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## Trauma and Testimony: Embodied Memory in Loida Maritza Pérez's *Geographies of Home*

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In *Geographies of Home* (1999), Loida Maritza Pérez brings into focus the inherent violence of poverty and racism that a dislocated Dominican family experiences in New York through her narration of family trauma. As in Cristina García's *Dreaming in Cuban*, a familial legacy of silence is at the core of traumatic events that the characters struggle to overcome; it is a connection to the body that allows them to move beyond silence's totalizing effects. While García's writing has been the subject of numerous scholarly readings, Pérez's novel has garnered less attention, though arguably this neglect has begun to change.<sup>1</sup> Drawing upon the insights of both trauma and gender studies, this article focuses on the body, particularly the female body, to show how its representation in Loida Maritza Pérez's *Geographies of Home* addresses the silence, the hallmark of trauma, to give voice to previously unclaimed experiences.

The evidence of trauma is revealed repeatedly in Pérez's novel through bodily manifestations of pain. Scholar and theorist Elaine Scarry has explored the affective and ideological power of pain and its representation. According to her, physical pain, like emotional trauma, is associated with silence: "[Pain's] resistance to language is not simply one of its incidental or accidental attributes but is essential to what it is. . . . It is not *of* or *for* anything. It is precisely because it takes no object that it, more than any other phenomenon, resists objectification in language" (5). The bleeding, mutilated and oppressed female body, I contend, becomes a figure that disrupts the silencing effects of trauma and evinces the political violence devastating the nation at large (the body politic) in its personal connection to the material effects experienced by the body at home.

What the trauma survivor cannot articulate for herself is ironically set against the compulsion to tell, to capture the experience in thought, memory, and speech in order to make sense of the nonsensical, of an experience that defies reason or logic, and one that results in a shutting down of the self. Trauma, as Cassie Premo Steele asserts, is not the event or experience itself, but "marks the painful after-effects of a violent history in the body and mind of the survivor" (2). While the effects of trauma are silence and banishment of the offending experience from consciousness, its bodily evidence remains. Consequently, the event that was never

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processed by the survivor, so overwhelming its magnitude and intensity, reveals itself in a bodily acting out. The body offers a powerful testimony to the interior world of the traumatic experience, even when the survivor cannot yet speak about it. I turn to Pérez's narrative to show how she translates "'real experience' into literature through image, metaphor, and re-imagination that turns the trauma of history into a poetry of witness" (Steele 5). Trauma theorists have affirmed that living with trauma becomes bearable when giving witness to it, even as the devastating nature of such an experience resists articulation.

The efficacy of Pérez's literary representation lies in being able to communicate the *feeling* of experience through a representation of the body to make visible and relatable what hereto has been denied or suppressed. The role of the witness, therefore, remains critical in moving the survivor from silence to testimony. In *Trauma Culture*, E. Ann Kaplan calls for an expanded understanding of trauma by developing a concept of witnessing. She argues that "'Witnessing' thus involves a stance that has public meaning or importance and transcends individual empathic or vicarious suffering to produce community" (23). In her writing, Pérez conveys the horror of traumatic experiences in a narrative that heavily relies on bodily depictions. By translating the pain of trauma through her fiction and the use of magical realism, she makes these experiences understandable and tolerable to readers, thereby moving the traumatic incident[s] from silence to testimony in its witnessing to enable a healing possibility.

By focusing on the personal consequences of collective trauma as reflected in family dynamics, Pérez effectively exposes what Kaplan defines as "family trauma" or "the trauma of loss, abandonment and rejection" (19). In her study, Kaplan calls for a more nuanced understanding of trauma; she points to the fact that these more common trauma forms—the experience of domestic abuse/terror—have been neglected because of the gendering of trauma studies that focus mainly on men. Pérez acknowledges the complexity of family dynamics when stating that "family is an ever-shifting unit. . . . My intent was to defy convention by granting an authoritative voice to each of the novel's characters, meaning that I didn't want one to be perceived as more legitimate than another" ("A Conversation with Loida Maritza Pérez" 6). By allowing a multitude of voices to contribute to the family's story, Pérez allows each member's memories to compete against each other, thus acknowledging the subjectivity of how trauma is experienced. Therefore, while Iliana, college student and daughter, remains the novel's main character, an examination of the family dynamic yields a richer understanding of Pérez's work. If her characters' lives seem intense, Pérez argues that she is only writing to reflect reality. She maintains that "these lives seem melodramatic because their

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circumstances seem extreme. But, the circumstances for immigrants tend to be extreme regardless of where they came from” (Garza, n.p.).

The alienation and prejudice encountered by immigrants like Aurelia and Papito, the family matriarch and patriarch who left their homeland to escape Trujillo’s brutal regime, are brought into sharp relief after their arrival in the United States. They find themselves in a war against poverty and racism. If the family migrated to seek safety and economic security, they find neither. As Julia Álvarez and Cristina García relate the immigrant experience in their respective novels, *In the Time of the Butterflies* and *Dreaming in Cuban*, Pérez too shows a preoccupation with home and defining one’s sense of identity in relation to it. However, whereas her contemporaries write from an upper middle class-perspective, Pérez writes into existence the life of the poor and marginalized. Reminiscent of Piri Thomas’s *Down These Mean Streets*, Pérez depicts the streets of New York as a war zone for the poor. It is a landscape that Tico, Aurelia, and Papito’s youngest son fantasize about leaving behind:

His fantasy was to one day climb into a brand-new car and speed away from the house whose refurbished aluminum siding failed to disguise its ramshackle condition or to detract from its location on a neglected street. . . . Not once would he look back at the two-story house his father was so grateful to have purchased. Nor would he glance sideways at the neighborhood’s upturned garbage cans spilling rotten food, threadbare rags, bloody napkins, condoms, crack vials and hypodermic needles onto the sidewalk. (176)

The “crack vials and hypodermic needles” signal the dangers that the family faces on account of their poverty. The condemned building that Papito purchases for \$300, his piece of the “American dream,” also reflects the family’s lack of upward mobility and vulnerability despite their new status as homeowners. As parents, Aurelia and Papito can do little to protect their thirteen children from the harsh realities of life in a Brooklyn ghetto; the family home provides little shelter. Pérez, unlike Piri Thomas, transfers the action of the novel from the streets to a home where a physically and emotionally hostile environment exists.

Rebecca, Aurelia’s and Papito’s daughter and a home-owner by marriage, fares no better than her parents. Trapped in an abusive marriage and living in a squalid house where her husband insists on keeping a chicken coop and an array of refuse, she alternately neglects and dotes on her children. Breaking down the distinction between the inside and the outside, between the home and the street, Pérez shows how the home setting presents violent realities:

Rebecca poured water and grain into cans lined against the walls. As the chickens fought for the rations, scattering feathers that drifted to floors layered with shit,

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she latched the door, descending to the second floor, and emptied the leftover feed into a bathtub used as a trough. Sidestepping mismatched drawers, torn screen doors, wheels of all sizes, engines, broken machines, [and] other unidentifiable objects Pasión collected . . . she made her way to the only habitable room in the house. The children slept, their bodies huddled together, their open lips smoking from the cold. (53)

In this scene, the “floors layered with shit” and the rooms that provide little relief from the cold outside eerily mirror the brutal landscape of the ghetto that Tico seeks to escape. Pérez does not shun from describing the intimate violence that finds expression both inside and outside the home of her characters. I maintain that one of Pérez’s most effective narrative strategies is how she blurs the boundaries between home and street to show the relationship between the world inside and that outside the home. Her depiction of what transpires inside unsettles readers because it is obvious that the home provides no shelter; its deterioration reflects the family’s own dissolution.

By showing characters who are trapped in the hostile “geography of home” (as her title indicates), Pérez works to undo the distinction between political captivity, recognized as an act of terrorism, and domestic captivity, as equally traumatizing and significantly more commonplace. Psychiatrist and researcher Judith Herman notes: “Political captivity is generally recognized, whereas the domestic captivity of women and children is often unseen. . . . Women and children are not ordinarily chained, though this occurs more often than one might think. . . . Women are rendered captive by economic, social, psychological and legal subordination, as well as by physical force” (74). Like a political prisoner who gives in to abject submission as a means of survival, the battered woman must give herself to complete obedience and loyalty. Ultimately, as Herman states, “The desire for total control over another person is the common denominator of all forms of tyranny” (75). Pérez’s novel thus works to render visible what might otherwise remain hidden in the private world of the home.

Pérez is arguably heavy handed in making the personal/political links explicit in her novel by narrating scenes where Rebecca is tied up and tortured by her husband. Rebecca, like many a political prisoner, develops an intense attachment to her captor, and continually justifies Pasión’s abuses along with her decision to stay with him. The physical and psychological injuries endured eventually take their toll on her body in ways she cannot conceal:

Now, having adapted herself to fit his life, she had seen him turn in disgust from the thing she had become. Rebecca rolled out of bed. . . . She stepped forward to inspect her lids bruised purple, her dry skin flaking off, the dirt embedded deep in

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the furrow of her prematurely wrinkled face. She touched the nose bent beyond recognition. . . . So all of this is what Pasión had seen; what others regularly saw whenever she stepped outside; what her mother and sister had noticed too. (170)

This scene makes explicit trauma's bodily connection. While Rebecca can relegate her house to a state of constant chaos to appease Pasión, it is the state of her body, her most intimate home site, that finally compels her to leave Pasión, though not for good. Not only has Pasión denied her the opportunity to make her house a home by keeping her caged with animals, but he has also damaged her body so thoroughly that she now faces the loss of her humanity. She "turn[s] in disgust from the *thing* she had become" knowing she has nothing left to lose (170 emphasis added). Rebecca is thus forced to confront her lost ownership of home but, more importantly, that of herself. The consequences of the traumas caused by violence, displacement, and poverty are revealed by Pérez's home descriptions and rendered visible in her representation of the abused female body that signals the broken family corpus.

Family members' attempts to find new means of relating to home and to each other, a result of their exigent circumstances, are signaled continually throughout *Geographies of Home*. Aurelia, the matriarch, is forced to reconceptualize "home" after her repeated failures to turn her house into a home in order to keep her children from harm. In response to her child's suicide attempt, Aurelia begins to acknowledge the reasons why her "home" has failed the children. The narrator explains that "only now did she [Aurelia] understand that her soul had yearned not for a geographical site but for a frame of mind able to accommodate any place as home" (137). Rebecca, however, fails to contain the chaos in spite of her attempts to soften the space with "lace doilies bought for the tops of peeling dressers, an embroidered tablecloth for the dining room" (55). These parallels foreground how violence and poverty are experienced as inter-generational family traumas in the novel.

Repeatedly, Pérez describes households that fall short of the ideal domestic space because they fail to provide the basic needs of shelter, security and, yes, even food. In her exploration of *lo cotidiano* (daily life), especially its impact on the individual body and the family, Pérez points to a broken nation state. The connection between the family body and the body politic, between the experience of interpersonal violence and state-sanctioned violence is made clear, e.g., when Pérez observes that Rebecca's preference for silence is a carryover from years of living under a dictatorship. We learn that "during Trujillo's reign of terror Rebecca had learned of the disappearances of neighbors only to then witness—months later and sometimes years—the return to life of several of these people given up for

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dead. . . . [When] compared to these marvels, Pasión's transforming into a better husband, father and provider seemed an easy thing" (57).

The desire to wait for a miracle, to see true change and progress—not that change and progress heralded by Trujillo as his campaign slogan, which later instead turned his presidency into a national nightmare of human right abuses—reflects the difficulty created in witnessing. It is easier to look away, to believe in change when confronted with the reality of trauma, than to share the burden of the pain caused by what is being witnessed.

Aurelia accordingly finds it is necessary to ignore the abuses suffered by her children because “the idea of one of her daughters suffering such abuse had been so horrifying that Aurelia had willfully gone blind” (214). As a result, Aurelia stands by as Rebecca repeatedly returns to her abusive husband and fails to report her grandchildren's mistreatment to social services. She likewise continually downplays the extent of the psychological damage her daughter Marina suffered from being raped, and her resulting potential to harm herself and others. Bearing witness to trauma is difficult because of trauma's resistance to language and its isolation of the survivor. Iliana's futile attempts to speak of her pain illustrate this difficulty. She, who is perhaps the most articulate of her siblings, and the only sibling to confront Rebecca for neglecting her children, finds it hard to share what she witnesses in her family. When meeting her closest friend Ed, she remarks on his absence of late and, when she confronts him, he admits that “you're right, I haven't made myself available. I know it's not a good excuse, but I just couldn't bear to hear about your family. . . . I didn't know how to respond” (219). The difficulty in listening is mirrored by the difficulty in telling. Even when Ed claims he is willing to listen, Iliana finds she can only “relate bits and pieces that bore little resemblance to the whole” (219). Words fail her; she adopts a form of denial by insisting that she will forgo a year of school to stay at home to help her family even though, as Ed points out, she can barely help herself. And yet, it is precisely by giving witness to their experience that trauma survivors experience healing and accomplish the work of reconstituting the self. Judith Herman qualifies the healing process thus: “Sharing the traumatic experience with others is a precondition for the restitution of a sense of a meaningful world. . . . The response of the community has a powerful influence on the ultimate resolution of the trauma” (70). She asserts that sharing the traumatic experience, while essential, is but half of the process; successfully transmitting the experience is contingent on a receptive audience, a witness.

What ultimately breaks through the family's legacy of denial is the representation of its members' disfigured and broken bodies that also reveal how the family body is fragmented. Thus, when Aurelia finally looks at her grandchildren, she

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“notic[ed] the curve of their spines and for the first time acknowledged that Soledad was too small for her age and that Rubén had not grown during the previous year. She gazed at Esperanza’s bowed legs . . .” (208), the result of neglect and malnutrition as evidenced in their embodied memory. In this confrontation with her grandchildren’s deformed bodies, Aurelia can no longer will herself blind and is finally moved to action. She realizes that “the silence enveloping these legacies, the half-truths meant to gloss over and protect, the falsehoods uttered for fear of causing pain, and the inability or unwillingness to speak, now seemed to her to have inflicted greater harm” (298). Rebecca’s relentless justification of Pasi3n’s domestic abuse is made possible by her family’s complicit silence on the matter. The call to action and the realization of her own strength is a bodily experience that involves all of Aurelia’s senses. As the narrator tells us, “more and more Aurelia found herself remembering the distant past. She might be in the middle of a conversation or in church listening to a sermon when she would suddenly recall an event, words spoken, even a scent, a flavor, a texture—each evoked as if she were experiencing it at the moment” (23). As Aurelia learns to heed her body, she recalls her own strength, a power “her mother had possessed and passed along to her but which she had misplaced and failed to pass down to her own children” (23). Consequently, when she ultimately finds the strength to acknowledge the violence in her family’s lives, in effect to witness it, she simultaneously acknowledges her need to act. Following this breakthrough, she murders her son-in-law through supernatural powers, a characteristic of magical realism.

In killing Pasi3n by means of the same chickens he used to torment the family, Aurelia shows that she can subject him to his own type of torture. That his death is no accident is stressed when the narrator claims: “[Aurelia] wanted him to know that what was about to occur was not mere chance but had been purposefully willed by her” (255). P3rez turns to magic once more to indicate the overwhelming nature of circumstances where her characters find themselves, and to offer readers relief from an unremittingly emotionally tense narration. Her return to magic likewise signals to her characters their need to find new means of empowerment, thereby providing readers hope and the ability to view the characters as more than just victims. Given the intensity of depicting traumatic experiences, much can be said for the efficacy of fiction to represent what might otherwise be unbearable realities. Fiction, far from providing mere escapism, works to transmit the horror of traumatic experiences so that it can be accessed and acknowledged by the reader who, in turn, becomes a potential witness.

While the novel focuses on the destructive impact of poverty and racism on one family, it also erases that illusion of upward mobility inherent in the American

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dream. We learn, for instance, that Iliana—arguably the family’s most successful member on account that she leaves home and is admitted to a private college—fares no better than her siblings. Despite “having entered into the company of the elite, she [thought she] would never again suffer hunger or abuse” (71); she is traumatized nonetheless when “classmates presume to know the inner workings of her race and class—inferring their inherent lack of motivation, welfare dependency, and intellectual deficiency” (71). Therefore, in spite of having been admitted to an elite private college and removed from her childhood poverty, Iliana experiences another kind of deprivation: she is denied a place in her new community. She is called “nigger” and rejected by blacks and Hispanics alike who do not know where to place her. Ultimately, this situation takes a physical toll on her: “rage had turned her body against itself, transforming her stomach into an acidic mass that heaved bitterness into her mouth” (71).

The similarity between Iliana’s experiences and Pérez’s own struggle for acceptance are highlighted by interviewer Melita Marie Garza. She notes that “Iliana, like Pérez, is also both black and Latina, and has had to come to terms with people from both groups who want to deny part of her identity” (n.p.). In this portrayal, Pérez arguably acts out and works through some of her own trauma by attending to life events in the creative writing process. Dominick La Capra observes that traumatic writing involves “processes of acting out, working over, and to some extent working through in analyzing and ‘giving voice’ to the past—processes of coming to terms with traumatic ‘experiences’ . . . to achieve articulation in different combinations and hybridized forms” (Quoted in Arva 45). Pérez’s polyvocal narrative privileges the experience of not one family member, but of several. Her use of supernatural elements attests to the innovations needed in the narration of trauma.

The turn to the supernatural reveals the enormity of the pain the characters endure as well as the potential for healing in the family corpus by means of bodily connection. Iliana hears her mother’s voice in her dreams amid the racial turmoil she experiences on campus; she thus learns of the troubles at home. Seeking respite from her harsh reality, Iliana finds shelter in her mother’s paranormal visitations, which increase with the frequency of the racial slurs. It was “a voice that reassured Iliana of her own existence and kept her rooted” (4). And while Iliana finds her mother’s words reassuring, their magical connection falls short. The narrator notes: “Nights at school, after her mother’s voice had faded, she had lain awake aching to be held and to be reminded she was more than spirit and possessed a beating heart and flesh needed to be touched” (76). Consequently, Iliana returns to the parental house, leaving behind the failed hope of home and safety that her college

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experience offered. Pérez again breaks down the distinction between the inside and the outside for the displaced subject by depicting home as a state of mind and a relationship to community that goes beyond the physical marker of a house. The failure of homes to provide shelter works powerfully throughout Pérez's novel to underscore the consequences of racism, poverty, and violence against women. The novel, with its graphic exploration of poverty, racism, and abuse, requires that readers are able both to stomach harsh realities, and to commit to hear the story out.

Acknowledging the lack of material resources available to her characters, Pérez turns to magical realism<sup>2</sup> to imagine other possibilities. In what might otherwise be considered a reality too gruesome to bear, the hope raised by imagination and magical connections—as shared by Iliana and her mother—offer a brief respite. The traumatic narrative strikes the delicate balance between engaging readers so that they may commit to an emotional investment in the encounter of witnessing and the potential for vicarious traumatization that induces them to shut down. In *Trauma Culture*, Kaplan explores the potential for vicarious traumatization by readers and viewers as a paralyzing agent as well as a catalyst for change. Building on Kaplan's work, Eugene Arva argues: "Magical realist hyperreality is an affective (emphatic) kind of reality, capable of bringing the pain and horror home into the reader's affective world: while it might not need to explain the unspeakable event (and perhaps it neither could nor should), it can certainly make it felt and re-experienced in a vicarious way" (9).

Pérez exercises creative agency by incorporating elements of magical realism, or the supernatural, to signal the totalizing effects of trauma and to imagine alternative sources of empowerment for her characters.<sup>3</sup> Traumatic events are per se overwhelming, but the distance afforded by literature somewhat removes this obstacle by re-presenting what has eluded representation. It is not surprising, therefore, that while evidence of trauma abounds in this novel, Pérez is perhaps most compelling in her depiction of its pronounced denial, and the family's attempts to erase it from consciousness. In her representation of the physical body, Pérez gives expression to the unspeakable and signals her characters' pain. The emotional economy of her narrative is thus founded on how the body, especially the female body, gives testimony to trauma. To that end, we must consider the ways the body generates memory that testifies to individual and collective experiences of trauma.

I borrow the term "embodied memory," which is more frequently used in the social sciences than in literary studies, to address how the material and physical experiences of the individual body reflect their social and historical realities.

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Because the body is often the most practical and direct locus of social control, it is no wonder that it is also a source of memory as the body recalls in its habits and gestures that which has not been verbally expressed. The body, in effect, gestures to what in most cases has not been articulated consciously for the survivor; it becomes a sign, a way of speaking to the world. Elizabeth Grosz argues in *Volatile Bodies: Toward a Corporeal Feminism* that we must refigure the body in accounts of subjectivity that do not posit the body and mind as exclusive to each other, and calls for an understanding of the specificity of bodies in their historical context rather than simply in their biological concreteness. She comments on the significance of understanding the body in disparate discourses (literature, as I argue in this essay): “Given the investment in restricting or containing studies of the body within the biological and life sciences and disavowing traces of corporeality that appear elsewhere (i.e., in epistemic, artistic, social and cultural concerns the rest of life outside of the sphere of simple biology), developing alternative accounts of the body may create upheavals in the structure of existing knowledges” (20). Here Grosz advances the notion that “alternative accounts” of the body must be developed because the body has a story to tell that is ultimately lost when viewed solely through the essentializing lens of biology. For Grosz, as for other feminists who seek a more complex understanding of the body, any adequate model of representation must take into account its material, psychological, and social dimensions.

The possibility of establishing an affective community, along with the body’s role in allowing for connection, offers hope in *Geographies of Home* despite its bleak emotional landscape. Listening to her mother’s singing, for instance, Iliana dares to hope, to believe in “magic,” and in the strength of her mother. The narrator informs us:

When she [Iliana] and Tico were children and their elder siblings were at school, Aurelia had taught both to speak a wordless language. Re-creating and inventing sounds, they had tapped into their emotions and conveyed them purely, unhindered by words that limited or defined. Yet Iliana’s tongue has since lost that magic. It rested heavy, burdened by the need to speak like others, trapped by an education which had early on impressed the need for clarity. As if life itself were clear. As if anything in this world were delineated and easily discernible. (89)

The “wordless language” that Aurelia teaches her children is a language expressed through the body. Likewise, in her bodily connection to a husband who feels lost and disempowered, Aurelia is able to restore a sense of wholeness to him through their love-making:

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She massaged his muscles and shaped his flesh. She rid his limbs of aches and pains . . . she wiped devastation from his soul and returned to him his strength. . . Their bodies eased into a rhythm, undulating and melding into one. Their spirits soared briefly beyond the pain and grief and horror. This, despite the secrets they could not reveal, the emotions they could not shape into words, the things neither of them understood. (166)

Pérez therefore renders visible traumatic experiences in her representation of the body, while simultaneously gesturing to the innovative ways bodily connections signal hope, if not redemption.

In these scenes, as in others throughout the novel, it is in a bodily experience and connection that the characters find solace. Consequently, when Iliana is a young girl unable to understand the absence of gifts at Christmas on account of the family's poverty, her mother simply holds her and lets her cry herself out. It is only in retrospect that Iliana can appreciate the hollowness of those words that her mother might have offered in place of that simple physical act. She questions thus, "What words could Aurelia have spoken, what theories could she have formulated which would have made sense to a six-year-old girl beginning to question the world and her own existence?" (91). Yet, this bodily offering is not the panacea Iliana hopes for. It does not eliminate her hunger, it does not provide those Christmas gifts she so desperately wants, or save her family from the violence that ultimately fragments it. The body instead gestures to realities that might otherwise go unarticulated and offers Iliana hope in the knowledge that "her mother was far stronger than she had supposed and that hearts relentlessly pumped blood even as brains recoiled from whatever horror was presented" (44). Such witnessing does not provide conclusions; rather, it begins the process of healing that makes new stories possible.

### Notes

<sup>1</sup>My discussion of how Pérez foregrounds the body to re-member experiences, thereby witnessing what would otherwise go unobserved, is part of a larger, book-length project where I examine twentieth-century Latina authors in order to elucidate how they recover the Latina body in their creative rewriting of what is "home." See also the recently published *Trauma Narratives: Herstory* (2013), edited by Sonya Andermahr and Silvia Pellicer-Ortín.

<sup>2</sup>Examining the tradition of magical realism is beyond the scope of this study; however, there are several sources available for reference. See, for example, Maggie Bower's *Magic(al) Realism: The New Critical Idiom* (2004).

<sup>3</sup>One need only to consider Foucault's *Discipline and Punishment* or, more specifically as regards the Latina/o subject, Jonathan Xavier Inda's article, "Bipower: Reproduction, and the Migrant Woman's Body," to show how control of the body politic is predicated on control of the

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individual body. Also see Barbara Ehrenreich's and Arlie Russell Hoschild's collection of essays in *Global Woman* for a varied and nuanced discussion on how women's submissive status is reinforced through a strict policing of their bodily habits, including how often domestic workers may wash their hair or body, what is to be their food intake, and where inside the house they are permitted to enter.

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