



Morpheus

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Letter from the Editor

Hello everyone!

I'm Kasandra Christner, the new editor of Morpheus. I've been involved with the group since my freshman year and it's surreal to be able to call myself the editor and chief. I'd like to give a big thank you to former editor, Rachel Peters, for setting me up for success handing over the reigns to this position. This semester, she was off campus doing her student teaching before graduation and we couldn't be prouder of her and her achievements.

I'd also like to thank the members of Morpheus for a wonderful Spring semester. We accomplished so much in this short amount of time! If you haven't heard, we have hosted a Skype reading and workshop with award winning poet Kierstin Bridger, released three issues, and had our annual Spring poetry reading/contest.

If you're interested in being a part of the Morpheus team, we're always welcome to new people. Generally, we have a meeting every Wednesday in the evenings, but attendance at each meeting isn't mandatory. If interested, feel free to email me a kchristn@heidelberg.edu.

Please enjoy our Spring issue!

Morpheus Staff

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Lowlight

By Kasandra Christner

The man told us he could feel our love,
under the warm tones of orange street lights.
He wanted money,
just a dollar or two,
a quick ride up the street,
anything we could spare.

We looked down at our feet,
kicking rocks in the late winter cold.
We told him that
we didn't carry cash,
we were headed the other way,
nothing to sacrifice.

He took the news with grace and
beelined for a new hope.

The Attic Rafters and the Threshold Nearby

By Fletcher Grey

Excited by that ray of Light,
I pondered the Beams of eerie Night,
That poured through the Windows and the Rafters of Laye,
Where I wondered where I could go Today;

So, now that Threshold is at Hand,
Where Chalk met Wood and Rustic Sands,
As the Days and nights flew by in a Flash,
That too, my Senses, have awarded their pass,
As the threshold started to Open;
The Worlds and Sensations traveling my Body,

First a Tingle,
Then a Sparkle,
Then a Burn and a Freeze,
Passing within me as it please;

As the Woods started to Grow Within;
So the Cottage appeared before me,
As that Stone Cold Chimney lit Afire,
Transpiring what Thought could Happen to be,
Seeing the Days and nights fly By,

The Stars spinning constant Melodies;
Whispers and Chantings of Darkness and Light,

Sooner Falling above my Head,
Instead, I had Fallen beneath the Great Oak tree,
Behind that Wellspring where the Ancients Roamed,
Traveling Alone, Roaming as So,
So the Nights and Days started Flying by,
The Attic Rafters and the Threshold Nearby

Untitled

By Tyler Harp

never would I expect
your soft green eyes
or rugged exterior
to be of compromise

i trod in lyceum*
seeing no light at the end
nature turned unpoetic

cast into another world
in some bubble
the clock ticks i remain

* Lyceum – a hall for public lectures or discussions (Merriam-Webster Dictionary, 1828).

Heels and Ties

By Elizabeth Holland

When we're born, we wear rose-colored glasses.
As we age, our eyes become open and wide.
We realize that there's no rest for the wicked,
We trade glasses for blood-red lips.

We'll wear their glass slippers,
And walk under glass ceilings.
We live on prayers. We have no choice.
They lay out our life's path before us.

We walk through the incense of hypocrites
And dodge the cat-calls of prince charmings
We're tired of rising slowly only to be pushed down.
We wait for our moment to pounce like lionesses.

You may try to keep your seat,
But every tyrant must be overthrown
One day you'll see us beside you
And ties will have to keep up with high heels.

The Shadows We Cast

By Rachel James

We strive for greatness,
Building ourselves up,
Getting as close to the limelight
As we can stretch our fingers
Then going further still.
And we do get there
To the peak of our paradise--
Our hands as reminders of our hard work,
Canvases covered in cuts and calluses.

But our success comes with a price--
Because we are bathed in light
We cast shadows on others,
Blanketing them in the cold
And halting their own ascensions
For they cannot see their destination.
We stand as mountains in their path--
Our hands too busy reaching up
To reach down for them.

While we may soak up the light,
There will always come a day
When our high is not high enough,
Leaving room for new seekers of success
To follow in our path and beyond.
And we too are left only in shadow
With no hand to grasp--
Only a hand to push us aside.

Treasure

By Elyssa Williams

*Sing for me softly, love, your song for tomorrow,
And tell me my name's the one sitting in there somewhere
And dream for me anything, but dream it in color. . .
When our hearts are heavy burdens, we shouldn't have to bear alone*

pale, soft fingers
gently place the
engraved, silver box
in rough, brown hands

his tanned skin has
callouses from
years of constant
labor and exertion

the muscles have
hardened from deeds
done, horrific acts
that flash endlessly

behind dull, tired eyes
which hold those
images of red pain
from before... before

he believes himself
unworthy— his dark
hands know only
blood and torment

yet he opens the chest,
fragile and bestowed
upon him so tenderly
and so absolutely

he lifts the slim,
delicate, silver
cover and behold:
his entrusted heart.

Italicized lines from Go Radio's "Goodnight Moon"

Flotsam and Jetsam

By Carly Evans

Syan began staring at the ocean after one month. She stood as close to the edge of the ship as Andy would let her. Her hands occasionally lay on the railing, fingers avoiding the splinters of wood that had pierced everyone a hundred times before. Other times, her arms hung limp by her side.

Her eyes were always distant—never focused on the horizon, Andy noticed. They were glassy until she called for her attention. Andy would take her hand—a thin, soft, slightly unhuman hand in a rough, small one—and lead her to a meal or to bed.

Andy was always willing to fight any man who tried questioning her captaincy. She had rightfully earned her role when she took over the ship, killing her captain and having the crew swear their loyalty to her. She was merciless. She had no reservations about pulling her sword out on a fellow pirate. She denied any femininity—keeping her hair cut short and her figure built with muscle and splattered with scars. She was well-known and well-feared.

Yet, she couldn't muster any malice to the siren she was cutting free.

The siren's distressed screams had been heard from a mile away. Unable to bear the echoing cries that made the crew feel as though they were being driven mad, Andy ordered the ship to follow the screams. By a vacant island they found the creature withering in pain, tangled in a heavy net, on the rocks by the shore.

"Be gentle with her," she ordered.

Two of her crew held the siren's arms down while she cut away at the ropes.

Andy had never been so close to a siren before. In her younger days when she was just starting out on a ship, she had heard stories of attacks from her captain, Eli. He taught her almost everything he knew when he believed her to be a young boy. Once, he had told her, he barely plugged his ears with wax before sirens pulled half his shipmates overboard. He said that they were demonic things.

Andy always imagined they were ugly. According to the books she studied, their tails were twice as long as their torsos and when they pulled themselves out of the water, they transformed into legs. They could almost pass as humans, but their faces were still slightly wrong. Their irises were reflective slits—like cat eyes—and their teeth were sharp. Humans were only disillusioned by their songs that entranced them, making them see sirens as the epitome of beauty as they were pulled into the waters. Eli said he saw their true form in his sleep every night, taunting him.

But the siren they were helping didn't look like those creatures. She had a gentle face, human eyes, and her teeth were round when they bared in pain. Her tail wasn't quite as long as Andy had expected, but it was still an impressive length.

"You're almost free," Andy said, sawing more rope.

She was never fond of Eli. His words meant nothing to her now.

Blood ran from scales that had been torn away. It covered Andy's hands and knife, and she imagined that if it weren't approaching total darkness, they would see the shallow water turn red as well.

The last of the net fell away. The siren's tail started weakly thumping against the rocks. She winced and pushed herself further down into the water. Andy took a step back.

"I think we can leave her—"

She stopped when the siren pulled herself back up on the rocks, letting out an agonizing scream. In place of a tail were human legs. In the dark, Andy could make out the gashes and scrapes. The siren looked up at her, her eyes helpless. She looked so small. She would probably stand taller than Andy, but she still wouldn't live up to expectations of her species. Maybe sirens were always like that. The books could have been wrong. Or maybe this one was a runt, finally left behind by her pack.

Andy was ripped from her thoughts when a handkerchief was shoved in the siren's mouth. Andy's first mate, Tobi, yanked her head back from the force of tying the ends of the cloth behind her head.

"What are you doing?"

"Gagging her. If she can't sing, we all stay alive."

Andy wanted to protest. She wanted to point out that it seemed unnecessary. The siren was obviously in no shape. It might have seemed like an elaborate plan of attack to the crew, but Andy couldn't see any malice hidden under the vulnerability of the siren. She was proud of her intuition, and she wasn't going to start going against her gut feelings over her crew thinking a weak siren could overpower them.

"Why do you think she'll sing?" she asked.

"It's just a precaution. She can take it off when we're far enough away," he said, glaring at the siren.

"We're not leaving her here. She's hurt," Andy said. "She'll be stuck here, and you all know that the Navy goes through these waters. If they find her—"

"She'll lead them to us... I didn't think of that."

That wasn't exactly what Andy was thinking. The Navy was infamous for their treatment of sirens. They had captured groups over the past decade and subjected them to cruel tests. No one knew exactly what happened behind closed doors, but it made Andy sick. There was no one she hated more than the Navy. They killed her own and had no mercy on anything else. They were committing genocide and covered it up with the excuse of science. All the Navy cared about was themselves and their paychecks. Maybe sirens wouldn't be so notoriously violent if they weren't hunted.

"And we don't want another victory for the Navy," Andy said. "They've had enough. If we leave her here, we're basically handing her over."

"So, we take her as our own prisoner." Tobi smirked.

Andy woke in the dead of night. The water was calm, and her room was pitch black. She fumbled for matches and grabbed the candlestick she kept by her bed. Her hands were clumsy from sleep, but she managed to strike the match and hold the flame to the wick.

The cot by her side was empty.

She pulled on boots and walked up to the deck.

Bathed in the moonlight, Syan was standing against the rails. Her hair blew behind her, tangling and knotting in the wind. As Andy walked closer, she could see how pale Syan's cheeks were.

"Sy?"

Syan turned her head slowly. Her dark eyes were vacant. The air was cold. Andy hid a shiver.

"Let's go back to bed, yeah?"

She took Syan by the hand and gently tugged. Syan took a step with her. Then another.

Then another.

The siren had been carried to Andy's quarters under her instruction.

"We can't just dump her anywhere. It'll take a while longer to get to land, but we need to make sure she's off our boat."

She paced around the deck, watching over the crew as they were brought back up to the ship and pulled up any evidence that they had been there. Tobi followed her.

"How far are you willing to go for this little siren?" he asked

"We can handle being at sea for a little longer than planned. It should be plenty of time to get her back."

"Our supplies are low."

"We won't be out for that long. We can make everything stretch by at least another month. It'll be cutting it close, but we can make it work."

Tobi hummed. A few crewmen threw the soaking, tangled net on the deck. It hit the wood with a disgusting splat. Andy wrinkled her nose.

"I'm sure it won't be too difficult," she said. "I'll make peace with her, let her know we're only interested in getting on with our own lives. Maybe she knows where her... pack went. We'll spend maybe a week or two with her."

"I'd be careful," Tobi said. "If you keep these men at sea for too long, they'll turn on you." He began laughing. Andy forced a smile, suddenly feeling cold.

Andy didn't like to think that her morals aligned with empathy, but there was something about Syan that made Andy feel like she was staring at herself from years ago. She was raised in a Puritan community, stuffed into stiff, heavy black dresses, forced to read the Bible and attend church. Her father left for the sea often, transporting merchandise back and forth across Europe. Occasionally, she was allowed on the ship for brief moments before being reminded of her womanly duties by her aunt and pulled back into their house.

When Eli had learned that she was a woman after forcibly stripping her clothes away, she imagined sirens returning before he had a chance to kill her. In a daze as his calloused fingers scraped at her skin, she thought of a siren's song drifting to his quarters and lifting him away. He would forget Andy and follow the song into a siren's arms, succumbing to the icy water as it filled his lungs. His water-bloated body would be left to the dark ocean floor. But sirens never appeared, so Andy grabbed the gun he kept by his bed.

Andy had adjusted to her new captaincy quicker than she had expected. It wasn't an intentional coup, she insisted, but she didn't let the crew forget that she—a woman—had killed Eli so easily. She couldn't feel sorry knowing it would have been her dead body dropped over railings if she hadn't made such a hasty decision. She gained respect, but she also felt isolated.

Syan laid in her cot, staring at Andy from across the room. Andy recognized the vacant eyes.

"I'll take the gag off if you promise to keep quiet," Andy said.

The siren nodded. She sat on Andy's bed, legs dangling over the edge. Her bare toes brushed against wood floor. She wore a shirt from Andy's wardrobe. The hems didn't reach her wrists as they should have, and the shoulders were tight as the rest was baggy.

Andy untied the handkerchief from behind the siren's head. She tossed it aside and dropped to her knees, taking the siren's right ankle. Her calloused fingers prodded the soft, damaged legs, careful to avoid the rope burns and deep cuts.

"Please don't hurt me," the siren whispered.

Andy looked up at her. Her throat must have been raw for her voice was rough from the

screaming. Her hands, also blemished with tiny scratches, clutched the edge of the mattress. Her face was ashen, and her breathing was quick.

"I won't," Andy said. She took a moment before she said, "so you can talk?"

The siren nodded.

"Do you have a name?"

The siren stared at her. Her eyes were wide, and she trembled.

"Syan."

Andy grabbed a handkerchief and bottle of rum from her nightstand.

"I'm Andy. I'm the captain—you know what a captain is, right? I'm in command here."

Syan nodded. Andy dampened the handkerchief with rum and kneeled back down to Syan's legs. She examined the gashes again. They weren't too deep. Blood was starting to clot on the cuts on her calves and red trails were left behind from the blood that ran from her scraped knees. Andy pressed the rag to a dark slice.

Syan whined and jerked her leg. Andy kept a tight grip on her ankle.

"Where did you come from?" Andy asked. "Where's your family?"

It was the best she could do to keep Syan distracted.

"I'm lost. I was separated from my choir."

That was another thing Andy could make a note of about sirens. They travelled in choirs. Not schools like fish or packs like wolves. She dabbed another wound with the alcohol-rag.

"I'm not as strong as the others," Syan said. "I never have been. I don't fare well in dangerous waters."

"Where did you see them last?"

"I don't know." Syan took a deep breath and rolled her ankle, obviously trying to find some comfort from the stinging. "I didn't think were in dangerous waters, but your Navy showed up—"

"Wait. First, they're not my Navy," Andy snapped.

"You're all humans. They belong to you."

"Second, how much do you know about them? And humans?"

"More than you think. Your Navy—"

"The Navy."

"The Navy has been invading our homes for decades. We've learned enough to stay away from them—from all humans—but they've been sailing deeper into our waters. We have islands that we know are usually safe, but they were along that shore tonight."

"Was that their net you were in?"

Syan nodded. Andy scrubbed at her left knee.

"I'm not sure if the rest of my choir got away in time." Syan's voice was strained as Andy continued scrubbing and dousing the handkerchief in more rum.

"You're not leading a Navy ship to us, are you? That'd be bad for all of us. We can help you find your family—choir—as long as you don't start any trouble."

"I don't think it's me that we should be worry about starting trouble."

"Well, it's not us that you have to worry about. There's two types of humans on the sea: there's the Navy and there's pirates. Which one tried to kill you?"

Andy grabbed Syan's legs and pulled them up to the bed, forcing Syan to turn until she was lounging, supporting herself on her elbows. The rational side of her said that Syan was just scared. The more dominant—aggressive—part of her that lead her to fights said that Syan was stubborn and unappreciative of the help.

"Sleep here for the night. We'll find out what to do with you in the morning—even if it means throwing you back out in the water."

"How long are we going to keep her?" Tobi asked.

They were mapping out a new route. They sat at his desk, a map spread in front of them and a bottle of rum between them. Patches of sea had been circled and crossed out in messy ink. Corks and broken pens represented where they suspected the Navy of being.

Andy shrugged. "For as long as we need to."

"You said a couple weeks." Tobi leaned forward in his chair. "We need to return to land soon. Our supplies are running out."

"I know."

"And we're wasting our time running around the ocean looking for creatures that might kill us or might be dead."

Andy struggled to not scream. They didn't have much time or supplies to spare. She knew that she was asking a lot of the crew, but she tired of reminding them every day that she was the captain. She was in charge.

She was exhausted. Her nights for over a month had been spent finding Syan out of bed, and her days had been spent arguing with crew more than usual.

"Don't worry about what I'm planning," she said.

"We're going to attract the Navy. It's not safe."

"We're not attracting the Navy any more than we usually do."

"And what if we run into them? And they find that we're harboring a siren?"

"We'll deal with it."

"They'll kill all of us."

Andy slammed her fist on the table. Tobi didn't budge.

"Do you really think I haven't thought this through?" she said. "And are you really so scared of the Navy now?"

"No. But if they've been showing up where they shouldn't be—"

"They're going to always be showing up where they don't belong. When have they ever stayed close to the continent?"

"Things are changing. Why are we risking our own lives to help a siren?"

Andy's face burned. She had become protective of Syan over the months. There was nothing she could think of that would justify throwing any siren back into the water at this point. Especially if the siren was Syan. Sirens didn't travel alone well, and Syan struggled even more. To dump her off, she would definitely be dead within a day.

"If you're questioning my orders, you don't have to be on this ship," she snapped. "We can find a nice piece of ocean to drop you off in. Are you questioning my orders?"

Tobi clenched his jaw. His hands were balled in fists in his lap. He shook his head.

"Then why are we having problems?" Andy asked.

"We aren't."

Andy stood. "Good."

She turned on her heel and left.

Andy didn't wait for Syan to wake up before looking at her legs again.

She pulled the blankets away and sat on the edge of the bed. Syan gasped, and her eyes snapped open. Andy could see the damage better with the sunlight streaming down the stairs. Syan's legs were already scarring. There were permanent depressions and discoloration developing where the net had dug into her flesh.

Syan sat up.

"It's not bad," Andy said. "Do sirens heal fast?"

Syan nodded.

Andy wondered what her tail would look like. Scales could be lost forever. Maybe her tail fin would be torn.

"It hurts," Syan said. Her hands went to her thighs.

"You'll be fine."

Syan traced a gouge that ran up to her hip. "Am I your prisoner?"

Andy looked to the ground. Her boots were dirty and stained from the sea water.

"No," she said.

"Are you letting me go?"

"No."

Syan pulled her legs to her chest. Her hand covered a rope burn on her shin.

"We're keeping you for a while," Andy said. "We don't want you to draw attention to us if you'd be struggling in waters next to us. And, if you'd like, we can try to help you find your choir."

Syan nodded. "Thank you."

"Don't think that we're doing this to be kind. We're just stuck with you, and we're trying to deal with it."

Syan curled up a little more. "How do I know you're not hunters? What if you find my choir and then—"

"We're not the Navy. Unless you give us a reason to, we won't hurt you. What would we even do with you if we killed you?"

"Sell us to the Navy."

"That's a great idea. A ship of pirates selling a siren to the Navy. We'd be hanged with you. Find some pants. Get dressed, and come up on the deck. We're putting you to work."

Andy found Syan on the deck in the moonlight again.

They sat together, watching the small waves approach the ship before feeling the gentle rocking.

Weeks passed without any change.

Syan told the navigator everything she knew about the travel patterns of her choir, but nothing ever helped. They sailed as close as they dared to areas they knew were always occupied by the Navy. Andy grew anxious about that and put an end to it.

The crew was impatient. Andy had taken to staying by Syan's side everywhere they went in fear that the men would throw her overboard. Or kill her. Or hold her hostage. Or harm her in any other way. Andy had threatened them in every way possible, but she also feared that they would grow to hate Syan more than they feared Andy if they stayed on the water too long.

Syan's legs fully healed, but ugly scars still remained where the net had strangled them. Andy had caught Syan examining them when they were alone.

When tempers calmed down every night after another long day of searching, Andy would return to her cabin. Syan slept on a cot on the other end of the room. One night, Andy found her under blankets and curled up. She was about to blow out the candles when she heard sobs.

It was awkward. Andy didn't know how to comfort a crying being, and Syan wasn't exactly crying. Sirens seemed incapable of it. Her chest heaved, and her face screwed up in emotional agony, but no tears fell. Andy offered her a drink and a walk.

"I never believed in God. I didn't buy into the Biblical bullshit that my family force-fed me. I left as soon as I could, and let me tell you, I'm better off alone."

"You're on a ship full of people you see every day. How are you alone?"

"I don't think you understand humans as well as you think."

They talked all night, first walking in circles around the ship and eventually settling back in Andy's cabin. They took turns telling one another about options, and then about their lives. Syan taught her about sirens' history from before the Navy existed. Andy told her about her mother's baking—something she had never talked about before. They fell into a comfortable pattern of taking turns to share.

"Even when I was younger, my choir thought of me as a burden. I was the slowest and the smallest, and I think the Navy found us because of me... Maybe they left me on purpose."

"That's brutal."

"It's cynical."

Syan calmed in the early hours of the morning and slept through the afternoon.

Andy was oddly quiet the next day.

"What if I never get back to my choir?"

Andy had thought about that. They had been searching for so long, and they should have stopped already. They needed to return to land soon, and what if Syan was still with them? Andy had made a plan in case that happened. Syan would need to learn about daily human life. They would need to find clothes for her and teach her how to be inconspicuous while they bought new supplies. It could be a potential disaster.

"They have to be looking for you, too," Andy said.

"What if they're dead?"

The sun would be coming up soon. They had sat on the deck for hours before Andy could coax Syan into talking.

"I don't know," Andy said. "What if they are?"

"I'd have nowhere to go."

The stars looked like pinpricks in the black sky where the heavens could shine through. Andy could stare at the sky all night.

Syan watched the water.

"We're running out of time. We have to return to land soon—and I mean very soon," Andy said. "Do you want to give up?"

Syan said nothing. Andy nudged her leg.

"Give up, and you can stay with us," she said. "Or give up and go on your own way."

Syan's hand went to her legs.

"It's your choice," Andy said. "But you're welcome to join us. You've been here long enough."

Syan looked back out to the water. She closed her eyes and bowed her head.

"I think I'm ready to go to bed."

Connie's Psychological Battle

By Ethan Miller

Unsettling in many aspects, "Where Have You Going, Where Have You Been" by Joyce Carol Oates surrounds the idea of temptation and manipulation. This story becomes a mental game for Connie, the protagonist, who must battle between her fantastical thrill of life and the safe, mundane world of her home. Before the temptation for risk makes itself known, Connie abhors her familial life with her mother and sister who each irritate her in their own way. She rebels against her family's boring life and wishes to rid herself of their presence. Once Arnold Friend enters the picture, Connie's psyche is put to the test when her fantasy of freedom and rebellion against her family seem more frightening than expected. Arnold Friend represents Connie's id, whereas her family symbolizes her superego, leaving Connie to embrace her ego in a struggle between both sides.

Connie's resentment of her family — her superego — is immediately seen in the exposition of "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been". As a fifteen year old girl who is at a rebellious time in her life, all of their actions seem to bother her. The time period in this story is not only a "dramatic uprising of women's sexual revolution", but it was a moment when girls such as Connie were expected to be "the enforcers of purity within their teen society" (Ehrenreich et al. 85). In Connie's mind, she's looking to defy the standards society has placed on girls, but her family restrains her. Connie's mom, for instance, tells her daughter "stop gawking at yourself, who are you? You think you're so pretty?" (Oates 258). Here, Connie admires her appearance in the mirror but gets scolded for it by her mother. The relationship between Connie and her mother is constantly tense and full of disapproval. The viewpoints and actions of her mom and family therefore lead to their connotation: the superego.

The superego represents the part of Connie's psyche that keeps her grounded and responsible; her family is the symbol of that superego. The superego is "the monitor in ourselves that supervises the drives and keeps them in check... maintains a sense of right and wrong" (Ryan 47). This prevents people from participating in dangerous and risky situations, making reckless decisions, and is established at a very young age. The superego is specifically developed "around the age of 3-5", and more importantly it "incorporates the values and morals of society learned from one's parents and others" (McLeod 1). Her family represents stability, wisdom, and rules, all of which are constructs the superego reiterates in Connie's — and everyone's — minds. Rather than abide by the values her family has established, Connie instead resents them and the superego that embraces their ideals.

Her rebellion against the superego starts first with her mother. Her mother nags at her actions at several points; for example she says to Connie "why don't you keep your room clean like your sister? How've you got your hair fixed — what the hell stinks? Hair spray? You don't see your sister using that junk" (Oates 258). Connie defies the image of the responsible girl who follows her parent's rules and places others before herself. Instead she lacks the care to clean her room and enjoys improving her appearance for purely selfish reasons, both acts that display her disregard for the opinions of her mother. Her mother demands a set standard and protocol for the expectations she places on her daughter which is precisely the role of the superego in someone's psyche. Connie,

on the other hand, wants to feel free of the confines that the superego's moral compass places on her.

Later, Connie's sister furthers the connection between her family and the superego. June, Connie's sister, exemplifies the characteristics of a responsible adult that Connie finds repulsing. June is "praised all the time by her mother and her mother's sisters... she saved money and helped clean the house and cooked" (Oates 258). June connects to the standard of the superego by following their mother's order and receiving acceptance for it. June is commended by their mother while "Connie couldn't do a thing, her mind was all filled with trashy daydreams" (258). Connie, in contrast, has views that contradict the expectations of reality that the superego reminds her of, "daydreams" that are considered "trashy" by the guidelines of her superego.

Connie's dreams then cause her to detest June and her actions, linking to her prevalent rebellion against the superego. The siblings are in contention when they're shown as "almost friends, but something would come up — some vexation that was like a fly buzzing suddenly around their heads — and their faces went hard with contempt" (261). A separation is established between Connie's views and June's; Connie chooses to live carelessly while June is methodical in her actions and conforms to her mother's expectations in life. Connie doesn't clean her room whereas June does. Connie values an attractive appearance, and judges her sister to be "plain and chunky and steady" (258). Connie values personal beauty and degrades her sister's looks, selfish qualities that attack her superego. Due to Connie's resentment of the superego's standards, she is fighting against those ideals in favor of the thrill and "daydreams" in her mind.

That thrill comes with the connection to the wild drive that every human contains: the id. Connie is in a struggle with her superego and the responsibility her family expects of her because of the id. This part of the individual psyche "is the unconscious... our belonging to physical nature, especially in the world of instinctual drives for survival and satisfaction" (Ryan 47). When Connie regards her family negatively or lives for the thrill, she's following the unconscious temptation of her id. The id also "operates on the pleasure principle, which is the idea that every wishful impulse should be satisfied immediately, regardless of the consequences" (McLeod 1). Connie's night out with friends represents her unaware craving for pleasure because she "couldn't help but let her eyes wander over the windshields and faces all around her, her face gleaming with the joy that had nothing to do with Eddie or even this place" (Oates 260). Connie isn't aware of why the thrill entices her or why she is excited to be living without her mother's nagging. The id is ruling Connie in these moments, the unconscious that wants nothing more than to have fun and respond to instincts. The id and superego (Connie's rebellion and her parents) are thus in dispute because the former wants pleasure and the latter demands regulation over narcissism.

The symbol of Connie's teenage rebellion and her id takes the form of Arnold Friend. His arrival at Connie's house out of nowhere leads to his description of "shaggy, shabby black hair that looked crazy as a wig" (Oates 262). His appearance portrays him as wild and daring, the epitome of the id's intention. An important note to consider as well is "the id is not affected by reality, logic, or the everyday world" (McLeod 1). Rather it adheres only to the unconscious and ignores the reality of the norms of society. Arnold is anything but a part of Connie's reality and truthfulness. As Connie's interaction with him progresses, she notices certain aspects about him, including "his whole face was a mask... tanned down onto his throat but then running out as if he had plastered make-up on his face but had forgotten about his throat" (Oates 269). If his wig wasn't questionable enough, Connie also realizes "his feet did not go all the way down; the boots must have been stuffed with something so that he would seem taller" (270). Nothing about Arnold's appearance is succinct or seemingly real. In actuality, he disregards reality just as the id does in Connie's psyche. Another characteristic of Arnold that connects himself and the id is his sexual drive. While "we all seek pleasure... that drive is often sexual (the libido)" (Ryan 47). Arnold Friend implies this sexu-

al desire, most noticeably when he tells Connie “I’ll hold you so tight you won’t think you have to try to get away or pretend anything because you’ll know you can’t. And I’ll come inside you where it’s all secret and you’ll give in to me and you’ll love me” (Oates 268). The id craves these sexual experiences that Arnold implies with Connie even if it seems extreme. It wants pleasure at all costs, continually losing sight of reality. Connie doesn’t know Arnold nor is close to any boy for that matter, yet Arnold’s demands are insistent as is the id. Arnold’s sexual desire is connected to Connie’s id after she runs further into her house and “she felt her breath start jerking back and forth... a noisy sorrowful wailing noise rose all about... after a while she could hear again. She was sitting on the floor, with her wet back against the wall” (272). Arnold’s presence can be linked to Connie’s coming of age and her sexual awakening that the id has brought about in her. The sexual awakening is a frightening, all encompassing, and confusing time that accurately depicts Connie’s interaction with Arnold and increasing awareness of the id.

Furthermore, Arnold emphasizes control over Connie similar to the id’s unconscious control over her desires. The symbol of his control is insisting her to come outside, where he tells her “I’ll have my arms tight around you so you won’t need to try to get away and I’ll show you what love is like, what it does” (272). His nature is binding and suffocating, exaggerated when he says she can’t get away from him. The id is always present in this way; Connie is unable to rid herself of her unconscious desires that incorporate sex and love. Arnold additionally appeals to the darker side of the id and its controlling nature: violence. He makes threats to Connie even though he craves her presence, saying “anybody can break through a screen door and glass and wood and iron or anything else if he needs to, anybody at all and specially Arnold Friend” (269). He doesn’t need permission to do as he pleases. Like the id, he operates carelessly to get what he wants. He even threatens to harm her family: “if you don’t come out we’re gonna wait till your people come home and then they’re all going to get it” (271). Nothing stands in the id’s path for control, including the superego.

With Arnold’s representation of the id and her family as the superego, Connie fulfills the struggle of the two. Her confrontation with Arnold, or her id, places Connie in reality, or her ego. This last part of the psyche “develops to mediate between the unrealistic id and the external real world. It is the decision-making component of personality” (McLeod 1). Prior to the realization of the id’s effect on her, she revolts against her family and her superego’s secure foundation of rules and expectations in favor of the unconscious id. When confronted with Arnold and the id that has possessed her, she’s given a large dose of reality. Before she even realizes the daunting capabilities of the id, Connie is still attracted to its charm when she sees Arnold and “blushed a little, because the glasses made it impossible for her to see just what this boy was looking at” (263). She enters her ego and reality only when Arnold shows her the true negatives of the id.

Physically, Connie finds herself trapped between the confines of the superego and the id. When Arnold arrives, Connie “went into the kitchen and approached the door slowly, then hung out the screen door, her bare toes curling off the step” (262). She’s on the border between the safety of her house that is her superego and the freedom of the outdoors and Arnold Friend, the id. Once she starts to become aware of Arnold’s pretenses and his control, she thinks “he had come from nowhere before that and belonged nowhere and that everything about him and even the music that was so familiar to her was only half real” (268). Connie is starting to realize the negatives of the id and the recklessness of its nature. While it is familiar and luring, as the music she resonates with in Arnold’s car, she is able to allow her ego to understand its false presence.

As Connie is brought more in touch with her ego, she starts to feel the daunting effects that the id has had on her mind. Her interaction with Arnold creates a feeling that “her heart was almost too big now for her chest and its pumping made sweat break out all over her” (269). Arnold approaches Connie at this moment. The id’s intensity and sexual instinct surround Connie, causing

an emotional response from viewing the physical form of its frightening capabilities. Her struggle with the id, now consciously aware in her ego, lead to a retreat to the superego. Connie “was panting. The kitchen looked like a place she had never seen before, some room she had run inside but which wasn’t good enough, wasn’t going to help her” (269). As deeply as Connie wants safety and order in this moment, she is aware of her capitulation to the id. The superego of her family is out of reach, unable to help her because she has let her id unconsciously control her desires and lead her astray.

The struggle Connie faces with the superego and the id, although too late, represent her ego in effect. She develops an awareness she wasn’t capable of before in her teenage rebellion. She calls Arnold crazy, acknowledging the disillusioned id, whereby “she backed away from the door but did not want to go into another part of the house, as if this would give him permission to come through the door” (270). The last action Connie wants to complete is leaving the reality she is now in. Connie refuses to permit the id to win, but she also doesn’t want to let the superego give her a false sense of safety that is incapable of inhibiting the id. But once Connie retreats to the superego, the inner confines of the home where she can call her mom or the police, she understands that her ego is present too late as a result of the id’s domination.

Once realizing the futility of the superego and the powerful control of the id, Connie comes to the realization that the id has given her no choice but to succumb to its control. Sitting in the house, “she was hollow with what had been fear but what was now just an emptiness” (272). She’s lost all independence and self control due to Arnold’s dominance, the id’s unconscious effects on her psyche that have left her at its mercy. Her control and loss of self are seen when “she felt her pounding heart... she thought for the first time that it was nothing that was hers” (273). Connie is out of her body, still present in her ego, aware that the id has ruled her mind with consequences. Even though Connie is at the will of her id, the growth of her ego lets her see reality that includes “so much land that Connie had never seen before and did not recognize except to know that she was going to it” (273). Now matured, Connie is aware of the struggle she has endured between the superego and the id. Her ego has allowed her to see that the id’s tempting rebellion from the superego has led her away from society, reality, and safety.

Connie’s arc through “Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been” is comparable to a personal journey to become self aware. Her awakening takes place in her mind psychologically, through the forms of her family and Arnold Friend as her superego and id, respectively. As teenagers are apt to do, Connie wishes to free herself of her family’s strict structure and seeks pleasure and fantasy. Unfortunately, she becomes aware of the consequences of her fantasy too late, once her ego allows her to mature and prevent the control of the id — Arnold Friend — from overtaking her independence. Once Connie’s id has become so inflated and demanding, the ego’s attempt to use the superego — her family and safety — is frivolous because it is unable to stop the enforcing nature of the id. Through this conflict Connie struggles, and only embraces the reality her ego offers after she understands the cruelty the id possesses as understood by the intentions Arnold Friend has in store for her. Without explicitly stating it, Connie is able to see the necessity of a balance every human should have between the superego and the id rather than letting one dominate an individual’s existence that can lead to her downfall.

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