

## Youthful Elegance and the Masks of Destiny

by John Wood

The rodeo cowboy is a modern day folk hero, the subject of photographs, plays, movies, television, novels, poems, songs, sculpture, paintings, and even a ballet, Aaron Copland's *Rodeo*. Plays such as William Inge's *Bus Stop* and its brilliant film version with Marilyn Monroe or Arthur Miller's *The Misfits*, again with Monroe in the film, come to mind. *Hud*, based on Larry McMurtry's novel *Horseman, Pass By*, as well as *The Lusty Men*, *Junior Bonno*, *J.W. Coop*, *Urban Cowboy*, and *8 Seconds* are just a few of the more well-known films about rodeo cowboys. In addition to McMurtry's work, there are rodeo novels by William Crawford, Ken Kesey, and others, and a large body of "Cowboy Poetry." Rodeo has been sung about by artists as diverse as Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Byrds, and Garth Brooks, whose 1997 Central Park concert, far from those country "beaches of Cheyenne," brought out a quarter million people! Few things have been so immortalized in so short a time as rodeo has. Rodeo-like events took place since the middle of the nineteenth century, but the first rodeo to charge admission and award prizes was held only a little over a century ago.<sup>1</sup> The passion for it quickly became so intense that even in the midst of the Depression annual rodeos were filling Madison Square Garden, and the Garden's 1936 rodeo lasted nineteen days and brought in more than a quarter million paying customers.<sup>2</sup>

What has so captivated us about the rodeo cowboy? Is there an equivalent contemporary body of art and popular culture about any other calling--religion, medicine, law, aeronautics, teaching, painting, writing, music making? Even football and baseball, for all their mass appeal and despite a good many movies, several novels, poems, and some visual art, don't seem to compare. Only the military seems to have fueled our imaginations in a similar way, and it had a head start of several thousand years; of course, the soldier and the rodeo cowboy hold a number of traits in common.

Thinking about our common traits as Americans, we often return to Frederick Jackson Turner's well-known essay "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," which argues that the frontier was a major influence in shaping our identity. Migration and resettlement, Turner believed, "furnish[ed] the forces dominating American character"<sup>3</sup> and defined us differently from our more settled European ancestors. The "stalwart and rugged qualities of the frontiersman" were for Turner "coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness," a "practical, inventive turn of mind," a "masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends," and "restless, nervous energy; . . . individualism, . . . buoyancy and exuberance."<sup>4</sup> In other words, courage, energy, ingenuity, pragmatism, simplicity, individualism, and a coarse insensitivity to the arts, a kind of artistic anti-intellectualism, made us what we are. According to cowboy scholar Michael Allen, Turner's traits of the American character "closely correspond to frontier Cowboy Code values," which are "individualism, courage, disregard for personal pain and injury, innovation, loyalty to the cowboy group, reticence, plain speech, humor, anti-intellectualism, and a strong belief in democracy and equality," and that even with the passage of time and "the intrusion of modern technological society . . . there

nevertheless remain recognizable variants of Cowboy Code traits in the culture of twentieth-century rodeo cowboys."5

With this in mind it is interesting to consider the views of sociologist Wayne Wooden and rodeo journalist Gavin Ehringer:

Rodeo . . . puts us in touch with our history and reminds us of small-town celebrations, Fourth of July gatherings, patriotism, and a kind of agrarian life that seems remote to most Americans. . . . Although some academics would dismiss that statement as embracing 'the cowboy myth,' our contact with the sport leads us to argue that cowboy mythology remains a guiding force in the lives of the men and women . . . and in many of the communities they come from. . . . It may seem quaint or contrived to say that many people in rodeo adhere to a high moral code, often referred to as 'the cowboy code,' but time and again, . . . [they] go beyond the norm in their efforts to help people. . . . [M]odern rodeo athletes have somehow remained insulated from the abuses of public trust that seem endemic to higher-profile athletes.6

Wooden and Ehringer believe the reason the cowboy has a higher moral code is that he does not "see a separation between past and present, myth and reality, but a continuum."7

Agreeing with these sentiments is Rusty Boccaleoni, a steer wrestler and bull rider who appears in several of Deruytter's photographs. Boccaleoni grew up on a ranch and worked with cattle all his life, except when he was getting his Bachelor's degree in biology and when he served in the military. For some years he was a farrier by profession before taking a position as a California state game warden. He agrees with Wooden and Ehringer that the past and present are closer in his life and the lives of his fellow cowboys, and that myth or not, the Cowboy Code as enumerated by Allen does define a way of life many people still hold to. "I know who I am. I know what I can do. I'm tied to my roots," he said. And later he reflected, "We're all loners. We're pretty simple, and we don't have to try to impress anyone," but "it's important to portray the proper image of the cowboy" and to pass on the cowboy values to young people. "I can tell a person instantly from the way he walks, talks, and how he presents himself if he's from a ranch or the city." It's like certain country musicians, he said; "Some try to sing country but don't live it." Boccaleoni complained that even in his short twenty-nine years he's seen some disturbing changes. He's had to say, "Watch your mouth" to people in bars, where it has now gotten easier to get into fights with men who "don't have respect around women. Everyone used to have the courtesy not to swear and spit around women." In fact, "real cowboys," he said, "avoid certain kinds of bars" where things like that could happen,<sup>8</sup> all of which in the year 2000 sounds amazingly chivalric and right out of the Middle Ages.

Are Boccaleoni's, Wooden's and Ehringer's views overly romanticized, the very sort of thing Rousseau wanted to believe in? I certainly hope not. Do they seem "quaint or contrived"? Even as a skeptical academic with no previous interest in rodeo, I don't think so. There is something thrilling about seeing any myth lived out. And we might remember that several of the previous century's wisest men from W. B. Yeats to Joseph Campbell told us we needed myths to live by and warned us of what a world without them would

bring.

I doubt that the frontier was responsible for many of Turner's "traits" or Allen's Cowboy Code, but I am captivated by Wooden's and Ehringer's notion of the amalgamation of past and present, myth and reality. Is this not, in truth, how we all try to live out our lives--setting forth on the great quest, doing good along the way, and finally, after the greatest of tests, rising out from the belly of the beast, or off the bucking back of the beast--in other words seeing ourselves within the masks of eternity?

Having looked long into Deruytter's blunt and powerful photographs and having given much thought to their subject matter, I, like many others, have come to wonder what the cowboy is and what he might mean now in the year 2000, over a century and a half from the end of the frontier. I had previously thought cowboy and rodeo culture was only about money, about selling boots, hats, clothes, trucks, compact disks, and tobacco, but after conversations both with cowboys and with Deruytter about his three year project of photographing them, I realized it wasn't, realized that a real "Cowboy Code" existed. And I wanted to know what it was and where it came from.

Michael Allen, admirable historian and critic that he is, wrote a passage I disagreed with. He said, "Cowboys and rodeo are . . . quintessentially American; they represent the forces of westward migration, Manifest Destiny, and the civilizing of the North American West. Thus, from some radical 1960s anti-American perspectives, rodeo cowboys, like cowboys in general, represented American imperialism, cultural genocide, and other unsavory aspects of westward expansion (one thinks of the abuse and ridicule the 1960s heaped on John Wayne)."9

I think it far easier to argue that 1960s radicalism was fundamental Americanism of the type that Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson might have embraced than to suggest it was "anti-American." Though many years have passed since the publication of Senator J. William Fulbright's *The Arrogance of Power*, a "radical 1960s" anti-war book, his ideas have not aged with the passage of time. He argues that in a democracy we have a moral obligation and duty to criticize the government or its leaders if we feel their actions are immoral. And John Wayne? He was merely an entertainer, and he got what he deserved when he stepped into the political arena and attacked the anti-war movement, the same thing anyone gets when he or she steps into that muddy stadium. Equal abuse and ridicule were heaped upon Jane Fonda, another entertainer, and for exactly the same reasons. Doves attacked the hawk; hawks attacked the dove. But the middle of Allen's sentence actually seems disingenuous; by placing good cowboys and poor John Wayne in close proximity to "anti-American," "1960s," and "radical," three terms sure to inflame certain delicate sensibilities, and then including "American imperialism" and "cultural genocide" in the same sentence, he subtly suggests that the recognition of those two shameful facts is "anti-American." Imperialism and cultural genocide *did* go on, but no serious scholar blames the rodeo for it or cowboys either.

It was carried out by the forces of the government. Colonel J. M. Chivington, the man responsible for the infamous Sand Creek Massacre and the order to kill and scalp the children, was not a cowboy; by profession he was actually a preacher. Peter Burnett, politician and first governor of California, said in his annual

message of January 1851, "That a war of extermination will continue to be waged between the two races, until the Indian races become extinct, must be expected."<sup>10</sup> All this while Henry Boller, a fur trader who dealt with the Indians and who, if not a cowboy was certainly a frontiersman, called Chivington a "monster" and wrote that "a careful investigation will show that the whites have so far taken the lead in bloodthirsty atrocities of every kind."<sup>11</sup> "American imperialism" and "cultural genocide" are facts that it is our moral obligation and duty as critical citizens of a democracy neither to forget nor to understate.

I have dealt with the suspect notions of "the forces of westward migration, Manifest Destiny, and the civilizing of the North American West" in two previous works.<sup>12</sup> Anyone who thinks the West was "civilized" by America's westward migration has a very limited and narrow view of civilization, one based on the importance of wealth, the exclusivity of the Christian revelation, and the superiority of European models. And as I have said before, *manifest destiny* was nothing but a "noble-sounding expression that greed could be cloaked in and cruelty rationalized by," a "more acceptable version" of the Nazi idea of *Lebensraum*.<sup>13</sup> Were the forces of westward migration driven by the need to herd cows or the desire for new wealth and additional states? Do cowboys actually "represent the forces of westward migration," or were they not merely pulled along with it as the hired hands of the ranchers and cattle barons? I've come to believe the Cowboy Code enough to think that they, like Rusty Boccialeoni, were loners who knew who they were and what they could do and weren't trying to impress anyone. And finally are they as Allen claimed "quintessentially American"? I don't think so. I doubt that America is as quintessentially pure as the cowboy is. I think cowboys are quintessentially something else, something richer and far older than our young land, something it took a foreigner, a Belgian photographer, to see and to capture and that it took a real cowboy with the improbable name "Mouth of the Lion" (*Bocccaleoni*) to articulate for me.

Deruytter explained that much of his fascination with these rodeo cowboys stemmed from the fact that they risked their lives for very little money, often no more than a few hundred dollars, which is roughly the amount they could also lose in a day. Some cowboys participate in two or three of the small Montana rodeos in a single day, and with entry fees of \$20 to \$50 per event, it's easy to take home nothing but bruises.<sup>14</sup> According to Deruytter even the number one prize-winning bull-rider of the Montana based Northern Rodeo Association only made a little over \$8,300 in 1998. "You can imagine how little the hundreds of others make. I wonder how many times they risk their lives for that; it really is extremely dangerous. But of course I am glad a lot of men still think like that," Deruytter said.<sup>15</sup> And I wondered, "think like what?" When I asked Boccialeoni if he were ever scared, he said, "Fear is not in the vocabulary," but "respect for the bulls" certainly is. It was dangerous, but he "loved it," loved "that adrenalin rush."<sup>16</sup> When he told me how "Everyone used to have the courtesy not to swear and spit around women," I recalled another term Deruytter had used about these cowboys--"youthful elegance." And I thought, does this not sound like Geoffrey Chaucer's "*verray, parfit gentil knyght*," the true, complete or perfect, and noble knight?

Chaucer tells us the knight "loved chivalrie / Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie." He fought battles, "hadde a sovereyn prys," an outstanding reputation, and "of his port," his manner, he was "meeke," and "never yet no vileynye," no rudeness, "sayde."<sup>17</sup> Other than in English the word for *knight*, whether *chevalier*, *caballero*, *cavaliere*, *Ritter*, or even, and quite appropriately, *deruytter*, actually means horseman,<sup>18</sup> which, of course, again brings the cowboy to mind. Not just Chaucer, but also "Chr,tien and other poets, English, French, and German glorified the code by which knights were supposed to live, stressing honor, generosity, loyalty, and dedication to God and Church. . . . Percival was admonished to spare the vanquished enemy who asked grace, to assist maidens and women in distress, to pray in church regularly, and not to talk too much."<sup>19</sup> This sounds remarkably like the Cowboy Code. And what of those medieval tournaments that were described as being "elaborate, artificial, and theatrical,"<sup>20</sup> tournaments which "brought together the flower of chivalry. . . . [as] spectators filled the stands and galleries . . . [to watch] jousts which, though the combatants wore thick armour, frequently caused injuries. . . . [but in which] victors . . . received . . . prizes . . . prestige . . . [and] money"?<sup>21</sup> Tournaments even began with a rodeo-like procession of the knights, and most medieval knights were in truth probably as poor as most rodeo cowboys and for the same reasons. "The knight's life was normally lived on a lower plane than that embodied by the chivalric ideal. The reason was that the great majority of knights were, horse and armor aside, penniless."<sup>22</sup>

Without belaboring the point with excessive references, I think it should be clear that a rodeo and a medieval tournament have much in common, that the code of the knight and the Cowboy Code also have much in common, and that the medieval knight was much like the contemporary cowboy. Cowboy Code values are the stuff of knighthood, of myth; they represent classic qualities of the hero: loyalty, courage, disregard for personal pain and injury, reticence, plain speech. These are the words one would use to describe not just Sir Gawain or Parsifal, but countless heros of countless myths, from Gilgamesh to Luke Skywalker. Were all knights, frontiersmen and frontierswomen, and cowboys heroic? Of course not, but a myth serves, like Virgil, as a guide to help us through the varied Infernos we encounter in our lives. Ever since classical times we've wanted to believe there was once a Golden Age, an arcadian past, a time back when life was simpler and people more noble. Believing in any myth makes us try to live by it. Even if there were no age of gold, if that fiction informs our daily lives and actions, then it has reality. And many of the first settlers to move West believed such a mythic fiction about themselves.

Though the majority of the Forty-Niners were after gold, many made the progress to establish towns, restaurants, hotels, and businesses of all sorts; however, they all used the word *argonauts* to describe themselves, a word that characterizes their self-image as men and women of myth and destiny who drove their Argos westward toward the golden fleeces of their dreams. Their argonaut spirit made them see the West and their progress to it in mythic terms. Joseph Glover Baldwin, a minor writer admired by Lincoln and eventually a Justice on the California Supreme Court, describing this progress wrote, "There was plenty of room for all. . . .

Luxury was unknown. The vices and crimes of a ripe or rotten Civilization were withheld."<sup>23</sup> This, of course, is pure myth, but it is consonant with the arcadian dream. Civilization has always been vicious, criminal, and rotten, but a medieval knight's, a frontiersman's, or even a rodeo cowboy's belief in a chivalric code of conduct that he perceives as a remnant of a golden past, a code that sets his actions apart from others, is in itself a civilizing act. It reaches out to our larger needs because it helps us shape the myth of who we are--our masks of ourselves.

In "American Destiny or Manifest Mythology," I wrote,

nowhere was a mythology more manifest than on the frontier because nowhere was a mythology more needed. Our myths are the great structures we try to hang our own smaller lives upon in order to give meaning to them or make them bearable. In our myths we are heroic and larger than life; in our personal journals we weep with homesickness, worry about loss, . . . and are as human as everyone else. However, we do rise to our myths, and in doing so we find ourselves cloaked in our destiny. . . . We make ourselves heroes if we choose to be. It is an existential act. . . . We take on the mantle of Sir Gawain and proceed through the terrifying wilds to face the unknown at the Green Chapel, to face what we expect to be disaster. But like Gawain, if we are truly heroic, we look the part, we manifest the myths in our very bearing. . . . Perhaps it's an act; perhaps it's a mask. But these are the masks of who we are. Too often we think negatively of putting on our masks, as if they conceal some greater truth beneath them. Our masks are our archetypes, the forms of our culture and civilization; they are the true selves we become. Existentialism, the journey of the hero, and all quests are no more than the discovery of our own mask, that act of self-definition which then goes on to shape and define everything else that we do or do not do.<sup>24</sup>

Wouter Deruytter's rodeo photographs are a book of destiny's masks and are probably his most joyous and inspiring images. The mask is no new subject for him, however; his art has always focused on it. In the introduction to Deruytter's book *Brussels...?* Maurice B, jart spoke of "the phantoms created by Ensor,"<sup>25</sup> that great master of the macabre mask, and the photographs that follow are a powerful Ensoresque portrait of a city whose "beauty," claims the book's subtitle, "is its ugliness." Deruytter's subtitle immediately brings to mind Ensor's greatest painting, *The Entry of Christ into Brussels*, a beautiful work made of terrifying, desperate bits of ugliness, a work like Deruytter's *Brussels...?*

His previous book, *Knights of the Impossible*,<sup>26</sup> a brilliant and eccentric mix of five unrecognized and "impossible" orders of knighthood placed in jarring juxtaposition to one another, is also a collection of masks, five remarkable suites that involve and intermingle the warpings of time, gender, and identity. "Anachronism Abroad" consists of his well-known photographs of the artistic duo David McDermott and Peter McGough, two gentlemen who spent years carefully cultivating and affecting personae for themselves, attempting to mask off the present with elegant veneer. "Arabian Knights," though about Arabs and horses, shares some similarities with "Anachronism Abroad." These people, however, are

not trying to cultivate an antique persona for themselves; they already possess that; they are trying to shape a modern one. But like McDermott and McGough wandering through the modern world in their old clothes, something is wrong with this picture, too. The photograph of an Arab prince's entry into a village does not show him at the head of a dazzling caravan or riding a rare stallion over the finest, hand-woven carpets laid out in welcome before him. He arrives in an automobile which drives over the finest, hand-woven carpets laid out in welcome before him. The third suite, "Circus in Egypt," presents the snake charmer, the fire-eater, the giant, the midget, the contortionist, the lion tamer, and so forth, all adorned in their theatrical masks. "Transgenderism," then, depicts the mask of clothing to suggest or parody gender. And finally "Brave in the West," the beginning of his rodeo cowboy series, presents his most mythic masks.

In these rodeo cowboy pictures we see many of the same details we would see had Deruytter been able to take his camera to a tournament in the Middle Ages. With the passage of time the style of dress and the nature of the events changed a bit, but the essence of it all has remained the same. One sees the gear of knighthood: the spurs (plates 1, 3, and 9), the gauntlet (plate 60), the chaps and ropes (plates 20, 21, and 108), the champion's prizes (plates 6, 7, and 8), those rich jewel-like buckles, and finally the fully accoutered knight-cowboy with his saddle in hand (plate 49). There is prayer before the tournament (plates 90, 91, and 92), and after it, then rest (plate 81), play (plate 82), and the bandaging of wounds (plate 74). And there is the tournament itself (plates 117, 123, and 119). Deruytter's photographs also capture the physical beauty of the world of these cowboys (plates 149, 139, and 148) and that quality he described as "youthful elegance," a quality that can be seen in so many of these images and particularly in plates 48 (which is a portrait of Rusty Boccaleoni), 47, 43, 58, and 38.

In this grouping of images from "spurs" to "youthful elegance," one can, of course, read narratives other than the one I suggested about rodeo and its similarity to medieval tournaments. In that multiplicity of readings is Wouter Deruytter's genius. He is, as I said, a master at intermingling the warpings of time, gender, and identity. In every series he has produced, from his pictures of Brussels to the cowboys, he has presented images that are visually arresting. They stop us as powerful art always stops us, and they make us stare and return to stare again--and then consider what it is that brought us back to them. When we begin to wonder why we keep coming back to "Anachronism" or the "Arabian Knights" or these images of the West, we begin to appreciate the narrative and psychological levels Deruytter has constructed.

These cowboys tell a mythic tale; they suggest an historical parallel; they force us to remember vanishing things we like to think of as permanent American values; they document the small town rodeo; and they exude a sensuality they themselves may not even be aware of. But as in all Deruytter photographs there is one last thing always present: a precision in seeing that produces artistic and emotional revelation through near documentary exactitude. It is a clarity that in itself is emotionally affecting. We see it in every series of his work, and Boccaleoni's mother saw it here, too. She said, "You know, I'm not the sentimental type, but when I saw Wouter's pictures of Rusty, they made me cry because Wouter got

it all so right."<sup>27</sup> Along with his constant intermingling of narrative levels, that *getting it right*, which is one of the most difficult tasks for any artist, is the hallmark of Deruytter's style. His photographs do not mean merely this or merely that but several things simultaneously--often everything from spurs to youthful elegance. But if spurs to elegance are his subjects, then we can be certain we'll see them with exacting clarity while experiencing a multiplicity of meanings all at the same time.

Before beginning to study rodeo culture and Deruytter's imagery, I would have found "youthful elegance" a strange term to describe the cowboy, yet I would have had no problem understanding it in terms of the young, poor, chivalric, and honorable knights of medieval literature and the Middle Ages. And I'm certain I would have thought of the violent side of rodeo. Cowboys are often injured; their bones are broken; they are gored by bulls; they are kicked and stomped. Originally, I would probably have agreed with Gerald Carson, who concludes his "Late, Late Frontier" with the question "Why, then are there rodeos?," and answers by quoting Max Lerner in *America as a Civilization*, "Every people . . . must have a chance to yell for blood."<sup>28</sup> But this now seems far too simple and easy an explanation, one based on our own most gothic stereotypes of ourselves. Even in the twentieth century when murder was organized on technological models, which then made possible the greatest crimes in history, the people who dropped the Zyklon-B into the showers were not shouting and yelling for blood. It was done quickly and expeditiously. Pleasure was not the goal.

But still, why, then are there rodeos, and why are the most popular events the most potentially bloody? A simpler and less insidious reason was suggested by Boccaleoni, who told me he thought the reason steer wrestling and bull riding were most popular was that there was a "larger element of danger and so people are naturally more fascinated."<sup>29</sup> Why do people stare at mountains, waterfalls, Michelangelo's David, oddly deformed people, two-headed calves, or terrible accidents? What could be more classically human than our response to the awe-full, to those things we see as beautiful or terrifying? They are the very things that we turn into myth and that inspire our rituals. Wooden and Ehringer argue that "Although rodeo's inherent danger certainly appeals to our baser instincts, it also can serve to elevate us to greater levels of compassion."<sup>30</sup> And that, the elevation to greater levels of compassion, is the very purpose of myth and ritual, the purpose of putting on the masks of destiny.

## Notes

1. This was in Prescott, Arizona, on July 4, 1888. See Gerald Carson, "The Late, Late Frontier," in *American Heritage* XXIII, No. 3 (April 1972), 75; Kristine Fredriksson, *American Rodeo from Buffalo Bill to Big Business* (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1985), p. 4; Wayne S. Wooden & Gavin Ehringer, *Rodeo in America* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1996), p. 9; Michael Allen, *Rodeo Cowboys in the North American Imagination* (Reno & Las Vegas: University of Nevada Press, 1998), p. 17-19. Michael Allen's is an impressive and brilliant study I have relied on heavily.
2. Allen, p. 23.
3. in *The Early Writings of Frederick Jackson Turner* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1938), p. 187.
4. Turner, pp. 203, 227-228.
5. Allen, pp. 204, 6, 30.
6. Wooden & Ehringer, pp. 4-5.
7. Wooden & Ehringer, p. 7.
8. Rusty Boccaleoni in conversation with the author, January 16, 2000.
9. Allen, p. 161.
10. Quoted in Alonzo Delano, *Life on the Plains and at the Diggings*, in *Pictures of Gold Rush California*, ed. Milo Milton Quaife (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., 1949), p. 287.
11. Henry A. Boller, *Among the Indians: Eight Years in the Far West, 1858-1866*, ed. Milo Milton Quaife (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., 1959), p. 426.
12. "American Destiny or Manifest Mythology: Some Historical Considerations of the Western Image" in John Wood, *The Photographic Arts* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1997), pp. 1-20; and "Theatrical Narratives and the Documents of Dream: California and the Great American Image" in *Silver and Gold: California Cased Images*, ed. Marcia Eymann and Drew Johnson (Iowa City/Oakland: University of Iowa Press and the Oakland Museum, 1998), pp. 23-42.
13. "American Destiny or Manifest Mythology: Some Historical Considerations of the Western Image" in *The Photographic Arts*, p. 5.
14. Wouter Deruytter in conversation with the author, January 11, 2000.
15. Letter from Wouter Deruytter to the author, January 12, 2000.
16. Rusty Boccaleoni in conversation with the author, January 12, 2000.
17. General Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales* in *The Riverside Chaucer*, ed. Larry Benson (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1987), p. 24.
18. Joseph and Frances Gies, *Life in a Medieval Castle* (New York: Harper & Row, 1974), pp. 169-170.
19. Gies, p. 173.
20. Malcolm Vale, "The Civilization of Courts and Cities in the North, 1200-1500" in *The Oxford Illustrated History of Medieval Europe*, George Holmes, ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press,

1988), p. 349.

21. Robert Delort, *Life in the Middle Ages* (New York: Greenwich House, 1973), p. 214-216.
22. Gies, p. 174.
23. *The Flush Times of California*, ed. Richard E. Amacher and George W. Polhemus (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1966), p. 39.
24. "American Destiny or Manifest Mythology: Some Historical Considerations of the Western Image" in *The Photographic Arts*, p. 16.
25. Wouter Deruytter, *Brussels...? Het mooiste aan Brussel is haar lelijkheid* (Roeselare, Belgium: Double You Dee, 1990), p. 6.
26. Wouter Deruytter, *Knights of the Impossible* (Bruges: Stichting Kunstboek, 1997).
27. Mrs. Boccaleoni in conversation with the author, January 21, 2000.
28. Carson, p. 102.
29. Rusty Boccaleoni in conversation with the author, January 12, 2000.
30. Wooden & Ehringer, p. 4.

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