Commentary

For our Commentary segment, JAC invites one of our readers to discuss a significant book or to explore an important topic in our field. In this issue, Victor Villanueva discusses Ellis Cose's The Rage of a Privileged Class.

On Colonies, Canons, and Ellis Cose’s The Rage of a Privileged Class

VICTOR VILLANUEVA

The post-ending to Bootstraps: From an American Academic of Color, after the bibliography: “Victor Villanueva . . . describes himself as a ‘husband, a parent, a professor, and a happy man.’” A happy ending. Mami required a happy ending. After reading another essay, Mom showed disapproval in that way that mothers do, that way that makes you forget you’re forty-something and a parent of five children, a grandparent yourself. “Look at all what you’ve done! You should be happy!” So, Mami, I am happy (which doesn’t mean that I don’t think some things couldn’t stand changing). The publishers demanded a happy ending. The editor to Bootstraps required the bio because the book ended on such a down note. A down note. As I saw it (and intended it) the ending was a declaration of a sense of worth in what I do, of feeling quite blessed in having a career and a life filled with meaning. Sure, I’d rather the state of people of color in America were better, but I am a happy man.

A graduate course is assigned Bootstraps and Mike Rose’s Lives on the Boundary, an inevitable comparison. Students prefer Lives on the Boundary. Rose is more helpful, more hopeful. The help, I figure, has to do with the less theoretical bent of Lives. The hope, I think, was of the same vein as the editor who read Bootstraps as ending on a down note.

A co-worker reads my essay on immigrants and minorities in the English Journal, an essay ostensibly on Richard Rodriguez. She says, “You’re so gregarious in person; I can’t believe how angry your essay is.” She says the same thing later, after sitting in on a workshop of mine on critical teaching. I had them rolling in the aisles that day.
A Chicana graduate student writes, wanting to know why her teachers condemn her writing for being too angry. She says she's critical, of course, but she doesn't hear or intend anger in her writing.

Why this perception of anger? Ellis Cose, in The Rage of a Privileged Class, writes of African Americans in particular,

[T]he answer to “Why are these people so angry?” is not at all simple. For one thing, none are angry all the time. A few deny their anger even as they show it. And while all African Americans, in one way or another, have spent their lives coping with racial demons, the impact has not been identical. Some have been beaten into an almost numb submission, into accepting that they will never reach the goals they once thought possible. Others have refused to accept that being black means being treated as a lesser human being, and they respond to each insult with furious indignation. A number wonder whether, given the blessings they have received, they have any right to be angry at all. (13)

So maybe we don’t recognize the anger in our written voices. Or maybe readers of readers, the anthologies for the teaching of composition, have become too accustomed to a certain rhetorical stance from people of color, at least from the canonized of color. What we’re accustomed to reflects a colonial legacy we hold onto, a pose of accommodation necessary to an assimilationist literacy, the literacy demanded of colonial subjects.

Unless students have had occasion to take a course on African American or Latino or Asian American or American Indian literature, their exposure to the writings of people of color tends to be decidedly thin. And it’s of a certain type. Maybe they know Gwendolyn Brooks’ “We Real Cool.” Or they might know Langston Hughes’ “Theme for English B”:

You are white—
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.
That’s American.

Or maybe Hughes’ “I, Too, Sing America.”

Tomorrow,
I’ll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody’ll dare
Say to me,
“Eat in the kitchen,”
Then . . .
I, too, am America. (Hayden et al. 114-17)

But never yet have I known a student who has read “The Negro Speaks of Rivers” by Langston Hughes, a sorrowful, angry poem that speaks of times before slavery and the time of slavery and not of some real time after, a poem dedicated to W.E.B. DuBois. For that matter, apart from some African American students or some barrio Latino students, most don’t even know of DuBois. Who they know is Martin Luther King. Students know of King’s “Letter From Birmingham Jail.” And
King is surely the paradigm of civility there, a model of Aristotelian rationality, despite his circumstances.

We tend to shy away from anything that can be construed as anger. Passion is often confused with anger. The passionately critical, surely construed as anger. Publishers avoid anger or the critical-passionate like the plague. The middle road sells best. There are particular censors to be wary of. So what happens is that we end up with anthologies in which the canonized are those who can be made to fit a good ol' fashioned assimilationist model—Booker T. preferred over W.E.B., Martin over Malcolm.

I'm thinking here of an assimilation of colonialism, the kind required of Athens, in which the colonized were required to learn the cultural ways of Athens, had to assimilate, but were nevertheless denied the same rights as Athenian-born free men. I wonder, for example, at the definition of hatred or enmity contained in Aristotle's Rhetoric:

Enmity may be produced by anger or spite or calumny. Now whereas anger arises from offenses against oneself, enmity may arise even without that; we may hate people merely because of what we take to be their character. Anger is always concerned with individuals . . . whereas hatred is directed also against classes . . . Moreover, anger can be cured by time; but hatred cannot. (II.iv.1382)

What Aristotle describes sounds a lot like race prejudice. Where he writes that "hatred is directed also against classes," we can easily substitute classes with "races" or "ethnicities." Aristotle—the foreigner, the Stagirite, the Mycenaean, aligned to the ruling imperial power. Aristotle, who knew to leave Athens when the colonial head, Alexander, died. Aristotle would have some special insights into enmity as class or ethnicity.

I wonder at Aristotle but not at Cicero, the Roman, who we're told lived during the change from republic to empire (as if the republic was not also an empire). For all that is Plato in our thinking, for all that is Aristotle in our ways with words, for all that is Quintilian in education, Cicero has been the greatest influence on us, here. We know that his de Inventione was far and away the most read work on rhetoric in Europe for many, many centuries. John Rolfe says that, "Such movements as Christianity, The Renaissance and the French Revolution drew direct inspiration from this Roman of long ago . . . a living presence, real to members of the English Parliament, real to Thomas Jefferson" (qtd. in Micken xiii). We know so much about him from his downright confessional letters to friends. Cicero advises Atticus,

Do not obtain your slaves from Britain because they are so stupid and so utterly incapable of being taught that they are not fit to form a part of the household of Athens. (Att. IV.15)

His letters show him to be sometimes self-aggrandizing and pompous—and they show his bigotry. Bigotry and colonialism, colonialism and assimilation. We have quite the legacy.
In America, we have had the volunteers at assimilation and the colonized. So it is, that in America, assimilation has been pretty much the requirement for all. Assimilation underscores the national metaphor—the melting pot. But like I've written before, America's people of color are not immigrants who are somewhat resigned to assimilation. America's people of color are the formerly colonized: that mental colonialism that comes from having one's body owned by someone else, the former colonies of the American West and Southwest, the former colonies of the Pacific Islands with its former Asian serfs, the present-day colonies of Puerto Rico and other Caribbean places, the colonies that are the Indian reservations. And the special discrimination which the colonized feel—racism—results in a denial of assimilation, even when it's desired, even when all the requirements for assimilation have been met.

Despite the truth of Langston Hughes' assertion that he is—that America's people of color are—no less American, some portion of the hybridity must be denied in order to maintain a sense of self in community, a community more of race or ethnicity than of place. Despite the truth asserted by Derrida or Lacan of fragmented subjectivities, a certain wholeness must be asserted, if there is to be a counter to a hegemony that continues to deny full structural assimilation to people of color. Poststructuralism, after all, lends itself too well to the current hegemony. Andreas Huyssen:

"Doesn't poststructuralism, where it simply denies the subject altogether, jettison the chance of challenging the ideology of the subject (as male, white, and middle-class) by developing alternative and different notions of subjectivity? (44)"

That there can be no denying the need to challenge the ideology of the subject is the story of Bootstraps. Those are the stories in Ellis Cose's The Rage of a Privileged Class.

We know it's never quite as simple as we say, but we also know that to acknowledge every nuance of the complexities involved is to lose sight of essentials needing recognition, needing voice. Cose notes John Ogbu's psychosocial distinctions between immigrants and those who have been traditionally regarded as minorities, for instance. The distinctions he makes are in some sense too neat. Yet the distinctions get at essential differences that need to be heard, recognized, realized, so as to be countered in a way that leads to change. Writes Ogbu:

"Immigrants generally regard themselves as foreigners, "strangers" who come to America with expectation of certain economic, political, and social benefits. While anticipating that such benefits might come at some cost . . . the immigrants did not measure their success or failure primarily by the standards of white Americans, but by the standards of their homelands. Such minorities, at least during the first generation, did not internalize the effects of such discrimination, of cultural and intellectual denigration . . . . Even when they were restricted to manual labor, they did not consider themselves to be occupying the lowest rung of the American status system, and partly because they did not consider themselves as belonging to it, they saw their situation as temporary. (158)"
The situation is different for the children of African Americans and Latinos, writes Ogbu:

Unavoidably, such minority parents discuss their problems with “the system,” with their relatives, friends, and neighbors in the presence of their children. The result . . . is that such children become increasingly disillusioned about their ability to succeed in adult life through the mainstream strategy of schooling [some choosing to] repudiate their black peers, black identity, and black cultural frames of reference. (158-59)

This is Signithia Fordham’s “racelessness,” a denial that often leads to the greater disillusionment in realizing that race still is ascribed by white America, no matter the success.

I know I’ve beaten this horse long after its death, but there is the Richard Rodriguez of Hunger of Memory. Rodriguez intends to make the case for assimilation by way of his own successful assimilation. Yet the assimilation is not complete. Richard Rodriguez remains the Mexican-American—in his being anthologized, in his subsequent works, in his being interviewed, in his overall notoriety. His ethnicity remains ever present. Culturally, he reflects the insufficiency of an assimilationist model, even as he espouses assimilation, even if economically, perhaps, he has achieved some success.

Economic success isn’t the indicator that all is okay, after all. That there are more people of color in the middle class than ever before, at least economically, has allowed us to be less vigilant, to believe that the system is finally working, to believe that the writers with views which seem to fit an assimilationist model are the only ones we need. Though Ellis Cose more than acknowledges that poverty still hits the people of color in numbers far and away greater than whites, is still the greatest cause of discontent, makes for ever growing ghettos that make for ever growing violence, the poor is not his focus or his purpose. In effect, Cose displays the inadequacy of conceptions of racism as working-class oppression and exploitation or the conception of racism as super-exploitation that denies African Americans and other people of color reasonable wages or wages comparable to white Americans. Cose presents the successful African Americans, those we would be hard-pressed to see as exploited—the wealthy, the privileged, high-dollar lawyers, top-rank journalists, acknowledged scholars at prestigious universities. And subjects of racism nevertheless. Cose presents African Americans of wealth and prestige who are angered all the more for still being subjected to racism despite the successes.

Story has it (told to me, not told by Cose) that the police in a large city pulled over a young African American man who was driving a Mercedes-Benz. Pulled him out of the car; made him lie face down on the street; searched his car; finally, when nothing was found, asked for ID. Turned out the young man was the Mayor’s son, driving his legitimately gotten Mercedes, not recognized because he was visiting home from Harvard. Cose tells of off-duty Hawthorne police sergeant Don Jackson’s assault, for no apparent reason, by white police in Long Beach. The incident had been witnessed by an off-duty federal corrections
officer who had been with him and an NBC camera crew he had brought along, since he had heard of high incidents of assaults on black Americans by police in Long Beach. Says Jackson, “We [black Americans] have learned that there are cars we are not supposed to drive, streets we are not supposed to walk. We may still be stopped and asked ‘Where are you going, boy?’ whether we’re in a Mercedes or a Volkswagen” (103).

The mayor’s son was totally unprepared for what had happened, had not known where not to be in a Mercedes. Parenting the child of color from a middle-class of color’s perspective is tricky business, an attempt to avoid the despair, the nihilism too typical of the ghetto dweller of color, according to Cornel West, attempting to avoid the message noted by Ogbu, above, yet preparing the children for the racism they will undoubtedly face, whatever their economic status. Cose tells of an interview with Hofstra’s Dean Haynes, for example:

Ulric Haynes, dean of the Hofstra University School of Business and a former corporate executive who served as President Carter’s ambassador to Algeria, is one of many blacks who have given up hope that racial parity will arrive [in] this—or even [in the] next—millennium: “During our lifetimes, my grandchildren’s lifetimes, I expect that race will . . . matter. And perhaps race will always matter, given the historical circumstances under which we came to this country.” [And he’s angry, he says] . . . “Not for myself. I’m over the hill. I’ve reached the zenith” . . . “I’m angry for the deception that this has perpetrated on my children and grandchildren.” Though his children have traveled the world and received an elite education, they “in a very real sense are not the children of privilege. They are dysfunctional, because I didn’t prepare them, in all the years we lived overseas, to deal with the climate of racism they are encountering right now.” (8)

And what’s an indicator that racism is alive and well and not restricted to economic status? How about “[a] national survey of American youth conducted in 1991 by Peter Hart Research Associates [which] found whites more likely to believe that ‘qualified whites’ were [more] hurt by affirmative action than . . . ‘qualified minorities’ were harmed by racial discrimination” (Cose 9). This is the myth of reverse discrimination.

Cose tells of the misconceptions of many, including former New York mayor Edward Koch and minority advocate Senator Patrick Moynihan, concerning reverse discrimination. Cose provides telling sets of numbers. But I prefer the June 1995 Chronicle of Higher Education on new English Ph.D.s for 1993-94 academic year. We have all heard the white male student bemoan his chances because of his majority status. Well, the Chronicle reported that sixty-seven-and-a-half percent of all people of color with new Ph.D.s in English got full-time teaching jobs. Forty-three percent of all whites got full-time teaching jobs. “So,” you say, “Whites really are being discriminated against.” That’s what the percentages would suggest. But the raw figures tell another story. That sixty-seven-and-a-half percent represents a total number of fifty-five people of color who got jobs, compared with three hundred and fifty-eight whites. Eighty-two Ph.D.s of color. Eight hundred and thirty-one Ph.D.s among the white majority.
Only nine percent of all new English Ph.D.s were awarded to people of color. Can we account for the dismal numbers among people of color simply in terms of motivation—the “they’re lazy” stereotype attached to the bootstraps metaphor? Cose tells us that “they’re lazy” is still prominent among white folks in explaining the conditions of people of color. Yet the law of averages alone would suggest more success among people of color, turns on the wheel of fortune—unless the wheel were fixed, unless there were not readily visible forces blocking progress. Still and all, there are more people of color in the middle class than before. Slow progress. The very thing that King argues against in “Letter from Birmingham Jail,” though it gets obscured by his reasonableness and civility.

Cose tells story after story of slights felt and experienced by black Americans of the middle class and the upper middle class. And they’re of a type, or twelve types, what he terms the “Dozen Demons”:

1. Inability to fit in.
2. Exclusion from the club.
3. Low expectations.
4. Shattered hopes.
5. Faint praise.
7. Coping fatigue.
8. Pigeonholing.
9. Identity troubles.
10. Self-censorship and silence.
11. Mendacity.
12. Guilt by association.

The associate professor of color, publishing on things concerning color, somewhat known in his field. Others of color breaking into the business seek him out, more for support than for advice. When face-to-face with others of color, he believes he can speak in a manner different from his ways with white folks (#10 in Cose’s dirty dozen), having to explain less, able to slip into a more comfortable language, what white folks find “colorful” (#5). So he is compelled to advise (even as he continues to try to figure this thing out himself, this thing so indefensible and so pervasive, this racism, a racism that so often has nothing to do with race, race itself a social construct).

He warns against complacency. Racism lurks in the Halls, rises up the Ivory Tower.

Scenes.
A meeting of the Composition Committee. An outspoken senior professor speaks with impatience about the experimental curriculum designed with minority retention in mind: “We’re wasting our time here. I haven’t passed a Navajo student in 15 years!” He misses the implication. He’s a good man, really, the voice of morality at faculty meetings (#6 in Cose’s list).

Another meeting, more discussion on the experimental retention curriculum. Another long-time faculty member, soon to retire. He worries aloud that all this attention to
minorities threatens to cause us to ignore the more important University minority: the top ten percent. Apparently, there would be no people of color among that ten percent, maybe not even potentially (Cose’s #3). And he, too, is affable, likable, one who would never think to make the faculty member of color feel like the Other.

Professor V leans forward to tell those junior professionals of color not to believe that they are somehow Less Than when their attempts to address those things which concern us fall on deaf ears, or worse, when their attempts elicit pious, seemingly rational rejections (#2).

It was an attempt to publish an article that would explore the connection between racism in America and colonialism. Along the way within the essay, a caution against taking the term “postcolonialism” literally, given America’s contemporary colonial holdings. Along the way, the complexities of invoking hybridity to define the once colonized. Along the way, Frantz Fanon on such matters. The letter from the associate editor: wonderful voice, great breadth, but a danger of essentializing, especially in resurrecting Frantz Fanon (though resurrecting Cicero seemed not to be a problem). Can’t use it is the bottom line. Don’t bother revising. Sorry. So without revision, the manuscript goes to a British editor. Easy acceptance (though indeed in need of rigorous revision) (still #2). And he warns of the too easy acceptance, warns of at least the insecurity that comes with too easy acceptance, the fear that strikes the professional of color that tokenism, not competence, has again won sway (#3). And they look at him. They appreciate his advice and seem grateful for his care, for his presence, but they smile that smile that says “Those were the old days.” And he tries to tell them that he lives the old days every day. The old days remain.

She had won a special award: recognition of the young scholar of color at a national convention, no older than one of his children, surely. She speaks, a beautifully presented story of the hardships suffered by her mother, other members of the family. She’s followed by a white researcher who tells of her naturalistic observation of one classroom. The ethnographer describes Latinas as docile, in her observations, the victims of machismo, the machismo so clear in the Latinos in her study. The Scholar of Color objects, says these are just stereotypes. Machismo for the Latino is not the same as it is for the Anglo—still a disservice to women, but a different disservice. She goes on to say that the Latina is hardly the cowed and the beaten, as a rule, even when confronted with the worse-case sexist Latino. Discussion devolves into name calling. Young Scholar of Color spits out an epithet (now hurled at the entire audience) and storms out of the meeting, leaving the audience in stunned silence. She’s in tears. She knew she was Mexican American; she didn’t know it meant “not white” (Cose #9 and #12,maybe). She thought such things ended with her mother’s generation, not now, not among scholars. At the time, she says she’s finished with academics (#4). (She does return a year later, though radically different, radicalized.)

There is something to the Latina Scholar of Color’s not knowing. It comes from racism’s grand scope, from its pervasiveness, from its being within the order of things, from a too easy acceptance that all is always getting better, that the bad days died with the sacrifice of Martin Luther King, Jr.
A memo on mentoring the professional of color and the woman faculty member. The opening section ends in a statement, typed in boldface, commanding that initial efforts at a university-wide mentoring program be focused on women faculty and faculty of color. No preamble: mentoring has a long history. There shall be a mentoring program. Initial efforts on women faculty and faculty of color.

Without some sort of preamble it is too easy to see a kind of Social Darwinism at play, helping the unfortunates who can't help themselves, the Good Ol' Boys' Burden.

In a conversation with his bosses, the department's chair and the college's dean, the one faculty of color not on a joint appointment with Ethnic Studies, the only associate professor of color he knows in the college (Cose #1) voices his concern about the mentoring memo. He says he appreciates the good intentions of the memo, but something must be added that makes explicit a recognition of systemic forces. The Chair, a woman, listens, seems to understand. The Dean says he had already seen the problem, would have all references to women faculty and people of color removed from the memo, to be replaced with "underrepresented groups" (#11, "mendacity· meaning the lies white folks tell of equality or "color blindness," the often unintentional lies that come of denial).

And Professor V wonders at the power of hegemony as rhetorical—language used to obscure the systemic and render the systemic harmless. Representation by people of color in Departments of Ethnic Studies is always high, after all. Yet that representation tends to mean making the adage that a person of color (to euphemize here) must strive twice as hard to get as far as a white person literally true: joint appointments, too often the situation of people of color, housed in the departments of their disciplines and housed in Departments of Ethnic Studies. Representation becomes a reflection of a racist system that ghettoizes cultural concerns, that assumes color means Ethnic Studies (Cose's #8), that still has severe underrepresentation in the departments to which they are joined beside Ethnic Studies. And the jointly appointed assistant professor of color struggles to gain tenure in two departments (leading too often to Cose's #7). And given the need for camaraderie, Ethnic Studies departments pretty much assure that the Ethnic Studies folks will never really become part of the foreign-ness of their home departments (# 1 and #2). In the name of representation comes discrimination, separate but equal.

Strike up a conversation with a colleague of color (if the person is not too #10-ed from dealing with the other eleven numbers). It won't take long to place a check mark alongside each of Cose's Dozen Demons.

Cose describes. He disaffects readers of notions of black crime as an indictment of all black Americans. And he tells story after story of prominent African American professionals who could not escape racism. He ends with a chapter on white guilt. His sentiments are summarized by a friend of mine who wrote (without knowing of Cose's book):

I think racism carries too heavy a load of guilt with it. People waste all their energy denying racism and have no energy left over to make changes. There needs to be a way around the denial.
Cose avoids theory. But his book makes it clear that among the truths to be faced is that racism does not end with economic and professional ascendance. For my part, I believe the reason is that racism remains attached to a colonial sensibility and literacy instruction which continues to demand assimilation. Altbach and Kelly have found that historically the two great reasons for the colonized’s acceptance of colonial education are economic ascension and cultural resignation. Cose’s many interviews tell of those who move away from roots, make money, feel alienated, get angry. Now, if ghetto children know that the successful nevertheless feel racism, in fact, feel more and more alienated the higher they rise up the ladder because our numbers are so few, because we have so much to explain so often, only to be accused of having advantages because of color, why would the ghetto kids trust the quiet assimilationist writers of color they encounter in the typical reader? And what is there to impress upon white students that the problem of racism was not solved with King’s sacrifice and canonization? Unless we expand the canon of color, the answer is “little.”

Still, I am sure that the overwhelming majority of us desire integrity and parity for all. I just don’t believe that the way has been found, not with our ways with literacy instruction. Not yet. We discover Black English: a bona-fide dialect, a variation of English that is rule-governed, consistent, with unique historical precedents, linked to West African languages, no more “sub” than the English of Boston. What follows: an aim at not disparaging a student’s dialect. But most teachers do not speak the dialect. And higher education and the market require another dialect. Nor is the requirement of a Standard likely to be rescinded, whatever the pronouncement of linguists. So the student’s right to her own dialect is replaced by the student’s right to her own voice. The result: a greater acceptance of narrative writing, whether written by students or written by academics, promoted from academics who attempt to be relatively neutral politically to those who are more radical. There is a voice of consensus over the need to have students discover their own voices. Those voices, however, are to find expression through Standard American English. The marketplace still requires “correct English.” The University still requires “academic discourse.” So the contradiction: students’ own voices to be voiced in mandated ways—the pluralistic-melting-pot, an oxymoron.

A multicultural acceptance of voice would acknowledge different cultures’ different ways with discourse, different rhetorics, thereby leaving the long colonial trail. An ideal, perhaps. In the meanwhile, we can insist that anthologies include the voices of those who don’t deny their American-ness but who are angry nevertheless, or if not angry or hopeless, at least passionate about their critical views. And while we’re in the process of getting publishers to listen, we can add those texts ourselves. There are “angry classics,” after all, those who do show up in multicultural anthologies, though too rarely to be considered canonized, only colonized, not the standard we can assume, like we can assume “Birmingham Jail,” but present—Anzaldua, Baraka, Kingston, Momaday.
From Americo Paredes, 1935, a narrative poem:
The Mexico-Texan he's one fonny man
Who leeves in the region that's north of the Gran',
Of Mexican father he born in these part,
And sometimes he rues it dip down in he's heart.
For the Mexico-Texan he no gotta lan',
He stomped on the neck on both sides of the Gran'.
The dam gringo lingo he no cannot spik,
It twisters the tong and it make you fill sick.
A cit'zen of Texas they say that he ees,
But then why they call him the Mexican Grease?
Soft talk and hard action, he can't understan',
The Mexico-Texan he no gotta lan' . . .

Except for a few with their cunning and craft
He count just as much as nought to the laft,
And they say everywhere, "He's a burden and drag,
He no gotta country, he no gotta flag."
He no gotta voice, all he got is the han'
To work like the burro, he no gotta lan' . . . (Saldivar 11)

Working, always working, to make our home our home.

Students—of color as well as white—resist accepting the anger or the criticism. But they are exposed, and in their resistance, they begin the questioning. We are always trying to inculcate a critical consciousness.

We tend to behave as if we have already achieved a genuine multiculturalism, diverse and complex but uncomplicated, when we include writers of color to our readings. But we haven't. And we only begin when we not only include but also acknowledge that power and hierarchy are always involved in the representation of color, when we allow for the voices of those who are passionate about the realization that “making it” always means making it as a person of color, that the color always remains.

People of color tend to reflect cultural ways with language. So it is that for students of color—for all students, really—it can be a service to their thinking about the processes they too must undergo in writing, even when writing something like academic discourse, to discover or to realize that they need not deny their ways with words while attempting the standard. Working with writers of color, the canonized and the colonized, must include working with the tensions, the inevitable tensions of accommodating cultures in conflict, the tension or the anger or the passion, both in what's said and how it's said.

Washington State University
Pullman, Washington
Works Cited


JAC On-Line

*JAC On-Line*, a hypertextual version of the print journal, is located at http://www.cas.usf.edu/JAC/index.html. This WWW site is best accessed by browsers such as Netscape or Mosaic.