denigration and humiliation suffered during the process of assimilation even if the latter helped them understand the reality of things, the strength of the events of the world they lived in the will of not being forgotten, and the will of becoming part of a common identity.

Rosemary, the young protagonist of Marion Benasutti's novel, grew up in a family where at night, after dinner, the family gathered to listen to their grandmother's stories:

> This was when we loved it the most, sitting around the big table in the kitchen, dinner over, and Mamma relaxed and willing to sit still for a few precious moments 'Such tales I could tell you!' Mamma said…'Oh, tell!' we implored.[36]

The emphasis that the writer puts on storytelling underlines its importance in the growth of the protagonist, as well as of her own as a writer. When the grandmother tells the story of the valley and the streams of *Acquadolce*, near the place where she was born, they all seem to breath the freshness of the air and feel the cool water on their faces: "people rest on hillocks and bury their faces in the streams of *Acquadolce* before they go on."[37] Sensorial element come alive, in storytelling, transferring the listeners in the time and space of the story, also by means of sound and smell: "The women in the kitchen around a yellow formica table, smoking cigarettes and telling stories. Their laughter is always in my ear…I hear it all the time,"[38] "The smell of the old man of my childhood: cigars, and a particular kind of

soap. The low, hoarse voices of Italian men, gravely, the pitch set by tobacco and wine".[39]

This feeling gives them the impression that those faraway places and long gone times can come back as if by magic. In these stories the aroma of the home cooked meals represents the protective space of the family, where the characters feel safe and content, away from that often hostile world, which they have to face daily: "The hot, comforting, slightly scorched smell of the *polenta* cooking downstairs and the sharper smell of the sauce filtered up to me,"[40] vividly remembers Marion Benasutti in his book. By the selection, preservation and reconstruction of the past which takes place in storytelling the writers want to save their rich and meaningful traditions. In this process, memory is not guided by reason, but by a spontaneous and instinctive sense linking perceptions and feelings of the moment with others experienced in the past. So, storytelling is not a causal performance to pass the time, but a necessity arising from the wish to learn about the world they live in, understand it and themselves, to find a solution to their own dilemmas, to save a tradition which is otherwise bound to be forgotten, to overcome the suffering and the prejudice, which inevitably marks their human condition.

Note

[1] Min-ha Trinth T., *Woman Native and Other Writings: Postcoloniality and Feminism*, Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Indiana ,1989, cfr. Leslie Marmon Silko: 136.
[2] Cfr. Maria Fama in Mannino Vigilante Mary Ann, *Breaking Open: Reflection on Italian American Women's Writing*, Purdue University Press, West Lafayette, Indiana, 2003: 111.
[3] Eisner Will, *Graphic Storytelling & Visual Narrative*, Poorhouse Press, Tamarac, Florida, 1996: 7,13.
[4] Gattuso Hendin Josephine, *The Right Thing to Do*, The Feminist Press, New York, 1999: 90.
[5] Bona Mary Jo and Gilbert Sandra, *Claiming a Tradition: Italian American Women Writers*, Southern Illinois University Press, Chicago, 1999: 91.
[6] *Ibidem*.
[7] *Ibidem*.
[8] Gattuso Hendin Josephine, *The Right Thing to Do*, *op.cit.*:90.
[9] Maso Carole, *Ghost Dance*, Ecco; Hopewell, New Jersey, Reprint edition 1995: 11.
[10] *Ibidem* :11.
[11] *Ibidem.*
[12] See De Salvo Louise, in Mannino Mary Ann, *Breaking Open*, *op.cit.*:64.
[13] Maso Carole, *Ghost Dance*, *op.cit.*: 272.
[14] *Ibidem* : 269.
[15] Waldo Octavia, *A Cup of the Sun*, Harcourt, New York ,1961: 77.
[16] DeRosa Tina, *Paper* Fish, The Feminist Press, New York 1980 (2003): 112.
[17] Bona Mary Jo, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 252.
[18] Maso Carole, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*:225.
[19] *Ibidem.*
[20] Gattuso Hendin Josephine, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 213.
[21] Pola Antonia, *Who Can Buy the Stars?*,Vantage, New York, 1957: 9.
[22] Bona Mary Jo, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 249.
[23] Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 317.
[24] Fama Maria, *La Carta Parla*, in Mannino Mary Ann, *Breaking Open*, *op. cit.*: 111.
[25] Cavallo Diana, *A Bridge of Leaves*, Atheneum, New York, 1966: 36.
[26] Benasutti Marion, *No Steady Job for Papa*, Vanguard, New York, 1966: 10.
[27] Gattuso Hendin Josephine, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 205.
[28] Benasutti Marion, *op. cit.*: 3.
[29] *Ibidem* : 131.
[30] Guido deVries Rachel, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 82.
[31] DiPrima Diane, in Mannino Mary Ann, *op. cit.*: 93.
[32] Guido deVries Rachel, *op. cit.*: 79.
[33] *Ibidem* : 82.
[34] Gillan Maria Maziotti, *Things My Mother Told Me*, Guernica, Toronto, 1996.
[35] *Ibidem* :163
[36] Benasutti Marion, *op. cit.*: 14.
[37] *Ibidem* : 11.

[38] Guido deVries Rachel, in Mannino Mary Ann, *Breaking Open, op.cit*.: 83.
[39] *Ibidem* : 104.
[40] Benasutti Marion, *op.cit*.: 88.