

THE HARPER ANTHOLOGY

STUDENT WRITERS

David Carrozzo

Craig Caulfield

Martha Creeron

Kathy Culotta

Lynn Freese

Jane Gresey

Martha Harnack

Pat Kirkham

Marti Lansu

Betsy Liotus

John Mayer

Chuck Meaney

Chad Meister

Anne Mohr

Yuko Nakagawa

Cindy Place

Ed Powers

Steve Raymond

Ray Sansonetti

Eirik Seim

Jody Shipka

Mary Stopper

Son Tran

Catherine Urmston

Robert Wilshe

Table of Contents

- David Carrozzo
"Coleridge's Ancient Mariner"
(English) 1
- Craig Caulfield
"Transformation into Death"
(English) 6
- Martha Creeron
"Our Lot in Life"
(English) 9
- Kathy Culotta
"The Assassination of President Kennedy
As A Marker of America's Desensitization
Toward Political Violence"
(English) 11
- Lynn Freeseo
"Residents Respond to Survey"
(Journalism) 14
- Jane Gresey
"Arthur C. Clarke's Utopia"
(Literature--Honors) 17
- Martha Harnack
"From Spears to Scuds"
(Literature) 22
- Pat Kirkham
"The Unpleasant Dilemma of
Suburban Deer"
(English) 29
-

Table of Contents

- Marti Lansu
"Arpeggio"
"Climbing Everest"
"The Wasp's Advocate"
(English) 33, 37 and 40
- Betsy Liotus
"Trusting Enough to Lose Control"
(English) 42
- John Mayer
"The Anti-Union Philosophy of the Law Firm of Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather, and Geraldson"
(Technical Writing) 44
- Chuck Meaney
"Rapid Ride"
(English) 53
- Chad Meister
"A Husband's Hidden Love"
(English) 55
- Anne Mohr
"Hugo's Lonely Journey to 'The Hilltop'"
(Literature) 57
- Yuko Nakagawa
"Not a Doctor But a Car"
(English) 62
- Cindy Place
"Analysis: How to Quit the Corporate World and Begin a Career as a Free-lance Writer"
(Business Writing) 65
- Ed Powers
"The Big Indian"
(English) 77
- Steve Raymond
"Fambai Zvakanaka kuVik Falls"
"The Stroke of 11:45"
(English) 79 and 82
- Ray Sansonetti
"Charles S. Peirce: Pragmatism and the Scientific Method" and
"The Pragmatism of William James"
(Philosophy) 85
- Eirik Seim
"The Circus"
(English) 89
- Jody Shipka
"Sometimes She Speaks of Things Between Men and Women: Three Poems By Faye Kicknosway"
(Literature) 91
- Mary Stopper
"Day Dream Believer"
(English) 96
- Son Tran
"Hot Water and Cool Water"
(Chemistry) 99
- Catherine Urmston
"The Social-Democratic Society: A Stipulative Definition"
(English) 100
-

Robert Wilshe
"Less is More: Wordsworth's 'Resolution
and Independence'
(Literature) 103

The Harper Anthology Selection Committee:
What Is Good Writing?
109

Harper Students on Writing
110

Herbert Hartman:
A Harper Faculty Member Writes about
Writing
114

Alternate Table of Contents
(by mode or discipline)
117



Foreward

Sitting in front of my computer, searching for the words to make up this foreward, I am surprised. For suddenly I'm not thinking of my words. I'm thinking of all the other writers' words that follow. They are better words than mine. Words about a wife new to America, lonely, isolated, until she learns to drive and buys a car. Words about an African adventure. Words about the day John F. Kennedy died, about the philosopher William James, about the clean streets of Rolling Meadows, about the weapons of war in ancient Troy and modern Iraq, about chemical transformation in a test tube and emotional transformation in one human heart. This the fourth issue of *The Harper Anthology* is filled with such memorable writing. It is a vivid tribute to the intellectual life of Harper College and the record of educations given and received.

Included in the pages that follow is writing done in the courses of four departments: Chemistry, English, Journalism, and Philosophy. Selections include personal essays, expository writing, literary criticism, research projects, lab reports, a business report, feature writing, and a technical report. The Anthology Selection Committee has chosen writing that expresses learning--but also writing that, through observation, exploration, or reflection, actually stimulates learning. Writing to stimulate thinking is as important and worthy of inclusion here as writing to demonstrate learning or communicate.

We believe you'll find much to admire in the writing that follows. If you're a student, you'll find models for your own writing. Join with us in congratulating these writers. And look forward to the fifth issue of the anthology in 1993.

Preceding each selection is the instructor's description of the assignment. Following is the instructor's evaluation. At the end of the anthology,

the judges for this issue describe their standards for good writing, selected students reflect on their writing, and an instructor, Professor Herbert Hartman, considers the place of writing in education.

Thanks to the faculty members of the Anthology Selection Committee for all their efforts in producing this issue. Special thanks to Professors Carrie Dobbs, Barbara Hickey, Barbara Njus, and Peter Sherer for their work on the editing, proofreading, layout, and cover design of this issue. Special thanks, too, to Marlene Hunt, Chris Powell and Michael Knudsen of the Harper Graphics Department and Peter Gart and the entire Print Shop for all their production assistance. And greatest thanks to all the Harper faculty and their students who have contributed their writing.

Jack Dodds
Anthology Selection Committee

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner

by David Carrozzo

Course: Literature 232

Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment: Write a scholarly, critical analysis of a literary work. Substantiate your interpretation with abundant citations of the primary source and supplement your insight with references to at least eight secondary sources.

The Romantic Age was a time of abundant change for poetry. The previous norms of conservatism and properness, which often served as guidance for poets, were less in evidence in the Romantic Age. As Basil Whitley states, "There was at this time a new spirit afloat...there was a new demand for an interpretation of the whole range of human experience," as opposed to the "old, dry, rationalism" (2). One writer in particular, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was, and still is, considered a pioneer in ushering in the Romantic Age. Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* best exemplifies this new demand. The Ancient Mariner, vivid and extremely imaginative, is at times supernatural, and it progresses with the use of various states of nature to convey to the reader the various states of the Mariner's experience throughout his tale. Coleridge also makes use of explicit imagery, leading the reader into a vivid, colorful, and well-thought-out atmosphere of horror and beauty.

The effect of the various modes of nature is that the reader can correlate these modes to the Mariner, either to intensify or to clarify his experience. "The great appearances of nature play an overwhelming part in the poem...for it is through the elements that the Mariner is acted upon" (Boulger 52). The Mariner is being tried not only by his own conscience, but also by the laws of nature. "The killing of the Albatross is a sin...against nature" (Holmes 87). Upon his sin the Old Sailor is heralded through a series of trials and judgments throughout the poem.

In the last stanza of part one, the Mariner tells the Wedding-guest: "with my crossbow I shot the Albatross" (lines 81-82) and thus he will now have to endure the upcoming series of trials, beginning with suffering in part two. The suffering wrought by nature is apparent in part two, stanza

six, when "down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down/'twas sad as could be" (lines 107-08). The crew and the Mariner are now beginning to feel the wrath induced by nature. Not only does the wind betray the Mariner by not blowing, but other natural forces conspire to avenge the killing of the bird, for "the burning sun...and the terrible pangs of drought" (Holmes 90) contribute to the suffering of the Mariner and his crew. The crew, although not accomplices in the crime, suffer with the Mariner. As a result of their realization of the crime, they hang the Albatross about his neck, whereupon his cross is removed to show that he is unworthy in the eyes of God. "Their act will not, however, suffice to absolve them, for they too are now active participants in the crime" (Radley 60).

The Mariner's offense against nature, the suffering that he has endured in part two, and the death of his crew in part three lead to repentance in part four. Here, the Mariner is completely isolated to dwell shamefully on his sin:

Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. (lines 232-35)

Moreover, he is compelled to see one of nature's creatures--the water snakes--to see their beauty, but more important to realize his sinful destruction of another of nature's creatures: the Albatross. He thereby "blessed them unaware" (line 285) to repent his sin. "Psychologically, this is acute depression; religiously, this is Hell" (Watters 67). It is this spontaneous prayer which causes the suffering to subside and essentially causes a "rebirth" in part five of the Mariner's experience.

Subsequent to the Mariner's punishment in parts two, three, and four, nature ushers in a more benevolent atmosphere in part five. The rain, the

singing of birds, and even the sight of his crew's spirits contrast with the natural elements of part four: silence, isolation and loneliness, and death. The isolation the Mariner has experienced in part four is no longer the atmosphere endowed by nature in part five, for now he hears the "sky-lark sing/how they seemed to fill the sea and air with their sweet jargoning" (lines 359-62). Also, his deprivation of water is now countered, as he tells the Wedding-guest: "my lips were wet/my garments all were dank" (lines 301-02). It is through these elements that the Mariner experiences the consequences of his crime. Coleridge's use of nature, in short, becomes an integral part of the Mariner's tale. What man does to nature he does to himself, and as such the Mariner must suffer the consequences of his actions.

The *Ancient Mariner* is abundantly mysterious and supernatural. Just as the natural elements come to impact upon the Mariner, so too does the "spirit world." The first allusion to any type of spirit is in part two, stanza twelve, though it becomes significant later on in the poem. Part three, however, is when the Mariner makes his initial contact with the actual spirit world--the spectre-bark. The spectre-bark contributes to the mysteriousness of the poem in the way the Mariner describes it. It's described as having animate as well as inanimate qualities, as the Mariner states: "at first it seemed a little speck/and then it seemed a mist" (lines 149-50). The Mariner further describes the bark as having prison-like qualities, perhaps to portend its purpose"--as we shall see"ø"as if through a dungeon grate he peered/the naked hulk alongside came" (lines 179,195). Hulks were ships used during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to incarcerate criminals. The greater significance of the spectre-bark is twofold: it exposes the Mariner's fallible judgment, and it serves to avenge the killing of the

Albatross. The Mariner, upon observing the bark, is elated: "see! see! / Hither to work us weal" (lines 167-68). As the reader learns subsequently, however, the spectre-bark contributes to the punishment of the Mariner and his crew. "Rather than a revelation of light, this is a revelation of darkness" (Watkins 27). It is this lack of judgment in slaying the bird. The latter significance is slightly more obvious. The outcome of the dice game on board the spectre is arbitrary. It is this arbitrariness that influences the fate of the crew. The text implies that the spectre-bark seawoman is aware of this: "'the game is done! I've won! I've won!'" (line 197). Now the Mariner, like the Albatross, is imprisoned by this arbitrary action of the dice. As Martin Gardner explains, "Death wins all the crew except the Mariner. The Mariner's doom is to live on in a kind of suspended animation, unable to die, surrounded by the bodies of his dead shipmates" (65). As the Mariner describes it to the Wedding-guest: "they dropped down one by one" (line 219).

The Polar Spirit, alluded to earlier, makes its appearance in part two, stanza twelve: "nine fathom deep he had followed us / from the land of mist and snow" (lines 133-34). This Spirit represents another manifestation of the spirit world. The Polar Spirit acts as a sort of watch-dog against the Mariner. As Donald Kaczvinsky explains, "The Polar Spirit...follows the ship, seeking revenge for the death of the beloved bird, but returns Southward once convinced the Mariner has done penance for his act" (27). Much like the spectre-bark, which comes to impact the Mariner, so too does the Polar Spirit come to seek revenge for the Mariner's act.

Probably the most discernible aspect of the *Ancient Mariner* is its imagery. It should be noted at the outset that Coleridge had aspirations of starting a pantisocracy in North America. As such,

Coleridge read extensively on sea travel. Thus, many of the descriptions about the sea, moon, and such in the *Ancient Mariner* are accurate depictions of whatever it is he may be describing. One example is the Mariner's description of the sea: "the water, like a witch's oil / burnt green, and blue and white" (lines 129-30). This description is quite deceiving--not because it's inaccurate; on the contrary, its specificity lures the reader into construing such a description as having some symbolic significance. However, as stated earlier, this description is faithful and not contrived for symbolic value. This provides an atmosphere of beauty and serenity, which serves to contrast and emphasize their counterparts: horror and evil.

In addition to giving accurate descriptions of nature, Coleridge does manipulate some imagery to emphasize the Mariner's experience, as in part two, stanza seven: "all in a *hot* and *copper* sky / the *bloody* sun..." (lines 111-12)[my emphasis]. In this line Coleridge fuses our senses of sight and touch to intensify the Mariner's experience; it illustrates that the external world is impacting severely on that which he feels and sees. From Coleridge's reference to the "star-dogged moon" (line 212), the reader gets the sense that the Mariner is constantly in a state of turmoil, for he is being swung back and forth by the polarized forces of the bloody sun and the tranquil moon. At one point "each throat / was parched" (lines 143-44), and another, the moon "*softly*was going up" (line 265). The hot, bloody sun provides a demonic impression, whereas the moon provides an impression of tranquility.

In addition to the moon being a contrasting element to the sun, it can also serve to correlate to the Mariner's situation. The moon is not merely a monolithic manifestation. That is to say, it is not a completely isolated entity with its own identity.

Rather, the moon is illuminated by the sunlight, giving it, the moon, a quality of continually acting, by shining its own light, and at the same time being acted upon, by the light of the sun. Similarly, "according to Coleridge, creativity and even individual identity require an external stimulus to bring them into being" (Lau 537). This external stimulus is of concern here. The Mariner has, at only one point throughout his tale, exerted control over his circumstance: shooting the Albatross. Thereafter he is perpetually subjected to forces which transcend his ability to control them. Even after the Mariner's disastrous journey, he is still compelled beyond his will:

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns. (lines 582-85)

Like the moon which is *forever* acted upon, so is the Mariner. Like the moon which is infinitely an integral part of the world around it, so is the Mariner, for now he is unable to separate himself.

Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, when it was first published, was not accepted very well by critics. However, today it is considered a milestone in Romantic poetry. His use of nature, the supernatural and the mysterious, and explicit imagery has made the *Ancient Mariner* one of the most memorable pieces of literature ever written. The message that Coleridge seems to be sending us--to love nature, to love God's creatures--leads to this permanence. It is a message that can be understood today, tomorrow, and for years to come. The reader, like the Wedding-guest, comes to realize the ramifications of our frivolous actions. By weaving us through realms of darkness and light, Coleridge teaches us a lesson

before we even commit such an action as the Mariner's. In manipulating the elements around the Mariner--the natural, the supernatural, and the mysterious--Coleridge convincingly conveys the idea that the Mariner's action did in fact incur the various states of nature and the various supernatural revelations.

Works Cited

- Boulger, James D. *Twentieth Century Interpretations of The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1969.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. The Norton Anthology of English Literature. 5th ed. Vol.2. Abrams et al. New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1986. 335-52.
- Gardner, Martin. *The Annotated Ancient Mariner*. New York: Bramhall House, 1965.
- Holmes, Richard. *Past Masters*. England: Oxford University Press, 1982.
- Kaczvinsky, Donald. "Coleridge's Polar Spirit: A Source." *English Language Notes* 24 (March 1987): 25-28.
- Lau, Beth. "Coleridge's Reflective Moonlight." *Studies in English Literature* 24 (Autumn 1983): 533-48.

Radley, Virginia. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966.

Watkins, Daniel P. "History as Demon in Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* ." *Papers on Language and Literature* 24 (Winter 1988): 23-33.

Watters, Reginald. *Coleridge*. London: Evans Brothers Limited, 1971.

Willey, Basil. *Nineteenth Century Studies*. New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1949.

Evaluation: *David offers lucid analysis of Coleridge's evocative poem, rightfully characterized as "A Milestone in Romantic Poetry."* Like Coleridge's *Rime*, *David's* prose is "vivid, colorful, and well-thought-out."

Transformation into Death

by Craig Caulfield

Course: English 101

Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: Write a personal experience essay in which you focus on an experience which helped you mature or grow. Use elements of narration and description. Be vivid and concrete.

Within a time frame of twenty four hours, 30 homosexual and heterosexual men and women strangers met for the first time to volunteer their friendship and support to individuals with a terminal illness. Although we came from different backgrounds, we shared our thoughts and fears, new insights and doubts, rebirth and death. Although strangers at the beginning, we parted as friends in the end, bonded by the wealth of valuable knowledge of a life of an individual with acquired immune deficiency syndrome, better known as AIDS.

Understanding the disease is only part of the program offered by Howard Brown Memorial Clinic to the public on becoming a volunteer as a support manager or buddy to a person dying of a disease with no cure. Each individual who completed this program felt what it was like to be mentally transformed from a healthy, active individual to one whom society viewed as an outcast with AIDS.

In one particular exercise we experienced the death of our inner self. To any individual who may have peered through the window, this exercise would have resembled a kindergarten nap time for adults. In reality, we were being transported mentally into another world by the monotone voice of our trained counselor, being placed into the body of a Person With AIDS (PWA) and experiencing what a PWA goes through.

With our heads resting comfortably on bed pillows, we relaxed head to toe, toe to head, vertically around the circumference of the room. The voice from the corner began by instructing us to close our eyes and eliminate all thoughts and reservations from our minds. Within minutes, the journey to death had begun.

As the speaker read the passage, slowly and unbroken, each individual was transmuted from his own body into that of a terminally ill person. We felt

as though we were floating, concentrating on every word the narrator spoke. Each of us had envisioned ourselves leading a normal life. Suddenly, we were no longer the persons we actually were but had become the person portrayed in this exercise.

As soon as I became this transformed individual, I remembered feeling tired and listless. I thought this feeling was just a cold. Only this cold did not disappear as usual.

The speaker's voice suggested I visit my physician. On this visit, the physician seemed to be questioning me too much about my past personal history. I felt uncomfortable with this line of questioning about a simple cold, but I answered just the same. After blood was drawn, I was told to call back in a few days. The days passed slowly and I had been summoned to the physician's office for my results.

I was told that I had AIDS. My first thought was denial. No way could I have that! The doctor must have been wrong but second and third opinions confirmed what I vehemently denied. My emotions ran rampant. I suddenly felt confused and agitated. I thought it best to talk to somebody else. Although I was given an abundance of literature and numerous numbers to call, I wanted to tell someone I trusted and knew what I had learned so they could reassure me that I was fine.

As I told my friends, they looked at me distantly. My family was shocked, threatened and bewildered. My co-workers became hostile. Suddenly I was feeling very alone. As days passed, I realized that no one treated me as they had before. I began to accept the inevitable twist of fate. I later realized how ignorant many people were and how insensitive my "friends" had become. I called the numbers from the literature given to me by my doctor and connected with a support group of others sharing my plight. I realized then that I was not

alone.

I had accepted my situation and did my best to beat this disease. I told myself that I would be the first to overcome this epidemic. Yet, deep down inside me, I knew what a fallacy this was. My close friends of long ago had become strangers and my family estranged. Through the support groups, I met new friends and lost many to AIDS as well. My life became centered around AIDS and I longed for the way my life used to be.

One morning I woke to find three purple blotches on my face; I could not cover them with clothing. I tried desperately to conceal these blemishes somehow but I could not hide them. I noticed strangers staring and parents pulling their children away from me as I tried to make it through the day.

As the group counselor continued with the reading, I sensed the rapid breathing of an individual next to me. Suddenly I heard a cry as this individual was lifted and held by a group counselor. This reminded me of a child being comforted after a nightmare.

I mentally moved between various stages of this person's decline and watched as my health deteriorated. I felt uneasy and yet intrigued at the same time. It was almost like watching a fire that I knew involved casualties.

In my transformed state, I felt the months pass. My life was coming to an end. I began to accept my fate. My throat was sore from coughing, and my lungs ached from a buildup of fluid. As I lay in the hospice bed, strangers came in and spoke to me. They appeared puzzled and cautious. At times, they would stare with tear-stained cheeks, saying nothing. These strangers were actually my family and friends. Dementia, a form of Alzheimers, had formed from a lesion on my brain.

The speaker continued, bringing me into the

final stage of a PWA's life. My once-strapping body was now less than 100 pounds. My hair was thin and my skin drawn. Purple lesions covered my body and a few open sores were on my face. All my toiletries and eating utensils were now disposable. I had become incontinent. My meals had to be hand fed to me and I was totally dependant on the help of others. I faded in and out of consciousness, and, like Tolstoy's Ivan Ilych near the end, I prayed to see the light of death. I yearned for the eternal light sent from God to guide me home and finally eliminate all the pain and suffering I had endured.

Each individual in the group was awakened from this state of mind with a touch of a hand on the shoulder. As I lay on the floor with my peers, I felt myself tremble with the memories of this dying experience. Silence filled the room; I was reminded that most of us had undergone only a temporary transformation.

But for some of these strangers who shared this exercise, AIDS has indeed become a reality. I began to think pretty seriously about this reality. This experience brought me closer to my "buddy." When we discussed dying and I would express sentiments like "I know how you feel," he knew that I really did know how he felt.

Evaluation: Craig demonstrates clearly that the experience presented here really did indeed make a difference in his life. The essay is personal, but it deals with a significant social and medical problem. The essay is moving, compelling and easily styled.

Our Lot in Life

by Martha Creeron
Course: English 101
Instructor: Terry Graf

Assignment: The assignment was to describe a place in one's life that is or has been important for nostalgic reasons, trying to concentrate on the "inner" detail, as well as the physical surroundings, and to be as evocative as possible.

As you go up the long, gravel drive, the large sycamore tree welcomes and signals a turn to the house. Home is surrounded by flowering bushes and sweet-smelling lilacs. A single row of towering poplar trees affords privacy from the outside world. A small orchard of apple and cherry trees runs the length of the property on another side. Completing this border is a dense forest with winding trails to a quiet creek. Within is the garden, neat rows of well-tended plants beginning their season's growth. And in the very center, the old, enormous walnut tree provides shade over a circle of thick, soft grass. Nestled in the middle of Omaha, Nebraska, our one acre of land was still as beautiful as a Monet painting.

I arrived home a few weeks ago for a visit and celebration of Mom's 74th birthday. She was feeling good, not able to do as much as she would like (outdoors, half of the lot lies unused now), but always doing more than she should. She had expanded her unbelievable variety of flowers to cover the rest of the property and part of the garage-turned-greenhouse. It seemed a fitting tribute to Dad. He had spent so much of his time, especially in his last few years, working outside with pleasure and passion. It had been mostly garden then, and the varieties of vegetables and fruits rivalled those of Mom's flowers now. Both Mom and Dad had wanted their children to experience a little taste of everything.

Beans, peas, cucumbers, cabbage, carrots, onions, potatoes, and squash were a sampling of an annual crop. There was always plenty of space reserved for tomatoes and sweet corn. Black walnuts, sunflower seeds, rhubarb, strawberries, blueberries, and mulberries were there on trees, stalks, plants, bushes, and shrubs of all sizes. Some years there were pumpkins, other years gooseberries, but we were able to experience and experiment with

them all.

Along with the privilege of eating the freshest fruits and vegetables in the neighborhood, we were required to learn to plant, weed, pick, clean, can, and freeze them. We were helped and guided until each one of us eight children became proficient at a task. It wasn't always fun. Sometimes Mom might want some corn picked (just a few dozen ears) for dinner or for a friend or neighbor. It could be an irritating job, struggling through muddy rows of twice-as-tall-as-you-are, scratchy, cornstalks. Or maybe a chore of pulling weeds on hands and knees as the sun baked and the sweat trickled.

But I also remember climbing to the top of a tree to enjoy the sweetest, plumpest, and juiciest mulberries, getting purple hands and face in the process. Picking a handful of pea pods, to split, peel, and eat the most delicious snack a child could want. Turning in a very small bowl of nuts or berries because I had popped so many directly into my mouth. Drinking jelly-milk made of Mom's special elderberry jam. Watching fireflies twinkling over the field at night. Smelling the fresh-tilled soil. Hearing the dreamy tune of the wind through the leaves of the poplars as I lay in bed.

These aren't just memories; they are molds that shaped us. Our parents couldn't give us kids very many things. We didn't know at the time or appreciate the real richness and beauty of our heritage. This land had been our boundary, our job, our nourishment, our refuge, our "lot."

Evaluation: *Martha's paper nicely examines the poignancy of a nostalgic return to her past. Through its vivid descriptions of the physical surroundings it evokes not a feeling of lost gone-by youthful enjoyments, but a new appreciation for what was once part of her life.*

The Assassination of President Kennedy as a Marker of America's Desensitization toward Political Violence

by Kathy Culotta

Course: English 101

Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment: Recreate an older person's memory of an important historic event and explain the significance of the event at that time to the person.

Friday, November 22, 1963. It began as a typical weekday in a big city. The familiar sight of pedestrians ruthlessly cutting their way down the street, horns wailing as rush hour traffic annoyance turned into aggression, and the general attitude of "get out of my way, I'm in a hurry" prevailed as people rushed to reach their desks by nine o'clock. Mary Ann was nineteen then, a recent high school graduate struggling to comprehend the complexity and confusion of the American lifestyle. She lived as most young people do--from day to day--and worked full time for The Toni Company at the Merchandise Mart in downtown Chicago. Mary Ann now reflects on her previous lifestyle and sees how naive she had once been thinking her life was totally under her control. This typical brisk November day took a tragic twist when it was announced that President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, Texas.

As people heard the news, traffic slowly died and entire bands of the previously hurried businesspeople became one as they sat glued to their office radios. The assassination fostered a uniform sense of disbelief never seen before or again in Mary Ann's life. She believes President Kennedy's assassination was extremely important not simply because the President had been gunned down, but because it marked one of the last times in American history when a single act of violence affected such a vast number of the American public. Mary Ann believes that American society has become desensitized to political violence and views it not in the tragic vein, where it belongs, but as "just another part of being a politician."

Mary Ann remembers her initial reaction of disbelief and thinking, rather hoping, someone had been perversely joking and this assassination was some kind of *War of the Worlds* gag. However, with

each new furrowed face gathering around the radio, this idealized theory sharply diminished. People began to shift uncomfortably in their chairs, and many felt deceived because the assassination story was not being fully told. Radio reports seemed to repeat inconclusively the same message over and over. A deep sense of fear plagued the people, and nobody knew for sure whether this fear was unnecessary. Mary Ann compared her emotional state that afternoon to a balancing scale with weights being continually added and taken away. Then the scale dipped under its final weight as the public heard the emotional tone of Walter Cronkite's voice confirm the awful truth—President John F. Kennedy was dead.

This was when the true fear began. No president had ever been assassinated in her lifetime, and Mary Ann felt as if the fate of the country was unknown. Would the country collapse? Nobody knew. What was known could be heard in the worried murmurs of bosses, neighbors, and parents; seen by newly formed support groups of former enemies; and felt as millions of Americans viewed the last minutes of John F. Kennedy's life on their televisions. Some people reacted openly by crying in the middle of the office while others maintained their self-control as they flipped the radio stations seeking some sense of reassurance. That was a day when every American felt the intertwined emotions of grief and anger.

Mary Ann recalls that until this point, Washington, D.C. and the entire political structure seemed very far removed from her daily life. However, the next few days were filled with various political memories, beginning with the extensive coverage of the President's memorial service. Next came the inauguration of the new president, who desperately tried to restore feelings of stability in the American pub-

lic. Gradually the United States shifted from its state of unexpected shock to a state of stability. However, the emotional scars were still there as far as Mary Ann could see. She believed this "scarring" is demonstrated by Americans' response to their current and future political leaders. Mary Ann observes that since the Kennedy assassination, there has not been a single political leader who has captured the full trust and compassion of so many people as Kennedy did. Another observation dealt with the years following the assassination, when the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert Kennedy took place. Also the United States became enmeshed in terrible race riots and involved in the Vietnam War.

Mary Ann feels that with each of these violent political events the American people began to detach themselves emotionally from the government. She believes that people have changed from compassionate Kennedy mourners to hardened citizens who see violence as "just another part of politics." Her strongest piece of evidence lies with the early 1980's and the attempted assassination of President Ronald Reagan. Mary Ann points out that in the early stages of uncertainty people were nowhere as concerned emotionally as they had been at the same stage of Kennedy's tragedy. She believes that this emotional detachment is due mainly to the previously-mentioned feeling of desensitization toward political violence.

It is important to reinforce what a true tragedy the Kennedy assassination was. However, what needs to be analyzed is not only the public's immediate reaction, but the long term effects of the event. To be honest, I never connected present political attitudes with emotions, but listening to Mary Ann convey her observations with such assurance, I saw American history from a different viewpoint, a viewpoint which, when looked at closely, made so much

sense that it actually made me ashamed for the first time to call myself an American who cares about my government.

Evaluation: Many questions asked, many notes taken, many memories revived and mulled over—from such labor a writer produces a vivid, insightful essay. Ms. Culotta humanizes an historical event and its consequences. At the end, we understand and share her outrage.

Residents Respond to Survey

by Lynn Freese

Course: Journalism 130
Instructor: Rhea Dawson

Assignment: Prepare a news feature about a municipality or other government body. Include interviews with one or more public officials who would make interesting and informative sources for the subject matter.

In an effort to identify and prioritize future needs of the city of Rolling Meadows, a program called "Rolling Meadows 2000" was initiated in September by the city council.

Eight workshops were held, and 120 residents participated in choosing and defining 10 major issues that were mailed in survey format to each Rolling Meadows household.

Rolling Meadows City Manager Robert Beezat announced the results of the survey on a cable television program produced by the city. He said responses were received from almost 1,000 households.

Beezat said that the city council will appoint task forces and continue community involvement in addressing the issues. He said the city will put together some type of "community services coordinating council" that would meet quarterly to involve service organizations and community groups.

The two issues ranked highest by residents responding to the survey are taxing and fiscal responsibility, and maintaining the high standard of city services such as police, fire and public works.

Beezat said the city has been fortunate to have a good tax base so property taxes can be kept low. He said out of a \$12.5 million general budget, only 10 percent comes from property taxes.

Regarding city services, Beezat said the responses were "overwhelmingly supportive," and residents want them continued at the same high level.

Beezat compared the cost of city services with surrounding towns and showed it was lower in Rolling Meadows and that residents of single-family homes are not charged an additional fee for garbage collection.

During one of the workshops, city attorney Don Rose commented on the city's excellent repu-

tation for snow removal. "The main thoroughfares in adjoining suburbs are not cleaned as well as the side streets in our town," said Rose. He said commuters from surrounding towns routinely cut through Rolling Meadows on snowy days because they know the streets will be easier to drive on.

Economic development rated third in importance among city residents, and 3rd Ward Alderman Terry Moran said that makes perfect sense. "Economic development is needed in order to maintain a low tax base and good city services," said Moran.

But he disagreed with suggestions made by Chamber of Commerce president Linda Ballantine and vice-president Joel Goldman, who said in one of the workshops that it is time to hire a full-time paid professional to help fill vacant commercial sites in the city.

Moran said the Planning Commission already works hard in the area of economic development and is focusing on acquiring tenants for vacant sites such as the old Dominick's building on Kirchoff Road.

The issue residents judged to be least important was "participation and involvement by more community members."

Ballantine suggested a leadership volunteer training program be started to encourage more volunteerism.

Other popular issues are quality of life in Rolling Meadows and housing affordability, maintenance and rehabilitation.

Joan Poulos, who participated in one of the workshops, has lived on Jay Lane for 37 years. She said back then there were 90 kids living in 35 houses in her neighborhood. "But now, out of 35 houses, 20 of them are owned by senior citizens," said Poulos.

She said keeping up the homes is often too

much work for the seniors, and some type of low-cost housing is needed.

The 3rd ward, where Moran is alderman, covers the oldest section of the city, built by Kimball Hill in 1954. He takes these issues seriously and had another suggestion.

"I wish we could think of a way to get the younger people to help the older ones," he said.

While campaigning this past spring, Moran observed some well-maintained homes belonging to seniors, and some not kept up as well.

He said when one older lady came to the door using two canes, he gained an understanding of why the house looked the way it did and the plight of seniors in the community.

"Many seniors are still in very good health," said Moran, "but a lot of them aren't able to maintain their homes. Those are the ones we should try to help."

The pre-survey workshops also discussed this issue. Dave Kasper of Peacock Lane said the city should investigate providing rehabilitation loans for seniors. "Senior citizens are land rich and pocket poor!" said Kasper.

But Moran said some older residents may become insulted by such a program. "How do you go in and say, 'We'd like to help you, but what's your income?' A lot of seniors are quite proud and won't even admit they don't have enough money to buy groceries!" said Moran.

Even if a volunteer program for students to help seniors could be developed, Moran said he's afraid that pride might still get in the way of some seniors accepting help.

"Although this is a very important issue," said Moran, "it should be approached carefully and thoughtfully."

Like many others before him, Moran said

that when he retires he plans on staying in Rolling Meadows, in the home on St. James Street where he's lived with his family for 21 years. Like a lot of Rolling Meadows homeowners, the Morans built an addition when their family was growing—instead of moving to a more expensive house somewhere else.

"We are very happy here," he said. "Only if I could pick my house up and move it to Florida would I consider retiring there!"

The "Rolling Meadows 2000" mailer also reinforced the fact the population in Rolling Meadows is becoming older and more diverse.

Side Bar

Survey Issues as Rated by Residents

- 1 Taxing and Fiscal Responsibility
- 2 Maintain City Services at High Level
- 3 Economic Development/Business Attraction and Retention/Comprehensive Land Planning
- 4 Quality of Life/Health/Beautification of City
- 5 Road/Traffic/Transportation Improvements
- 6 Housing--Affordability/Maintenance/Rehab
- 7 Family Support and Assistance
- 8 Communications with Residents and Business
- 9 Job Retraining/Adult Education/Job Bank
- 10 Participation and Involvement by More Community Members

Arthur C. Clarke's Utopias

by Jane Gresey

Course: Literature 216
Instructor: Dr. Elizabeth Hull

Assignment: A research paper of 6-10 typed pages based on a science fiction novel not on the common reading list.

St. Thomas More combined the Greek words for "no" and "place" to create the word "Utopia." In his work *Utopia* he also pointed out the similarity between "utopia" and "eutopia," which means "the good place." Authors through the centuries have created their own versions of Utopia from Plato's *Republic* right down to the present. Science fiction has its share of Utopian visions and among them are the marvelous city of Diaspar and the community of Lys which Arthur C. Clarke created in his book *The City And The Stars*.

At first look Diaspar seems a veritable paradise. The time is billions of years in the future. Ubiquitous but inconspicuous machines provide everything the citizens need and can be commanded by thought to provide almost anything the citizens want. Artistic and mental effort is encouraged. There are sports and athletic endeavors for those who wish to participate. Machines can provide a realistic simulation of adventure in the form of the "Sagas."

The citizens are virtually immortal as they can live for thousands of years before retiring to the Hall of Creation, from which they emerge again after a span of time with a new body and with all the memories of their old lives which they wish to keep.

All the citizens are beautiful and healthy; disease is unknown. And they are all intelligent enough that in our age they would be counted as geniuses.

The shining towers of Diaspar are kept intact over the millennia by "eternity circuits" which keep them from wearing out. The working and furnishings of the city are like magic to us because they are so technologically advanced. As Clarke's third law states: "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic" (*Astounding* 207). Certainly the wonderful moving roadways

and the appearing and disappearing furniture of their dwelling places and not something that any engineer of today could accomplish. And having these magical machines makes it easy for Clarke to gloss over the day-to-day necessities. The people of Diaspar do not have to worry or work to provide their daily bread.

But there is a defect in Clarke's city which he is quick to point out. As the story progresses we learn that the people of Diaspar are afraid of anything outside of their city, even afraid to look outside at the desert which surrounds them. "A glowing jewel, the city lay upon the breast of the desert" (*City* 9), and the desert extends over almost the whole of earth. The people of the city, as much as the city buildings, are the products of engineering; they were created to exist happily without wanting to find out what is going on in the rest of the universe. Their contentment has been bought at the price of the stifling of the people's will to explore and expand. It is a city created from the fears of the original engineers of the city, who wished only to preserve the treasures they had and not to venture forth again to win new treasures.

But every rule has its exception. Diaspar's exception is the avatar, Alvin. He comes from the Hall of Creation without the memories of past lives and without the fears of his fellow citizens. He finds a way out of Diaspar to another Utopian community, Lys, whose existence no one in Diaspar had even suspected.

Lys is a contrast to the urban Diaspar in being a rural community. Its citizens are telepathic, unlike the people of Diaspar, and there is a greater feeling of community. They have long lives but are not immortal. They have eschewed immortality so that their race could retain possibilities of growth. And they procreate naturally, not by the help of a

creation machine with stored patterns.

But they are, like Diaspar, a closed community unwilling to open their doors to their neighbors even though they know of their existence. They are content within themselves, though without the built-in fear of the outside which marks the Diasparians. It is the function of Alvin to break through the barriers of each community and bring them together. Alvin is the wild card in the deck who can prevent eventual stagnation and who was planned for this function by the creating engineers of Diaspar.

Each community is a different vision of Utopia, one urban and one rural. Each possesses a magical technology which solves many of the problems other Utopian writers have had to face in imagining their Utopias. In either Diaspar or Lys no one has to worry about the necessities of food or shelter. Even though the Lysians prefer to provide much of their own food, clothing and shelter, they do it by preference and not from necessity. Each has a system of government which takes into account the wishes of the individual, but has a focus for authority in a leader (the central computer in Diaspar and Seranis in Lys) and also a council. While there can be dissension, there are no rebels and no oppression.

Each is a productive community in the sense that each of its citizens is free to pursue goals that contribute to individual enrichment or to the welfare of the group, and each citizen seems eager to do so. The make-up of the people in either community seems to preclude laziness.

In fact, all the citizens of either community seem to be generally happy and contented.

Other science fiction writers have also imagined Utopias. H.G. Wells in his *Modern Utopiae* does not try "to describe a perfect society: 'In a modern Utopia,' he says, 'there will, indeed, be no

perfection; in Utopia there must also be friction, conflicts, and waste, but the waste will be enormously less than in our world" (Berneri 293). His World State owns all the land and sources of energy and keeps an elaborate file on every person. The life of each individual is highly regulated by a complex set of laws. The ruling class are guardians called the "Samurai," who are volunteers drawn from a pool of intelligent, reasonably healthy and efficient adults who must be willing to follow a rigorous Rule.

In contrast, Wells also wrote *Men Like Gods*. This is a Utopian world-wide state situated on a planet in a parallel universe, but unlike the bureaucratic, coercive, and morally compulsive government at all. "Decisions in regard to any particular matter are made by the people who know most about it" (Berneri 303). Private property has been abolished, although each person has what is needed to pursue his work. And work they do! The people are driven to explore new areas of knowledge and laziness is virtually unknown. Progress in every area goes rapidly because so many good minds are working together with no petty jealousies to interfere. The quality of their life is superior and, although earthbound at the time of the book, they are turning much of their effort to conquering the barriers of space and time.

The Utopia in *The Dispossessed* by Ursula LeGuin has much in common with *Men Like Gods*. Revolutionaries from the planet Urras leave their home to colonize the planet's moon, Anarres. Anarres has oceans teeming with life, but desert-like continents. LeGuin gives us a nuts and bolts look at the anarchic system used by the colonists. The ideals of sharing and working together are inculcated from birth. No one is forced to do anything, but the harsh exigencies of life on the planet demand frugality and hard work. The same word is used for work and

play. Laziness is punished by public opinion and action. There is no central government, but there is an agency which informs citizens of jobs available. The things needed for living are provided in communal living quarters, kitchens, and dispensaries. The owning of property is their great sin.

Anarres is a much more complexly presented place than Diaspar or Lys, but they do have in common one theme: a protagonist who seeks to pull down the walls between two disparate communities. Alvin, however, looks like a character out of the comic strips compared to Shevek, LeGuin's hero. Shevek is many faceted, brilliant and very human. Alvin, while possessing some personality, is more like a cog in the story—necessary to keep the action moving.

Similarly the subtlety and sophistication of *The Dispossessed* when compared to *The City And The Stars*, points up a certain flatness to Clarke's creation. He tells a rousing good story, but without the depth of *The Dispossessed*.

Robert Silverberg's urbmons in *The World Inside* is another look at a Utopian society, at least in the sense that the great majority of its citizens are presented as being happy. The urbmons are great clusters of skyscrapers housing millions of people with the greater part of the planet left free for agricultural purposes to feed them. To prevent the stresses of such communal living, unbridled sexual promiscuity is encouraged. Any woman must be available for copulation to any man in almost any circumstances. They also believe that God wants them to reproduce as fast as possible and so most women are continually having babies from the age of fourteen when they are married. Dissidents are either sent to the moral engineers to be "helped" or thrown down the incinerator chute where their mass is used to produce energy.

It is a frightening look at a possible world in the future where the problem of burgeoning population has been solved (at least temporarily) on the terms of the moralists who believe it is wrong to inhabit procreation. Probably to most of us it seems a repulsive place, especially for women.

In common with Diaspar, the urbmon's millions of people live closely packed in towers and generally do not want to leave, but the resemblance stops there. The quality of living is immensely different. Clarke has solved the problems which the urbmon faces by setting his city into the far future with a technology capable of providing its every need.

In fact Silverberg's urbmons might be considered more a dystopian community than a utopian one. Dystopian communities seem to be more common in sciencefiction than utopian ones. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *451* and Kurt Vonnegut's *Player Piano* are examples.

All of the societies depicted in both utopian and dystopian novels have flaws, sometimes pointed out by the authors themselves, sometimes left to the intelligence of the reader to discern. But, flaws or no, imaginary utopian societies have been a favorite theme since very early times. There is a vast literature on the subject and a similarly vast literature of criticism. Arthur Clarke mined a popular vein when he created Diaspar and Lys.

Clarke's creations are not detailed and realistic enough to stand as great representations of Utopias, but they are fascinating, fairy-tale places. Who would not like to visit Diaspar to watch the marvelous machines working and to see the creations of its citizens or to taste the fruit of Lys?

The flaw of even the most perfect of Utopias lies in the stagnation faced by a society in which

there is no change. The quest for variety and the striving that are so much a part of human nature are not satisfied in such a place. Clarke recognizes this and has two answers: people genetically engineered to be content within their sphere, and Alvin the avatar who upsets the contrived balance of the city to allow new ideas and influences to enter.

Another downfall of Utopia is the imperfection of human nature itself. Clarke avoids this pitfall first by the genetic engineering of his people to make them productive and peaceful, and second by the contrivance of the wise central computer who guides the destiny of the city even when its people do not realize the best course to take.

Clarke owes much to the Utopian writing that came before him, especially that of H.G. Wells. But whereas Wells in his final book, *Mind At The End Of Its Tether*, despaired and "seemed to abandon all hope in the future and in humanity" (Kumar 381), Clarke leaves us with a vision of the far future where man has survived, improved and has the prospect of further improvement. This may be another version of "they lived happily ever after," but at least it leaves the reader feeling encouraged about the future. And these days we can use all the encouragement we can get.

Bibliography

- Berner, Marie Louise. *Journey Through Utopia*. Freeport, NY: Books For Libraries, 1969.
- Clarke, Arthur C. *Astounding Days: A Science Fictional Autobiography*. New York, Toronto, London, Sydney, Auckland: Bantam Books. *The City And The Stars*. London: Victor Gollancz, 1976.

- Kateb, George. "Utopias And Utopianism," *The Encyclopedia Of Philosophy*. New York: Macmillan and The Free Press; London: Collier Macmillian, 1967.
- Kumar, Krishan. *Utopia & Anti-Utopia in Moderne Times*. Oxford, New York: Basil Blackwell, 1987.
- LeGuin, Ursula. *The Dispossessed*. New York, Evanston, San Francisco, London: Harper, 1974.
- Rabkin, Eric S., Martin H. Greenberg and Joseph D. Olander, Eds. *No Place Else: Explorations in Utopian and Dystopian Fiction*. Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern IL UP, 1983.
- Silverberg, Robert. *The World Inside*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1971.
- Wells, H. G. *Men Like Gods*. North Hollywood, CA: Leisure Books, 1970.

Evaluation: *Literate and fluent. Comparisons to other science fiction utopias and dystopias help the reader see the weaknesses as well as the strengths of the primary novel.*

From Spears to Scuds

by Martha Harnack

Course: Literature 206

Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment: Write an analytical research paper on a theme or question suggested by one of the works assigned for the class. (This student has written on Homer's *Iliad*.)

Thesis: There is very little difference between Homer's description of the Trojan War and writers' description of every war since then.

Whether it happened several centuries ago or within this past year, the description of war is, cruelly, very much the same. We can compare a passage from *The Iliad*:

When they had advanced together to meet on common ground, then there was the clash of shields, of spears and the fury of men cased in bronze: bossed shields met each other, and the din rose loud. Then there wer mingled the groaning and the crowing of men killed and killing, and the ground ran with blood.(8:41-83, 154)

With an eyewitness account from Vietnam:

I knew that I had really blasted somebody for the first time. The gurgling went on for thirty or forty seconds, a retching scream for a long time. I felt strange. The consequences of pulling the trigger came home to me the next day when I found blood, hair and tissue all over this one tombstone. I probably killed the guy.(Baker, 80)

The words and the killing techniques are different but the underlying awfulness is the same. Ever since people began writing things down, the poets and balladeers and essayists have tried to tell about wars from all the possible angles—glorifying, lamenting, urging the fighters on, and making sardonic statements about the realities of war. The major difference, of course, is that the fighting has generally become less and less personal. The Greeks and Trojans met face to face, and the writer of *The Iliad*

even personalized the battle to the extent of giving a genealogical profile of some of the combatants. The fighting temporarily ended each evening so the soldiers could eat and rest—a rather civilized way of fighting a war. However, the wounded bled and hurt and died centuries ago as they do still, and the survivors grieved as they do still.

Each succeeding war brought advanced technology—new, improved ways of killing—and each brought similar rhetoric expressed by a new generation of writers. During World War II, the cartoons of Bill Mauldin carried a lot of impact, but he was also a talented journalist, recording what he saw. In his book *Up Front*, he used both techniques and was often in danger himself as he worked to convey a bit of the reality of war to families back home. In one paragraph he observed that there was no "behind the lines" at the Anzio beachhead where the men could count on being a bit safer:

Sometimes it was worse at the front; sometimes worse at the harbor. Quartermasters buried their dead and amphibious duck drivers went down with their craft. Infantrymen, dug into the Mussolini Canal, had the canal pushed in on top of them by armor-piercing shells, and Jerry bombers circled as they directed glider bombs into LSTs and Liberty ships. Wounded men got oak leaf clusters on their Purple Hearts when shell fragments riddled them as they lay on hospital beds. Nurses died. Planes crash-landed on the single air strip. (158)

Mauldin's account of the Anzio battle doesn't have the same proximity that Homer's accounts of the Trojan battles do, but the final effect was the same. In the most recent American conflict—the Persian Gulf War—the Pentagon tried to depersonalize the

realities of war by using "doublespeak" in their reports to the public. In the *Chicago Tribune* of November 24, 1991, the annual Doublespeak Award, given by the nation's English teachers, was announced. Whenever U.S. and allied forces made bombing attacks against Iraq they were called "efforts," and "The bombs didn't kill. They degraded, neutralized, attrited...." However, when Iraqi forces did the bombing, the most abhorrent words possible were used to heighten our emotions against Hussein and his army. And everybody was just as dead or wounded as the Greeks and Trojans.

It takes skillful rhetoric, glorifying the battle, to persuade young soldiers to want to submit themselves to the realities of war. Again, the writers record the words of those inciting and persuading the armies, or do so themselves in their own work. The king, in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, gives a pep talk to the soldiers which is a well-known point in the play. He starts in an affectionate, almost pleading tone: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..."; moves into a challenging mood: "Dishonor not your mothers; now attest/That those whom you called fathers did beget you!"; and ends with a ringing battle cry: "Follow your spirit; and upon this charge/Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'" (III, i, 1-34). He really knew how to get them fired up and eager to do their best for their country. Achilles reminded his warriors, in his pep talk to the Greeks in *The Iliad*, about the threats they had made:

Myrmidons, let me have none of you forgetting those threats you kept making by the fast ships throughout all the times of my anger—what you would do to the Trojans.... Well now you have a great task before you, the battle you have been yearning for. So let us have men with courage in

their hearts to fight the Trojans. (16:173-217, 277)

Many battle poems and songs were composed during the American Civil War, one of the most painful examples of war this country has ever known. Some of the better-known ones, such as "Just Before the Battle, Mother," were written by a Massachusetts man, George F. Root, who also exhorted the Union troops with "The Battle Cry of Freedom":

*We are marching to the field, boys, we're
going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union
and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.*
(Ravitch, 146)

Of course each branch of the military has its specific fight song—the Marine Hymn, the Air Force Song, and so on. Even church members become rather aggressive with "Onward Christian Soldiers! Marching as to war,/With the cross of Jesus going on before./Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;/Forward into battle, see his banner go!" (Methodist Hymnal 305). If the balladeers and orators can just get people stirred up enough, courage and determination overcome any apprehension or misgivings.

Walt Whitman wrote what has been called a "recruiting poem"—"Beat! Beat! Drums!"—early in the American Civil War, and although his younger brother, George, possibly inspired by this poem, enlisted soon afterward, I feel the words carry a rather ambivalent message. It has a martial beat but reminds the reader that there is pain and grief involved. It realistically faces the fact that recruitment

efforts would be defeated if the would-be soldiers were to listen to friends and family pleading with them not to go, or to old veterans beseeching the young men to stay.

*Beat! beat! drums!e- blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parleye- stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid -- mind not the weeper or
prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young
man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the
mother's entreaties,...*
(qtd. in Vaughan-Williams, Preface)

Many journalists, in writing about the particular war they were experiencing, were extraordinarily thoughtful and philosophical. However, the poets probably did better. Homer wrote that "The man who wills the chill horror of war within his own people is an outlaw, banished from clan and law and hearth" (9:38-83, 167). He put these words into the mouth of Nestor, older and wiser than most of the characters in *The Iliad*. The listeners "listened well and agreed," but Nestor was wise enough to know that he hadn't changed anyone's assumption that the battle would continue.

Nestor might, if he had lived at a later date, have appreciated Walt Whitman's moving lines in "Reconciliation." These may have resulted from his work in a Civil War hospital in Virginia. His brother, George, had been wounded and Walt went to Virginia to help nurse him. An article in the *Benét Encyclopedia of American Literature* tells of his being so moved at "the sight of the other sick and wounded men...that he volunteered his services in the military hospitals" (1428). Ralph Vaughan-Williams set these lines to music in his *Dona Nobis Pacem*:

*Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
 Beautiful that war and all its deeds
 of carnage must in time be utterly
 lost,
 That the hands of the sisters Death and
 Night incessantly, softly, wash again
 and ever again this soiled world;
 For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself
 is dead,
 I look where he lies white-faced and still in
 the coffin—I draw near,
 Bend down and touch lightly with my lips
 the white face in the coffin. (preface)*

Whitman's sensitive portrayal of a soldier's realization that his enemy is one like himself is intensely personal and affecting, and is made more so by the musical setting by Vaughan-Williams.

Another poet's attempt to point out the futility and irony in any war, ancient or modern, is Carl Sandburg's "Grass."

*Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and
 Waterloo.
 Shovel them under and let me work—
 I am the grass; I cover all.*

*And pile them high at Gettysburg
 And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
 Shovel them under and let me work.*

*Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the
 conductor:
 What place is this?
 Where are we now?*

*I am the grass.
 Let me work. (Ravitch, 247)*

This poem focuses on the reality of the distant aftermath of men's battles. After the immediate grieving is over, and the pain of losing someone dear to the monstrous demands of war has become like a fading bruise, the reality is that people forget. They forget what happened, where it happened, and what it was all about anyway. The physical scars, at least, are covered and softened.

However, the emotional scars remain, and the reality there is that families must deal with their losses. In *The Iliad*, Hektor's parents, Priam and Hekabe, saw their son's body defiled, and lamented:

*And now his mother tore her hair, and flung
 the shining mantle away from her head, and
 raised a great wail when she saw her son.
 And his dear father groaned pitiably, and
 around them and all through the city the
 people were overcome with wailing and
 groans of lamentation....How I wish that he
 could have died in my arms! Then we could
 have satisfied our desire for weeping and
 mourning, I and his mother who bore him in
 a cruel fate. (22:395-438)*

Their lamentation took the classic form of formalized grief, and was shared by the people of Troy. Hektor had been a great leader so the whole city was affected by his death, and his parents were supported in their loss. The grief of the families of the common soldiers is not mentioned, but it would have been at least as intense, and there may well have been accompanying hardships resulting from the loss of husband or father. This is another facet of the aftermath of war which remains—painful, but not always considered.

During World War II, Karl Shapiro, a poet/soldier stationed in the South Pacific, wrote *V-Letter and*

Other Poems. That volume included a piece entitled "Elegy For a Dead Soldier," which consisted of nine parts and an Epitaph. The third section has the same tenderness and underlying despair at the loss of a life as the Whitman poem "Reconciliation":

*For this comrade is dead, dead in the war,
A young man out of millions yet to live,
One cut away from all that war can give,
Freedom of self and peace to wander free.
Who mourns in all this sober multitude
Who did not feel the bite of it before
The bullet found its aim? This worthy flesh,
This boy laid in a coffin and reviewed...*
(Ravitch, 289)

The lamentations of fellow soldiers are as terrible as those of family members, if not worse. They may feel that there might have been a way to protect that friend, or that they should have been the one to die. The Shapiro poem, in its entirety, speaks only of the immediate situation and the personal thoughts of the author without considering the effect on the family of the death of the young man. That's enough for one person to deal with at the moment of that death, the eventual military service, and burial in a strange land. In the Epitaph of the poem, Shapiro writes of the wooden cross on the grave of the "Christian killed in battle," and that recalls Sandburg's grass, which will soon cover the place where the soldier lies buried. Bill Mauldin also wrote a lamentation of sorts from the viewpoint of the soldier:

*I've lost friends who were ordinary people
and just wanted to live and raise a family and
pay their taxes and cuss the politicians. I've
also lost friends who had brilliant futures.*

*...It's one of the costs of the war we don't
often consider. (56)*

Although the lamentations of those who have lost people important to them in wars over the centuries fade and are forgotten over time, there is, it seems to me, an increasing awareness of the terrible wrongs resulting from war. One thing that made the Vietnam war important was the realization that war in general, and that one in particular, is a stupid way to try to settle an issue. In the 1960's, angry antiwar movements helped us all to realize the pain and futility of war. Possibly the fact that TV shows us vividly what the realities are has had something to do with reaching that realization. (Ironically, America's Civil War—another bitterly divisive war—occurred almost exactly 100 years before the Vietnam war.) In 1968, Robert Kennedy, in announcing his candidacy for the presidency, wondered about the psychological costs of the Vietnam war, and made these remarks in a speech:

*And whatever the costs to us, let us think of
the young men we have sent there: not just
the killed, but those who have to kill; not just
the maimed, but also those who must look
upon the results of what they do...*
(Ravitch, 346)

Mark Baker reminds us of the perpetual truths about war by recalling *The Iliad* in his book *Nam: The Vietnam War in the Words of the Men and Women Who Fought There*. He reflects that

*In many ways these stories from Vietnam are
as old as war itself. What you will read here
has more in common with Homer's classic
realism in recounting the graphic details of*

the carnage at Troy than with Vic Morrow swaggering through an episode of "Combat." ...We sanitize war with romantic adventure and paranoid propaganda to make it tasteful enough for us to live with it. Because Vietnam veterans lived through it, the account they give is as raw and shocking as an open wound. (15)

Nancy Gibbs echoes Baker's comments in an article in *Time* magazine of January 28, 1991 as she discusses the most recent of America's battles—one fought, ironically enough, in roughly the same area as the Trojan War:

That first thick shock of war brought more hymns than marches, as though the nation had matured enough to know that battle isn't the way it looks in the movies—or even in the strangely antiseptic images of the air war flickering across television screens. (34)

The poets and the balladeers and the essayists will continue their glorifying, lamenting, and urging the on fighters and, presumably, humans will continue agreeing and disagreeing with them. Who knows how the writers have affected or changed the thinking of those planning wars or fighting in them? Napoleon groused that "The ancients had a great advantage over us in that their armies are not trailed by a second army of pen pushers" (*Time*, Feb. 4, 1991, 18). However, the pen pushers will continue their efforts. We can only hope, to quote some enduring writing which came from the ancient land of *The Iliad* and Desert Storm, that:

...he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall

beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Micah 4:3)

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

Works Cited

- Baker, Mark. *Nam: The Vietnam War in the Words of the Men and Women Who Fought There*. NY: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1981.
- Gibbs, Nancy. "A First Thick Shock of War." *Time*, January 28, 1991:34.
- The Holy Bible. King James version. NY: The World Publishing Co.
- Homer. *The Iliad*. trans. Martin Hammond. London: Penguin Books, 1987.
- The Hymnal Committee. *The Methodist Hymnal: Official Hymnal of the Methodist Church*. Nashville: The Methodist Publishing House, 1966.
- Kennedy, Robert F. "Against the War in Vietnam." *The American Reader: Words That Moved a Nation*. ed. Diane Ravitch. NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1990.
- Mauldin, Bill. *Up Front*. NY: Bantam Books, 1947.
- Morrow, Lance. "The Fog of War." *Time*, February 4, 1991:18.

"Pentagon Wins Word War, er, Effort." *Chicago Tribune*, Sunday, November 24, 1991, d:30.

Root, George F. "The Battle Cry of Freedom." *The American Reader: Words That Moved a Nation*. Ed. Diane Ravitch. NY: Harper Collins Publishers, 1990.

Sandburg, Carl. "Grass." *The American Reader: Words That Moved A Nation*. ed. Diane Ravitch. NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1990.

Shakespeare, William. "The Life of King Henry the Fifth." *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*. Ed. Alfred Harbage. Baltimore, MD: Penguin Books, 1969. 756.

Shapiro, Karl. "Elegy For a Dead Soldier." *The American Reader: Words That Moved a Nation*. Ed. Diane Ravitch. NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1990. "Walt Whitman." *Benét's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*. ed. George Perkins, Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger. NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1991.

Whitman, Walt. "Beat! Beat! Drums!" Quoted in Ralph Vaughan-Williams' *Dona Nobis Pacem*. London: Oxford University Press, 1964. "Reconciliation." Quoted in Ralph Vaughan-Williams' *Dona Nobis Pacem*. London: Oxford University Press, 1964.

Evaluation: *A classic appeals to us because its themes are timeless; a student who points this out to us enriches us as readers, as human beings. Ms. Harnack's paper touches on an impressive array of readings. Her finely-tuned paper should acquaint or re-acquaint readers with the epic that inspired her research and the poems, music, plays, memoirs, and speeches that reiterate its tragic theme.*

The Unpleasant Dilemma of Suburban Deer

by Pat Kirkham

Course: English 101

Instructor: Trygve Thoreson

Assignment: To write an essay that could appear on the editorial page of a serious and influential newspaper or magazine aimed at readers identifiable by age, political outlook, economic/educational level, and (if applicable) sex. The publication could be an actual one (e.g., Time) or a fictional publication of the student's own creation.

Take a moment and think of the white-tail deer. What image comes to mind? Is it one of a stately buck, poised by a woodland stream, or possibly a doe and her fawn grazing near the edge of a prairie? Unfortunately, in many suburban areas of America a controversy is brewing which centers around this gentle herbivore. Take, for example, Schuylkill Center in suburban Philadelphia. Schuylkill is a five-hundred-acre environmental park which houses many endangered species of wild-flowers and trees. Schuylkill is also home to a growing number of almost four-hundred white-tails which are decimating the center's botanical collection. Richard James, executive director at Schuylkill estimates that a maximum deer population of no more than twenty-five animals would be the proper natural balance. In the last fifteen years, suburban development has claimed huge tracts of land, creating a patchwork of land use patterns and drastically shrinking the white-tails' natural habitat. The remaining open land is being put under extreme stress by a growing population of deer that have no natural predators left except man. At Schuylkill, as well as many other suburban sites, the need to reduce white-tail deer populations is painfully evident. The controversy lies in the methods being proposed to reduce suburban deer populations to more manageable levels.

Politicians and citizens groups as well as environmentalists, animal-rights activists and land-management professionals have been bitterly debating which methods to employ in order to stabilize current deer populations and reduce future herds. Politicians are very wary of taking any stand for fear of being labeled Bambi killers. Citizens groups are generally well-meaning but often times too disorganized to accomplish any concrete goals. Animal-rights activists and environmentalists run the gamut from constructive criticism to outright guerilla tac-

tics. For example, the Sierra Club is presently suing the U.S. Forest Service for allowing the deer population to get so large that it threatens to destroy the botanical and biological diversity of Wisconsin's Nicolet National Forest. At the other end of the spectrum, the Humane Society of the United States has charged that any method used to reduce deer population is nothing more than a charade designed to cover up the willful abuse of the animals. Many land-management professionals, such as Richard James at Schuylkill, are desperate and willing to go to any lengths to rid their land of the white-tail. James asserts, "We're going to nail these deer. I do not consider them to be wildlife anymore. I push them out of my way to get to work. They are unrestrained, urban cows." The only thing all these groups can agree on is the reality that there are basically four feasible methods and their variations to both stabilize current deer populations and reduce future herds. The options are relocation, sterilization, culling and hunting. Even to the casual observer, none of these methods represents a perfect solution; however, some appear more ridiculous than others. In my opinion, the best solution lies in a combination of these methods coupled with a large dose of common sense, cooperation and above all, education.

On the surface, relocation seems to be the fairest and most humane method. Many citizens groups, such as the one connected with the Ryerson Conservation Area in suburban Chicago, feel this is the only viable method to pursue. On closer examination, this plan is totally unworkable and in fact inhumane to the deer. Simply redistributing the population from suburban to rural areas will not work for several reasons. First, most rural areas are also experiencing an over-abundance of deer. This makes it very difficult to find a rural area willing to accept large quantities of them. Also, past experi-

ence with deer relocation has taught us that many white-tails die later from the stress induced by the trip. Game biologists emphasize this reality--the white-tail deer are extremely stress-prone and therefore, poor candidates for relocation. Aside from these facts, which in themselves doom relocation as an option, the cost factor must be considered. Unfortunately, the cost in tax dollars is prohibitive in today's economy.

Sterilizing white-tail deer is a real paradox. Many land-management professionals such as Mr. James, at Schuylkill, believe this method to be so totally unworkable that it borders on the ridiculous. James cannot see how sterilizing his current population of white-tails will help save his botanical collection. The paradox lies in the fact that sterilization will prove to be the best option for saving both the natural environment and the deer in the future. The use of dart-gun contraceptives to prevent white-tail doe from conceiving is a cost-effective, viable method of population control. The key to its development lies in securing adequate public funding. We have the technology; we need the funding to further develop the drug and experiment with it on a large-scale basis. Unfortunately, killing excess deer in places like Schuylkill will have to continue for some time in order to control the present herds. However, future emphasis ultimately lies on sterilization as the very best option for a long-term solution. With proper funding, a good beginning could be made at Schuylkill.

In reality, culling, or baiting the deer into a small enclosed area and allowing professional marksmen to make short work of them, is a humane form of population control. Culling the herd is by far the most unpopular method of controlling white-tail. Animal-rights activists and citizens groups in particular find culling to be abhorrent. Wildlife

activists connected with the Ryerson Conservation Area, for example, set up picket lines and physically tried to prevent deer culling when it was first attempted there by forest preserve officials. Culling draws so much public outcry and emotionalism that even experienced wildlife managers are reluctant to try it.

Shooting deer involves one quick shot through the brain with presumably little pain or anxiety to the deer. The consequences of not shooting excess white-tails are varied, but often include slow starvation or physical trauma. Is watching a deer slowly and agonizingly starve to death more humane than quickly shooting it? Is watching a bloody and broken deer drag itself away from an encounter with a plateglass window more humane than culling? These scenarios happen with greater frequency every year. The inhumanity lies in the fact that animal-rights activists, among others, choose to ignore these scenarios and unjustly focus their attention on abolishing a humane form of controlling the excess white-tail population.

Other benefits of culling which are often overlooked include a resulting white-tail herd that is more in tune with the natural balance--a proportional ratio of male to female and young to old. The venison, which is a by-product of culling, can be used to augment public food pantries in low-income areas. This is generally why most culling is done by marksmen and not by lethal injection. Both the white-tail and the environment will be better served when opponents to the culling process overcome their emotionalism and comprehend the fact that culling is indeed a cost-effective and above all, humane effort to curb the deer population.

Hunting is almost as unpopular as culling. For example, the Fund for Animals publicly opposes sport-hunting for any purpose, deriding at-

tempts to portray recreational hunting as a legitimate deer-control tool. Increasingly, hunting is seen as a socially unacceptable activity, especially by younger suburbanites who have never been exposed to recreational hunting. On opening day of deer season in Madison, Wisconsin, for instance, animal-rights activists and university students strap mannequins in blaze-orange hunting gear to their car fenders and drive in a honking procession around the state capitol building. This annual activity is a serious effort to dissuade recreational hunting.

Sadly, these anti-hunting activists are just one more example of man's disconnection with nature. Their misguided attempts to ban hunting are in reality doing a great disservice to both the white-tail and the environment in general. We need to encourage deer-hunting as a means of responsibly reducing deer populations and go even one step further by allowing hunters to bag doe as well as buck. Shooting both sexes during the fall rutting season will not endanger offspring as opponents predict, simply because yearlings born the previous spring are already weaned and capable of survival without their mothers. White-tail have no natural predators left, except man; by shooting both sexes hunters are simulating the natural order. Is putting a bullet in the head of a deer that has been hit by a car more humane than shooting it for sport? Recreational hunting is one very necessary management technique which, carried out responsibly, is capable of curbing the white-tail population in a very humane way. It should be tolerated, even encouraged, for the sake of the environment and the deer.

In the final analysis, we have some difficult and unpleasant choices to make. As citizens, we need to choose to better accommodate deer and other wildlife that share space with our expanding human population. We need to choose to deal more

responsibly and less emotionally with the excess population of deer as well as other wildlife. Above all, we need to choose to effectively educate ourselves to the true needs of our natural environment. As taxpayers, we need to choose to set aside more open space for wildlife habitat and, once that is done, support it with our tax dollars. If we are able to make the right choices now, both our generation and future generations will benefit by having a more wholesome natural environment in which to live. If, on the other hand, we choose to ignore this very real problem both our quality of life and our environment will suffer immensely. The choice is ours to make. Let's make the right one.

Harrowsmith Country Life: actual specialty magazine which devotes itself, in part, to environmental concerns.

Age range: adult

Political outlook: liberal to moderate.

Economic/Educational: middle to upper middle categories.

Sources

Rory Putman. "The Natural History of Deer"
"Deer On Your Door Step" *New York Times Magazine*, 28 April, 1991.

Two articles concerning Ryerson Conservation Area.
Daily Herald, Fall 1991.

Evaluation: *Pat's essay is distinguished by its clear and logical organizational scheme, its deft use of a secondary source and supporting evidence, and a style that is sophisticated and serious without seeming stiff or pretentious.*

Arpeggio

by Marti Lansu

Course: English 101

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write a descriptive or descriptive narrative essay that makes ample use of revealing specifics.*

"Where are you headed?" demanded an imposing docent in a blue police uniform as if to say, "What are your intentions?" I sidled through the turnstyle and responded with surprise, "To the concert," and then I recalled that the library was being closed and moved to the new Harold Washington Public Library on Congress. All the books were on their way to the new facility. Everyone now entering the Washington Street entrance should be coming for the free Dame Myra Hess concert.

I began the serpentine climb up the marble stairs behind the bobbing heads of what appeared to be a sea of elderly. Perhaps they were the only ones who could attend a noontime concert in the Loop. My husband and I looked around in amazement realizing we were the youngest ones there.

We filed into the rotunda and were caressed by its coolness--a welcome relief to the burning sidewalks of the Loop. A small platform was set up on the north side of the room. A woman with her hair tied back into a ponytail switching back and forth at the nape of her neck was fidgeting with two microphones set up in front of the first row.

Even though we arrived fifteen minutes before the concert, the center section was nearly filled. Up front, impeccably dressed ladies-of-a-certain age, their platinum heads fresh with their weekly coif, chatted and nodded. There seemed to be a line of demarcation at the seventh row. The back rows also held regular attenders in old tweeds and trenchcoats. They had come to hear and not to be seen.

The median age began to lower as the office workers filled in the wings. They took their seats quickly and quietly, always leaving a seat between them and their neighbors. They had sacrificed their lunches to feed their souls but that didn't mean they had to share it with anyone else.

Preston Bradley Hall is more like a temple than part of a library. On two sides, the rotunda is separated from the vestibule with pillars; at the top of each is a star that reminded me of the distelfink, the hex sign on Pennsylvania Dutch barns. The immortals' names formed mosaic bands around the collonade: Chaucer Spenser Shakespere (Didn't they have room to spell his name correctly?) Over the side entrances were quotations in a variety of romantic languages. Drawing from my high school French, twenty years dormant, I deciphered one: "*Les mortels sont egaux; ce n'est pas la naissance; c'est la seule verite qui fait la difference.*" All men are equal. It isn't Birth but only Truth that makes the difference.

To the east, arched windows overlooked Grant Park. All I could see from my vantage point were pigeons soaring two stories above the pavement. I didn't know pigeons could soar like other birds; I thought they just pecked along the sidewalks after people and left their marks on statues of dead poets. The windows on the west side were lacquered with soot. They overlooked an alleyway where construction was going on. I knew the workmen's hammers would soon join the chorus of the keyboard. Back in that corner was a plywood box painted black. Through its little window I could see a large man in shirt sleeves squeezed behind an instrument panel. My husband explained this was the soundproof booth for the WFMT stereo-simulcast of the concert. We could hear his low muttering into the microphone but could not discern the words.

A Woman in a grey-green gabardine suit approached the podium to welcome us. With her head bowed, she introduced herself as Ann Murray, the program director. She acknowledged the regulars with a low even voice. In an even more authoritarian tone, she continued, "I would like to ask you

to limit your applause because the noise encourages people on the stairs to speak more loudly. Therefore, please refrain from clapping between the Grieg and the Sibelius and between the Gershwin and the Berlin pieces. Thank you." I wondered who these 'people on the stairs' were that would be overstimulated by applause and go berserk. What would they do, vicariously enjoy the music even though they were not part of our group?"

After a list of credits that stretched from the Midwest to Berlin, the mezzo-soprano took center stage. I guess we were expecting a golden-haired sylph because my husband and I turned simultaneously toward each other without a word but with knitted eyebrows. Perhaps the mezzo part of mezzo-soprano means middle aged and middle weight. Ms. Hart plodded flat footed toward the microphone. She wasn't wearing the sequined gown common among soloists we've heard. Rather, she wore a two-piece suit. The tunic was a riot of color, much like an unruly English country garden. She stood before us, chin jutting forward, loose-limbed like a snowman that had been assembled, one section sitting upon another.

Without a word of greeting, she began to sing and be answered by the baby grand behind her. Mozart. Lusty and joyfilled. Like an angel. I became convinced that if angels sang, then they must sing Mozart. Her voice spiraled up and around the room and into the rotunda. It reverberated around the mosaic inscription, "*Delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity yet unborn,*"⁸ and echoed back to us from the scalloped stained glass dome. We responded in the only socially acceptable way: thunderous applause.

She continued to delight us with Grieg's "Med en Vandlilje," the front rows puckering and pursing their lips and the back rows with eyes closed

and heads bowed. Waking from their reverie, the sleepers applauded tentatively, forgetting Ms. Murray's admonition not to provoke the 'people on the stairs.' I scanned the crowd hoping to see her reaction.

Women outnumbered men ten to one. The women could be easily divided into two groups: the front rows and the back rows, but since there were so few men, I could look at each individually. There was only one man in the front rows. He was tall and stooped. His thick white hair came to the collar of his camel hair jacket. He had greeted them with a hearty "halloo!" A few rows back, there was a dark, lean man in his thirties. He wore a brown business suit and black argyle socks. He also nodded to the music but twitched his head from side to side as if doing neck exercises. Periodically he would bounce his knee, not in time to the music, but as if he was impatient. It seemed a curious way to enjoy the music. My husband sat beside me, very still, hands in his lap. He only moved to shift into a more comfortable position on the plastic molded chairs. He turned to me again with black eyebrows knit together when I took his mechanical pencil out of his blue oxford shirt pocket to write down the inscription on the ceiling. One would think, after all our years together, he would be used to the quirky things I do.

Sibelius proved to be a bit heavy and ponderous. The businessman on my left kept time by nodding his head. The gentle jerking of his neck led to the gradual slitting and closing of his eyes. When he realized he was too deep in sleep to be considered polite, he would pull himself upright and look around alertly. Watching him took me back to those rare Sundays when my mother would win the 'discussion' and my dad would come to church with us. His reasoning was that he worked six days a week, two

and three jobs at a time; he could worship the Lord just as well at home. My mother knew his idea of worship was a cup of coffee, a cigarette and romancing the newspaper in the bathroom all morning long. This man's suit fit him the same as my dad's barrel-chested build filled his one and only gray flannel suit. They both would glare around the room as if saying, "I'm not asleep!"

I could tell another man behind me was falling deeper and deeper into sleep because his snore was becoming longer and lower and more protracted. Allegro became andante and pianissimo progressed to pianoforte and soon became fortissimo. It crescendoed into a sudden forceful snort that caused heads to turn. The front rows reeled around with a sneer as to say, "How dare you snore at the Masters!"

We were all relieved when the classics gave way to the moderns, and Ms. Hart showed her virtuosity and versatility. In Shocker's "Mama Called" the singer reassured her mother that she didn't need a man to take care of her; they were too much trouble. A cat would do quite nicely. The audience nodded in agreement and even remembered not to clap until the Gershwin.

They welcomed the finale, Irving Berlin's "Falling Out of Love Can Be Fun" with laughter and more applause. The office workers slipped down the side aisles to avoid the sauntering seniors. Ms. Murray met the performers halfway into their retreat and suggested an encore. It was only five to one and the stereo-simulcast couldn't offer dead air. The diva thudded back up to the stage with a toothy smile like the Cheshire Cat and launched into a Scottish air that we thought might be a Robert Burns--it wasn't. We clapped as long as we thought was appropriate and then slipped through the web of dawdling pensioners, passing up those trying to

navigate the slippery stairs and whirling revolving doors out into the windswept street below.

Evaluation: *Marti's richly textured writing draws the reader in with the first clip of dialogue and refuses to let the reader go until the end. Every paragraph is loaded with striking detail, apt metaphor, and sophisticated (though accessible) diction. Her powers of transforming observation into writing far exceed those of the average student.*

Climbing Everest

by Marti Lansu

Course: English 101

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write a process analysis, descriptive analysis, or causal analysis, while retaining a voice that is natural to you.*

The nudity never ceases to amaze me. I scan the gleaming countertops stripped of all but a coffeemaker and a vase of flowers that match the wallpaper. My neighbor's kitchen shouts at me "cleanliness is next to godliness!" Granted the starkness has an immediate appeal to the eye, but where are the tools of the trade, the mixers and toasters and cannisters? It makes me wonder if real work is ever done here.

Not that I'm a slob, but I run a different kitchen. It is the hub of my home, the headquarters for all my operations. Try as I might to clear the counters of extraneous kitchen gear, there is always a troop of essential appliances standing sentry over an ever-present Pile under the lightswitch. No, the Pile is not sourdough, although that has had a home here from time to time. I call it my brain on paper. It, too, is a living entity. It breathes and grows but also communicates. Occasionally I refuse to feed it and it shrinks a bit but it always returns like pounds lost too quickly on a starvation diet.

Let me excavate a few strata to illustrate:
*advertisements of things I intend to buy
but never really get around to,
*bills to pay and then to file away,
*coupons and rebates to redeem,
*my datebook with commitments to keep,
*envelopes to send in for neverending school
hot lunches and market days,
*lists of calls to make, letters to write,
*notes to myself of tasks to accomplish at
home and at school.

When zephyr picks up or when a child breezes by,
the mountain erupts, leaving volcanic ash all over the
mosaic floor. As I clear it up, I vow this time I will
master this mound!

* * *

I took a break from reading Salinger this

summer and picked up Stephen Covey's *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*. It was full of anecdotes of businessmen and corporate administrators who had great success using Covey's methods. If these principles worked for large corporations, surely they could work just as well for a simple household. He encouraged me to:

1. Be Proactive.

"Proactive" is a newcomer to my vocabulary. I couldn't find it in my twenty year old high school dictionary. The 'pro' part means in behalf of or in favor of. Most of my life has been reactive--in response to someone or something else's stimuli. Being proactive means taking the bull by the horns, completely committed to a task. With renewed determination I ask the Pile, "Who is in control here?" It spreads a wide grin and topples toward the stove.

2. Begin With the End in Mind.

I look at my Pile and I consider what I can do with all this grist for the recycler's mill? I resolved to chip away at the pile by anticipating upcoming events. I wrote down the list and confidently gave it a priority place at the top of the Pile.

3. Put First Things First.

I have intended to create a procrastinator's club which all of my friends say they would love to join, but I keep putting it off. Lately I've been employing the Premack Principle: I reward myself with a pleasant task after I've done a difficult chore first. I also try to avoid tyrannical deadlines by completing assignments as soon as they are given. I

tried filing the homework in my head to cut down on more paperwork, but I found my brain could play tricks on me. Occasionally I would postpone a step until I could give it proper attention. The deadline would arrive and I would mistakenly think the task was already done. Maybe I shouldn't be too hasty in abandoning my list making after all.

4. Think Win/Win.

Being a family manager, I am learning the art of arbitration. It is a daily challenge to put nutritious food that the whole family will find interesting on the table. I also look for a balance in allowing the children freedom of choice while at the same time instilling values and teaching self-discipline. Sometimes it takes lengthy negotiation but I have never had to go on strike or lock them out. How I wish I had a disinterested third party to come help me and my Pile come to terms!

5. Synergize.

Here's another word not in my old dictionary. It's not in the computer word bank either. I believe it means seek unity and find harmony in the whole process. Each of my little papers are related to the others. These minutiae are the underpinnings of my family's ability to function. A little imbalance and there is an avalanche.

I decided to attack its flank rather than hitting the Pile head on. I organized my desk and made sure it only held essential personnel, each assigned to its own base of operations. "A place for everything and everything in its proper place." Now I was ready to divide and conquer the Pile. I gave them their marching orders--ads and coupons and rebates went off together in one direction and recipes to be

tried and those to be typed went in another. One by one I cut them down until all that remained was the misfit who defies classification. It was time for dinner. I didn't want to just shove them anywhere and mess up my lovely new system so I stacked them all up, tapping them on the edges, squaring them up nicely, and set them in a corner under the lightswitch.

6. Sharpen the Sawo

I take this to mean continually looking for new ideas. Granted I need to clothe and feed and house my family but there is no single best method to do this. My family is very resilient and not easily broken so I have the latitude to try new things.

I scanned the countertop, trying to look at it with an open mind. Eureka, an idea appeared! I pulled open the counter drawer, shoved the dish towels to one side, plopped the Pile down alongside the potholders and slammed it shut. Cleanliness may be next to godliness but necessity is the mother of invention. I stood back admiring my handiwork when my daughter passed through the kitchen. As she stepped between me and the counter she took her Christmas wish list and laid it under the lightswitch.

Evaluation: *Marti Lansu's humorous approach to this assignment is adventurous and refreshing. She takes a mundane topic--the dilemma of the pack rat--and by applying a rather typical business-edged formula, creates a sarcastic, tongue-in-cheek essay. A joy to read!*

The Wasp's Advocate

by Marti Lansu

Course: English 101

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write a process analysis, descriptive analysis, or causal analysis, while retaining a voice that is natural to you.*

I pulled into the driveway after an all-morning meeting. My brain was tired and all I wanted to do was fix lunch for my family. I couldn't put the car in the garage because my husband stood in the way. He had said he would mow the lawn that morning, but I found him with a broom in hand. No, he wasn't sweeping the garage, but was poised like a baseball player at the plate. I wondered what game the neighbors would think he was playing. He glanced my way, said a quick hello, no kiss, and returned to his task. Taking a full swing, he slammed the broom against the brick fascia of the house.

Earlier this summer, a segment of aluminum siding had dislodged and wasps had evidently become fascinated with the underlying rotten wood. We didn't realize they had made a home there. We ignored them because they didn't bother the people who used our front stairs. I don't know what provoked my husband's assault--was it their ever-increasing number or the end of his stressful work-week?

I stood and watched them fall. Their bodies curled and spun, leaving a moist stain on the concrete. My son hurried with the fly swatter to finish them off. What crime were they guilty of--was this a matter of First Strike before the enemy got too large--a Hoffman Estates Missile Crisis? I could not reason with hot blood so I went into the house to grill the cheese sandwiches. The wasps finally realized they had lost this skirmish and regrouped in the herb garden they had help pollinate.

There would be two more such onslaughts in my husband's beeocide campaign. There was no more buzzing around my front door as Autumn grew. I figured they must have settled down somewhere for the approaching winter. The curious thing about the following weeks of truce was I kept finding dead wasps on the window sills inside the

house. Had someone left a window open? I would gingerly pick the commaed body up by the wings, avoiding the stinger--was it still lethal in death?--and drop it into one of the pots of herbs I had brought in to keep until spring. I told myself to remember they were there when I would transplant them. I had stepped on a dead bee once and did not need another stinging experience.

After Thanksgiving was duly celebrated, I decided it was time to join the Christmas season already in progress. I went down to the crawl space under the stairs to bring out the ornaments. I'm the only one who enters this hold because my husband is too large to fit and my children don't want to know what lurks there. I moved out the first few orange crates. Flashlights in my left hand, I reached behind the box of pipes and tobacco my husband had forborne and felt a stab in my forearm. What on earth could that be! Oh, man I hope it isn't a spider. The only poisonous one in northern Illinois is the brown recluse who is known to haunt little used places. I only cleaned the crawl space out once a year--after Christmas. I shined the light on Tom's drum case and saw a huge dazed wasp. Instinctively I smashed it with the flashlight. I hit it until I was sure it was dead. I examined my arm for the puncture wound but found only a warm growing redness. How could it bite me? I had been at best its ally or at least neutral in this fray!

Where could this formerly healthy specimen have come from? I aimed the light at the front wall and I saw it, a smooth brainlike mass attached to the foundation about the size of a basketball. Dear Lord! I was preaching live and let live and now these creatures have nested! Will it one day break open and fill my house with a legion of yellow jackets--perhaps feed on my unsuspecting dog while I'm at school.

I called my friend's brother-in-law, the exterminator. I described my dilemma and he responded to me in cool even tones, like a doctor assuring the patient she has operable cancer. He told me wasps do not sting once and die like bees but have a retractable stinger like a hypodermic needle. They are carnivorous and sting other insects like mosquitoes. They mix that protein with their saliva and build the paper-machelike nest which houses their young. At this time of year, the worker wasps have all died (I wondered why the floor was littered by shrivelled bodies.) and the only ones left were the larger reproductives. He advised me to wait until a good hard freeze when the nest would really be dormant and slide it off the wall with a dustpan. He told me I could let my Camp Fire girls study it but I should store it outside because it will have a gamey smell. But who will patrol and pollinate my garden?

Evaluation: *The ever-ambitious Marti will often write two papers for each assignment. The combination narrative/descriptive analysis once again shows off her mastery of language, her gift of metaphor, and her unique writing voice.*

Trusting Enough To Lose Control

by Betsy Liotus

Course: English 101

Instructor: Diane T. Callin

Assignment: *Develop an idea thoroughly and succinctly in five to six paragraphs. Divide your proofs, your examples into three major considerations that you develop with detail. Believe in your idea. Make it personal yet factual.*

I've found attachment-parenting, a term coined by pediatrician and author William Sears, M.D., to be an effective style of child rearing that makes parenting easier. The basic premise of this parenting style is that, while a child's maturity and independence can be encouraged, it cannot be taught. Respect for the innate developmental timetable that is unique to each and every child must be respected; positive self-image and high self-esteem depend on the acceptance a child experiences from those around him. According to Dr. Sears, this parenting philosophy breeds trust which is manifested in three ways--trusting your child to give you the cues to tell you what he needs; trusting yourself and your ability to respond to your child's cues appropriately; and trusting that this design for parent-child communication will work if allowed to operate as designed, free of outside interference.

Despite an overwhelming number of experts in the child-care field forever complicating the task of raising children, our babies really do come with "instructions" we can trust. Genuine and consistent efforts to get to know our children's likes, dislikes, temperaments, strengths, and weaknesses, more often than not, leads us toward meeting their needs in a manner that eventually sends stable and healthy adults into the world. My son, Michael, for instance, cried for hours after nursing whenever I drank more than a half-cup of milk before a feeding. Instead of contacting the doctor, I saved considerable time and money by trusting and responding to Mike's cue; I simply stopped drinking more than a half-cup of milk before a feeding.

The solution above naturally led to the next element of trust. Because I responded to my baby's cues in a manner that satisfied him, confidence in my mothering skills grew steadily. It wasn't long before I recognized that attachment-parenting increased

my sensitivity to my child's needs, as well as his trust in my ability to respond quickly to his cue. As the cue-respond cycle became increasingly fine-tuned, the harmony that resulted made mothering a joy and eased other parenting challenges. When my thirteen-month-old daughter, Melissa, began climbing out of her crib at night, attachment-parenting reduced the frustration and tension so common to disruptions in sleep schedules. My husband and I received several unsolicited suggestions (ranging from ridiculous to abusive) to keep her in bed, but we respected her independent spirit and chose to indulge her desire for freedom. Trusting that it was the appropriate course of action, I put away the crib frame and she slept peacefully on the tiny mattress on the floor. Her bedroom required extensive child-proofing as her quiet 2:00AM playtimes continued for several months, but it was obvious that she relished the autonomy that characterizes the self-reliant eight-year-old that she has become.

Allowing such trust to operate freely is more difficult. We live in a culture that is intolerant of the time factor inherent in a concept essential to attachment-parenting and summarized in my favorite of quotes by Dr. Sears, "Baby the baby while he's a baby and you won't have to baby him for the rest of his life." Sue, a close friend who shares this conviction, recently accompanied her four-year-old daughter, Carolyn, to the home of a playmate to enjoy what promised to be a busy and boistrous birthday party. Though Carolyn had played happily at the home of her little friend many times, something about the chaotic atmosphere, unfamiliar faces, and disorganization made her uncomfortable with the idea of staying there alone for the next couple of hours. Trusting that her daughter's discomfort was genuine, however irrational from an adult perspective, Sue quickly agreed to stay for as long as Carolyn

needed her. The other parents present, however, most in similar circumstances with their own children, fairly gasped at my friend's lack of "control" over the situation and her refusal to resort to bribes or threats to manipulate her daughter into letting her leave. "Must be your first," someone said condescendingly. "No, fourth," Sue answered sweetly as Carolyn happily tossed her coat onto a chair and headed for the party room. Within minutes Sue was heading home; her smiling, waving daughter was quite a contrast to her tearful companions now being humiliated or dragged into the "celebration."

Parenting isn't easy regardless of the parenting philosophy chosen, but attachment-parenting has made the journey so far more satisfying than I ever imagined. Unconditional love, offered to my children in a language of trust they truly understand, often means losing control in order to gain some over the awesome responsibility of raising them.

Evaluation: As usual, well organized. Introduced topic clearly. Developed ideas thoroughly. Wise vocabulary choices. Your beliefs, although they are important, do not intrude upon your five presentations.

The Anti-Union Philosophy of the Law Firm of Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather, and Geraldson

by John Mayer

Course: Technical and Report Writing
Instructor: Rex Burwell

Assignment: *Write a ten-page analytical report on
a topic of immediate practical
importance.*

Contents

- Introduction
 - The Union in Today's Workplace
- Collected Data
 - Tactics Used by SSF&G During Negotiations
 - Using the Strike as a Management Weapon
 - Tactics Used to Prevent Union Organization
 - Tactics Used to Destroy Established Unions
- Conclusion
 - Summarizing SSF&G's Anti-Union Philosophy
- Recommendations
 - Ways to Combat SSF&G's Tactics
 - Be Prepared
 - Share Information
 - Inform Citizens
 - Pressure Local Politicians
- References
- Appendix A

Introduction

Over the last ten years the demand for "Anti-Union" law firms has increased. This report will discuss the largest of these firms, Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather, and Geraldson, of Chicago, and analyze whether it negotiates in good faith, or attempts to undermine the collective bargaining process.

The Union in Today's Workplace

We all know that unionized labor was born because of the mistreatments of employees in the workplace. However today, because of the poor state of our nation's economy, unions have become the favorite targets of employers when they need to trim some fat from their budgets. So when negotia-

tion time comes, many companies and villages turn to law firms such as Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather, and Geraldson (SSF&G), for help. But are these companies and villages really saving money, or wasting money, when they hire these types of law firms?

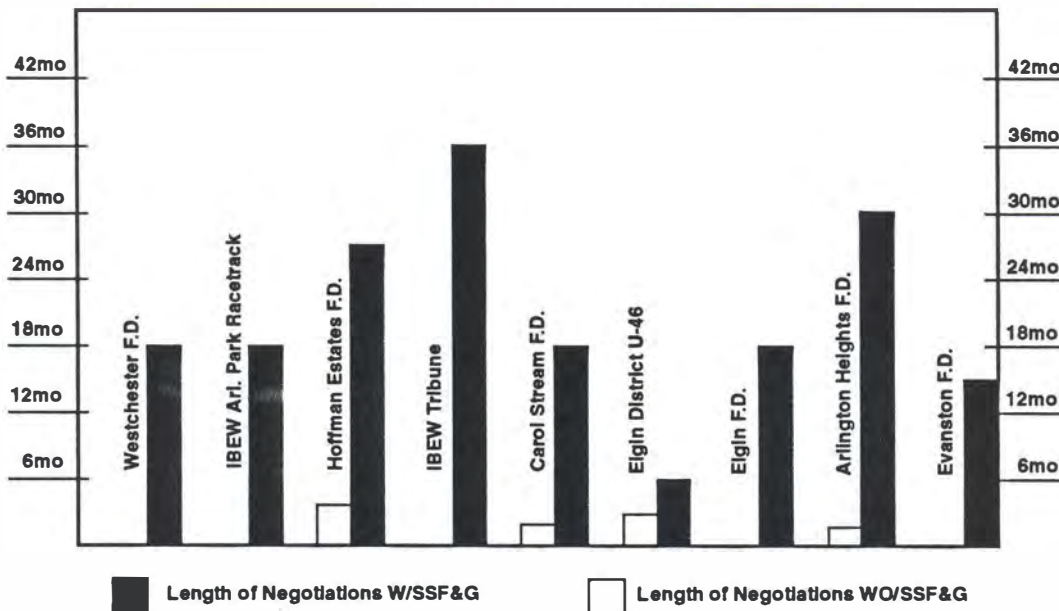
Collected Data

Tactics Used by SSF&G During Negotiations

From January 1988 through April 1990, Local 2061 of the International Fire Fighters Association (of which I am a member), and the Village of Hoffman Estates, Illinois, were involved in an unusually bitter negotiation over a new contract for village fire fighters. Previous negotiations were

always professional and friendly, and proceeded toward an eventual settlement, generally without incident. One reason that the latest negotiations were difficult from those of the past, however, was the hiring by the village of SSF&G to assist with "wording." As frustration began to mount with the length of negotiations (they eventually lasted almost 2 1/2 years) and the lack of progress being made, one thing became clear: Hoffman Estates was not the only village suffering through lengthy negotiations. The same scenario was being played out in Evanston, Arlington Heights, Carol Stream, Elgin, Westchester, and many other Chicago-area communities, which felt the need to hire SSF&G. Each municipality was then involved in long drawn-out talks (Chart 1), costing their combined taxpayers millions of dollars. In many cases these negotiations eventually

Chart 1



lead to arbitration in order to settle the contract, costing even more money. However, the longer the negotiations lasted the more profit SSF&G made. SSF&G has a reputation of engaging in practices which frustrate the legal rights of workers to organize and bargain collectively with their employers (Muir). This is evidenced by an incident which happened during negotiations between Westchester, Illinois, and its Fire Fighters Assn. A fire fighter fell in the shower and was injured, and the village would not allow fire fighters to shower until a thorough investigation was completed. After the insurance company's investigation, when it ruled that the shower facility was safe, the village still would not allow its use. An unfair labor practice was filed by the Association with the Illinois Labor Relations Board. SSF&G attorney John Weiss encouraged the Village, whom he represented, to take this issue to a hearing. The board decisively ruled that this issue was a waste of their and everyone else's time, and that the village was close to violating the unfair Labor Laws. This incident cost the village \$3700 in legal fees, and caused the ongoing negotiations to be delayed further (Finn).

John Weiss was also the losing attorney when he represented the City of Evanston, during three separate labor relations hearings since 1989, against the Evanston Fire Fighters Assoc. The cost of these losses were again absorbed by the taxpayers of Evanston. Ironically, John Weiss lives in Evanston (Anderson).

Using the Strike as a Management Weapon

A trail of strikes follows the employment of SSF&G by management. These strikes, in many cases, appear to be not so much the result of a union decision, but rather develop from a management-

planned impasse in bargaining, in which the strike becomes the weapon of management rather than the union.

Management plans for a strike seem to have as their purpose, in many cases, not the settling of collective bargaining issues, but rather the destruction or serious weakening of the union as an institution (AFL-CIO May, 1979). To SSF&G, a striking employee can become a tool used to spread dissension, with the hope it will weaken the unity of other striking employees. And SSF&G's influence does not end with the strike itself.

Three SSF&G attorneys (James R. Baird, R. Theodore Clark Jr., and Michael Rybicki) have co-authored a 300-page manual for the National Public Employer Labor Relations Association, entitled "Maintaining Public Services: The NPELRA Strike Planning Manual" which explains the roles that supervisors should play before, during, and after a strike. First, SSF&G recommends that, long before a strike occurs, management should take a skills inventory of supervisory personnel so that the employer can determine what struck work to assign in the event of a strike.

Second, management should try to break supervisors' ties to the union; this will weaken the strength of the union as a bargaining unit. They should also inform supervisors that a safe course of action would be to resign from the union before crossing a picket line to return to work. From a management point of view, not only will the work be getting done during the strike, but the SSF&G also points out another important advantage:

No matter what their status with the union, the successful utilization of managers and supervisors during a strike may have a salutary effect of emphasizing the clear dis-

inction between management supervision and striking employees, while reminding supervisors which side of the line they are on (Baird).

Another interesting point included in this manual is the fact that this type of planning need not be kept secret in all cases. For example:

One midwestern jurisdiction reports that it not only cross-trains, but it sets aside one or two days a year for actual strike drills; that is existing employees are sent home early and supervisory "replacements" from other departments are called in to perform the work for the rest of the day. This experience is then followed by an evening picnic and get-together where management identity is further solidified. The employer reports these striker drills strengthen its supervisors' ability and confidence to perform the work in question, it aids further strike planning, it builds confidence, and apparently, it engenders within a union a healthy respect for the employer's ability and resolve to meet a strike should one be called (Baird).

The SSF&G manual also deals with the issue of employees crossing the picket line by stating:

While there may be some negative consequences in using non-striking or returning unit employees to perform struck work--at worst a lasting division between returning strikers and strikers holding out to the bitter end--these are far outweighed by the advantages. QUITE SIMPLY, NOTHING IS MORE INDICATIVE OF THE FACT

THAT A STRIKE HAS FAILED THAN EMPLOYEES CROSSING THE PICKET LINE TO PERFORM THEIR JOBS. (Baird).

And just as with the supervisors, the manual advises that workers who remain at work or return to work should be warned that so long as they retain actual membership in the union, the union may attempt to subject them to internal discipline for crossing the picket line (Baird).

To avoid this union discipline, they suggest the employer

notify them that they may tender their resignation with the union, in writing prior to crossing the picket line (Baird).

Tactics Used To Prevent Organization

SSF&G will also try to prevent organization of employees in the workplace by using letter writing campaigns. During the Carol Stream Fire Fighters' effort to organize into the International Fire Fighters Association, the employees had to contend with a strong letter-writing campaign from various management personnel, including the Chief (with letters the Association suspects were written and supplied by SSF&G), telling prospective union members the evils of organizing. This campaign eventually became so harassing to those wishing to join the union, that it almost violated the unfair labor laws. This letter writing campaign was unsuccessful, however, and the fire fighters voted unanimously to join the International (Mulligan).

In November 1979, the United Rubber Workers Union filed a petition to unionize 140

employees at Wilson Sporting Goods Co. in Humboldt, Tenn. The Employer was represented by attorney James Gies of SSF&G's Washington D.C. office. The election was held on February 1, 1980, with the United Rubber Workers winning the election 78 to 61. For two months prior to the election, the employees were sent letters by management (SSF&G), stating the management point of view (Appendix A).

Tactics Used To Destroy Established Unions

Well-established unions are not immune from this law firm either. If your union suffers from the usual gripes from employees regarding union dues, slow grievance procedures, seniority disputes, and overtime arguments, etc., you may already be dealing with SSF&G without knowing it. Companies have hired SSF&G to come in and train their supervisors and foremen in the skill of union-busting, with the threat that any foreman disclosing this information would be fired. The theme of these training sessions are contained in the following ten steps as reported by the AFL-CIO in June 1982:

1. Try to confuse the seniority system for lay-offs, move-ups, and overtime to get employees jealous of one another. Then, when employees complain send them to the union, thereby shifting the blame even if you have to use racial or sexual disputes. Most important, create fear and mistrust.
2. Draw out grievances as long as possible.
3. Threaten employees if they file grievances or safety complaints.
4. Increase discipline for even minor offenses to cause an overload for the union, slowing down their effectiveness on timeliness.
5. Make sure employees get all benefit books or letters on insurance benefits, pensions, etc. that the

company give--not Union negotiated.

6. Increase management trainees or substitute foremen.

7. Get your stool pigeon, big mouth employees, every area has them, to criticize union officials and union dues. (You know who they are.)

8. Hold department meetings with employees to convince them that you agree with their problems, but that the union has to do something.

9. Convince them that you are on their side about job class increase or incentives on the job, but that your hands are tied and it's up to the union.

10. Last but not least, the company must become the "Big Brother," the good guy, and the union the enemy by distorting the truth on Agreement. By the time the truth is known the employees won't trust the union anyway (AFL-CIO June, 1982).

After I read these steps it became apparent to me that at least seven of them are in operation in my place of employment. I would never have been aware of them had I not seen this list. Are these things happening where you work? Be aware, if they are, that SSF&G may be on the job already.

Conclusion

Summarizing SSF&G's Anti-Union Philosophy

It is quite evident that SSF&G is a well-polished firm that has fought organized labor among teachers, newspaper employees, factory workers, lettuce growers, public service employees and almost every other profession. SSF&G has decided that an anti-union stance, in today's society, is the way to be successful. It brings to the bargaining table a very well-designed game plan, which it has developed and honed over many years of practice. When SSF&G is on the job it will do everything in

its power to accomplish its goal: A union free work environment.

Recommendations Ways To Combat SSF&G's Tactics

Be Prepared

One reason SSF&G is so successful is that not much is known about the firm's tactics, prior to its being hired, either by the organizations negotiating against them or by the firms which hire them. On the labor side, organizations which find themselves negotiating opposite an SSF&G attorney should be well informed about the tactics that this firm uses. Once the element of surprise has been eliminated and labor knows what to expect, the advantage that SSF&G likes to have at the bargaining table can also be eliminated. If possible, labor organizations should try to acquire a copy of the manual written by the three SSF&G attorneys which I mentioned earlier, entitled: "Maintaining Public Service: The NPELRA Strike Planning Manual." This manual is used as a reference guide by SSF&G in their Chicago offices, and is kept under lock and key. I found it to be a very hard item to get my hands on (not surprisingly). However, it can be had by contacting the National Public Employers Labor Relations Association in Washington D.C. at 1-202-296-2230, at a cost of \$75.00 to "non-members." Obviously, this organization will not distribute this manual to anybody, so some "creative requesting" may be necessary. When I called, the gentleman I spoke with stated, "I am on the other line. Can I call you back?" This may have been true, or it may have been an attempt to gather information about me using my phone number.

Once you have acquired this manual, your

organization will be one step ahead of SSF&G at the negotiating table. Being able to see ahead of time what SSF&G's next step will be is an extremely valuable asset.

Share Information

Another important strategy unionized labor organizations should employ is sharing with each other any resources about SSF&G which they may have accumulated. The more that is known about SSF&G ahead of time the less likely they are to be successful with the tactics they use. For example, I received a letter from Megan Muir, President of the Harvard Labor Law Project, a student organization of Harvard Law School. Ms. Muir informed me that "300 Harvard Law School students signed a pledge, promising not to interview with SSF&G for employment. And students picketed when an interviewer from SSF&G arrived on campus in 1990. This year SSF&G chose not to interview at Harvard." She continued, "The student's boycott of SSF&G was because of their union-busting activities, and the perception that SSF&G abuses the legal process in its efforts to help employers remain non-union. Ironically, the boycott drew support from many law students who plan to work on the management side."

Is this an isolated incident? Hardly! I found that at least two dozen law schools, including American University's Washington College of Law, Yale, UCLA, University of Minnesota, New York University, Catholic University, State University of New York at Buffalo, and Georgetown, have joined in the nationwide boycott. These schools have all realized that the tactics used by SSF&G are unfair and have shared information and acted on it.

Inform Citizens

If there is one thing that people will listen to, it's the subject of how their tax dollars are being spent. In this day and age, every municipality is worried about budgets and cost cutting measures. Yet, those same municipalities will spend exorbitant amounts of money hiring this law firm to fight its unionized employees. Unionized public service employees (police officers, firefighters, public works employees, etc.) must use the Freedom of Information Act to ask for the amount of tax payers' money being spent on this law firm. The amount may be surprising.

During our negotiations I found out, through the Freedom of Information Act, that our village spent in excess of \$33,000.00 in approximately one year to, as the Village Manager put it, "Defend ourselves against the wiles of a union that already has one of the best benefit packages in the world."

I also found out through the Freedom of Information Act that, during the 1991 calendar year over \$212,000.00 was spent in Elgin School District U-46, for the services of SSF&G. During that year the school district also suffered through the longest strike (21 days) in its history. Some citizens in these communities who can't get their streets paved or their sidewalks replaced would be interested in this information.

The Union of Professional Employees, through the Freedom of Information Act, found out that the University of Illinois spent \$25,600.00 of Illinois tax payers' money on SSF&G to help it fight 14 doctors at the University's McKinley Health Center, in their attempt, in 1986, to be recognized as a collective bargaining unit. It was also discovered that the U of I had used SSF&G on 23 other occa-

sions during 1986 (Champaign-Urbana News Gazette).

And Southern Illinois University spent \$185,428.00 of tax payers' money, in 1988, for representation, by SSF&G, at unit determination hearings which lasted eight months (AFL-CIO Sept. 1988).

Because these two incidents and others at State Universities were researched and publicized in newspapers throughout the state, the Illinois General Assembly passed a law prohibiting "the expenditure of public funds to any external agent, individual, firm, agency, or association, in any attempt to influence the outcome of representational elections."

This example shows that when the proper people become aware that something is wrong, something usually gets done about it.

On a smaller scale, unionized labor organizations can inform citizens in other ways. One way may be to have your organization join a group such as the Chamber of Commerce. Once you have compiled information on SSF&G, present your findings at a meeting. The audience may be very receptive to what is being said. Another way to get the word out to the public may be through the use of local newspaper editorials or local talk radio programs. These would serve to reach a greater number of people.

Pressure Local Politicians

A common assumption is that local politicians are aware of whom the village hires to represent its interest during negotiations. But this is not always true. The decision about who gets hired, in most cases, is made by the Village Manager.

Elected officials are generally interested in

the progress, or the lack of progress, in negotiations because it may affect their careers. In the past a strange trend has been occurring. When negotiations lead to an impasse and an eventual strike, the public becomes interested in what is being done by their politicians, and if the public becomes upset at the length of the stalled negotiations it appears that the politicians are the ones who suffer.

After the recent 21-day teachers' strike in Elgin School District U-46, all three incumbents running for re-election to the school board were decisively defeated.

In Joliet, Illinois, a strike involving police, municipal workers, and fire fighters resulted in the resignation of the City Manager and the termination of SSF&G's services.

And finally, after the Waukegan, Illinois, City Council unanimously approved a new three-year contract with the Service Employees International Union, city Aldermen blasted the law firm of SSF&G which represented the city. Fifth Ward Alderman Thomas Clement said, "The city paid up to \$160.00 an hour for an outside attorney and he sits there and makes ludicrous and derogatory comments in meetings, collects \$1400.00 and drives back to Chicago and punches in." He also added, "SSF&G has got a great reputation - unions beware - as cut throat lawyers, but they are cutting our throats as well" (Zahorik).

If your local politicians were aware of these facts, maybe they would take an additional interest in who gets hired and who doesn't.

So as you can see SSF&G's tactics can be defeated using the following steps:

- ...having a well constructed game-plan.
- ...researching all available information about SSF&G.
- ...informing any audience who will listen.

...being confident.

...not being intimidated.

The more you know about SSF&G the less they will like it.

References

- Muir, Megan, President, Harvard Labor Law Project. Personal Correspondence. 10 October 1991.
- Finn, Robert, President, Westchester Fire Fighters Assoc. Personal Interview. 1 November 1991. Hoffman Estates, Illinois.
- Anderson, Michael, President, International Fire Fighters Association Local 742, Evanston, Illinois. Personal Interview. 18 February 1992. Hoffman Estates, Illinois.
- AFL-CIO, R.U.B. (*Report on Union Busters*) Sheet. Issue #4 May 1979.
- Baird, James R., et al. *Maintaining Public Services: The NPELRA Strike Planning Manual*. Chicago, Illinois. Date unknown.
- Mulligan, Kevin, President International Fire Fighters Assoc. Local 3192, Carol Stream, Illinois. Personal Interview. 4 November 1991. Hoffman Estates, Illinois.
- AFL-CIO, R.U.B. (*Report on Union Busters*) Sheet. Issue #5 June 1982.
- "Union Organizers Plan to Step Up Pressure on UI." *The Champaign-Urbana News Ga*

zette 24 September 1986, Wednesday ed.,
Section A-3.

AFL-CIO, *R.U.B. (Report on Union Busters) Sheet*.
Issue #7 September 1988.

Zahorik, Ralph, "Waukegan Service Worker Pact
OK'd. *The New-Sun* Date Unknown.

Evaluation: For his fellow workers, Mr. John Mayer's report is truly of immediate practical importance, as it directly addresses the problem of ever more organized and sophisticated, and ever less scrupulous, "union-busting" attacks, and recommends concrete steps that labor may take to resist them. If usefulness is a primary criterion for evaluation, Mr. Mayer's report succeeds.

Rapid Ride

by Chuck Meaney
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: *Write a personal experience essay, using narrative and description, that focuses on an experience which helped you change or mature in some way.*

Coming out of the weariness of an all night ride to Boulder Lake, Wisconsin, the three of us pulled into the camp our friends had made the night before. It was great for Brian, Buckshot, and me to join the twenty others at the picnic tables as bacon and eggs hit the plates. We talked about our plans to go rubber rafting down the Smokey Falls later that May morning. Most had made the same trip the year before, but it would be the first time for me and a handful of others. I listened intently to Dave and Scottie as they told stories from other years and gave pointers on safety as they told stories from other years and gave pointers on safety when shooting the rapids. I became afraid. Did they mean real danger? Would it be too late to cancel?

An hour later I found myself with the group at the boat launch of Shot Gun Eddie's, pulling on the protective rubber suit for warmth on the river. "Good Lord, I've been poly-sealed!" I said as Kenny laughed. I paired off with Eric, and as we grabbed an inflated raft, I learned that both of us were inexperienced on the rapids. We nudged her into the water as I struggled to tie on the life preserver.

In a few moments our little yellow raft was nearing the center of the river. We each put an oar to the water, attempting to catch up to those ahead of us. It took some practice to find a natural, alternating rhythm of oar-strokes.

The river was tranquil with a slow but steady current. Eric and I had plenty of time to join those ahead of us and we held on to the sides of each others rafts. At one bend in the river we drifted five abreast, looking like a yellow log jam as we floated together. We flowed with the current and slipped past the green on both banks. We talked and tried to keep the outermost rafts away from the bushes and trees that linked the banks and overhung the water's edge.

After thirty minutes our crowd went silent as we began to hear the faint but intimidating sounds of rapids ahead in the distance. We all knew that the first in a series of three falls lay ahead, but how close no one could say. We began to separate. Once more Eric and I were two men in a raft, an individual unit preparing for the river's assault. I rode up in front, with Eric steering from behind. We watched the path down the rapids those ahead of us took as they bobbed and twirled out of sight, trying to angle our raft's nose towards the whitewater. I crouched with my feet on the bottom of the raft as Scottie had directed earlier. After a bumpy ride that lasted no more than twenty seconds, we found ourselves with the rest of the group. I realized I was still clinging in fear to the black handles on the raft as we learned that no one had dumped. "That was so cool!" Eric said. While we talked, the threat of the boulders and rushing water seemed to diminish, and I couldn't wait for the next set of falls. I brushed a spider off my forearm. The creature must have come from the dense brush along the bank of the river. We had earned a little rest.

With the sound of the next rapids rising in my ears, I could feel a rush of adrenaline as I positioned myself to sit right on the bow of our accelerating raft. Foolishly I thought we could control her over the holes with our oars.

We followed the other rafts into the rapids, a yellow line bracing for victory. Attacking the first downward flow in the river, our raft was sucked down and spun abruptly to the side. As she struggled against the wall of water, our raft flipped over very abruptly. To my surprise I found myself below the raging surface. Still trying to comprehend what was happening, I was dragged by the water and scraped by the rocks. I wondered which direction our raft was in, and whether or not Eric was alright. We both

surfaced at the same time, with the capsized yellow raft between us. After seconds that seemed like decades, we reached calmer waters and were able to empty the raft and overturn her.

Once more we floated with the current, and I shivered off the cold as Eric approvingly told me about a small cut below my right eye. "It looks tough!" he said, as I realized I had conquered my worst fear of the experience. After shooting down the last rapids minutes later, we all made it to shore and stood around a campfire, talking about our triumphs and soaking up the warmth. Like a child approaching his second time on a playground slider, I blurted, "I'm ready to go again next year."

Evaluation: *Chuck does well at introducing an appealing persona and a series of reasonably suspenseful events that build to a quick-paced climactic paragraph. It is an easy and entertaining read. The style is clean.*

A Husband's Hidden Love

by Chad Meister

Course: English 101

Instructor: Gil Tierney

Assignment: Write a discription of something or someone that lets your reader experience your subject.

It was eerie seeing her lie there in the hospital bed, comatose, with the nutrients of life pumping through the lines connected to her body. Her hair was very thin, combed straight back and so untypical of my grandmother. I had never seen my grandfather touch her before. But there he was, standing besider her, caressing her hair.

My grandfather is a German--determined, dedicated, never exposing his feelings for the world to see. His grandparents had moved to the United States from Germany and started farming in southern Illinois. Later, his parents moved to Indiana and bought a small farm. When he was old enough, he left the family farm and bought one of his own. He made it through the Great Depression, he survived World War II, he continued on through years of hard work fighting the elements that battle so stubbornly against farmers, and now he was enduring the death of the one closest to him.

He had never been a sensitive man. His words to her were always sharp and brief and rarely about anything other than farm related issues. They would argue frequently and, as far as I can remember, never slept in the same room. He rarely at lunch at home. he preferred to go to town and eat with "the boys".

She was a wonderful woman, a true grandmother in an orthodox way. You could always find her in the kitchen baking. It was either cookies or cake or something that would fill the house with a mouth-watering aroma. On the rare occasion that she wasn't in the kitchen, you could find her in the garden, which looked more like a field than a garden. It was always perfectly kept. This was the only place that I would see them together, but the time was usually spent in silence, he at one end and she at the other.

It began early one morning when she was

getting out of bed. She slipped and hit her head on the end table, causing a dark bruise to appear on her temple. No one thought much about it at first, but several weeks later her speech began to slur. It was soon thereafter that she lapsed into a coma from which she would never return.

I had never seen grandpa act the way he did after that point. Was it possible that he loved her? He spent most of his time at the hospital, almost none at the farm, which no longer seemed important to him.

For the next six months my grandmother withered away while grandpa caressed her hair. It was as if he was trying to make up for all the years he had neglected her in this way. It was hard for him to accept this. He too was withering away.

It has been several years since she died, and since her death he has developed a series of ailments, including acute arthritis. He doesn't talk about her anymore. I guess he has once again hidden his feelings about her. He doesn't spend much time around the farm anymore either. Instead he goes to town and spends time at the cafe with other retired farmers solving the problems of the world in their own naive sort of way.

I hope that somehow, in her comatose state, she was aware of his presence and his actions toward her. I think he hopes so too.

Yes, he really did love her.

Evaluation: *Chad's description of his grandparents lets us see them vividly and movingly. His use of the image, especially "caressing her hair," is masterful. He uses image as a unifying device and as a way to underscore the theme that appearance is not always reality.*

Hugo's Lonely Journey to "The Hilltop"

by Anne Mohr

Course: Literature 105

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: Write a literary analysis thoroughly analyzing a contemporary poet's work or works. Write with a voice that is natural and unforced.

The Hilltop

*I like bars close to home and home run down,
a signal to the world, I'm weak. I like a bar
to be a home. Take this one. Same men
every night.*

*Same jokes. Traffic going by
fifteen feet away and punchboards never
paying off.*

*Churn of memory and ulcer. Most of all
the stale anticipation: of the girl
sure to walk in someday fresh from '39,
not one day older, holding out her arms.*

*Soon, I say to no one late each night,
I'll be all right. I put five dollars
in the jukebox and never hear a tune.
I take pride drinking alone and being kind.
When I walk in, people say my name.
By ten, the loveliest girl in Vegas
swims about the room, curving in and counter
to the flow of smoke. Her evil sister
swings her legs and giggles in my drink.*

*When I'm at home, the kitchen light stays on.
Help me, friend. By dawn, a hundred dogs
are gnawing at my throat. My gnarled phlegm
chokes up yellow. My empty room
revolves tornado and my relatives
are still unnamed. A dozen practiced gestures
get me through the day. By five, I'm crawling
up the hill, certain I'll live, my Hilltop smile
perfected and my coin naive.*

Surrounded, we trip over it daily. A vagrant living in the cardboard box under the viaduct or an old timer taking up space at the V.A. Hospital are easy reminders. Most of us know loneliness to one

degree or another. It is an emptiness, a longing to share with others a slice of the everyday in our lives. It is a yearning for automatic understanding and acceptance. Loneliness and lonely people are so commonly found today that to choose to write about it at all label a poem, trite. How easy it would be to drag one's toe over the line separating genuine emotion from sentimentality. In Richard Hugo's poem, "The Hilltop," we feel the speaker's silent desperation without ever reading the word, "lonely."

Hugo has looked loneliness in the face. Abandonment and isolation are frequent themes stirred through his poems. As a young child, he was deserted by his mother and left to live with his grandparents. They were strict no-nonsense stock and not equipped to care for a small boy. Hugo was expected to occupy himself quietly and had little interaction with this older couple. As Hugo describes his childhood:

"My grandfather's job at the Seattle Gas Plant was a menial one and his hours fit the schedule he and grandmother had out of necessity assumed for themselves over a lifetime. And there I'd be, alone, not daring to play the radio for fear it would keep them awake in the small house, nothing to do to amuse myself but to either draw pictures, which I did, or put words on paper, which is, if your definitions are fairly fluid, called writing. My art work showed no promise, so I kept on with the words. It was a good world in many ways, about as good as a writer could hope for." (Pinsker 58)

The rugged, open landscape of the Pacific Northwest accentuated his feelings of alienation. One feels small in a land between the earth and sky

that never ends. This tone is captured in the poem, "The Hilltop."

Looking at sounds in "The Hilltop," we see a lyrical pattern develop. The strong "r" sound is apparent in the beginning five lines of the first stanza. "Bars," "run," "world," "every," "traffic," "punchboards," "never," and "churn" intensify the roughness of the speaker's description of himself. Short vowel usage adds visceral punch. Changes in mood occur with the lazy "l" in the following lines with "ulcer," "all," "stale," "girl," "walk," "older," and "holding." A softness emerges as we linger in the speaker's memories.

The second stanza continues the pattern of hard to soft. Long vowels in the words, "late," "each," "night," "I'll," "be," "right," "fine," "juke-box," "hear," "tune," "pride," "being," "kind," "day" and "name" accentuate the tone. The speaker colors his personality with short, terse sounds. This character's appeal is blunt almost cold. Rolling through the last half of this stanza, sounds soften with short vowels as the "loveliest girl... swims... curving and counter." Like squares of caramel candy, the words coat my mouth and their taste remains, just as the musing rest in the speaker's mind. The sounds of these two stanzas begin at the bottom of an imaginary hill. Sound raggedly builds during the first five lines, reaches the summit then slides down the other side. We continue the ascent and descent of the hill in the second stanza, rolling along with the speaker from desolation to desire. In using these sound patterns Hugo mirrors the text of "The Hilltop." He sings his own song. The first half of each stanza describes the speaker while the second half moves the reader into the speaker's memories and illusions.

I am impressed with the overwhelming number of "l's" in the third stanza. "Light," "help,"

"gnarled," "phlegm," "yellow," "revolves," "relatives," "still," "crawling," "hill," "I'll," "love," "Hilltop," "smile" are words that reflect the sound of the theme of this piece, loneliness.

The diction in "The Hilltop" is extremely concrete. The speaker uses common words but without the roughness that might be associated with an uneducated man. The language is not coarse. The words become abstract as the speaker becomes introspective. He describes himself as weak, proud, and kind. The use of these abstractions do not take away from the clarity of this poem. It only serves to enrich the characterization of the speaker.

Setting provides steel support beams needed for Hugo's construction of the tone of "The Hilltop." It is common for some poems to have this reference inferred, leaving concrete details to the imagination of the reader. Such is not the case with Hugo's poem. Hilltop is the name of a neighborhood bar located, according to the poet, in Las Vegas. But there is also symbolism in that name. "The Hilltop," begin the apex of companionship and attachment, depicts the speaker's struggle as he attempts to climb up and out of his loneliness.

No hanging plants and brass accoutrements adorn this watering hole. We know the speaker favors his "home run down" and his "bar close to home." The seedy neighborhood shuns the singles crowd. Prostitutes and their johns do business as the traffic goes by. The Vegas location adds to the general tone of loneliness throughout the poem. Activity in a large city forces the lonely spirit inward.

The real terror begins as the setting moves to the speaker's home. It has been suggested that the speaker lives with someone. "Help me friend," may be considered literally, as a plea to an unnamed helpmate. I tend to look at this phrase as a cry to the

"universal friend." One who is unknown, yet out there. This man lives alone.

There is imagery throughout "The Hilltop," but the last four lines of the second stanza are most striking:

*"By ten, the loveliest girl in Vegas
swims about the room, curving in and counter
to the flow of smoke. Her evil sister
swings her legs and giggles in my drink."*

A woman's shadowy figure appears through the smokey haze. The speaker is feeling the effects of his drinking. The later the hour the prettier the girl becomes. "Curving counter to the flow of smoke," expresses a freshness that is right on the mark. With cigarette smoke hanging in the air, the intoxicated speaker is in a dreamlike state. This scene contributes to the illusion of sexual interaction.

The real joy of Hugo's "The Hilltop" is found in his character's vulnerability. "I like bars close to home and home run down, a signal to the world I'm weak." My mind's eye envisions a professional middle-aged man in his forties or fifties. His voice is educated. I see him in his middle years because he is not going to do anything anymore that will cause him to much inconvenience. Enthusiasm for home repairs is absent. It is simply too much trouble. He is, as we say, set in his ways. My eye continues to rest on the phrase "...a signal to the world I'm weak," anger and a false bravado lay beneath the surface of these words. The anger is directed inward, toward a self that is unhappy with his situation, yet unwilling to change. He seems to be saying that this is the way I am world, take it or leave it.

The next three sentences describe his pseudo family. The speaker comes to eat and drink and sit

alongside his cronies, but he is under no emotional obligation to them. "Same men every night, same jokes." He is comfortable here in this home-away-from-home, a frequent visitor, but I sense a longing for improvement in his situation. I see him in many people who are unwilling to share their pain which is the beginning of real intimacy. "I say to no one late each night...", the speaker has developed a routine in his daily life of going to the bar every night. He derives comfort from this dependency.

There is a hint of a long past, loving relationship. The speaker dwells on this fantasy with "stale anticipation." "Memories of a girl...not one day older...", rise to the surface of his consciousness. At one time, the speaker knew warmth and intimacy. Over the years, he has developed into this closed-up, aloof man. The speaker projects into the future in the second line of the second stanza, "I'll be all right." Again in the third stanza, he says, "I'll live." There is a blend of sarcasm mixed with acceptance in these lines. Pride fuels independence. Our speaker takes "pride" in "drinking along." Outwardly, he doesn't need anyone.

The speaker has developed a social circle in which people "say my name." I find it telling that the speaker chooses the phrase "say my name" instead of, people know me or a phrasing that alludes to friendship. "Say my name," shows detachment from those around him. His bar mates are ignorant of any intimate knowledge of the speaker. His name is known, but nothing of a personal nature. Hugo continues to develop his tone with the last sentence of this stanza. "Her evil sister swings her legs and giggles in my drink." We are treated to a glimpse of the speaker's feelings about women in these four lines. I feel there is something of the madonna/whore complex evident. The "loveliest girl" swims, curves and flows in a haze of smoke. She appears

ethereal almost spiritual. The "evil sister" swings and giggles. The picture painted by these words is one of garish, brash woman who is sexually provocative.

The general theme of loneliness continues into the third stanza. The speaker tells us that the kitchen light stays on. A room even with a single ray can keep emptiness in the dark corners beyond the bulbs glow. He pleads for "help" knowing full well that there is no one to help him, but himself. The two words, "by dawn...", suggests that the speaker found sleep impossible. The mind races during the night. Emotions bubble up for the gut and settle in the brain. Once the monsters escape to run free in the imagination, it takes the dawn to subdue them.

The third stanza becomes metaphorical. It is here that the fears harbored by the speaker are revealed. Hugo writes, "A hundred dogs gnawing at my throat." Obviously, a pack of wild dogs has not invaded the speaker's bedroom. This feeling is the result of too much alcohol and cigarettes from the night before but it is rooted in an awful helplessness of the truly abandoned. The "gnarled phlegm chokes up yellow." This condition is also a result of smoking and drinking. The morning after becomes physically as well as emotionally debilitating.

The speaker continues the metaphor with the phrase, "My empty room revolves tornados". The speaker is describing a whopper of a hangover made even more exquisitely painful by the emptiness he feels. There are no relatives to call upon, they are "still unnamed." The literal meaning of this phrase refers to confusion resulting from a night of drinking. Figuratively, the speaker reveals a yearning for an intimate connection. The hope of someday having a circle of family easing the loneliness.

The last two sentences offer an unwillingness to search for a change in lifestyle. "A dozen

practiced gestures get me through the day." Routine kills the human spirit. Even though he knows this, he is trapped by depression. There is no energy to physically move the body to action. The reader is told that, "By five, I'm crawling up the hill...." The speaker appears to need a "fix" from the Hilltop, alcohol to fill the physical need and camaraderie to fill the psychological need.

The special appeal of "The Hilltop" is Hugo's ability to peel away denial and false pride and expose that tender kernel of vulnerability and loneliness we all share.

Evaluation: *Anne Mohr's essay invites her audience to explore Hugo's poem with her. Her writing style is original and self-confident. Her interpretations are accurate and thoroughly supported.*

Works Cited

Pinsker, Sanford. "Richard Hugo's Triggering Territory." *Three Pacific Northwest Poets*. Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1987. 58.

Not a Doctor But a Car

by *Yuko Nakagawa*
Course: English 101
Instructor: Gil Tierney

Assignment: *Write a narrative that makes a point, that puts an experience in perspective and gives it meaning.*

We had not been married yet when my fiance was transferred to the United States from Japan. He wanted to get married and to take me with him. Though I did not want to quit my job, I preferred to stay together. He would come back to Japan after five years, yet five years seemed too long to wait. I was twenty-six at the time. Getting married and starting new life in the foreign country with the man whom I loved was more attractive to me than keeping up my job. I decided to follow him, quit my job, and become a housewife. So I left my parents, my sister and my friends, and I came to the new world with my husband. I thought that living in the foreign country would be exciting and interesting for me, even though I would miss my family in Japan. Following my husband whom I had just married, I was full of hope.

For the first month, I was truly happy. The new life was definitely exciting and interesting. Everything looked new and different, and that satisfied my curiosity. We started our newly-married life in a tiny apartment, which was as big as, if not bigger than, a Japanese house. Beautiful nature and lovely wild animals around my apartment surprised and pleased me. We often exclaimed while taking a walk or going for a drive. "Honey, look at the squirrel and the bunny! I've never seen them except in the zoo." "Are we in a fairyland? There are the deer in the forest." Time did not hang heavy on my hands at all; I spent all day long home in putting away the contents from the packages which we had brought from Japan, in learning how to cook, and in writing letters to my friends. I did not even feel the necessity of having my own car. I enjoyed grocery shopping with my husband every weekend. I was content to live as a housewife day after day.

After one month, however, my life started to be boring. I stayed home alone from eight in the

people usually negotiate. My husband was even afraid of my driving technique in this country where, different from Japan, cars run on the right side of the road. Because I could not get a car, I thought I could walk more. However, he feared that America was such a dangerous country that a woman should not walk outside alone. He scared me by saying that American robbers would cut off my finger with my ring or my ear with my earring. He asked me to stay home when he was at work. Though my neighborhood in the suburbs looked quiet and peaceful, I

could not judge whether he would be right because I was new to this country. So I obeyed him.

Alone as ever, I stayed home. I found no solution any more. I felt empty in reading some books and doing some handicrafts to kill time. So I threw away my book and idled away my time looking out the window vacantly all day. I missed my family and my friends in Japan, yet I had nothing to write about in the letters. I sobbed when my husband asked me what I was doing during the day. I thought he did not understand anything about my emptiness. I did not get up in the morning to prepare his breakfast any more, and he went to work without a word. He became aware of changes in me but kept silent instead of complaining about me losing my temper or helping me to find a release from my stress. He did not know what to do either. I stayed in bed most of the day, and I could not get to sleep at night. Then I took a sleeping pill, suffered from a headache because of too much sleep, and took headache medicine. I felt that I should go to see a psychiatrist because I was so depressed, but I could not find any doctor who spoke Japanese. I wondered what I had come to this country for. I could not find the answers of what and whom I lived for. I hated my husband; moreover, I hated myself. Most of the day I sighed. The rest of the day I cried. I was always tired without any reason. I always suffered from various symptoms such as heavy feeling in my chest, discomfort in my stomach, poor appetite, headache, and back pain. I became sick not only mentally but also physically.

After an extremely frustrating seven months, one day a friend of ours introduced a mechanic to us. He said that we could buy a good used car with our savings which had grown because I had had nothing that I had spent money on in the spiritless days. With the mechanic helping us to find a car and

negotiate the price, I finally bought a car. I did not have to persuade my husband; seeing my depressed face and having dinner without conversation, he began to feel that I needed a car.

Having my own car brought me happiness again. When my husband asked me what I was doing during the day, this time, I answered smiling, "I went to the ESL [English as a Second Language] class today. My teacher is a nice lady, and I made friends with Chinese, Korean and Mexican students." He said to me, "I see your lively smile which I've not seen for several months." I found that America was such a nice country to live in when I had a car. All my problems had been solved simply and quickly. Not a doctor but a car cured my "illness."

Evaluation: *Yuko's essay is beautifully detailed; it is honest and probing and speaks with an authentic voice.*

Analysis: How to Quit the Corporate World and Begin a Career as a Free-lance Writer

by *Cindy Place*

Course: Business Writing

Instructor: June Way

Assignment: Research an area of the business world in which you have a particular interest and present the information in a business report.

Contents

Introduction
Personal Evaluation: Do I have what it takes?
Selling and Marketing
Personality Traits
Writing Mechanics
Business Skills
Advantages and Disadvantages
Financial Assessments: Can I afford to free-lance?
Prepare Yourself
Cash Reserve
Start-up Costs and Monthly Expenses
Equipment Considerations: To Mac or not to Mac?
Typewriter vs. Computer
Desktop Publishing
Market Identification: What do I want to write?
Should I Specialize?
How Do I Diversify?
Miscellaneous Notes: Is there anything else I need to know?
Summary of Findings
Recommendations
Works Cited

List of Tables

Table 1 - Selling and Marketing Evaluation Worksheet
Table 2 - Personality Traits Evaluation Worksheet
Table 3 - Writing Mechanics Evaluation Worksheet
Table 4 - Business Skills Evaluation Worksheet
Table 5 - List of Advantages and Disadvantages
Table 6 - Financial Evaluation Worksheet

Introduction

The term "free-lance" is defined by Webster as: "a writer, actor, etc., who sells her services to individual buyers." The term "free-lancer" goes back to the days when knights rented out their weapons or talents to the highest bidder. Today, the term free-lance means independence, self employment, and financial rewards. Free-lance writing is a risky and competitive business in which many beginning and experienced writers have tried and failed to make it. Often the reason for failure is not the absence of talent. Many potential free-lance writers plunge into the business blindly, helplessly struggling to keep their heads above water. After a year or so, they find themselves begging a former employer to take them back as a salaried employee. Before quitting a full-time job and venturing into free-lance writing, a person must complete four steps: 1) evaluate her personality, 2) assess her financial situation, 3) consider her equipment requirements, and 4) identify her market. Free-lance writing can be a lucrative means of support to those who perform an extensive evaluation before quitting a salaried position.

Personal Evaluation: Do I have what it takes?

Webster's dictionary defines a writer as: "one who writes, esp. as an occupation; author." Nothing is said about having a college degree or ten years of work-related experience. A writer should know the mechanics of writing (punctuation, grammar, etc.), but that is the only real requirement. In fact, it is not required of a free-lance writer to be certified, take an entrance exam or attend any type of schooling. If you choose to become a journalist or

a technical writer, your employer may require you to have a degree; however, in most cases the degree can be in another field.

Anyone can call herself a writer, but the writer who consistently sells work independent of an employer is classified as a free-lance writer. Free-lance writing is not for everyone. It takes a certain type of person to endure the hardships associated with free-lance writing. The first and most important step is to evaluate your personality and determine if your traits and characteristics fulfill one hundred percent of the requirements essential to a free-lance writer. Read the associated discussions and then complete the worksheets in each section. If your personal evaluation totals only seventy-five percent of the requirements, maybe you should consider remaining a salaried employee.

Selling and Marketing

Fifty percent of your time is spent selling your work; therefore, you must be a competent salesperson/marketing agent. Common knowledge amongst free-lance writers is that being a competent salesperson is more important than being a good writer. Ernest Mau, a successful free-lancer for more than 20 years, states, "As a free-lancer, selling yourself and your work suddenly becomes a part of your daily life and is necessary for every manuscript you write, every publisher you contact, and every client you solicit." It takes professionalism, basic marketing skills, and persistence to keep the paychecks coming in. Use the worksheet in Table 1 to evaluate your selling and marketing abilities.

Personality Traits

Fifteen percent of the requirements relate to

the motivation and drive required to start and maintain a self-employed business. Obviously, being a disciplined, self-starter is very important. If you have to rely on another person to get you started, self-employment may not be appropriate. Writing is an independent task, and you must be able to motivate yourself. Additionally, to interview effectively, you must be patient, tactful and get along with others. It is also important to learn how to accept criticism and rejections. Use the worksheet in Table 2 to evaluate your characteristics. All of these are important to survive as a free-lance writer.

Writing Mechanics

Fifteen percent of the requirements related to the mechanics of writing. An important question you must ask yourself is, can I write? Every writer must be able to research thoroughly and then present results on paper logically and clearly. The ability to learn quickly enables you to diversify your talents resulting in a larger share of the writing market. Later in this report is a discussion on the qualifications of a writer; however, use the worksheet in Table 3 to evaluate your writing abilities.

Business Skills

Twenty percent of the requirements for becoming a free-lance writer relate to taking care of business. It would be nice if writers could concentrate solely on writing; unfortunately, there are bills to pay, files to be organized, etc. Salaried employees typically go to work, perform their job and go home. The employer hires people to worry about paying utilities, scheduling equipment maintenance, collecting delinquent payments, invoicing assignments, and maintaining insurance policies. A free-lance writer usually cannot afford to hire help; therefore, basic skills in business management are required. Use the worksheet in Table 4 to evaluate your business skills.

Selling and Marketing	My Points	Points Required
Do I know how to... advertise?		10
market myself?		10
make contacts?		10
be persistent?		10
bid competitively?		10
Total Points		50

Table 1. Selling and Marketing Evaluation Worksheet

Personality Traits	My Points	Points Required
Am I a... self starter?		5
disciplined person?		2
hard worker?		1
risk taker?		1
patient person?		1
tactful person?		1
Can I... interview effectively?		1
handle rejection?		2
accept criticism?		1
Total Points		15

Table 2. Personality Traits Evaluation Worksheet

Writing Mechanics	My Points	Points Required
Do I... research effectively?		5
learn quickly?		4
write clearly?		3
present ideas logically?		3
Total Points		15

Table 3. Writing Mechanics Evaluation Worksheet

Advantages and Disadvantages

Common misconceptions by the general public of a free-lance writer suggest they get rich by working short hours and they live exciting lifestyles. However, like any other profession, free-lance writing has its advantages and disadvantages. Illustrated in list form, most of the advantages and disadvantages contradict each other. For example, a disad-

vantage that the job is lonely, contradicts the independence you gain. However, being independent may be more important to you than worrying about loneliness. Therefore, this contradiction is justified for your personal situation. Refer to Table 5 and decide what advantages and disadvantages pertain to your personal situation.

Business Mechanics	My Points	Points Required
Can I... organize files?		4
maintain records?		4
enforce collections?		4
budget finances?		4
fulfill contract requirements?		4
Total Points		20

Table 4. Business Skills Evaluation Worksheet

Advantages	Disadvantages
You gain independence	You can experience loneliness
You set your own hours	You work long hours
You experience a low initial investment	You must reinvest in your business
You increase time for family	You lose money when not writing
You control income	You experience inconsistent paychecks
You become an expert in many areas	You must become established to generate a steady income
You gain tax deductions for having an office in the home	You pay high self employment taxes
You gain personal satisfaction	You experience stiff competition
You decide what to write	You constantly have to sell yourself

Table 5. List of Advantages and Disadvantages

Final Assessments: Can I afford to free-lance?

After weighing the advantages and disadvantages and coming to a positive decision, a potential free-lancer should complete step two: assess their financial situation. Working as a corporate employee offers the security of health and life insurance, retirement plans, unemployment insurance and most importantly, the security of a regular paycheck. Security in any of these areas is almost non-existent as a free-lancer. "Of the handful of writers who do work up the courage to plunge into all-or-nothing self-employment, a high percentage find their dream turning into an economic nightmare before the first year is over." (Rees)

Prepare Yourself

Start to plan your break from corporate employment a couple of years in advance. Begin to build up a cash reserve and reduce your monthly expenses. Clear up any debts such as school, car, and furniture loans. A good credit rating helps when you need to borrow money. Proving financial stability as a free-lancer can be a nightmare because banks typically want to see two years of steady income.

Take the time to visit your local library and read a few of the "how-to" books on becoming a free-lance writer. Obviously, books can not prepare you for everything, but they can provide first hand experiences on the horrors and successes of the business. "For those that plan ahead and properly prepare themselves for the switch to self-employment, full time free-lancing can be a thoroughly enjoyable new world. And if you've done things right, it can be a highly lucrative world as well." (Rees)

Cash Reserve

Starting any type of business requires building a substantial cash reserve and a free-lance writing business is no exception. How much should you set aside to cover monthly bills and overhead? "Generally it takes two years to become established in a free-lancing business and to put that business on a profitable footing. During those first two years, there are going to be extended periods with little or no income from the business but continued expenditures to keep it going. As a rule of thumb, the prospective free-lancer, with a working spouse and no children, would be well advised to have sufficient funds in the bank to cover all estimated start-up costs, operating expenses, and household expenses for at least one year. The presence of children in the family should increase the amount of the cash reserve by at least 25% for each child." (Mau)

Theresa Marousek, a successful Chicago free-lance writer, disagrees with Mau's rule-of-thumb. She said to save that much cash is very difficult, and a realistic estimate would be to save enough to cover three months of expenses. She did emphasize strict budgeting to carry you through the lean times.

Start-up Costs and Monthly Expenses

Determining how much you need to get started is dependent on you. A financial worksheet as shown in Table 6 is enlightening for the beginner, usually providing insight to hidden costs and extras. Additionally, it helps determine what you don't need.

Equipment Considerations: To Mac or not to Mac?

Step three involves determining what your equipment requirements are. The basic equipment requirements of every writer consist of a desk, a chair, a lamp, a typewriter, pencils and paper. Those are the items you need to get by; extras would include a FAX machine, a filing cabinet, a camera, an answering machine, and a tape recorder. What you can afford is up to you and one additional item to consider is a computer.

Typewriter vs. Computer

Deciding whether to use a typewriter or computer is a major decision requiring careful considerations. The initial cost of a good typewriter is cheaper than a basic computer system. However, computer companies such as, IBM and Apple have developed personal computers that are affordable, easy to use and very efficient. In particular, Apple's Macintosh offers software programs for processing text, producing graphics, and managing finances. Work can be stored on a diskette or a hard drive and can be copied, revised or printed out repeatedly. Revising a document by typewriter generally means typing the whole page over again. If you are an average typist, the time it takes to retype a whole page because one or two lines have changed is not cost effective.

With a Macintosh word processing program, every word you write, from personal letters to complete manuscripts to camera-ready copy for technical manuals, can be stored and recalled for printing in seconds. The Macintosh can handle all of your accounting, inventory, billing and mailing lists, as well as brochures, resumes and personal station-

nery. Both of the free-lancers I interviewed said they could not live without their computers and printers.

Patty Sostock recommends shopping around and evaluating your needs before you buy a computer system. She owns a Compaq personal computer that is IBM compatible. She feels this is important because most companies have IBM systems. A year ago, she did a project for a client that required a Macintosh. She rented one for a month at the cost of \$150. The rental cost was figured in her initial bid.

Equipment	Need?(Y/N)	Estimated \$\$
Typewriter or computer		
Camera equipment		
Answering machine		
Tape recorder		
FAX machine		
Desk		
Office chair		
Filing Cabinet		
Drafting layout table		
Reference materials (encyclopedia, dictionary, etc...)		
Initial office supplies		
Miscellaneous tools		
Business stationery		
Business brochures (Portfolio and sales aids)		
Monthly Expenses		
Living expenses		
Merchandise and materials		
Accounting costs (CPA payments, etc...)		
Advertising expenses		
Automobile and travel expenses		
Electricity and heating payments		
Entertaining costs (for clients)		
Income taxes (prorated to monthly basis)		
Insurance premiums (prorated to monthly basis)		
Interest on business debts		
Legal and professional fees		
Office expenses (photocopying, postage, etc...)		
Reference materials (magazines, books, etc...)		
Rent, lease or mortgage payments		
Rentals and leases of equipment		
Repairs of equipment (include service contracts)		
Retirement account (prorated to monthly basis)		
Self-employment tax (sole proprietorships)		
Supplies (diskettes, paper, etc...)		
Telephone bill		
Trade and professional dues		
Total Estimated Costs		\$

Table 6. Financial Worksheet

Desktop Publishing

Computers are becoming standard items in the world of publishing. In fact, a new term, "desktop publishing," has made its way into the writer's language. "Desktop publishing means less reliance on secretaries, print shops, and graphic artists. Using microcomputers, page-design software, and laser printers, writers at their desks can control the entire production task: designing, illustrating, layout and printing the final document." (Lannon)

Don Johnson of Chicago owns The Business Word which produces client newsletters and magazines. He states, "Macintosh is the only way to go for desktop publishing. If the people who write also do the desktop publishing, it's very, very effective. But design is also important—we use free-lance designers. With a Macintosh, a large screen, a high resolution printer and a FAX machine, you can do a lot of business." (Dees)

Identify Your Market: What do I want to write?

Now that you have considered how you're going to write, the fourth and final step is to determine what you are going to write. A potential free-lance writer must decide personal goals early in her career.

Should I specialize?

Do you want to write fiction, magazine articles, newsletters, brochures, legal reports, stock reports, medical reports, technical manuals, software documentation, newspaper articles, military specifications, or pamphlets? The options are endless. Research your talents and make a decision to target a certain market.

In Clair Rees book, *Profitable Part-time Full-time Free-lancing*, he advises, "The beginning writer may well be advised, to concentrate on a single market, at least at the start. Specialization is the key to rapid sales and is the one way to quickly develop a reputation for professional expertise."

The old saying about putting all your eggs into one basket holds true for free-lance writers as well. Once you have established yourself, you cannot afford to rely on one type of writing to make a decent living. As a general rule, the more subjects you can write about, the better.

How Do I Diversify?

Establish your market first and then expand. Keep your options open and don't be afraid to test new ground. Joining a writer's organization is one way to open new doors and make valuable contacts. The Independent Writers Of Chicago (IWOC) is a professional association offering a network of writers and continuing education opportunities. IWOC conducts and publishes annually a survey presenting current rates charged by area writers. The Society for Technical Communication publishes brochures about careers in writing and a journal, *Technical Communications*. This group sponsors an annual conference and administers an awards and recognition program.

The Writers Market, found at your local library or bookstore, is an annually updated publication featuring 900 pages of U.S. magazines. It details article requirements, payment rates and submission policies. It can help you determine where and to whom your writing should be directed. In short, the *Writers Market* is the free-lance magazine writers' bible.

Patty Sostock writes procedural manuals

for software programs. She has been free-lancing for ten years and has found working for companies offers her a stability that other writing markets cannot provide. She has generated business by "cold calling" companies, but most of Patty's business comes from referrals or friends.

Miscellaneous Notes: Is there anything else I need to know?

No matter how much you prepare and plan for the future, something always happens along the way that teaches you a valuable lesson. The following is a collection of tips and notes for potential free-lancers from successful free-lance writers:

Richard J. Margolis on rate -- "Years ago I was offered \$30,000 plus expenses and royalties to write a small book about Shell Oil Company. The five-figure offer confirmed for me some advice I'd been given once by an elderly free-lancer as we sat side-by-side in a Philadelphia bar. "Son," he said, "never charge a client what you think you're worth. Charge him what you think *he's* worth."

Pat Lee on the flexibility of free-lancing-- "It means if you want to work on a rainy day for 12 hours, and spend 12 hours in the sun the next day, you can. If you feel like sitting in your chenille bathrobe at midnight doing it, that's terrific. You go ahead and do it." (Applegath)

Ernest Mau on the importance of planning for a free-lance career-- "Even the most meticulous planning is no guarantee of success or survival. The only guarantee the free-lancer ever gets is that he gets no guarantees."

Clair Rees on the social adjustments of a beginning free-lancer-- "The initial period of adjustment is the hardest--those first several months when the neighbors discover you're no longer commut-

ing, or when your friends are sure you're out of work and too proud to ask for help. Once you manage to convince everyone you're both happily and gainfully employed, the battle is half over. And when you finally trade your five-year-old Chevy in for a Porsche or Mercedes, the other half of the battle will be won. From then on, your most serious social difficulties are more apt to stem from jealousy than sympathy."

David Martindale on paying taxes-- "Because so many self-employed taxpayers keep poor financial records or claim imaginative deductions, the tax return of a free-lance writer stands a greater chance of being audited than one filed by a wage earning employee with a comparable income. Don't be surprised if the I.R.S. questions the sincerity of your writing effort. According to the agency, "doing business" is defined as "the regular pursuit of an income." For this reason, the feds take a dim view of anyone who dabbles in writing merely as a ploy to obtain tax deductions. You might be asked to provide tangible evidence that writing is, in fact, your business - evidence such as letterhead stationery, business cards, a business phone, rejection slips, membership in a writers' organization, and of course, copies of published articles."

Theresa Marousek on contracts -- "It's a good idea to have a letter of agreement with a customer and it can be very simple. It should say I'm going to do this work for you at such and such pay and these are the conditions to be met. It should be signed by you and the customer. A while ago a lawyer told me that you will never get a contract that covers every single situation and if you did, no one would sign it."

Patty Sostock on selling yourself-- "Part of selling your work is the samples you bring in. Customers really look at the work you've done and

how much experience you have. They are also interested in the names of customers and companies that you have done work for in the past."

Summary of Findings

A person considering a career as free-lance writer performs an extensive evaluation before quitting a job. She must decide if her personal characteristics and traits are suited to the requirements. A potential free-lancer decides if she is qualified for the job. There are no degree requirements or interviewers to satisfy. However, a free-lancer should be professional and know how to sell herself and her work to potential clients. After weighing the advantages and disadvantages and coming to a positive decision, a potential free-lancer should start planning and preparing to make the break from salaried employee. A substantial cash reserve is required and the larger the savings account, the less painful the initial investment. Anyone should research the field before plunging headfirst into an all-or-nothing free-lancing career.

Recommendations

If you are considering a career in free-lance writing, I recommend you proceed with the following.

1. Fill out all the worksheets contained in this paper.
2. Go to the library or bookstore and read a few books on how to become a free-lance writer.
3. To get a firsthand view, you should seek the opinions and advice of people in the field.
4. Talk to friends and relatives about your decision and listen to what they have to say.

Works Cited

- Applegath, John. "The Other Side: What's Good About the Home Office." *The Futurist*. June 1982: 46.
- Dees, Jennifer. "Desktop Publishing in the Chicago Metropolitan Area: Who's Doing What With The Mac?" *Mac/Chicago*. May/June 1989: 4-16.
- Lannon, John. *Technical Writing*. Glenview, Illinois: Scott Foresman and Company, 1988.
- Margolis, Richard J. "States of the Union in the Quill of the Knight." *The New Leader*. March 7, 1983: 12-13.
- Martindale, David. *How to Be A Free-lance Writer*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1982.
- Marousek, Theresa. Free-lance Technical Writer. Personal Interview. Schaumburg, Illinois, November 6, 1991.
- Mau, Ernest. *The Free-lancers Survival Book*, Chicago, Illinois: Contemporary Books, Inc., 1981.
- Rees, Clair. *Profitable Part-time Full-time Free-lancing*. Cincinnati, Ohio: Writers Digest Books, 1980.
- Sostock, Patty. Free-lance Technical Writer. Personal Interview. Schaumburg, Illinois, November 6, 1991.

Evaluation: *Cindy has adhered to generally accepted principles of business report writing. Her clear, smooth style of writing and her division of the segments of the report into topics and subtopics make for an efficient way to convey the material.*

The Big Indian

by Ed Powers

Course: English 101

Instructor: Jan Christensen

Assignment: *Write a descriptive essay about a person, place or thing from your childhood. Describe it as you remember it and as it is now.*

There are many things remembered about Linn's Resort in Hayward, Wisconsin. I remember the fresh scent from a clear blue lake mixed with the clean aroma of the ferns. I remember the sun's morning light penetrating everything except the forest and watching the chipmunks at play and listening to the leaves gently being crushed as they ran around. Last but not least, I remember the endless hours of playing cowboys and Indians in the forest.

The best environment for the game was the natural pattern of the forest. Of course, I was always a warrior Indian scalping any white man who came through my forest. Soft red and blue feathers hung from my vest, and my tomahawk was already bloodied. There were many children playing, but I had an edge. I was the giant Indian in front of the shop in town where I had bought the authentic Indian gear.

The Indian in town must have stood eight feet tall and about four feet wide. The headdress was made of over one hundred beautifully painted feathers. Their red tips stood out against the white part of the feather like a cranberry juice stain on white carpet. His vest was tan and had the same red and blue feathers hanging from it. His pants were the same color as his brightly beaded moccasins. The neatly chiseled lines on his chest and stomach gave me hope for when I was older. The chiseled arms were the size of the middle-aged tree trunk, and his hands were equally large. The hands gripped a tomahawk that would have scalped any white man with ease. His face intrigued me the most. The carved lines around his eyes and mouth gave no signs of either a smile or a frown. The lips were tight and the nose was slightly curved. The character of the Indian was shown by his eyes—always staring straight ahead. He knew people were around, but he didn't give them the time of day. He was above them and I knew it.

It was a little out of my way driving through the town of Hayward, but I had missed it badly. I hadn't been there for eight years, and if it took an extra hour, so be it. Anyway, how long would it take just to say hi to the Indian again? I can still taste the overly-sugared black coffee I drank to keep me awake during the long drive. The country air quickly brought back all the good memories. The road leading to Hayward was still decorated with flowers which seemed to explode with the color of violet and shades of orange. I passed the familiar bait and tackle shop that was always the clue that the Indian was just around the corner. I turned down Main Street, and to my surprise, the names of the shops were the same. The bright, white Ben Franklin sign now had gray streaking down the white glass. A notion went through my mind that the place was dead. The thought made me angry, and I tried to convince myself that this was still the best place in the world.

I parked my car in front of the old candy shop, and the same scent of burnt sugar permeated the air. I looked toward my left and noticed that the Indian stood a couple of shops down the street. As I walked toward him, I concentrated on the pavement, and I noticed the patterns that the bricks made. Once I had maneuvered myself in front of the Indian, I lifted my head. A magnetic force drew my eyes to the letters carved deeply in his face. "T.F. loves G.R." was written on his once unblemished cheek. Once I regained my composure and the anger passed, I noticed his head was at eye level. The rough wood separated the once white feathers. The unforgiving weather brought with it age spots on his skin. His pants and vest were worn down to the point that they looked like a bizarre rash was growing beneath his skin.

Although desperately wanting to look at his eyes, I wouldn't let myself. The memory of his eyes

will not change for me. In the short time I was there, far too many memories had been scarred. I should have let the memories ride.

Evaluation: Ed's essay appeals to the reader because its message is an all-too-familiar one. His shift from the carefree days of childhood to the realities of adulthood not only moves the reader, but his experience is difficult to forget.

Fambai Zvakanaka kuVic Falls (Go Well from Vic Falls)

by Stephen C. Raymonde

Course: English 101

Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: *Write a personal experience essay, including elements of narration and description, which focuses on an experience that helped you change or mature. Use vivid and fresh concrete language.*

I felt the "Peaceful Sleep" wearing off because an increasing number of mosquito strikes were no longer being repelled. I awoke convulsively as a distant cockerel greeted the indefinite dawn of my third morning in Zimbabwe. Fingers prodded the darkness next to the bed in search of my backpack. They met nothing. A chill crawled over me as I worried whether anything had slipped through the beer-shrouded banter of the night before. Sweat washed down my face. A thunderous heartbeat rattled around my chest. Sergeant Anthony Dube lay on the other side of the bed, neither disturbed by mosquito nor discord. Raw nerves finally reported the location of my pack. Relief set in as I found all zipperlocks were secure. The curious were still safe. I was still safe, if not yet home.

I'd been relieved the day before to get a lift to the Kazungula border crossing. However, I would have preferred riding with people less interested in the contents of the pack. They were inexpensive little carvings. Yet, said carvings lacked an official curio shop receipt. Anywhere else in the world the lack of a receipt wouldn't attract undue attention. Here this could result in a 500 (Zimbabwe) dollar fine, five years in prison, or both. We'd been warned that the authorities were not too quick about notifying the Embassy about arrests. Still, I recalled how the local craftsmen had appreciated the chance two days earlier to sell something and earn a buck. In Botswana, a "lekgowa" (foreigner) was expected to give his money away for no real reason and no expectation of gratitude. Here were people living in a stillborn economy with no friends in the bureaucracy and no way to buy a business licence. Regardless, they carved whatever they could find and tried to sell it to make ends meet.

I'd negotiated their guantlet of sales pitches, offers, and well-meant challenges with claims of no

money, no transport, and no interest. Later the first fateful day, they'd all materialized at the campground in hopes of selling anything to anyone. Despite my better judgement, I offered to critique their work with the agreement that if I told the artisan why I wouldn't buy a piece that would be the end of it. By sunset I had a five dollar bill (American), a few Botswana pula, no "Zim. dollars," two cotton t-shirts, and my last pair of jeans. The haggling and good-natured comaraderie left me lacking pockets, much less something to put in them.

When the tourist bureau opened the morning after, I discovered that I'd done something quite illegal. After a 76 kilometer hike, I also discovered that few cars went towards Botswana. My only options for a lift were with the customs officials or police rotating to the border post. No matter how innocent my mistake, I wanted little to do with either party.

Ever one to take a short cut, I figured it best that I skip dealing with the customs department and work directly with the people who could deposit my can in the calaboose. While the cops waited for their transport, they brewed a meager lunch. They had a small pot of paleche (maize meal) and three chunks of goat among the seven of them, yet they invited me to join in as if it were a feast. As I had plenty of food left from my supplies, I chipped in a can of tuna. They all looked at me as if I'd given them a brick of gold. Someone explained that such items were rare in their country since little was imported from South America.

The transport was a troop carrier left over from the Rhodesian War. Its sides were scarred with an acne of bullet holes and a widespread blemish of rust. We spent two hours talking at the tops of our lugs over the snarled complaint of the transmission and the howl of the slipstream.

We arrived at the border post a half hour after it had closed. Rather than letting me go through the trouble of pitching my tent in the dark, Sergeant Dube offered to share his room for the night. We spent the evening drinking beer from labelless bottles and talking mostly about my work in Botswana.

I felt guilty about putting one over on this man and his friends, but I did not want to give up the carvings, and the idea of wasting what little money I had was revolting. I could only pray that everything would turn out for the best.

Darkness graduated to dawn and the "mossies" fled to their damp hideaways. After a quick breakfast Dube offered me a lift to the border. Our conversation became ponderous. I knew that they'd want to examine my pack. I knew that I was in deep trouble and I worried what my students would do when their "teachara" did not show up for school.

The landcruiser pulled up in the parking lot of the border office. With pathetic fatalism I trudged to the cruiser's bed to fetch my bag. Dube asked what I was doing. Fighting down the moths in my gut, I related how my bags had been searched when I came in so I assumed that customs would want to search them on my return. My spirits rose slightly when Dube said "Just leave that here. We know you. They won't need to check it." After poring through my currency exchange documents, noting that more money had been left in Zimbabwe than I'd started with, the official stamped my passport. The impact reverberated around the room. I ambled with practiced nonchalance to collect the pack. I fully expected with each extended second that I'd be called back for a bag check "just to satisfy the rules." Lingering dread remained that I could be sent back or that the Botswana customs might do a search of their own. The agent took her time scanning through

my passport and read each detail of the customs declaration, but she waved me through.

Paranoia faded to anxiety and anxiety to diffidence. Dread trailed each stride as I continued away from the border. I wouldn't feel safe until I was back at my school. I was amazed that I'd been able to keep my wits under control. I felt a sense of self-confidence in being able to face a vulnerable situation squarely. Yet I couldn't ignore a sense of betrayal because I had parted with Anthony as a friend.

Abruptly, a siren wailed in the distance as a cruiser rocketed out of the Botswana border compound. I fitfully considered plowing a new trail through the underbrush but put down the urge with the hope that they might pass me by in their urgency. My skin crawled from my bones as the cruiser screeched to a halt right off my shoulder. The driver lunged out the window and confronted me with a soul-rendering stare. "Ayie lekgowa," he bellowed, "you cannot be thinking of walking all the way to kasane. Don't you know there are elephant and buffalo wandering about? You better get in if you want to live!" For the first time in twenty-two months I was conscious of being extremely homesick.

Evaluation: *This is mature, forceful, engaging writing. This is the third draft written by a young man who has had already some unusual life experiences. It is the work of a writer in progress.*

The Stroke of 11:45

by Stephen C. Raymonde

Course: English 101

Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: Write a stipulative definition of a term which names an object, an illness, a condition, or a state. Include conventional and literary patterns. Also include at least one full example.

The time had come to admit that the yard needed raking. Most of the leaves were down, the rain had held off, and I wasn't scheduled for work until late in the afternoon. Since I had no way to avoid it I decided to get the lead out and help my father ready the house for winter.

While he lit pilot lights in the space heaters and substituted storm windows for screens I began pulling together piles of leaves. Shortly, he joined me in the front, where he set a brisk tempo with his rake. I suggested that it might be best to pace ourselves since we still had the back yard to do and the gutters to clean out. He reminded me that he wanted to watch the Notre Dame game undisturbed that afternoon.

The first time I glanced his way I saw that he was tearing around the yard like a berserker. A short time later I looked up from a new pile of leaves and he seemed to be in slow motion, prodding the ground tentatively as if the turf was trying to rip the rake out of his hands. I joked that he'd burned himself out by starting too fast and furiously. He mumbled that he was having trouble keeping his balance and couldn't gauge the distance from the rake to the ground. Then I noticed him wobble like a spinning top that had suddenly been struck from the side. I began to worry when he said he couldn't feel his hand because my C.P.R. training had noted that a tingling or a lack of feeling in the left arm is a preliminary symptom of a cardiac arrest. Since my dad is severely overweight, diabetic and hypertensive, I knew there was a good chance he could be having a heart attack. He decided to go in for a moment to catch his breath and have a cup of coffee. Yet he forgot to close the front door. This was strange for a man who always complained about "having to heat the great outdoors."

I'd just decided that something was up when

he stumbled out the door and suggested I take him to the hospital. His left arm hung limp and the shoulder was slack. The right side of his body did all the work of moving him down the front walk to the car. He moved his left leg sluggishly, though with great purpose, as if he knew where he wanted it to go and how it should function but could not force it to heed his intentions. Halfway down the walk, the left side gave out entirely. Fortunately, I was directly behind and stepped in to lend support before he could fall.

We pulled the door open together. His right side tried to get in the car, but his left leg stumbled on the base of the door frame and his shoulder caught at the top. He couldn't bring his left side around to sitting position. Once inside, he couldn't support himself so he wound up slouching in the seat. I drove with my left hand and held him in place with my right since we couldn't get the seat belt around him. He couldn't feel my elbow pinning his chest against the seat. I blew-off every stop sign, speed limit notice, and red light as we flew to the hospital.

Later I was told that my father had experienced a minor stroke. A stroke is an obstruction of any of the tiny blood vessels in the brain. This results in a loss of body function and confusion because the body suddenly doesn't work as it should.

Two kinds of obstructions will cause a stroke. First, a microscopic bit of clotted blood may break off into an artery at the site of a cut. Over time, it's pushed by the blood flow towards the brain where it lodges in one of the many capillaries that feed the brain cells. The affected area, then, begins to die from a lack of oxygen, and the neurons under its control become dysfunctional as do the muscles that the neurons affect.

The second kind of obstruction occurs when an artery hemorrhages (leaks). This type of stroke is

common among people who have hypertension (high blood pressure). High blood pressure exerts a larger force against the artery walls causing them to rupture in the same way as an over-pressurized bicycle tire. The release of blood puts pressure on the neurons in the area of the hemorrhage, again causing dysfunction.

A hemorrhage in the body (a bruise) can be plugged quickly because the skin is porous and allows air into the cardiovascular system to facilitate clotting. Unlike a bruise, a hemorrhage in the brain clots very slowly because the area of the leak is sealed under the skull away from the "ventilation" of the skin. Therefore, a "major hemorrhage" of only a millimeter can cause death because it takes longer for blood to clot when little air is present.

Unlike strokes originating from a clot, the hemorrhage stroke should not be treated by introducing a blood thinner into the circulation system. Whereas blood thinners may break up a clot, they can make a minor hemorrhage worse. Thinners keep the blood from clotting and the rupture cannot heal itself. This releases more blood and can result in a person bleeding to death.

Strokes usually affect older people. In the first type of stroke, a clot formed earlier in life may take until a person is up in years before the blood flow can push it up to the brain. In the other case, a ruptured artery is more likely to occur among the elderly because human arteries become more brittle as we age. This hardening of the arteries means that the arterial walls are less flexible, and thus less capable of withstanding sudden increases in blood pressure.

Recovery from a stroke involves physical rehabilitation, hypertension/stress management, and attention to one's diet. Physical rehabilitation is needed to reestablish muscular control and coordi-

nation. The control of hypertension usually requires medication to help maintain a lower blood pressure level. Stress management can also help control the blood pressure through the use of mental conditioning techniques such as biofeedback or meditation. Most importantly, hypertension can be lowered by diet. Excess weight puts a lot of pressure on the circulation system as does the build up of high cholesterol plaque against the arterial walls. Excess salt in the diet also contributes to hypertension. When you consider that most foods already have sodium (salt) as a preservative, any salt added for taste may be too much.

They say my father will be in the hospital for a month or two. He has not been given any particular timetable as to when he will be able to check out because the doctors do not want him to put himself under any pressure to "heal faster." They've also put him on a diet of only 1000 calories a day to help bring his weight down. Maybe if our family participates in a similar diet we'll be able to prevent a reoccurrence of this episode and remove any opportunity for him to feel like he's "starving" by himself. It might not be a bad idea for all of us to lose a little weight all the same.

Evaluation: *This definition of "stroke" focuses on the author's personal experience with his father, so it is equally effective as a personal experience essay.*

Steve is vivid, concrete, and appropriate in his word choice; his sentences are varied and mature and the essay effectively informs.

Charles S. Peirce: Pragmatism and the Scientific Method; The Pragmatism of William James

by Ray Sansonetti

Course: Independent Study,
Readings in American Philosophy
Instructor: Herbert I. Hartman

Assignment: *Write expository essays on the philosophers Charles S. Peirce and William James. Analyze and evaluate their views.*

Charles Peirce's main objective, or motivation, seems to be to awaken philosophical thought. He thinks we have been resting on the ancient principles of Cartesianism far too long (Peirce 2).

Peirce describes the reasoning process as follows. Reasoning is what takes us from something we already know to something unknown. Our reasoning is said to be good if it leads us from true premises to a true conclusion. However, we cannot always walk that path. What sets this in motion is the delicate relationship between doubt and belief. Doubt is a feeling of dissatisfaction (Peirce 15). The sole motive for thought is to pass from this state to the state of belief. Belief is thought at rest (Peirce 41). It is something we are aware of, it settles the irritation of doubt, and most importantly, it involves the establishment in our nature of a rule of action, or, in short, a habit (Peirce 41). This establishment of a habit is the essence of belief. Beliefs differ insofar as they give rise to different modes of action. Peirce says that if beliefs appease the same doubt by producing the same rule of action, then they are the same beliefs. This idea strongly expresses Peirce's pragmatism.

Discussion of his pragmatism may be premature without first summarizing his method of fixing belief. In his first essay, he distinguishes between the four methods of fixing belief. The first is the method of tenacity (Peirce 17). This is where a man goes through life, keeping out of view all that might cause him to change his opinions. In order to appease doubt, he accepts any answer he desires to his questions. These men, Peirce says, are distinguished for their decision of character. They hold on to their beliefs until the very end (Peirce 18). However, this method of tenacity does not maintain its ground in practice. Unless the man is a hermit, he will eventually find, in a sane moment, that other

men's beliefs and opinions are as strong as his (Peirce 19). This will create doubt and lead to a loss of confidence in his beliefs.

The next method Peirce discusses is that of authority. This can be seen throughout history in aristocracies. It has been one of the chief means of upholding correct theological and political doctrines (Peirce 21). The will of the state or institution acts in place of the will of the individual. The state keeps correct doctrines before the attention of the people, reiterates them, and teaches them to the young. At the same time, it prevents contrary doctrines from being expressed. All possible causes of a change of mind are removed. However, individual belief and doubt are inevitable, since we are, by nature, rational beings (Peirce 22).

The third method is what is found in Cartesianism. It is the *a priori* method. This method is distinguished for its comfortable results. After all, it is the nature of this process to adopt whatever belief we are inclined to (Peirce 24). It is a belief based on reason without reference to sense experience: nonempirical knowledge. However, experience will cause doubt with each of these three methods. Likewise, there is no test to distinguish the true from the false (Peirce 24).

To satisfy our doubts, we must find a method that is independent of human reasoning, or a method based upon something on which our thinking has no effect. However, it must also be something which affects every man. Most importantly, the method must be such that the ultimate conclusion of every man is the same. This is the method of science. The basis for this method is that there are real things which are independent of our opinions about them. By taking advantage of the laws of perception, we can discover the truth by reasoning. Any man with sufficient experience and reasoning will be led to the

one true conclusion, or reality (Peirce 26). This is the only method which presents any distinction of a right and a wrong way (Peirce 27). With this method we can start with the known and proceed to the unknown. Scientific investigation must be public, meaning that all men must be able to repeat the same experiment and obtain the same results. Such is Peirce's concept of the scientific method.

Peirce further claims that all scientists, if pushed far enough, will arrive at the same solution to every problem (Peirce 56). These scientists may obtain different results at first, but as methods are perfected, the results will move together toward a distinct center. These results are fated results, or ultimate truths (Peirce 57). Different scientists may set out with opposing views and methods, but their investigations will be driven by an outside force which will lead all of them to the same conclusions, as was the case in finding the velocity of light (Peirce 57). This is a further example of Peirce's pragmatism: *what works is true*. It is unphilosophical to think that questions cannot be answered. If investigation is carried on long enough, a true reality is destined to be found (Peirce 57).

Bibliography

Peirce, Charles S. *Chance Love and Logic*. Harcourt, Brace, and World, Inc. 1968, New York.

The Pragmatism of William James

What is pragmatism? How can it be beneficial to us? These are questions that William James tries to answer in his two essays entitled "What Pragmatism Means," and "Pragmatism's Conception of Truth."

James revives, with vigor, the notion of pragmatism that Charles Peirce first brought to the public years before. First and foremost, James says, it is a method only. It stands for no specific results (145). James says this method was used by Socrates and Aristotle. They were the original pioneers of pragmatism, though they did not call it by this name, and only used it in a very limited sense (144).

Pragmatism grants an idea to be true and asks, "What concrete difference will its being true make? What experiences will be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? What, in short, is the truth's cash-value?" These questions lead pragmatism to say that, "True ideas are those that we can assimilate, validate, corroborate, and verify. False ideas are those that we cannot" (160).

First, we must consider assimilation. James says that we are very conservative when it comes to our present beliefs, not very willing to abandon or change them unsparingly. Therefore, if an idea is to be accepted as true, it must either fit in with our old ideas without disrupting them, or it must squeeze in with a minimum of disturbance, saving most of our present beliefs. To illustrate, James uses the example of radium and the conservation of energy. When first discovered, it seemed to contradict this law. However, "if the radiations from it were nothing but an escape of unsuspected potential energy, the principle of conservation would be saved." This idea is held to be true, because it causes a minimum of alteration in our old beliefs about energy and its conservation (150).

Now, about truth's verification. "The truth of an idea is not a stagnant property inherent in it." Truth happens to an idea. It becomes true, is made true by events. James says that the possession of truth is not an end in itself, but only a preliminary

means toward other vital satisfactions. He uses the example of being lost in the woods and coming upon a cow path. It is absolutely necessary that he should think of human habitation at the end of it (161). For if he does, he follows it and is saved. The true thought is useful because the house, which is its object, is useful. He says that the practical value of true ideas is directly derived from the practical importance right now, we store it away in our memory as an extra truth. Whenever it becomes important, our belief grows active. The idea gets fulfilled and can be verified (162).

However, not all of our ideas are directly verified, though all true ideas must be verified eventually. Truth can also mean eventual verification. For example, James says that we believe Japan to exist, not because we have been there and seen it, but because it works to do so. We borrow verifications from each other. Time limitations demand this of us. Also, picture a clock on the wall. We consider it to be a clock even though we have not seen the inner workings that make it a clock. It works to do so: we use it as a clock, regulating our class time and managing our daily activities. We are led towards direct verification; then, if everything looks right, we are so sure that verification is inevitable that we omit it (163). Our thoughts and beliefs pass, so long as nothing challenges or contradicts them. Another reason we do without directly verifying an idea is that all things exist in kinds. When we have directly verified a specific member of a kind, we can assume that every other member has the same basic properties and behaves in much the same manner (164).

This method, pragmatism, is essentially useful in ending metaphysical disputes that otherwise might be interminable (142). The pragmatist is on the far end of the spectrum compared to the rationalist, or intellectualist. He is a lover of facts, much

like the empiricist. The key idea of pragmatism is to try to interpret each notion by tracing its respective practical consequences. What practical difference would there be if this notion were true or if that notion were true? If there are no practical differences, then the two notions, practically, are the same (142). Ideas are judged by their consequences, what they lead to, instead of where they came from or what they sound like.

James says that philosophy ought to concern itself with what practical definite difference there would be if this world-formula or that world-formula were the true one (144). The pragmatic method brings out of each theory its cash-value, and sets it to work within the stream of experience. It is less of a solution than it is a program for more work. Theories become instruments instead of answers with which we can rest (145).

Bibliography

James, William. "Pragmatism's Conception of Truth." *Essays in Pragmatism*. Haffner Press, 1948, New York, pg. 159-176.

James, William. "What Pragmatism Means." *Essays in Pragmatism*. Haffner Press, 1948, New York, pg. 141-158.

Evaluation: These papers provide clear expositions of the authors' ideas. They are rich in specific details and sustained analysis while (thankfully) avoiding premature sweeping generalizations.

The Circus

by Eirik Seim

Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: *Write a personal experience essay, using narrative and description, that focuses on an experience which helped you change or mature in some way.*

The excitement was almost too much to bear. My heart thumped wildly as I ran and stumbled my way back to Grandma's house. As I stormed into her cozy kitchen I couldn't contain myself any longer. Although no one was in sight I yelled at the top of my lungs, "Grandma, the circus has come to town! Grandmaaaaa!!!" Completely exhausted, I flopped out on a chair by the kitchen table while trying to catch my breath. My grandmother entered the kitchen with a puzzled look on her face. "What in the world is goin on?" she inquired, slightly worried. I jumped to my feet, and stumbling over my words I explained how I'd seen the circus pulling up on the empty lot by the school. "Could we pretty, pretty please go to see the show?" This was my first summer away from home on my own, and my grandmother sure knew how to spoil a six-year old. There was never a "no" in her vocabulary. Everything was set for an exciting night at the circus and I was ecstatic, blissfully unaware of what was awaiting me.

The minutes snailed along until it was time to go. When we arrived, there was already a long line at the ticket booth. As my grandfather was waiting in line, I decided to explore the grounds on my own. With a promise not to get into trouble and to return within ten minutes, I took off on my expedition. Following the skirts of the huge blue tent, I found the place where all the wagons were lined up in neat rows, giving the impression of a little village. The whole area was fenced in, but that posed no challenge to me so I roamed the "streets" of this exotic "circus town." It was as if I had entered a different world. All the wagons were painted in vibrant colors, depicting different scenes from the circus. There were clowns and jugglers frozen in hilarious and back-breaking stunts, roaring lions seemingly jumping out at me through a flaming ring, trumpet-

ing elephants balancing on their hind legs, trapeze artists caught in mid-flight, and so it went on and on.

A loud shout brought me brutally back to reality. Charging towards me came a man hardly taller than I, his face contorted with anger. "What the hell do you think you're doing here, kid?" he shouted as he headed for me as fast as his short legs could carry him. For a moment I stood frozen, petrified by the sight of this grotesque caricature foaming with, to me, inexplicable fury. The next thing I remember was running for my dear life as if the devil himself were on my heels. Indeed he was.

Quite shaken, I found my grandparents just in time for us to enter the circus arena. Pretty soon I was totally absorbed by the flamboyance and thrills of the show, having practically forgotten my harrowing experience. The music, the lights, the glitter and the sparkle, the brilliant colors--again it all carried me away into a world of jaw dropping awe and fantasies come alive. There were jumping horses and dancing elephants, oinking seals balancing balls and fuzzy bears in little red vests playing ping-pong, poodles dressed up in suits and dresses jumping hoops and doing the flip, handsome men and beautiful women in flashing satin and flowing velvet.

And then came the clowns! Big, small, fat and skinny, they came tumbling and stumbling on to the arena, raising a storm of laughter and cheers, running up to the audience and shaking hands with the kids. We were all in an uproar, but all of a sudden my laughter choked into a guttural gargle and I sat paralyzed. In spite of the big happy grin painted on his face, and the round, wobbly, red nose, I recognized the funny midget in the checkered suit and oversized shoes as my foul-mouthed pursuer earlier that evening. In shocked disbelief I watched him performing tricks and stunts that otherwise would have thrilled me. Now he was bizarre.

I don't remember the rest of the show. All I remember is the cold, sick feeling in my stomach and the sad, confused sensation of innocence lost. All of a sudden the world wasn't as safe and simple as it had seemed to be.

I never went to a circus again.

Evaluation: The speaker remembers a childhood experience that brought awareness and disillusionment. The narration is nicely paced, and the description is concrete. The style is easy. The sentences are varied. The essay is well worded.

Sometimes She Speaks of Things Between Man and Woman: Three Poems by Faye Kicknosway

by Jody Shipka

Course: Literature 105

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write a literary analysis thoroughly analyzing a contemporary poet's work or works. Write with a voice that is natural and unforced.*

Oftentimes, I find that just when I think that I am producing poems that I consider to be the freshest and most imaginative I am capable of, I come across a poet that makes my work, my style, seem drab and unimaginative in comparison. Granted, it seems that every six months or so there's a new poet that I'm convinced is the positive end-all and I suppose to some, this tendency to hop from author to author may seem fickle, but I view it as natural progression in developing my own voice. Currently, it seems my poet-to-learn-from-du-jour is Faye Kicknosway, and the way she can write about something as common as the man/woman relationship and make it seem so incredibly new and different.

Through her use of creative metaphors, surrealist images and rhythm/rhyming construction she gives this common theme a poetic face-lift of sorts; she's able to convey the popular messages of "I need you--I want you--I hate you because I love you and want you--and I'm better without you so fuck off" while making those messages seem secondary to the audio and visual experiences of her poems.

I have selected three of Kicknosway's poems, all sharing the relationship theme, all with the emphasis on the sex's inability to communicate: "Morning Ends With a Dry Throat," "Love Poem" and "I Wake, My Friend." Although the poems share similar themes, the way these themes are expressed varies greatly from poem to poem.

In the poem "Morning Ends With a Dry Throat" Kicknosway uses uncomfortable, bothersome words and images to reinforce the poem's situation about two people's inability to communicate. Specifically, the poem focuses on the speaker's frustration with her inability to "find her voice."

She begins by describing windows that "float at the edges of [her] eyes." 'Float' has connotations of something just out of reach or something not able

to be held securely, while the word choice of 'edges' reinforces the image of something, or someone just a bit out of reach. Immediately, the reader can sense a panicky, frustrated tone in the poem. She goes on to liken "words" to "tall grass" using a figurative metaphor-- "words/are tall grass." Another way of saying that words may be bothersome and difficult to get through. She continues: "i cannot listen; there are too many/mosquitoes. i keep slapping at them." Again, she reinforces the poem's tone by bringing in the mosquitoes (an annoying creature), and by admitting that they are keeping her from listening to the listener. She reacts, annoyed, by slapping them. She says that she is "waiting/and **w**atching for the sounds to fit together, to/connect with you." Again, the poem's tone is further established by her impatience, as though she really wants to communicate with the listener but is unable to. It's also interesting that Kicknosway chooses to pair the verbs "waiting" and "watching" with "sound." Although you can wait for a sound, you can't see a sound, it's impossible, yet the word choice fits within the poem since it is about an inability.

In the last line the poem comes to a tentative resolve: "it doesn't happen, and it's almost/afternoon." The speaker is acknowledging that they can't seem to speak to each other and she implies that sense of "being over" by saying that it is almost afternoon--giving the impression that the couple have probably been trying to talk for a long time (at least since morning as the title implies) and it's just gotten too late.

I'd also like to mention the effect of the writer's absence of capital letters throughout the body of the poem. I think that by using small letters she enhances the feeling of being lost, being helpless, almost little girl like, whereas had she opted to use standard capitalization, I don't think that the vul-

nerable tone of the poem would have come through as strongly.

Kicknosway stays true to the poem's mood of hopelessness with her word choice. For example, had her word or image choice been different, the poem might have had a more hopeful, determined tone instead; had she described the windows as dirty instead of floating, it might have implied that they could be cleaned and everything would be okay, or if she had used the phrase "i'm trying to listen" instead of "i cannot listen," it might also imply that theirs was a fixable situation.

Kicknosway's use of the grass and the mosquitoes' noise act as a way for the speaker to parallel her own feelings of frustration without blatantly telling us this. She is "showing" rather than "telling" us how she feels.

Lastly, the title itself supports the tone of hopelessness and loss: **M**orning (the beginning, the new chance) **E**nds With a **D**ry (old, worn) **T**hroat (brings to mind vulnerability).

The second poem, "Love Poem," is much more surreal than the first in its use of images. Because of this, its details may be more difficult to attain yet the overall needy tone is clear. Kicknosway blatantly points to her message in the last line: "I cannot/let go." Again, she is writing about an imbalance or deficiency within a relationship, yet this time it seems clearer that the speaker wants the "he" in the poem more than he wants her.

The poem begins with description of him: "He has gold coins in his belly." The point being, he is desirable. The speaker says, "I scoop/them out with a red spoon and devour them/fresh." The speaker becomes both aggressor and victim from this point on: she devours the parts of him with a red (perhaps to indicate a sinful or greedy motive) spoon; she devours, ravishes, these coins when they are new

('fresh'--a word which fits well with the upcoming reference to 'raw') which makes me think of a person who just can't wait, can't get enough.

She then mentions the rain that has "collected in the dry/eaves," perhaps as a way of foreshadowing what might be coming, the balance of rain with dry and the promise of some climax or outburst. The last line of the stanza is also powerful: "I stretch my arms and feel the bed freeze" which made me instantly think that the man was no longer there--the coldness and the suggested emptiness.

In the second stanza we know he has gone, as she is looking for him: "Where is he? I look for him." She continues: "The sky will not relent." With this line she builds even more suspense, a sense of doom coming. "Night has opened out/his mouth, and his teeth have eaten the roofs raw." The image is very surreal but tracing it back to the line about the "rain collecting" it would seem that what she's saying is that he commanded and controlled the night (darkness) and the storm (sadness), and by his eating of the roofs, the rain is finally able to come inside from where it has been collecting.

Upon realizing that he is gone, or at least has caused this emotional damage, she writes with a regretful tone: "My belly shrinks. His body's an asbestos spoon" making me think of the way a person's stomach moves when it's about to be sick after the person realizes he/she has eaten something bad, or in this case, poisoned.

The poem then switches briefly to past tense as the speaker describes herself as having been "a blond woman, a rose woman." Maybe this is a way to convey that before "him" she was more beautiful, more desirable.

Once again, as the poem begins to close, Kicknosway seems to bring the poem together with some kind of focus or point: "The basin of my/flesh

dreamed him. He's real." Again, this line seems difficult to decipher but based on the literal definition of basin--"a round, open container used for holding liquids"--and based on the fact that so much of the poem has to do with water or rain, I imagine that what she's saying is that because of the sudden pouring from the sky (sadness) she needed to dream him, create him, and that she believes that he is real because of that need.

Finally, she "press[es] him in [her] water." He becomes part of her. "The **silk** of his face **blinds**"--his beauty holds her, however uncomfortably, and she admits finally that she "cannot/let go."

This poem left me very sad. Words like "devour," "freeze," "relent," "shrinks," and "blinds" all have very needy, desperate connotations. Whether or not the man she dreams is real or not, the poem has a very strong unrequited love tone.

Again, what's impressive about Kicknosway's style is that upon first reading someone would probably think "what the hell is she talking about?" instead of instantly categorizing this as just another sad poem about need or loneliness. The poem's bottom-line theme is actually quite melodramatic, yet the surreal images disguise it with imagination and make it seem fresh and new.

Kicknosway's third poem about a strained relationship is called "I Wake, My Friend." The thing that attracted me to this poem is its rhythm. By the use of repetition and inner rhyme Kicknosway gives the poem anchor lines (if this were music--a hook) that keeps the reader coming back to a kind of see-saw pattern of speaking.

From the opening (title) of the poem Kicknosway sets the pattern: "**I Wake, My Friend, I wake** and my eyes stun/you. and my voice shakes/you. **i wake**, and **look/for** you, **look at/you.**" The word "wake" is repeated three times and rhymed

with "shakes" after the first two. The rhyme solidifies the sound and brings your ear down to the next line. The words "I wake" act as a two-syllable balancing device with the two-syllable "My friend" balanced between. The same effect is true for the repetition of the word "look": "look for you, look at you." The see-saw offers a soothing effect to a poem with a not so peaceful theme.

Kicknosway continues, as the speaker compares herself to an "enormous plant, a carnivorous plant/come to lick you off the surface of your life." At this point, she is telling us that there is a problem in this relationship, that the listener sees her as something large and man-eating wanting only to devour the listener and take his/her life away. Assuming, for the sake of this paper that the listener is a man, she then goes on to reassure him that she is, and that she will do just that: "and i am./and i will." Again the rhythm of the three syllables, with the first two mirrored gives the poem a da-da-da rhythm.

The next stanza starts with the word "shake," which aurally brings the reader down from the stanza with a feature word "wake." From the verb "shake" she moves to another movement verb, "walk": "i/am free to walk as my own shape." (Note that the sound of shape echoes the sound of shake.) "to move/my feet free from the pot/they've been buried in." Up to this point the author has made the movement from wake to shake to walk. She is telling the reader that the man is frightened or angered by the woman's new-found freedom and ability to be her own person: "walk[ing] as [her] own shape." The man sees this freedom as dangerous and violent. She continues in the third stanza to say "and you think/i am knives and revolvers. you think i am war and murder." This gives us the clear idea that the man would prefer his woman subservient and unable to think or act on her own. At this point she

reinstates the see-saw pattern in her answer to his impression of her: "and i am, my friend, i am." she goes on to confront another one of his ideas of her: "and you think i make judgements/on your small, dark life" and then she goes back to the pattern. "and i do, my friend, i do."

At the end of the third stanza the "friend" becomes powerless to what is occurring. At this point another verb, the verb "sit" is introduced: "and you/sit. and you/sit." The man is portrayed as too shocked to do anything about the woman's freedom and vengeance: "and you hear/movement...and you/blink your eyes./and your mouth won't shut./and you wag it./and you wag it."

The fourth stanza moves from the man's surprise to an illustration of the woman's sense of being alive. She glows, she jumps, she's electricity. You get a total sense that the woman has, in essence, come into her own--that she has been liberated and loves it: "and my hair, my hair revolves the sun.ø In this stanza she repeats the words "the way": "i jump/the way..electricity is the way...night is the way."

In the final stanza the man is portrayed as her helpless victim. She comes to him: "i knock at your door." She says, "i've come to kiss holes in your gauze/face" which reminds me of the line in "Love Poem," "The silk of his face binds me." Yet, in this poem's context, she seems to be laughing at his beauty (since gauze is associated with wounds) instead of reveling in it.

The man is described as having ears wrapped in phlegm and fingers that are useless. Instead of being the controller, he has become the controlled, an idea that is further reinforced by the lines "you think/you won't hear me; you think/you won't touch me. but you will, my friend, you/will."

Kicknosway takes us, through the use of verbs in the course of the poem, from an awakening (figuratively taken as an awakening from submission) into walking, into jumping and finally into coming (once again, taken figuratively, into a coming-into-one's-own as a woman.)

The physical movement in this poem parallels the emotional movement: from powerless to empowered. Both the rhythm and the subtle rhyming of sounds also provide the poem with the sense that the woman is in control--she even sounds good!--as if she were not only free, but in control enough to say everything in patterned phrases. The only thing I find potentially questionable about this poem was the author's decision to use small letters in a poem about emotional growth. Unlike the speaker in "Morning Ends," this speaker is not needy. True, she may be angry and a bit immature in her attitude but her tone is not vulnerable as is the other speaker's. Perhaps by using capitalization, Kicknosway might have reinforced the woman's newly realized power.

To exemplify my point about Kicknosway's ability to add freshness to a much written about theme, I'd like to refer to Nikki Giovanni's poem "Woman." While both poets write about women becoming free of men, Giovanni's style often seems predictable and almost cliché/sentimental: "she tried to be a book/but he wouldn't read," whereas Kicknosway's treatment of the same subject is much more sinister and a bit more subtle in comparison.

Faye Kicknosway has a style worth observing. She breathes fresh life into much-used, often times seemingly exhausted, topics by offering her reader a challenge--a challenge to interpret, to process, and sometimes, even to decipher her poems. Her poems aren't always easy, or intended simply to be taken at face value, but they are definitely worth the time to uncover.

Evaluation: *With a voice that's absolutely her own, Jody Shipka has clearly and carefully analyzed a poet known for her obscure and difficult style. Jody's writing projects a relationship between herself and her subject rarely seen in literary essays. After reading Jody's essay, I felt that I had learned something about Kicknosway.*

Day Dream Believer

by Mary M. Stopper

Course: English 101

Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write a descriptive essay that makes ample use of revealing specifics.*

My boyfriend loves fishing; I don't. In fact, I couldn't think of anything more boring. He's always trying to persuade me to go fishing with him, sometimes successfully. But when we get to the lake I feel this tremendous wave of regret rush over me. I must be a masochist to do this to myself. So when Jeff came over and said, "Hey, you wanna go fishing tomorrow?", I replied with the usual "Not particularly," knowing he wouldn't accept that answer. "Come on. It'll be fun! We'll leave at six o'clock in the morning when the fish are really biting," he replied enthusiastically. It's one thing to be bored out of my mind during the afternoon, but to purposely drag myself out of bed before the sun rises to watch him stick slimy worms on a barbed hook is not my idea of a good way to start the day.

I was determined not to let him cajole me into this. "NO," I stated firmly.

But then he threw in a detail that made the offer a little more attractive: "We'll rent a boat."

"Hmmm....," I thought to myself. "I could bring along this good book I've been reading, and actually be able to enjoy it with no interruptions." I pictured myself kicked back on the couch of a miniature yacht, possibly with a small refrigerator and wet bar well stocked below deck. Of course it would have a name like "Sea Princess" or "Caribbean Queen." Being surrounded by sparkling blue water and river banks lined with trees and wild flowers was very appealing to me, and I thought I might even enjoy myself. I couldn't have been more wrong.

At five-thirty the next morning my alarm clock buzzed its way right into my dreamland taking the form of a fire drill. My dream changed course, taking me from my Caribbean tropical paradise to my flaming house. Realizing it was my alarm clock and not a fire drill, I stumbled groggily out of bed

and into the shower. I slipped on my denim shorts and a white over-sized sweatshirt with a tank top on underneath in case it got warm. Jeff arrived promptly at six with his fishing rods and tackle box loaded and ready in his silver CRX. I hopped in the car equipped with my cream-colored canvas bag containing a book, assorted candy, and four cans of Pepsi. I observed that gleam of eager anticipation in Jeff's eyes. So the two of us, with all of our little devices that would hopefully keep us amused for the rest of the day, accelerated towards Busse Woods.

There we were, in our shiny, four dollar-an-hour, aluminum fishing boat rowing out of the little harbor into the vast chain of lakes. (Actually, Jeff was rowing; I just sat there enjoying the scenery.) He brought a trolling motor but we were trying to conserve whatever energy was left in the battery. I somehow managed to get very comfortable lying on one of the hard metal benches, using my bag as a pillow. The summer morning was chilly and somewhat overcast, with the sun only popping out occasionally. I felt relaxed by the peacefulness of the forest surrounding us, with its thousand green leaves bristling in the wind; the water was calm with only small scattered ripples from the insects that lived off the lake. It was a minor disappointment to see that the water was more of a murky brown than the sparkling blue I had imagined. Passing by in this murky brown water swam a family of ducks, occasionally dunking their heads and quacking at each other, or maybe at us for intruding.

Jeff stopped the boat; my heart went out to the worm who faced a grisly death. Nearby stood a sign that read "Wild Life Reserve." It looked as if it came right out of one of those *Friday the 13th* movies, where Jason stalked many helpless victims in the wilderness. The book I brought along, *The Ceremonies* by T.E.D. Klein, took place in a similar

setting, on a farm surrounded by forests in the middle of nowhere. The forest spread right up to the back of the barn, and continued on the other side of the field of corn. Bordering the field was a stream. The farm was owned by people whose lives revolved around religion, and they cut themselves off from the outside world and all of its sins. Their farm crawled with cats. As I read this supernatural/horror tale, I felt like one of those characters living on the farm, because I also felt cut off from the rest of the world. Encompassed by the buzzing of the insects, the chirping of the birds, the croaking of the frogs, and other indistinguishable forest sounds, the woods seemed to be alive. I thought about how many creatures of all kinds called this place home, this wild life reserve being another world where animals dominated more than man. Real civilization, with all of the noises and cars and people, seemed so far away. As I was thinking this, I saw, in the distance over the tops of the trees, the hazy tops of some gigantic office buildings which brought me back to reality.

We moved from spot to spot; Jeff wasn't having much luck on his Quest for the Big Fish, and I just read my book and sucked on hard candies. I remember wondering to myself, "Is it just my imagination, or is the sky getting grayer by the minute?" As if to answer my question, it began to drizzle, much to my dismay. I discovered that fishing with Jeff is not like a baseball game; it doesn't get "rained out," and our excursion was not over.

"We'll wait 'til it stops raining because then the fish come to the surface," Jeff told me excitedly. Persistence is Jeff's middle name.

"Maybe it's not such a good idea to be holding a fishing rod in the rain," I replied, half jokingly and half nervously. He didn't seem too worried about getting struck by lightning, and I

prayed that I would wake up from this nightmare. Well, I didn't wake up, and the nightmare got worse. The rain didn't let up; in fact, it started to pour. Jeff whipped out an umbrella from nowhere and handed it to me.

"I guess we should go," he said, as if I would protest. Call me paranoid, but I felt a little uncomfortable holding an umbrella being on a metal boat in the middle of the lake in the pouring rain. Jeff started rowing because he didn't want to wear out the motor's battery. We didn't appear to be going anywhere, but that was corrected when Jeff pulled the anchor out of the water. SPLASH! Oops. My Mt. Prospect library book plunged into the nice little puddle that had formed in the bottom of the boat. It got wet, to say the least, and the binding now needed some repairs. "Instead of fixing it myself or paying for it, maybe I could just drop it in the return box and they won't notice," I thought to myself. What trivial things I worry about in times of distress!

The rowing became tiresome, so we huddled together under a yellow umbrella made for one while Jeff steered the trolling motor. As we trolled through the maze-like chain of lakes, I longed to be in Jeff's car, or my house, or his house--or any place where it wasn't raining. I was daydreaming about being in my blue flannel pajamas and wrapped in my red and blue afghan when Jeff said two words that filled me with dread.

"We're lost."

This was a problem I hadn't anticipated. I prepared myself for boredom, for warm and cold weather, and even for the possibility of rain, but getting lost wasn't on my agenda. My daydreams of flannel pajamas and afghans came crashing down around me, like a distant, unattainable fantasy. We trolled on and on and sometimes in circles. Despite

the yellow umbrella, I still managed to get drenched all the way through my sweatshirt to that tank top I wore "in case it got warm."

Then I saw it--that sickly tilted sign adorned with seaweed--and for the first time during our little misadventure I had an idea of where we were. Jeff also recognized the area and steered the boat around the little island where the sign was planted. Our destination came into view, and I never thought I'd be so deliriously happy to see a bait-selling, boat-renting, dirty, white trailer home. It became a gleaming white castle. Jeff pulled the boat up to the pier and tied it to the post. As he helped me out of the boat and on to solid ground, he said, "We'll have to try again tomorrow."

Evaluation: *Mary's descriptive essay turned into a rather long (and delightful) narrative in which she manages to tap into original voice and unique detail. Her dialogue is well-chosen and authentic. The essay effortlessly seems to capture the spirit of the young adult relationship experience.*

Hot Water and Cool Water

by Son Tran

Course: Chemistry 121
Instructor: C. Jayne Wilcox

Assignment: *After viewing a demonstration which is commonly used as a magic trick, my students were asked to describe on one type-written page what they had seen and explain the scientific principles responsible for the "magic."*

In the following experiments, it seems that water does not obey the Law of Gravity the way we think it should.

The hot water is dyed red, the cool water is colorless, and both are contained in flasks. In the first experiment, place a red flask upside down on top of a colorless one. Nothing happens! The red water still stays in the top flask, and the colorless water in the bottom one. Now place a colorless flask upside down over the top of a red flask. Look. The red water goes up steadily from the bottom flask to the top flask until the color of the two flasks becomes pink. Why?

We can explain this experiment by using the Kinetic Molecular Theory. In hot water, the molecules move faster than they do in cool water. Thus, the average distance between molecules becomes greater as the intermolecular attractive forces are overcome. This means that they occupy more space. With the same amount of mass (number of water molecules), the volume that the hot water occupies is greater, so hot water has a lower density than cold water. In the first experiment, the cold water is on the bottom and the hot water "floats" on top of it. But in the second experiment, the cold water is more dense and on the top, so it submerges into the hot water. At the same time, the hot water, being less dense, rises into the cold water in the top flask.

In science, do not rely too much on your past experience! Think about phenomena. Find the truth by using your mind.

Evaluation: *Mr. Tran's writing reflects fully the intent of the assignment. His description of what transpired is succinct, and his explanation is chemically correct. Moreover, he imparts a special warning to all future scientists.*

The Social-Democratic Society: A Stipulative Definition

by Catherine Urmston
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: Write a stipulative definition of a term which names an object, a condition, a state, or a concept. Include at least one full example.

For approximately the past sixteen years, the number of children in the United States that live below the poverty level has risen to 20% of all our nation's children, specifically 38% of all our Hispanic children and 44% of all our African-American children. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, just over one million children between the ages of five and fourteen have no one to look after them when they are not in school. The Department of Labor estimates this number of latchkey children to be much higher, at five to seven million. Children are the poorest age sector in the United States, and families make up one third of the nation's homeless population. Additionally, young, destitute boys from the age of thirteen on are not accepted into shelters; they are left to the streets even if their parents and siblings are taken in. The social-democratic society, although not perfect, does not allow its children to lead impoverished lives or require them to take care of themselves. Similarly, it does not relegate its poorer citizens to homelessness. On the contrary, the social-democratic society is a society which encompasses a social system that has the well-being and the equality of the entire population and its ultimate goal.

Some modern-day examples of social-democracy can be found throughout the countries of Scandinavia, as well as in Germany, the United Kingdom, France and the Netherlands. Canada and Australia also enjoy this sociopolitical philosophy as the basis of their government.

Integral to the understanding of the social-democratic society is the concept of *realpolitik*. *Realpolitik* refers to the ability of a political philosophy to actually be practiced within the society. This focus on the real and practical allows for a much more effective application of laws and government programs to benefit the national interest. It is this

emphasis on *realpolitik* that differentiates social-democracy from other political orientations.

The concept of social-democracy is often confused with communism. But unlike the so-called communist countries of today, social-democracies are found in republics and constitutional monarchies. They allow pluralism and all the diversity of thought pluralism requires.

Because of the emphasis on bringing the less fortunate groups of a population into a more middle-class milieu, social-democracy is also often confused with socialism, but it is not found in so-called socialist countries. Although the welfare of any one individual is never sacrificed for the purpose of enriching any other, within the social-democratic tradition free enterprise is not restricted nor is entrepreneurial pursuit hindered. Additionally, respect for this concept of shared national wealth is generally accepted by populations without question. Because of adherence to this ideology, the middle class in these countries is able to flourish as a strong and healthy majority.

It is important to note that the tax base within social democratic countries is not necessarily higher than that for example of the United States (a federal republic). Admittedly though, there are some variations within the social-democratic realm. The tax base of those social-democracies found in constitutional monarchies--the United Kingdom, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and the Netherlands--is considerably higher than those countries with no present-day monarch--the republics of Germany, France and Austria. In a social democracy, taxation does not adversely affect employer good will or employee motivation as is the case in many of the so-called socialist societies of today. On the contrary, it is understood that tax revenues spent for the welfare of the populace pay off in the long run and

promise that even those earning minimum wage will enjoy a quality of life comfortably above the poverty level.

Government plays an intimate part in the life of the governed no matter what form of government is chosen or inflicted upon a population. In spite of the active role that a social-democratic orientation of governing plays in the lives of its citizens, it does not rob them of their right to self-determination. Social-democracy is found in countries with a multi-party system of government, and it is through this multi-party structure that a group of individuals is elected by the people. It is also through this multi-party structure that it is able to avoid the extreme polarization of issues that a two-party system often promotes. Thus it is better able to ensure the optimal welfare of the entire population through a democratic checks and balances system of government. This pursuit of optimal welfare is evinced in many ways.

One example of this is health-care. Every social democracy has an intricate system of socialized medicine. Indeed, the structure of the medical-care system does vary from country to country. In its most extreme (or "social") form, such as in Sweden and Great Britain, government funded clinics are provided for the citizenry and any other individual who might require medical care. In Germany, on the other hand, government sponsored health insurance is provided for those who do not or can not get private coverage. In any case, even the uninsured visitor who requires medical care will receive adequate help. In none of these countries does health care for the individual suffer as a result of making care available to the entire populace.

Another example is the educational system. Generally, education at all levels is available free; that is, there is no tuition cost to the student or to his

or her family. As a matter of fact, in Germany, if students wish, they may even receive stipends from the government for living expenses. These funds must be paid back only if and when the student finds a position in the chosen field. The caliber of the education is high, the atmosphere is competitive, and the educational system is intricate, providing different types of schools depending on the type of education sought. In this climate, a citizen or resident may truly exercise the right to education.

In conclusion, a social democratic society guarantees not just life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and personal property, but also an equal chance and a realistic opportunity for all society members to attain each of these "inalienable rights." There are many places where social-democracy can be found today. It is, however, not found within communism, socialism, or the United States.

Evaluation: *Catherine's essay is mature and quite informative. It deals with a term that could well stand clear defining in our politically diverse world. It is lucid, forceful, well-styled.*

Less Is More: Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence"

by Robert Wilshe

Course: Literature 232

Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment: *Write a scholarly, critical analysis of a literary work. Substantiate your interpretation with abundant citations of the primary source, and supplement your insight with references to at least eight secondary sources.*

It is a common belief among the masses that poetry is a type of literature that contains elevated language and complex themes and does not easily lend itself to interpretation and application. If it were to be said that William Shakespeare is the standard by which the style of poetry is to be judged, this would prove the previous statement correct. On the contrary, however, poetry does not have to be as sophisticated as that to still be considered seriously. William Wordsworth was able to demonstrate how this is so.

Matthew Arnold, writer, scholar, and poet himself, has commented on Wordsworth's style. Arnold professes that "Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power" (1440). He continues to say that this naturalness has been called "bald,...but it is bald as the bare mountaintops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur" (1440). Now, an apparent objection already would be questioning how something so seemingly simple, like Wordsworth's style, *could* be regarded seriously. To fully exemplify this, Wordsworth's poem "Resolution and Independence" can be employed. In order to comprehend and utilize what this lush poem has to offer, it is essential to examine its fine parts and to excavate its hidden treasures and meanings. The simple and plain style of "Resolution and Independence" provides a desirable peace of mind for the poem's narrator and shows how "less is more."

The first three stanzas of the poem have the responsibility of setting the scene for the reader and of introducing the narrator. One particularly powerful image in these stanzas is water. John LeVay points out that water is used in the poem as a "life-generating and/or life-force element" (20). LeVay proceeds to explain that within the first two stanzas words like "floods," musical "waters," "plashy,"

"misty," and "running" all contribute to the scene depicting what he called a "watery spring rebirth" (20). Into the third stanza, this awe-inspiring view of nature has managed to eliminate the narrator's "melancholy" (20).

Another point may be raised about Wordsworth's treatment of weather in the first few stanzas. Cheryl Wanko quotes Robert N. Essick in her essay stating that "the Leech-Gatherer becomes a figure of mediation further joining man and nature because his trade requires careful attention to weather," and she continues to summarize by stating how weather affects the behavior of both the leeches and the narrator (58).

Geoffrey Hartman also provides some interesting information on the poem's opening. He states that the opening mood can be related to a theme used by the writer Edmund Spenser (267). He draws this parallel by showing how the narrator in "Resolution and Independence" is surrounded by a beautiful day, is despondent, and "comes upon a mysterious sight which restores him," which Hartman claims is the case in Spenser's *Prothalamion* (267). Hartman also notices Wordsworth's initial use of time in the poem. He reports that in line three of "Resolution and Independence" tense shifts abruptly from past to present; it returns to past tense in stanza three (272). His interpretation is this: this shift "shows that time itself can still dissolve at the touch and even the mere memory of nature" (272).

Not only was Wordsworth's interest in imagery and style noticeable in "Resolution and Independence." His attention to language is conspicuous also. "Resolution and Independence" had a predecessor. The first name of the poem was, appropriately enough, "The Leech-Gatherer." Titled this way, it was presented in early form to Sara Hutchinson, and J.P. Ward is able to analyze her

commentary for us. Sara's principal complaint was that the verb "to be" was used simply and unimaginatively (111). But Wordsworth was anxious to correct her. Ward explains Wordsworth's feelings by saying the verb is not presented in "naked simplicity," but rather "being itself, and indeed ceasing to be, and coming into being" (111). This exposes some of the initial language which could easily be glanced over. Ward mentions in the first stanza that there is an "'is' quality in them" (112). Ward employs line eight to demonstrate this: "All things that love the sun are out of doors." Ward confirms the point by showing that these things do not "dash," nor do they "laze"; they **are** (112).

The first sharp turn in the poem's design is found in stanza four and manifests itself through stanza seven. The first clue is in line 27: "And fears and fancies thick upon me came." Gorman Beauchamp gives some biographical reasons Wordsworth might have written these lines in such a somber fashion. He cites that Wordsworth could have been vexed by economic worries, his ensuing marriage, his breaking up with Annette Vallon, his suspicion of losing his poetic genius, and, most far-fetched, his fear of impotency (13). Beauchamp's most supportable claim is taken directly from stanza five:

Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me--
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.
(lines 32-35)

He explains that the real cause for his fretting is the "fear of life itself," and that this can be felt by anyone (14). He clarifies and expands by contending that the leech gatherer epitomizes mankind's suffering and also exhibits what the poet fears: "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty" (15).

Wanko also offers insight to this segment of the work. She states that the narrator has been "deserted by nature" (60). Here she directly affiliates the narrator with a leech, being dependent on those around him (60). In lines 40 and 41 of "Resolution and Independence," Wordsworth pens: "But how can He expect that others should/Build for him, sow for him, ...", and Wanko notices that the narrator relies on others to shake him from depression (60).

Stanzas eight through twelve have the important job of introducing the leechgatherer to both the reader and the narrator. Of particular importance is stanza nine: "As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie/ ...Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf/Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself." Beauchamp refers to this stanza as a "simple-within-a-simile" (15). He notes that the heavy language and slow movement depicted in the last two lines give a feeling of "timelessness and permanence" which contrasts with the poet's instable, emotional state (15).

According to Stephen Maxfield Parrish, Wordsworth used three elements from nature to characterize the old man: "a stone, a sea-beast, [and] a cloud" (220). Parrish quotes Wordsworth writing in his 1815 Preface:

The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man. (220)

Parrish asserts that Wordsworth was persuaded by Sara Hutchinson to enhance the image of the old

man, stating "that naked simplicity was not enough to make his old man impressive" (219). The remedy, Parrish explains, was to use greater imagination and to combine that with elements of nature (219-20), thus producing the lavish description found in stanzas nine through eleven.

In these intermediate stanzas, the action is slowing in the poem, and John LeVay explains how this is so. He cites how the activity in the first stanzas has changed, how now there is a "static, ancient 'sea-beast'"; how there is "a moveless 'cloud' above a silent, 'moorish flood'"; and how the water images referred to in the beginning of the poem "have become stagnant 'muddy water'..." (20).

The poem's next major division begins at stanza thirteen, and this division occupies approximately the next four stanzas. It is here where the voice of the old man is first heard, and it is here where the important questions of the narrator are entertained. The first vivid description of the old man's speech is in stanza fourteen. References are made to the language being like that which "grave Livers" use (line 97). Jared Curtis implies that this may begin to bore the reader (102). But Curtis hopes to prove this assumption wrong, and he provides an explanation of why this is not so. With attention to the old man, he states the voice "would achieve the miracle, would turn the reader around, as the poet was turned, to face himself," all in order to capture the reader, not turn him away (102). Curtis quotes Wordsworth's letter to the Hutchinsons (restated here), insisting that this language was necessary and must be felt as "tedious," claiming that this was part of the old man's character (102).

Most critical reception seems to admit that the narrator, at this time, has become passive, or has fallen into a daze. Beauchamp states that the narrator is attracted to the "physical presence of the

lonely wanderer" rather than to his words (15). Wanko adds, recalling in lines 107-08 of the poem, that the old man's voice "...was like a stream/Scarce heard..." and also suggests that the narrator starts to daydream after posing his questions to the old man (60). But Beauchamp provides an explanation for the reader. He states that this is not willful ignorance or inattentiveness "as so often has been assumed" (15). He continues, stating that the narrator has become almost unconscious, employing dream symbols, "symbols that words have little power to convey" (15).

Also in stanzas thirteen through sixteen, two questions are raised by the narrator to the old man: "What occupation do you there pursue?" (line 88), and "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?" (line 119). The average reader could realistically mistake these two as similar. Both questions occur naturally in our speech and conversations. But Beauchamp, again, provides meaningful insight. Beauchamp insists that "vocational guidance" is *not* being sought, which would be a question related to "occupation"; what *is* of importance is how the old man sustains himself, "how he goes on living" (16). This important distinction, Beauchamp proudly states, has been overlooked by other critics and protests that this difference "is a stark and vital one" (16).

Beauchamp has noticed that the narrator repeated his questions to the old man. However, there must be some reason this occurs. J.P. Ward acquaints us with the fact that "Resolution and Independence" is a ballad, a lyrical ballad. Ward states that the ballad was, historically, an oral tradition, making it necessary to "reinforce key names, terms, and pressures" so listeners are able to remember the most crucial parts obviously through *repetition* (122). Since the old man's answers are precipi-

tated by these repeated questions, it becomes patently clear to the reader why this repeating is so important.

Traditionally, the last stanzas in most poems convey the meaning or "moral" of the poem. The final stanzas in "Resolution and Independence" are no exception. Stanza eighteen consists of the leech gatherer's answers to the narrator's previous questions:

He with a smile did then his word repeat;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
wide

He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet I still persevere, and find them where I
may." (lines 120-26)

Wanko approaches the ending by focusing on the etymology of the word "leech" by citing the *Oxford English Dictionary's* two earliest entries of the word: "laece," which refers to a physician; and "lyces," which refers to a "blood-sucking aquatic worm" (59). She states that the two words are opposites: "...one who takes, compared with one who gives, of dependence, with independence," and also states that this dichotomy, especially with reference to its modern connotations, was not carelessly overlooked by Wordsworth (59-60). Wanko's definition suggests that there is a "reciprocal" need: the leech gatherer is dependent on leeches for his life; and "we are all leeches in our relations with others," signifying how leeches need the gatherer to sustain their lives also, thereby exhibiting a healing and sustaining power (61). Wanko concludes by saying that the narrator remains a "leech for the rest of his life," and whenever he begins to worry he just reminds himself of the leech gatherer for fortitude (61).

Beauchamp, in contrast, refers to the conscious and unconscious levels of the narrator to provide his explanation of the ending (18). He asserts that the leech gatherer is a conscious symbol "of man's ability to endure the tragic travails of life and, on an unconscious level, of his ability to achieve the unity and wholeness of nature" (18). J.P. Curtis quotes the last two lines of the poem, "'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure; I'll think of the Leech-Gatherer on the lonely moor!'" ; explaining this not to be a repetition of a lesson or moral, but a "sudden relief from the intense experience just undergone" (111).

Additionally in the final stanzas, Curtis notices how Wordsworth uses language that creates "a frankly mythical vision, and how the verbs can be overlooked as being crucial to the development of this "vision" (110). To introduce this point, consider a relative portion of stanza nineteen:

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech--all
troubled me:

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
(127-31)

Curtis places specific emphasis on "pace" and "wander" (100). He sees pacing as having a sense of purpose and wandering as an eternal, never-stopping occupation, calling this a "purposive but ceaseless activity" which he attributes to being the substance of the "mythical vision", which allows the old man "to become his own metaphor" (110).

"Resolution and Independence" is a poem that approaches its subject with the utmost simplicity, which could delude readers into forming misconceptions about the quality of poetry. This is not always true. It could be said that complication and

obscurity can lessen the sensory experience a poem has to offer by shadowing its meaning with cumbersome literary obstacles. A common scholarly thought about Wordsworth's language and style is its ability to approach and enlighten those who are not interested in lofty wording or concealed meaning. It could be supposed that Wordsworth's concept of poetry came far before our parents' reprimand: "it's not *what* you say, it's *how* you say it."

Works Cited

- Arnold, Matthew. "From 'Wordsworth.'" *Norton Anthology of English Literature*. 5th ed. Vol. 2. Ed. M.H. Abrams *et al.* New York: Norton, 1986. 1432-41.
- Beauchamp, Gorman. "Wordsworth's Archetypal Resolution." *Concerning Poetry* 7 (Fall 1974): 13-19.
- Curtis, Jared R. *Wordsworth's Experiments with Tradition: The Lyric Poems of 1802*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1971.
- Hartman, Geoffrey H. *Wordsworth's Poetry: 1787-1814*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1964.
- LeVay, John. "Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence.'" *Explicator* 47 (Winter 1989): 20-21.
- Parrish, Stephen Maxfield. *The Art of the Lyrical Ballads*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1973.

- Wanko, Cheryl. "Leechcraft: Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence.'" *English Language Notes* 26 (June 1989): 58-62.
- Ward, J.P. *Wordsworth's Language of Men*. Totowa, NJ: Barnes & Noble, 1984.
al. New York: Norton, 1986. 202-06.
- Wordsworth, William. "Resolution and Independence." *Norton Anthology of English Literature*. 5th ed. Vol. 2. Ed. M.H. Abrams *et*

Evaluation: *After studying numerous interpretations of Wordsworth's poem, Bob incorporates the most salient into his analysis and demonstrates in his clear writing what Wordsworth does in his:*
Less is More.

What Is Good Writing? The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

Dennis Brennan

Good writing makes me want to read on, to find out what the writer will say next. Sometimes the ideas draw me on, sometimes the style. When I'm really lucky, the writer ropes me in with both.

Annie Davidovicz

In my opinion, good writing is tight writing. Every word chosen by the author enhances the work in some way. I like to get the feeling that the writer cares about his/her writing--that there is an intimate relationship between the composer and the composed. A writing voice humming with confidence and genuineness always catches my eye. I like a voice that tempts me to read further. Depending on the type of the assignment, vivid, fresh detail and/or accurate reasoning are two more of my preferences. Ultimately, good writing accomplishes the writer's goals.

Carrie Dobbs

I like writing that uses syntax, vocabulary, and rhetorical structure to effect any of the following: Teach me something I didn't know, let me see a new or old experience through someone else's eyes, amuse me, or show me another way of looking at something. I also like a well-reasoned argument, whether I agree with it or not.

Jack Dodds

Whenever I read I look for details, details, details appropriate to the writer's purpose or the occasion: descriptive details, fresh facts or figures, supporting instances, insightful observation or explanation. Good writing is dense with information. Good writing is also alive with voices: the writer's voice (persona), dialogue, quotation, and allusion. Good writing always talks to me.

Barbara Hickey

In Mark Twain's words,
"Eschew surplusage."

Judy S. Kaplow

For me, good writing is composed of four interwoven threads: the writer's voice, the writer's sense of the reader, the language, and the idea. The "voice" gives the sense that there is a human being behind the words; the words--otherwise disembodied verbal protoplasm--acquire life, weight, and identity. The writer should recognize the presence of a listener and partner who can imagine, question, wonder, and think. The language should be clear and graceful, exploiting our language's capacity for precision, its sounds and rhythms, and its emotional and image-making power. But it's the idea that must be at the center, and that idea must be alive and important. It should crack open our old ways of looking at things, both whisper and shout. Surprise me.

Barbara Njus

In an authentic VOICE, using effective and figurative language, to an established purpose and audience, from a clearly organized THESIS, GOOD WRITERS DEVELOP IDEAS in a coherent, concise, unified essay using SPECIFIC evidence from readings and from personal experience to analyze opposing positions about topics having STRONG SIGNIFICANCE for that writer, that may involve the writer in taking RISKS and that the writer will resolve and evaluate from a CONSISTENT point of view.

Peter Sherer

Writing that focuses and boldly goes where it promises to go alerts and engages me. I like writing that is intelligent, consistent in its logic, and concrete in its detail. I like examples and I want to hear an honest voice which speaks to me in sentences which are fresh, crafted, varied, economical, and musical.

Molly Waite

What works for one piece of writing is not always obvious. It could be the tone, topic, style, or sentiment. A great deal has to do with my mood or mindset at the time, in terms of how I personally react on a given day to the written work in question.

Harper Students on Writing

Lynn Freese

Writing a news story is a challenge, but by using the same criteria to choose the topic as I do for a feature article, it becomes much easier.

I enjoy writing about subjects that interest me first, because only then can I spark an interest in others!

Stephen C. Raymond

I've turned my attention from trying to make a difference in the world, as a Peace Corps volunteer in Botswana, to making a difference closer to home, as a Vocational Technology teacher. In the vocational curricula, students are rarely encouraged to improve their writing skills in the mistaken belief that it's an added burden for them if they're not "college material." Whether my students are bound for academia or employment, I want to reinforce their writing skills because in either career the ability to communicate clearly will be important. Frankly, I once thought that I could never be a writer. Now, I know that a solid presentation alloyed with meaningful content can create a stronger message. I also know that it's never too late to learn how to do it.

Bob Wilshe

Good writing only comes with practice. I feel many people shy away from writing because they are concerned about the quality of their work. I felt this way when I began writing. But, the more I wrote, I, and others, noticed improvement. So write, and write more. You may surprise yourself!

Mary C. Stopper

I love to write, and yet I hate to write. "How is that possible?" you ask. It is possible because I have this unbearable writing process that I can't seem to kick. In fact, it's hazardous to my health. I procrastinate to the point of almost giving myself a heart attack. I can't bring myself to start writing anything until the night before it's due, preferably after nine pm. This little paragraph I'm working on now is due today, as a matter of fact, and I've had three weeks to do it.

Marti Lansu

I have always enjoyed collecting and playing with words. My dad loved to fracture them and give them bizarre pronunciations. Isn't it intriguing how changing one word in a sentence will alter the entire mental image? But then I wonder if my perception is the same as yours is anyway. Will I ever know? 54

Marti Lansu

I haven't done much writing since I left high school half a lifetime ago--just some rather eccentric letters or dignified attempts at "Dear Sir or Madam: Your product is woefully inadequate." My instructor saw something in my writing and encouraged me to use the strongest, most musical words in my essays. Her words enabled and ennobled my work. 59

Laura Jane Gresey

In the process of deciding what you really want to say or what information is important to put down, you find that your thinking has moved far beyond your original ideas. And that is very satisfying.

Martha Creeron

On the first day of class our instructor said that writing can be a catharsis. As difficult as forming and organizing my thoughts and impressions can be sometimes, to be able to express them in writing is, for me, both a need and a release.

Kathy Culotta

When I write, I have no idea what will end up in the final draft. Whether it's a research paper or a piece of creative writing, what the final work reflects originates in the millions of ideas we have been subjected to since birth. When I write, I do nothing more than listen to and interpret these ideas.

Pat Kirkham

For me, writing is enjoyable labor; consequently, I have discovered that the amount of sweat equity I invest in my writing directly correlates with the quality of the finished product. When I work with a subject that truly interests me I have also discovered that writing can be a satisfying labor as well.

Martha Harnack

For me, writing is a pleasure inherited from my mother and her father. Frequently it is an urge so strong that my mind hums with the words I want to put down. Older than most Harper students, I have reached a stage in which I can't do a lot of the more active things I previously enjoyed, but writing is an outlet for some of my thoughts and experiences, and something I can do indefinitely.

Jody Shipka

I purposely set very strict standards for my own writing. I force myself to believe that whatever I write, whether it be a journal entry, a short story, or a full-length paper, it will be read by someone that doesn't know me and consequently, it must somehow be able to represent who I am and what I believe.

Son Tran

Writing makes me think of the problem deeper and deeper. Only the words, phrases, and sentences written down can completely materialize my ideas. Then, I know myself a little more than I did yesterday.

Ray Sansonetti

Reading is informative, refreshing and, occasionally, enlightening. However, when I invest the time to re-read a piece of literature and write about it, the results are amazing. Through writing, I am more able to understand the material, the author, and even the author's intent. Literature becomes more than recreation. I make a personal connection with the author's perception.

Cindy Place

For me, the process of writing is much like growing a tree: plant a seed in a fertile imagination, shower it with knowledge, be patient, uproot any pessimism, practice, cultivate all criticism, and finally, realize the beauty of a natural gift.

Anne Mohr

For me, good writing lies in the words. That may be an understatement, but I'll risk it. I can't imagine any writer not fascinated by their hues and music. I used to try for the intellectual sound but finally realized that the authors I enjoy reading hold simplicity as their masthead. So, I follow the lead of writers who have discovered the secret. Keep the sentences short, and the ideas clear.

Reason and Writing

by Herbert I. Hartman

I give several writing assignments to the students in my philosophy classes. The first assignment is a short summary, synopsis, or comment on each textbook reading or video shown in class. This writing can be as short or long as the student wishes and can be referred to during essay exams.

I do not grade these synopses or comments individually but may "weigh" them when considering a final grade. These writings help the student focus and confront the important points of the material. I often find that the students who are diligent in writing summaries write better essays in their own assignments.

The second writing assignment is a research paper on a topic or author in the course syllabus. The student is encouraged, but not required, to give an oral presentation to the class. In all cases the student is asked to discuss the finished paper with me and is invited, but not required, to discuss it with me at any point before completion.

I ask my students to present clear exposition of source material found in books, articles or other media that expand on a subject dealt with in class. I give the students wide latitude in subject matters because I want students to be interested in the subjects they choose.

I also want the students to search for source material, especially in the library, because I consider the ability to do so an absolute feature of higher education.

In addition to exposition, I want the students to be able to offer a sustained analysis and evaluation of the positions and arguments of the authors they write about. Students may add their own points of view of the subject with the requirement that they give support for their "opinions."

These elements--clear exposition, sustained analysis, evaluation, and reason supported opin-

ion—constitute the basis of what I consider an appropriate introductory-level philosophy paper. The subject matter can be very narrow, such as "The Constitutional Sources of Privacy in the *Roe v. Wade* Decision" or "Garrett Hardin's use of Two Metaphors—Lifeboat and Spaceship." I prefer these to an attempt to write about "Aristotle's Place and Influence in Western Civilization." Competence to write the latter essay would require a comprehensive reading of Aristotle as well as an encyclopedic mastery of the history of Western thought. Students who attempt this kind of paper often rephrase second- and third-hand source material and repeat vague generalities beyond their (and sometimes my own) comprehension.

I think that a student should focus on a manageable topic. I like writing that is as simple as the material warrants--that is, not more complicated than the subject itself. The "Rube Goldberg" award is given for a device which achieves a simple objective in the most complicated way imaginable. I do *not* use the "Rube Goldberg" principle for evaluating writing. Complex ideas may require some complicated exposition, but simplification wherever possible is still the prize I seek, the brass ring on the merry-go-round.

Organization, clarity, economy of expression, penetrating analysis, creative synthesis--these make the philosophy paper superior. In addition, the ability to distill accurately the central ideas and pivotal arguments in an author's, as well as in one's own, work gives a writer the taut lines that guide and contain a unified paper.

When a student writes, he holds a mirror to his mind, allowing him to see a reflection of his own reason. Sometimes the reflection in the mirror reveals the shapes of ideas that had been but shadows. As Shakespeare's Hamlet claimed that art can

place a mirror to nature, so can writing serve to show a writer and others what he knows.

I believe that writing helps students reveal to themselves what they already know. Students give shape to ideas that may have been dormant deep within. They find out what they know, as well as do *not* know, through writing. Writing is indeed a prime element and achievement of education.

I also ask students to write answers for an "essay exam." As in the research paper, the answer to an "essay exam" question allows students to structure what they implicitly know, and to show the instructor what they know and how well they can discuss the ideas presented in the course. The multiple-choice test may require thought and effort, but the thoughts have been shaped by the test producer.

Many students tell me that they have "trouble" writing and they have "trouble" speaking. They know something somewhere "inside" but just can't express what they know. I often hear, "You know what I mean." Sometimes I do know, but sometimes I don't. The ability to write and speak clearly helps make communication possible. Poorly written material often seems clear to the student who has written it because he "knows" what he intends to say. But the reader may not know what the writer intended; he may know only what the words say. If the writing is unclear, the student has failed to communicate.

The more a student practices writing his thoughts clearly, the more the student is able to communicate with others, and in a sense, with himself. This ability is immensely valuable in both higher educational and career experiences.

When I examine my own college essays, I find what I believe are the defining elements of my education. Although the acquisition of non-writing

skills is also important, it was and is the ability to communicate ideas and teach skills through communication that refines and clarifies both ideas and skills.

As a colleague of mine at Governors State University, Dr. Anthony Wei, said, "If the students do not write, they do not learn." I believe that he is correct, because my own experience has convinced me of this. When I teach *Logic*, I insist that students demonstrate their acquired skills by solving problems. In philosophy courses that deal with ideas, I insist that the students communicate their ideas through writing.

Alternate Table of Contents

Business Writing:

Cindy Place 65

Chemistry:

Son Tran 99

English Composition:

Craig Caulfield (narrative) 6
Martha Creeron (description) 9
Kathy Culotta (exposition) 11
Pat Kirkham (argument) 29
Marti Lansu (description) 33
 (process analysis) 37
 (process analysis) 40
Betsy Liotus (exposition) 42
Chuck Meaney (personal experience) 53
Chad Meister (narrative) 55
Yuko Nakagawa (narrative) 62
Ed Powers (description) 77
Steve Raymond (narrative) 79
 (definition) 82
Eirik Seim (personal experience) 89
Mary Stopper (description) 96
Catherine Urmstron (definition) 100

Literature:

David Carrozzo 1
Jane Gresey 17
Martha Harnack 22
Anne Mohr 57
Jody Shipka 91
Robert Wilshe 103

Journalism:

Lynn Freese 14

Philosophy:

Ray Sansonetti 85

Technical Writing:

John Mayer 44

THE TEACHERS

*Rex Burwell
Jan Christensen
Diane Callin
Annie Davidovicz
Rhea Dawson
Terry Graf
Herb Hartman
Barbara Hickey
Betty Hull
Peter Sherer
Martha Simonsen
Trygve Thoreson
Gil Tierney
June Way
Jayne Wilcox*



William Rainey Harper College
1200 West Algonquin Road
Palatine, Illinois 60067-7398
708/397-3000