The Harper Anthology of Academic Writing

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William Rainey Harper College

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Foreword

Six issues of *The Harper Anthology.* Six years. Nearly two hundred Harper student authors published. It seems like only last month that the members of the Harper Anthology Committee were assembling the very first issue and searching for answers to first-issue questions about contents, organization, layout, and cover design. Some questions were easy, some hard, some have been posed and answered anew for each issue. From these answers, each issue has acquired its own flavor, a style, a distinct personality.

If one word could express the personality of this the sixth issue of *The Harper Anthology,* it would be "creative." The selections were written in response to academic assignments, yet they are as creative in their approaches to their subjects, in their voices, and in their style as any writing you might find in a collection of poems or short stories. In the pages that follow, you will, in fact, read poetry, written, of all places, in a chemistry class. You'll also read fiction written in an English class to dramatize a student writer's understanding of a novel and the novelist's style. You'll find the pain of a writer's life transformed into a true-to-life story of discovery, self-acceptance, and growth. You'll read essays that imagine a world without design or that project readers into the hospital of the twenty-first century. You'll hear writers' voicesu— playful, serious, sad, whimsical. Playful in a spicy chemistry essay about yeast, fermentation and the baking of bread. Serious in an essay that uses the writer's own experiences to report on math anxiety. These examples and all the other writing in this issue of *The Harper Anthology* are tribute to the imaginative understanding of the student writers listed on the front cover — and to the creative teaching of the faculty listed on the back cover.

Included in the pages that follow is writing done in the courses of nine departments: Chemistry, Early Childhood Development,

English, Interior Design, Journalism, Sign Language, Philosophy, Physical Education, and Psychology. As always, the Anthology Selection Committee has tried to choose 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 seventh issue of the anthology in 1995.

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 Rex Burwell, shares his thoughts on writing.

Thanks to the faculty members of the Anthology Selection Committee for all their efforts in producing this issue: Dennis Brennen, Annie Davidovicz, Barbara Hickey, Judy Kaplow, Barbara Njus, Peter Sherer, Wally Sloat, and Molly Waite. Special thanks to Michael Knudsen from the Harper Graphics Department, to the editorial and typesetting staff in Harper Publications, and to Peter Gart and the entire Print Shop for all their production assistance. And greatest thanks to the Harper faculty and to their student contributors.

Jack Dodds
Anthology Selection Committee

William Carlos Williams' "The Young Housewife"

by Jennifer Barati
Course: Literature 105: Poetry
Instructor: Rex Burwell

Assignment: *In about 600 words, explicate a poem we have studied.*

The Young Housewife

At ten A.M. the young housewife
moves about in negligee behind
the wooden walls of her husband's house.
I pass solitary in my car.

Then again she comes to the curb
to call the ice-man, fish-man, and stands
shy, uncorseted, tucking in
stray ends of hair, and I compare her
to a fallen leaf.

The noiseless wheels of my car
rush with a crackling sound over
dried leaves as I bow and pass smiling.

– William Carlos Williams

William Carlos Williams is a poet who can convey a great deal of depth while using very few words. His poem "The Young Housewife" contains only three stanzas, yet it paints a vivid picture. This poem describes one particular housewife and one man, and uses them as metaphors for the roles of women and men in the time frame in which Williams wrote his poem.

Men have been very dominant in American culture. We live in a patriarchal society, even today. At the time this poem was written, women were much less visible that they are today. Women, most likely, were housewives, or if employed, employed in "female-orientedü professions (i.e., teacher, nurse, etc.). Williams describes the young housewife as a woman who would be appealing to a man of his time.

There are some very distinct sensual references about the young housewife. In line two she is wearing a negligee. In lines six and seven, we discover that she is "shy, uncorseted, tucking in stray

ends of hair." Men tend to like women who are shy and demure. Also, the childlike quality of some women can cause them to be easily manipulated or controlled, which can feed the male ego. The action of "tucking in stray ends of hair" can be attractive to men, somewhat akin to fluttering eyelashes, shy smiles and other distinctly female quirks. We also know that this woman is young. Men are often attracted to young or younger women, no matter what the man's age is.

The young housewife is a woman without much responsibility, empowerment or ambition of her own. In line one we see that it is ten o'clock in the morning, yet in line two we see that the young housewife has not yet dressed for the day. The highlight of this day is to wait at the curb for the "ice-man, fish-man." In line three, the house the young housewife abides in is referred to as "her husband's house;" not her house, not their house, but his house. The implication is that she has no real power in her household. Perhaps she is owned by her husband just as the house is, like another fixture or piece of furniture. Also, at this time in our history, women in the suburbs were often the sector of society which experienced the highest rates of depression. This is because they felt "marooned" in their neighborhoods, with no mode of transportation. The young housewife seems to have no mode of transportation either.

Williams compares the young housewife to "a fallen leaf.ü Perhaps he sees a woman who has potential that will never come to fruition. He may find the young housewife to be attractive, but realizes that a woman is more than just her looks, a view that may not have been popular at this time. "The wooden walls" he describes in the house magnify the feeling of desolation, which the young housewife may not feel, but we feel for her. It brings to mind the expression, "No one to talk to but the four walls." The ungiving, unmoving, and permanent feeling of the word "wooden" could be a metaphor for the young housewife's existence. She has committed to a life which most likely will be permanent (as marriages, happy or otherwise, tended to be at this time) and static as it relates to her development as a person.

Finally, Williams' reaction to the young housewife shows us that even the most progressive of men were constrained by society's beliefs about the proper roles of men and women at this time in history. The persona, who is male, is driving by the young housewife. He has a car, a mode of transportation, a vehicle of freedom. This already puts him in a position of prominence, not only over women, but over less prosperous men who cannot afford a vehicle. The man probably knows the young housewife, as he smiles and bows upon seeing her. Society would prohibit these two people from forming a friendship, however. Men and women were only allowed to be either lovers or acquaintances. Therefore, this man cannot reach out to this woman to assist her in leading a more meaningful and satisfying life.

The last stanza refers to the man driving over "dried leaves" as he passes the housewife. Earlier, the housewife was compared with a leaf. The act of the car, a male possession, driving over many dry leaves may represent men quashing the dreams, hopes, desires and potential of many women. These women are now "dried leaves". They once had enthusiasm and vigor, but now they have resigned to live mediocre lives. The man bows and smiles as he passes by, rolling over the dried leaves, as if to say "I'm sorry I cannot do more, but society will not allow it."

Evaluation: *Jennifer Barati finds, beneath the overt sensuality of Williams' poem, the boredom and constraint of "the young housewife," and examines her plight with unusual sensitivity. For me, this is the sort of reading that makes poetry meaningful.*

Reaction to "An Introduction to the Deaf Community"

by Cathy Bayer
Course: Sign Language
Instructor: Amy M. Dixon-Kolar

Assignment: *Write a paper in reaction to the movie "An Introduction of the Deaf Community." Students were to discuss how the information in the movie affected their understanding of the Deaf Community.*

After viewing the video *An Introduction to the Deaf Community.* I had some opinions altered and some confirmed. Altered opinions included the difference between the medical and cultural definition of "deaf," misunderstandings between hearing and the Deaf, ASL as a language, awareness of deaf people's opportunities for expression, the importance of the residential deaf schools, and ways to improve communication with the Deaf. The video confirmed my opinion regarding the Gallaudet presidency in 1988.

I was very grateful for the discussion of the difference between medically deaf and culturally deaf. The medical definition and treatment were limiting and showed little respect for the individual and his abilities. This view perpetuated the idea that because the ear didn't work the mind didn't work either. It has long seemed unfair to me that a person should be considered "broken" or incapable of making personal life decisions just because one of his senses doesn't work. There are, of course, times when special care is necessary even when all senses are working perfectly. I like the cultural definition because it sees the Deaf as complete people who happen to be unable to hear. It opens the door to viewing them as a cultural minority, not a handicapped few.

I found learning the misunderstood terms that are offensive to the Deaf very helpful. When I have used the term "deaf and dumb", I meant someone who could not hear. It was no reference to intelligence. I am glad to be learning the terms that are offensive, i.e. "deaf and dumb," "deaf mute," "hearing impaired," and the terms that are not offensive, i.e. "Deaf" and "hard-of-hearing."

I was really surprised to learn that some people thought that the Deaf were unable to function in the real world just because they were deaf. Many people with all their faculties have trouble. I also thought that being deaf automatically qualified a

person to be a member of the Deaf Community. It had never occurred to me that a person needed to know the language, culture, values, etc. of this community in order to be part of it. What a sign of progress for the hearing community, that so many are willing to read and learn about Deaf culture. I am greatly encouraged to see that the "hearing " community is learning to identify the Deaf community as a culture with its own language, values, and forms of expression.

The information on American Sign Language was very helpful. At first glance, the language did seem to me to involve pantomime. However, when I looked at it as a language, this mistaken impression broke down. While a language has syntax and grammar, pantomime does not. Having talked with a friend who had taken sign language at Harper, I was aware that many signs could not be translated word for word. The few sentences we have learned in class also point out the fact that American Sign Language is a language in and of itself.

The section in the video on publications, organizations, and artistic outlets for the Deaf was very eye opening. I had no idea these existed. As I thought about it, their existence made perfect sense. The needs of the Deaf would best be met by an organization founded and run by the Deaf such as the National Association of the Deaf. The members all have very similar concerns. The hearing public does need to be informed about the possibilities and abilities of the Deaf. The publications *Silent News* and *Deaf Life* are necessary to discuss the happenings in the Deaf community. It is good that deaf athletes and artists have their own groups such as the Deaf Olympics and Deaf Theater. I must admit that my ideal is that hearing and deaf athletes and artists perform together. More education is needed before this becomes a reality.

I did not expect state residential schools to be so important. With the emphasis today on integrating all students, regardless of ability and physical capacity into the regular classroom, I very much expected the Deaf to want this also. Going back again to the view of the Deaf being a cultural minority, the need for the residential schools becomes very clear. Every minority wants to preserve its cultural heritage. The residential schools are a proven place to do this.

Many of the ways to improve communication with a deaf person were new to me. Some of these included maintaining eye contact, not covering the face when talking to a deaf person, not assuming that all deaf people are good lip readers, not assuming that a person wearing a hearing aid can understand speech, and learning to use a TTY and other communications devices. Using paper and pencil to communicate, admitting when I don't understand, using appropriate ways to get attention, not shouting, not allowing others to interrupt, correcting the deaf person's English, and treating deaf people as I would treat others were not new ideas to me.

One idea in the video I agreed with very much was that the president of Gallaudet should be a deaf person. A deaf president would understand all the trials and tribulations as well as the joys and triumphants of the deaf students. I was cheering for them all the way when the demonstrations were taking place in 1988.

I was raised in a family where I was taught to respect a person just because he/she was a person. As I viewed this video, the feeling that came through to me loud and clear was that the Deaf community wanted to be accepted as a culture that is whole and complete. The Deaf desire and deserve to be treated as individuals of value. To me this is the desire of all people— hearing and deaf.

Evaluation: *The student doesn't just reiterate what happened in the movie, she states what she has learned. She also gives opinions regarding issues presented in the movie and backs those opinions up with supporting evidence. She put time and thought into this movie's effect upon her instead of giving short, pat answers.*

Chemical Perspective

by Michael J. Burke
Course: Chemistry 122
Instructor: C. Jayne Wilcox

Assignment: *Write a short poem which has some kind of chemical theme.*

From the soul of a person,
Into the soul of an atom,
We are but one,
And we are trillions.
Life is but a titration
Of molecules
And memories,
With no rules of sanity.
We are governed by entropy,
A comedy of randomness
That brings a semblance of order
To an impossible universe.
Life is a perpetual catalyst of . . . itself!
Stages of matter coalesce:
Solid is liquid is gas.
The universe is but a single crystal —
Its lattice points, our lives.

Evaluation: *Mike's poem is a beautiful mix of chemical terms and philosophical commentary. The poems I received from this writing assignment ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime. Mike's poem is sublime.*

Remembering

by Bob Catlin
Course: English 101
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment: *Write a personal experience essay in the participant's role. In a series of vignettes describe a significant process of self-discovery and change.*

March of 1971. It's before Lamaze and I'm alone in a room filled with a tobacco fog, chain-smoking Camel regulars. Up and down the waiting room I pace like a character from a tv sitcom. How fathers endured this anxiety before cigarettes is beyond me. Finally, the door to the waiting room opens and the doctor walks in still untying his mask.

"Congratulations, it's a boy."

I clasp his outstretched hand out of reflex, but there is only one question on my mind.

"Please, can I see them now?"

In the claustrophobic delivery room, Mary's feet are still in the stirrups for lack of a better place to put them. Her face is almost as pale as her gown and I curse the rules and regulations that kept me from her when she needed me most and from seeing my child born. Michael is wheeled past us in a glass-walled cart, still bloody from his entrance to the world, or so it seems to me. All I get is a quick glimpse as he's trundled by.

"Isn't he beautiful?" signs Mary.

"Dear, I'm afraid Bill Cosby was right: you've given birth to a lizard."

That earns me a feeble punch from my wife and a heftier one from the nurse. Already I'm thinking about what cigars I'm going to buy. I am happier than I have ever been.

My parents drive us home because Mary is in no shape to drive and I will not relinquish my hold on my son. The hospital wouldn't let me touch him the entire time they were there or even stay in the room when Mary fed him. It's not like I hadn't seen my wife's breasts before, for cryin' out loud! Now I won't let him go. Even when he wets a diaper, I won't let anyone else change him. I only turn him over to Mary when he needs to be fed. Sorry, Mike, Daddy's just not equipped that way.

June of 1971 and we have our own place and jobs at Kemper Insurance. I'm a computer operator and she's a keypunch operator. Mary is in white sandals, pink mini-skirt, and a tight, white sweater. Her figure is back (she's only nineteen) and her bare legs have dancers' tone.

Break time and we are the center of attention because of her. The men gather to see her and hear her lilting voice. Sometimes she purrs like a cat, but that's reserved for me. The women gather in a vain hope of attracting some of Mary's admirers away. I'm twenty going on twelve and I can't help but strut and preen like a fighting cock. What you all can only dream of is my actual life. She goes home with ME at night and slides her body next to MINE between our sheets. At home with a sitter is our beautiful, golden-haired baby. His eyes are as blue as either of ours, and he is big for his age, just like his father was. I show his picture to the few who haven't seen it and the many who have.

"I'm going to do all the things with him my father never did with me," I claim with pride.

In my mind I think of how much better a father I'm going to be than mine was. My son will love me and be proud of me.

I notice that something is making Mary pensive tonight but she says we'll talk about it at home.

We're riding home in our 1970 Ford Torino and listening to WDAI-FM. Carol King is singing a song from *Tapestry*. Mary is singing along, and her face seems so frighteningly serious to me:

But it's too late, Baby
Now it's too late
Though we really did try to make it
Something inside has died
And I can't hide
And I just can't fake it

"I don't love you anymore, Bob," she tells me. My world begins to crumble like a house of cards.

I sleep on the sofa that night so I don't clutch at her like a drowning man and beg. Could anything be worse that this? I love her with my whole soul.

At seven a.m., I wake up as she screams, "Michael! Michael!" I rush to our bedroom where his crib lies. My three-month old son is still, so still. I touch him and he's cold and stiff with rigor-mortis.

"No, wake up, Mike! My son!ü

We are staying at her parents' house to get away from that heart-rendingly empty crib and the toys he will never play with. In the fold-out bed we share, I pull her close to me seeking comfort and needing to give it.

"Nothing has changed between us," she says with a coldness that reaches into the very core of me. My tears dry and an empty pit forms in my soul. I decide to hide there and never love again.

March of 1993. I wake up in a hospital bed with my right leg immobilized and a bloody lump on the back of my head. The blood is dry and crusted because I've been there five days. Through the haze of drugs and pain, I'm being told that I was drunk, got into a wreck, totalled my truck and a Pontiac, almost lost my leg, cost the other driver his leg, and almost killed my business partner. I begin to realize that I can no longer control my life and that I have a problem with alcohol.

It's June of '93 and I'm out of my wheelchair and cast. Three months of hospitals, bedrest, and six operations have left me weak, skinny, and BORED! I toddle off down tree-shaded lanes to an A.A. meeting I've heard about at the local church.

It's high summer. The leaves on the (mostly) maple trees are verdant and shining. Carefully manicured sun-dappled lawns and gardens have a soothing effect on the no-longer-anesthetized emptiness raging inside me. This is home still and I am not unloved.

I begin the first of many struggling descents to the basement of this church to meet the new friends I will find there. Men and women with aching, empty voids that they, too, tried to fill by pouring alcohol and dope into them.

I find a sponsor to help guide me on the twelve steps. He is in his late thirties, with salt-and-pepper hair, a lean and muscular build and a no-b.s. attitude. This is an attitude I need him to have as I unconsciously evade my emotional black hole. Finally, the fourth and fifth steps become unavoidable.

Fourth: Make a list of all the wrongs I have done, all my resentments, fears and frustrations.

Fifth: Tell them to my sponsor or clergyman. Bring them out into the open and purge myself of them.

It's early September when I finally sit in the conversation pit of my sponsor's home. All my excuses about a heavy homework load having been deflected by a "Who do you think YOU'RE stroking?" look from him, I sit and spill all. Slowly and painfully my transgressions and crimes are laid bare. To face myself and the wrongs I have done is the most difficult task I have ever taken on.

It's March of '93 again. I am back at the night of the accident in the last bar I have ever been in, drinking the last beer I have taken since.

It is now September of 1986. I am reluctantly moving into a friend's back bedroom from my beautiful two-bedroom apartment. I am realizing as I do so that I will never work as a field engineer again and that my upper-middle-class lifestyle is at an end.

Back before 1982 I go and relive six drug- and alcohol-soaked years of a naval enlistment. I see all the lies I have been telling myself about my Navy time and am forced to concede that the service is well rid of me.

It's 1974. I see myself again as a twenty-three-year-old computer operator. I am even recovering some of those feelings of invincibility and cockiness. Then I realize what that cockiness has been doing to my life and, worst of all, to those who love me. Also I realize what a hollow foundation that cockiness is built on.

All through my confession runs the thread of the people I'm hurting— family, friends and lovers. I feel humiliated at the results of my drunken self-centeredness and indifference. Feelings come out of me that I thought long buried and forgotten . . . buried and forgotten.

Mid September of '93 finds me struggling over broken ground at the St. Michael of the Archangel cemetery across Algonquin Road from Harper. I need help to find the grave I haven't seen in twenty-two years. He lies under his maternal grandmother's headstone and I flop about on the tussocky ground with my crutches trying to find the spot. It is overgrown with turf and forgotten, this grave. I couldn't have found it without help from the secretary here. She leaves me alone, sitting on the uneven grass and cutting the turf back from Mary's mother's headstone with my pocket knife. Mary had said she would put a brass plaque on the headstone to mark Mike's grave, but all that is here is the cold marble and stray pieces of thatch. Desolate and forgotten all this time.

For graveyard amends, my sponsor has told me to speak out loud:

"Mike, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not coming sooner. I thought I could just carry your memory with me, but gravesites really are for the living, aren't they? Maybe I blamed myself for your death, but that's not really so, is it? I'm sorry, but I loved her more than you and losing her was harder for me to take. Now I find that, of the two of you, my love for you was more real because it still hurts."

I say nothing more out loud, but I think of what I have let myself become and imagine how Mike would look at his daddy. After twenty-two years of dryness, tears explode from my eyes in a torrent and deep sobs rack my body. This time, though, they're cleansing. The black pit in my soul is being filled, becoming a clear lake suitable for reflection. Despair and bitterness are being washed away at last.

I regain control and, with tears still rolling unashamedly down my cheeks, I promise him:

"Mike, I'm going to make it. I'm going to straighten out my life once and for all. Someday soon you'll see a father you can be proud of. I swear it."

As I slowly make my way back to the now closed office, I resolve to put that plaque on his grandmother's headstone as soon as I can earn enough money. He shouldn't lie there forgotten.

His name is Michael James Catlin and he's my son.

Evaluation: *Bob writes with detail and feeling about a years-long process of pain, denial, discovery, and growth. His style is rich and mature.*

So You Say You Don't Need Design . . .

by Laurene Cermak
Course: Interior Design 105:
Interior Design Theory
Instructor: Jacque Mott

Assignment: *It has been said that people don't need design. Write a short paper on what life would be like without design.*

When asked if design is an essential part of life I would expect most people to say no. The correct answer is that is is one of the most important elements of any society. Design permeates everything we do. Design is all around us in one form or another. A trip to the grocery store is taken through the streets designed by an urban planner. The automobile you ride in was designed mechanically, aerodynamically, and aesthetically for you by a team of design professionals. Design is much more than deciding what pillow goes with what couch.

Design provides society with a way to accommodate population growth through planned housing communities, creative answers to the public housing dilemma. Infrastructure doesn't just happen, systems are designed to make the components work together so that our cities work for us. Landscape design makes our scenery attractive to give us visual beauty, something more than the mundane. Architectural design creates treasures for our enjoyment and use. Fashion design takes our basic need to wear clothes and throws in a good amount of pizzazz to enable us to show our individuality through dress. Interior designers transform walls, floors, furniture, fabric, paint and more into a place that is functional, comfortable, and aesthetically pleasing.

Imagine what it would be like. You wake up in the morning in a room with a bed, a dresser and closet. They do not interest you since all furniture is the same in every house. It serves a need to store clothing. Speaking of your clothes . . . they don't interest you either. All of your blouses are the same, and your pants are identical too. Fashion design does not exist to differentiate one piece of clothing from another. Your hair has looked the same for the longest time since you really don't have design trends in hair. It is long or short, clean or dirty. But continuing on to your day, you drive

to work in your standard car #45637. The number is your only way to distinguish it in the lot. You work in a cubby hole that is not even big enough to turn your chair around in and wonder why life is such a hassle. Nothing seems like it should. Something is just not right. You are thinking that someone should be thinking about how to do something instead of just doing, doing, doing. Then you stop thinking because you're thinking like a designer and that can't be right because design doesn't exist.

Design is truly all around us. To the question "could we survive without design?", of course the answer is yes. But the next question would have to be *how* would we live?

Evaluation: *This essay illustrates the significant impact of design upon society. The approach was creative while the point came across very clearly.*

Master of the House

by Maria Cliffe
Course: Honors English 101
Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment: *Write an essay about a remarkable animal you have known. Use as your model James Thurber's humorous essay, "The Dog That Bit People."*

"Meow!"—Get up! "Meow!"—Feed me! "Meowwww!"—Thank Goodness you're finally home. He loves and adores us. He pleads with his huge green eyes. He rubs his glorious silken coat against our legs, anything to get what he wants. Then he thanks us by promptly sauntering off, arrogant as can be, sneakily devising another planu to impose his presence upon us. Alex is the name of this bundle of ginger fur and whiskers. As I read James Thurber's narrative, "The Dog That Bit People," I was reminded of my cat. Thurber described his dog Muggs as ". . . the worst of all my dogs" (298). However, I would be inclined to describe Alex as the most interesting cat I have ever had. Although he is only two-and-a-half years old, he has become master of our house.

This fanatical feline has a built-in clock with a mechanism so precise that it miraculously triggers an alarm each day exactly thirty minutes before the household rises. It seems impossible to believe that a noise so multipitched could emanate from the small head of this tone-deaf animal. Neither yells nor hurled slippers will deter him. When everyone's sleep is broken, his howls change to throaty chuckles of mews and purrs. To assure himself that our day has begun, he accompanies one of us to the bathroom to supervise every action, including testing the temperature of the water delicately with his paw. Then he makes the rounds, checking that every person is out of bed.

Weekend mornings just haven't been the same with Alex around. I prefer to wake up peacefully on a Saturday, without a blaring alarm, whichu always reminds me of early mornings. However, there is a certain feline who won't allow sleeping past nine o'clock.

Without fail, if I'm not awake by that time, he runs into my room and begins a lengthy series of high-pitched, ear-piercing meows to awaken me. If

his attempts fail, he then pounces on my bed and tickles me with his sharp whiskers. There is no possible way to ignore this tactic, so I have to get up. And, of course, Alex promptly flops down right where I was sleeping and dozes off.

Alex always ensures that household chores are done regularly. He selects cupboards of his choice, opens catches that my father meticulously tightened, and empties the contents across the floor. Then he issues verbal commands to our other, very timid cat, Lucy. They both proceed to tear around the house like cannonballs, up and down the stairs, knocking down anything that lies in their path. After a while, boredom sets in and activity ceases. Alex arrogantly reposes on his section of the sofa and sleepily observes as we, "the fools,ü spend hours cleaning up after him.

Sometimes Alex does a little "cleaning up" for himself. If there happens to be a pen or pencil lying around on our kitchen counter, he gently slides it across the top with his paw and drops it into the sink. Then, he spins it around until it drops into the waste disposal. So before we ever flip the switch to turn it on, we always inspect for writing utensils, or anything else he may have inadvertently deposited while we weren't looking.

Every day, at exactly four-thirty, this fat, overfed cat arrives in the kitchen and feigns starvation. He stares at whoever passes the pantry with half-closed, imploring eyes, and begins licking his lips. If my Mom doesn't feed him right away, he then chases her and bites her leg until she does. And so goes this pattern every single day. When he does receive his dish, he hastily inhales every last morsel in the hopes that he will get some more. If no one is watching, he moves over to Lucy's dish and begins devouring her food, too. So there has to be someone on guard when he eats to make sure that he doesn't deprive poor Lucy of her nutrition. But it doesn't matter if he can't eat Lucy's food because he knows that about an hour later, we eat our dinner. One day he stole a left-over sausage lying in the sink. We knew something was wrong when we saw him dash past with the piece of meat dangling from his mouth. My mom had a tug-of-war contest with him to see who could win the sausage: Alex didn't win, and he whined and moaned for a long time. The following week he stole a left-over potato.

A couple of weeks ago, Alex began a new stunt . . . at one o'clock in the morning. While we were sleeping, he went into my bathroom and began banging on my shower doors. The clamor got louder and louder until my Mom woke up. All I could hear was "Shut up, Alex! Stop It!" Then my Father chimed in with the warnings. I just lay there, snickering. Finally, my Mom got up, went to my bathroom, and reprimanded him. I was laughing hysterically by now. Alex had succeeded in getting one of us out of bed to pay attention to him.

One of Alex's favorite pastimes is flower arranging. He selects a vase of artificial flowers and commences to carefully remove all flowers with long stems. Then he detaches the tops from the stalks with his teeth. Finally, he travels around the house depositing the blooms wherever he feels some decoration is needed. One day last summer, I came home to find my bed surrounded by little blue flowers. It turned out that Alex had removed them from my bathroom, transported them to my room and done a careful arrangement.

Each night, there is always a fight for bed space. Alex almost always gets to my bed before I do. It takes immense physical exertion to move this large, sleeping feline. Some nights I'm so tired, I don't even bother trying to move him: I sleep "aroundü him, in whatever room is left. In the morning he is there, sprawled out with legs in every possible direction. Often, he switches beds in the middle of the night and sleeps with my parents.

One morning, my Mom found herself practically falling out of bed because he had gradually pushed her to the edge with his paws, providing the most room for himself.

Although Alex is mischievous and an annoyance at times, we all still love him. It's his amazing personality that makes him so interesting. He often misbehaves but always seems to get his way because his verbal retorts just aren't worth the punishment. At times he is so comical, it would be awful to break his spirit by punishing him too much or too harshly. Consequently, he knows that he can do whatever he desires. Our house is the castle: he is the king.

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Evaluation: *This essay's sprightly language, the author's indulgent and whimsical view of her cat, and the overall fine sense of control would earn chuckles of approval from James Thurber himself.*

Young Man on the Move

by Frederick L. Coombs
Course: Journalism 133 (Feature Writing)
Instructor: Rhea Dawson

Assignment: *Write a profile about a person, place or thing that uses quotations, observation, and background material obtained from other sources, etc.*

"Sure I was drifting. No doubt about it. My friends knew it. My parents knew it. My girlfriend-soon-to-be-fiancee knew it. Even I knew it," said Jim, a short, stocky 24-year-old, extremely articulate and unfailingly polite.

"But, try as I might, I just couldn't find anything that clicked for me, whether it was more schooling or some job that had any kind of future. And that hurt 'cause I could see all my pals pulling away from me; Vince, the best man at my wedding, went to computer school and was traveling all over the world with his job; Christian went to college, didn't finish, but got in on the ground floor as a salesman with a new company; Rob went to art school and got a good job with a graphics outfit; Colleen, now my wife, graduated from college with an honors degree in Finance. Everyone I knew was doing something interesting or exciting in the five years since high school."

"And here was Jimmy, working security at K-Mart for five bucks an hour, busting two-bit shoplifters.ü

While Jim was part of the gang, he was not of it except on a casual basis. Everyone hung out with each other, but Jim didn't graduate from high school with his pals and wasn't sharing their experiences. He chose to drop out in his junior year.

And, while all the rest of the group worked menial jobs only on school weekends and during the summer breaks, they became Jim's way of life. A job pumping gas drifted into one delivering auto parts for a local store. This led into another installing tires for a now-defunct membership club. All these jobs were boring and hard and filthy labor, paying not much more than minimum wage.

Still, a pattern started emerging. Whatever the jobs Jim picked up on, they all involved being around cars in one form or another and he soon

began to think the key to his future might lie in this direction. He want back to school, obtained his GED and enrolled in an auto mechanics course at Lincoln Tech.

He quit before the first semester finished. "This just wasn't for me," he says now. "I can't really explain why except to say I wasn't comfortable with it. I did make another try and enrolled in a diesel mechanics course at Triton College. Same thing, just not for me. The only thing I really learned was that I didn't want to spend the rest of my life wrenching."

Jim then switched directions and enrolled in a professional bartending course, graduating at the end of six weeks. He started working as an apprentice bartender but left after several weeks. "The pay was good and I've always liked being with people," he said. "But we have some alcohol problems in my own family and I didn't feel right working in this area."

Still searching, Jim applied at local and county police departments but they turned him down flat. His lack of education and experience stopped him from even taking the preliminary tests. This is when he took the K-Mart job, hoping to get some experience so he would be accepted by at least one of the departments. After working retail security eight months, he reapplied and, once again, was turned down. During one of the interviews, a friendly face told him to stop wasting his own and everyone else's time; Jim just was not cut out to be a cop.

Meanwhile some pressure began building, in part because he had popped the question to Colleen; the wedding was less than a year away, and he not only didn't have a career or bankable future, he didn't even have a decent full-time job. For one reason or another, everything he tried just hadn't panned out.

His mother pointed out to him that, while cars were okay and such, he had always seemed much happier driving them than working on them, and Jim latched onto that concept. True, he thought, whenever we go someplace, I always end up doing the driving, and maybe that's a clue to what I really want to become.

He applied to Cedar Rapids Steel Transit, an Iowa-based company specializing in training steel truck drivers, but a scrutiny of his driving record revealed just enough past tickets and minor accidents to disqualify him. They told him it would take a year for the record to purge itself, so please come back then, sir.

Knowing of Jim's frustration and increasing interest in trucking, a friend of a friend introduced him to Doug McBride, an over-the-road driver for Allied Van Lines. McBride's proposition to Jim was simple and straightforward, "I need basic labor. You'll be gone for weeks at a time and won't get paid any more than you're making now, but I'll teach you the business. Believe me, there's a lot more to it than just driving a truck."

In truth, McBride was looking for more than a loader. He'd been doing the long hauls going on 11 years; his third child was coming due, and both he and his wife were weary of the frequent and long separations. He was looking for someone he could trust to lease his tractor to so he could come in off the road. He wanted to stay with the moving agency as a salesman and, maybe, do just local jobs to keep his hand in. So far he had been through three helpers, none of whom worked out the way he wanted them to.

"All these guys wanted to do," McBride said, "was to drive the truck. None of them wanted to learn the fine points of being a mover. I consider myself a pro, and the only people I want to work with are pros like myself, even if I have to take the time to teach them my way of doing things. While

we have a lot of independence we also have a lot of responsibility, both to the company and to the customer and that part of it just seemed to go in one ear and out the other."

Maybe Jim was looking for an out (nothing like disappearing for a few weeks at a time to avoid answering embarrassing questions) or maybe he heard faint opening stanzas of the song of opportunity. No matter, he jumped at the chance. At least he'd get to see some of the country at someone else's expense and could climb off anytime he wanted, a past pattern he knew only too well and now a major cause of his fears and frustrations.

It turned out the willing mentor had a more than apt pupil in Jim. "He drove me nuts the first month,ü McBride said. "Nothing but question after question after question. No nonsense stuff, though. He wanted to know how and why about everything.

"I began to think maybe I'm finally finding the guy I've been looking for. Jim liked the truck, sure; everyone does. But he also listened to what I said about the business, what to watch out for, what to do and what not to do, and learned from his mistakes. I think he really wanted to become a mover.

"Naturally, I didn't let him drive, not for over six months. For one thing, he didn't have his CDL (Commercial Driving License) and legally wasn't supposed to be driving the truck, and, for another, I've got a lot of money tied up in this, and I'm not going to turn it over to just anyone until I fully trust him. I own the tractor. That cost me close to $40,000. And Allied owns the trailer, worth maybe another $25,000. Then, there's whatever loads we're carrying. They're insured, but we're still responsible. We're talking about some big bucks here.

Jimmy wasn't driving, but he was learning about moving goods, and his admiration for McBride was growing. "I was trained by one of the best in the business,ü he says now. "He taught me everything."

"He showed me how to pack fragile items and how to pad and diaper furniture. I learned how to lift and carry, how to make it easier and how to avoid muscle strain. He told me, "You're young and strong now, and if you learn the right way, you'll be able to do it for a long, long time without getting hurt."

Jim learned how to load a trailer, 48 feet long by 102 inches wide by 11 feet high, 3800 cubic feet in all with every square foot having to earn its keep, to best advantage. He says now that's like working multiple jigsaw puzzles simultaneously because of the varied pickups and drops on the road; you have to make the best use of the trailer's space yet consider the coming order of loads and unloads as you're going from place to place.

"Doug taught me how to inventory and how to work with the furniture surface codes we all use. The condition of every piece has to be noted on the inventory sheets; what's a blemish to you is a scratch to us and what's a scratch to you is a gouge to us, and we write it all down, using code numbers."

"He showed me much more than you'd ever learn in a formal school: how to do the company and ICC paperwork, what the various state regulations are, how to handle money on the road, what truckstops to go for and which ones to avoid, how to handle the shady characters and nervous customers you run into."

"Finally, he taught me how to drive the big guy, gave me the road experience and coached me through the CDL test. That's when I knew I'd be staying with this for a long time."

Although it took a year, the melding of mentor and pupil produced a win-win combination. McBride's off the road now, in the office as a salesman and trainer, going out occasionally for a short

run but still home every night. He's leasing his tractor to Jim and taking 15 percent of Jim's line haul earnings, the base rate the moving agency pays to the driver, in return.

Jim's on the road constantly, home only a couple of days before heading out on another two or three week run, the only part of the job he concedes as a negative. Colleen, his wife of six months, agrees but also says, "We both consider it an investment. I'm working two jobs because we're saving up for our first house, so I'm not at home that much either. Maybe someday Jim can do what Doug's doing and can have his own tractors and two or three men working for him."

Jim's changed. His past hang-dog aura has been replaced by a certain jauntiness when you see him, however infrequently. He pulls up in front of your house and sounds a gentle woof on the air horns to let you know HE's over to visit, as if the arrival of a 60-foot orange behemoth covered with hundreds of blinking lights is an everyday neighborhood occurrence.

You can catch a glow of pride in his eyes as he swings down from his eight-foot perch in the cab, then immediately invites you to climb back up with him so he can explain all the dials and switches, show you his sleeping area behind the seats, the TV set, stereo system, CB radio and cellular phone and tells you, once again, if you ever want to move, I'm gonna be your man.

No, Jimmy's not drifting anymore. He's finally found his niche.

Evaluation: *Fred effectively uses Jim's words to tell the story. His effective use of quotations, coupled with tightly written transitions in a conversational tone, makes this one article with an outcome I really cared about.*

Point of View in Faulkner's *The Sound and The Fury*

by Mary Ann Crosby-Anderson
Course: English 102
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.*

No amount of literary experience can quite prepare a reader for his first reading of William Faulkner's *The Sound and The Fury*. A profound sense of confusion envelopes the unsuspecting reader as he gropes and stumbles his way through the novel's first section. The confusion begins to abate somewhat as the reader plows through the second section, the fog lifts a little more in the third section, and finally section four rewards the reader with a full integration of the details from previous sections. It is a stunning revelation to the reader that each section of the novel tells the same story of the decay and fall from prominence of a Southern family. Faulkner has allowed his story to be told from four different and powerful points of view, three of which are not totally reliable and each revealing only its version of the same story. Each section of the novel adds new details to the story and adds shape and color to those elements of the tale already revealed. Piecing together the bits of information Faulkner allows his narrators to share is like assembling the clues to an immense mystery. It is like randomly putting in place the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle — at first the puzzle seems a jumbled mess, but little by little an image begins to take shape. Faulkner's puzzle pieces are creative gems that mesh together into a sweeping portrait, delivered by his narrators' points of view.

While Faulkner offers four different points of view to tell his story, his narrators do not have the good graces to reveal the tale in a neat, orderly fashion! Instead times and places seem out of sequence, characters seem to change sex from one page to another, and wild mental states can interrupt the narrator's daily living. For all of the first section and a good portion of the second section Faulkner's use of point of view causes the story to be wildly befuddling. And yet, the persistent reader is struck by the overwhelming feeling that something big is developing. This sensation led the critic

Walter Everett to conclude, "No matter how confused one might become in reading the initial section for the first time, one cannot escape the realization that this novel is a work of sheer creative genius" (101). Faulkner allows each narration to overlap and interact with the other sections. Using "strokes of prose — a dab of one scene against the dab of another, slashes of different time levels overlapping into each other," Faulkner's narrators give the reader an impression that goes beyond the sum total of the details revealed (Cowan 9). While each narration tells the same basic story, it is the combination and integration of the details shared from the four points of view that gives the novel its power and intensity. The story being told in *The Sound and The Fury* transcends the sum of the book's four parts (Reed 353).

As critic Michael Millgate notes, Faulkner described the point of view in the first section of the novel by saying, "the idiot was born and then I became interested in the relationship of the idiot to the world that he was in but would never be able to cope with. . . ." Benjy, the first section's narrator, speaks from the remoteness of his idiocy. The narration of Benjy's section is a first-person interior monologue. Benjy innocently reports everything he sees and feels, but he lacks the intellectual capacity fully to assess people or events except in a physically rudimentary fashion (89-99). He views the world through his senses. He uses his sense of smell to evaluate the people in his life— when his sister Caddy is in his favor "she smells like trees," but when he dislikes her perfume he notes his displeasure (Everett 101-02). When death occurs in his family, he can smell it like the dog Dan. When he is allowed to sleep in Dilsey's cabin, he observes "the bed smelled liked T.P. I liked it" (34). Ultimately, when Caddy is married he understands she "couldn't smell like trees anymore," and he begins to cry (48).

Beyond his reliance on his sense of smell, Benjy perceives and remembers physical phenomena through his sense of sight in an odd, dislocated fashion. When his caretaker Versh is feeding him, Benjy notes, "Versh's hand came with the spoon, into the bowl. The spoon came up to my mouth" (29), as if Versh, his hand, and the spoon all acted independently. As Ben watches for Caddy to enter a room, he notes, "She went away. There wasn't anything in the door. Then Caddy was in it" (53). Benjy's mind wanders from the present to different points in the past, as described by critic Walter Everett when he observed, "The present is thus Time Cumulative: all that has gone before is a part of the Now" (105). Italics are used to indicate a chronological shift in Benjy's narrative, as his thoughts quite often meander through different places and times. Many names and terms have unclear or double meanings, such as "caddie" and "Caddy," and the double use of the name Quentin for both a male and a female character (Reed 353-54).

While Benjy's section initially gives the reader the most trouble, it is interesting to note that his narrative is full of observations that foreshadow upcoming events. Benjy's "fly on the wall" type of first-person narration gives the reader insight into key elements of his brothers' and sister's personalities that will impact their futures. He records the episode when Caddy's drawers are muddied and Dilsey notes, "It done soaked clean through onto you . . ." (91), foreshadowing the future staining of her honor. He observes key elements of his siblings' personalities while they interact as small children, such as Quentin's sensitivity, Caddy's independence, self-confidence, and defiance, and Jason's vindictiveness and alienation. While Benjy is unable to talk, his soliloquy is understandable to the reader, and he communicates his actions and

feelings to his family and servants through his cries, whimpers, and moans (Lester 152).

Although Benjy's narrative is confusing and difficult to read, it is broad and inclusive in details and perceptions. It is ironic to note that while Benjy is termed the idiot, he is able to communicate in his narrative more of the facts of his family life than the narrators in the other three sections. He perhaps most accurately tells the story, although most readers would never know that on their first reading of *The Sound and The Fury.* Benjy's section subjects the reader to an entirely new experience, and compels him to reconstruct pieces of the story from Benjy's disjointed perceptions and descriptions of physical details. This reconstruction is nearly impossible, however, without the meshing of Benjy's narrative with the subsequent three sections.

While Benjy's narrative is complete in details and perceptions to the point that he leaves nothing out, Quentin's narrative as told from a first-person point of view in the novel's second section is narrow, self-absorbed, and obsessed with the past. His section gives the reader a deep sense of despair not found in the confusion of Benjy's section. Critic Walter Everett notes this fact in *Faulkner's Art and Characters* when he states, "because he is depicting a sensitive, sophisticated mind in the process of disintegration, Faulkner has employed a complex style filled with parataxis, interruptions, and interior monologues" (107). The section is dated June 2, 1910, two months and a day after his sister Caddy's wedding, and the day of his suicide. Quentin's section plays a crucial role in the course of the novel — it is the longest and most neurotic of the four sections, and it fully depicts the alienation Quentin feels from his family members and from life (Backman 16).

Quentin is tormented by the past, and fragments of confusion and painful memories keep intruding into his day (Reed 355). In a very methodical, precise manner he prepares for his premeditated death — he lays out his clothes, packs his belongings in his trunk, bathes and shaves, dresses in a new suit, writes two notes, and mails his trunk key to his father. After readying himself and his belongings for his suicide, he spends an eventful day of almost purposeless wandering, passing time until he can free himself through death. His narration is continually interrupted with memories of the past. While Benjy's mind freely travels from present to past in a meandering manner, Quentin's psychotic interruptions burst into his thoughts uncontrollably in mid-sentence. He repeatedly obsesses about his sister Caddy and his encounters with the men in her life, Herbert Head and Dalton Ames. The past is too painful for Quentin to allow himself to live in the present, as exemplified by "less dialogue, more internal construction, as Quentin is eager to put even the most immediate moment behind him . . ." (Reed 354).

As Quentin's last day passes, his narrative becomes more intense and less mentally stable. Critic Michael Millgate notes,

> throughout a whole day of quite extraordinary incidents— with two fights, an arrest, a court hearing, much movement and many encounters— Quentin's mind remains preoccupied with the past. It is almost as though Faulkner were playing on the idea that a drowning man sees his whole life pass before him, and we come to realize that this last day of Quentin's is a kind of suspended moment before death. (96)

The primary source of his despair is his inability to escape his family life with Caddy. He regrets that he and Caddy couldn't return to the simplicity of their childhood relationship, and he manufactures a story of incest to attempt to create a world with "nobody else there but her and me. If we could just

have done something so dreadful that they would have fled hell except us . . ." (97). But the unthinkable happens — he cannot escape with Caddy, and her promiscuity is so heinous that she is lost to him forever.

As Quentin nears the time of his suicide, memories keep intruding more and more frequently into his consciousness, and he fully recounts his conversation with Herbert Head, the man Caddy marries because she is pregnant. This seems to allow the flow of past memories to accelerate, and finally Quentin completely loses touch with the present for an extended period of time as he relives his confrontation with Dalton Ames, the father of Caddy's child. At the end of this psychotic state Quentin returns to reality to discover he has fought with schoolmate Gerald Bland because Bland's treatment of women is similar to that of Dalton Ames'. This painful memory is the final major recollection Quentin will have to endure, however, as he returns to his dormitory room to tie up the loose ends in his plan for suicide. He lets go of life — he no longer hopes he can escape with Caddy. He becomes more and more peaceful in his final steps towards death — he brushes his teeth, cleans the blood from the fight off his clothes as best he can, and brushes his hat. He is now free to die.

Jason's narrative, contained in the novel's third section, bursts upon the page with the stunning proclamation, "Once a bitch always a bitch, is what I say" (223). While it is evident that Jason is not intellectually impaired like Benjy, nor sad and psychotic like Quentin, his narrative pours over with hate, resentment, and vengefulness. Jason has a keen intellect but is emotionally impaired by his mean spirit. He is excessively vicious in word and deed, and he plays endless cruel mental games with all those around him. While Benjy is an innocent idiot, and Quentin is lost in his own self-destructiveness, Jason's section is particularly harsh because he has full understanding of all his actions. He is "wholly in the world, acutely sensitive to social values, swimming with the contemporary commercial current" (Millgate 99). And he is completely convinced that he is right and the rest of the world is wrong.

Jason's narrative is full of crisp, clear assessments of the present and the past. He fully revels in his brutality and willingly brags about his torturous actions towards others. Critic Reed notes that

> Detailed evidence of Jason's cruelty comes late, although evidence of petty chicanery is spread throughout. His cruelty to Luster with the tickets and to Quentin with the threats is much worse than any of the lying, cheating, or physical violence earlier . . . he becomes Jason the sadist, the pathetic investor, the hopeless employee. (358)

When he argues with Miss Quentin, he prevents Dilsey from interceding when he "turned and kicked the door shut in her face . . ." (228). His insensitivity to Benjy is evident repeatedly throughout his narrative, as exemplified by his statement that ". . . it don't take much pride to not like to see a thirty year old man playing around the yard with a nigger boy, running up and down the fence and lowing like a cow whenever they play golf over there . . ." (276). Underlying all his vicious behavior is Jason's burning hatred of all women, caused by his obsessive resentment toward Caddy and that which he feels she robbed from him— the position in Herbert Head's bank which he was promised.

Jason's resentment toward Caddy can be seen carrying over to his everyday, casual relationships. Because he feels he was wronged, Jason's narrative shows that he is not capable of allowing other people to succeed. While this can be seen in many

of his interactions, it is particularly evident in his discussion of baseball with Mac at the drugstore. As critic Thom Seymour observes, Mac makes the sensible statement that the Yankees would probably win the pennant based on their past performance. Seymour further notes that Jason's reaction to Mac's comments is a prime example of the "petty, self-destructive willfulness so typical of him . . . we see that Jason is not only a small, mean man (an evil man, even, Faulkner once said), he is also a man so furious in his own failure that he will not permit of another man's success" (24).

In order to fully show Jason's intense emotions, Faulkner structures Jason's narrative in such a way as to give it an up-close, conversational feel. Faulkner's repeated use of the phrase "I says" creates the impression that Jason is actually telling his story in person, as seen in his struggle with Miss Quentin when he tells the reader, "'You will, will you?' I says 'You will will you?' she slapped at me. I caught that hand too and held her like a wildcat.u 'You will, will you?' I says 'You think you will?'ü (228). Jason's pride in sharing his opinions causes him to get caught in contradictions, however. As critic Michael Cowan notes, "Jason can in one breath defend and in the next breath damn the 'redneck' farmers around Jefferson, or can chase wildly after his niece at the same time that he proclaims his indifference to what she does" (8). While Jason's narrative is more lucid than Benjy's and Quentin's, his ability to communicate his feelings shows that he is perhaps more handicapped than his brothers, and a less reliable narrator due to his blinding hate and inability to forgive.

Critic Olga Vickery notes the importance of Caddy's sexual surrender to Dalton Ames as a focal point for the novel's narrators. Each of the narrators tells the story of his reaction to her sexual activity from his perspective (29). Michael Millgate observes that Caddy was viewed only through her brothers' eyes, ". . . each with his own self-centered demands to make upon her, each with his own limitations and obsessions." He makes the further observation that Jason is the only family member who finds the means to accept Caddy's banishment. "Where Mrs. Compson can only moistly complain, Benjy bellow his incomprehending grief, Quentin commit suicide, Jason can adjust himself to the situation and turn it to his advantage and profit" (98).

In contrast to the first-person narration of the first three sections, section four offers "The resolution given in the stately prose of an omniscient narrator" (Everett 102). Set against the backdrop of details given in the previous sections, this omniscient point of view pulls the reader out more objectively to look upon the characters. The reader is allowed to become less wrapped-up in the self-centered storytelling of Benjy, Quentin, Jason, and more able to view the characters in an analytical light. The language used from this omniscient point of view is more elegant, intelligent, coherent, and sensitive than that of the previous sections. With this richer, more humanistic language the reader is finally allowed to "see" the novel's characters in detail as opposed to the character sketches found in the previous sections.

Through the omniscient narrator's all-knowing eyes can be found the description of Dilsey as ". . . a big woman once but now her skeleton rose, draped loosely in unpadded skin that tightened again upon a paunch almost dropsical . . ü" (331). Benjy is described in moving terms as

> . . . a big man who appeared to have been shaped of some substance whose particles would not or did not cohere to one another or to the frame which supported it. His skin was dead looking and hairless . . . he moved with a shambling gait like a trained bear. His hair was pale and fine. . . . His

> eyes were clear, of the pale sweet blue of cornflowers, his thick mouth hung open, drooling a little. (342)

Beyond giving more detailed physical descriptions of the characters, the omniscient view point also allows the reader to see the interpersonal dynamics found between family members, servants, and the outside world. Mrs. Compson's neuroticu hypochondria is more clearly exposed, as is the jagged edge of Jason's hatred toward women. Dilsey's patience and gentleness are fully focused upon, as exemplified in her comforting of Ben asu she "led Ben to the bed and drew him down beside her and she held him, rocking back and forth, wiping his drooling mouth upon the hem of her skirt. 'Hush now,' she said, stroking his head, 'Hush. Dilsey got you'" (395).

Aside from the wealth of physical and emotional details given by the omniscient point of view, various other images are offered which symbolize elements of the story that rise above this earthly world. As Michael Cowan notes, Dilsey's relationship with God is more sincere and innocent than the other characters' relationships with a higher power. Dilsey's faith in God symbolizes hope, humility, and dignity rather than simple resistance against a harsh, punishing God (8). The omniscient point of view allows the reader to see the rotting exterior of the Compson house, a symbol of the decay and crumbling of the family's prominence. As critic Hal McDonald points out, Benjy, the poor idiot brother, is finally given an all-powerful role by being made analogous to the Christ figure on Calvary. McDonald observes

> Faulkner sets Benjy up as a kind of salvation barometer, which is at work throughout the novel . . . . Thus, a character like Caddy, who appears to be spiritually doomed, finds redemption through her kind treatment of Benjy, and a self-righteous character such as Mrs. Compson falls into God's disfavor, as she does the reader's, by her almost total neglect of Benjy's needs. (53)

What begins as a voyage through the mind of an idiot, and continues through the increasingly more lucid minds of his brothers, finally reaches full culminationuin the freedom of the omniscientu point of view. It is as if the camera lens had been pointed inward and then suddenly turned outward. Each narrator is capable of telling his own story, but the individuals' narrations do not stand alone with as much power and impetus as that of the four sections combined. It is the mingling and meshing of images and events, the variations and layering of points of view, that make this novel four times as deep in mystery and meaning. The random placement of Faulkner's gems, of his puzzle pieces, is not so random after all. Faulkner's portrait complete, his narrators' jobs done, Benjy can finally enjoy his carriage ride in peace.

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Evaluation: *Like William Faulkner's* The Sound and The Fury, *Mary Ann's analysis is substantially and stylistically sophisticated. Her polished prose elucidates the novel's complexity.*

Math Anxiety

by Mary Lou Crost
Course: Physical Education 203: Health
Instructor: Martha Lynn Bolt

Assignment: *Choose a controversial topic in the area of Health, current within the last 3 years or write a "personal" story.*

The rectangular-shaped, fluorescent lights that hang overhead illuminate this perfectly square room that is devoid of any aesthetic qualities in which to calm my nervousness. Fluorescent lights have never befriended me. Their vicious assault upon my ego creeps up on me in department store dressing rooms and public washrooms, exposing all my physical flaws. Here they hang overhead, interrogating me emotionally and physically.

The austere beige colored walls and brown chalk boards provide no soothing colors in which to bathe my restless, darting eyes. There is no pleasant mirage to escape to for a moment in order to ground my emotions. All the comforting familiar sights, smells, tastes, and touches of home are gone, along with the sense of peacefulness they bring to my psyche.

I occupy one of the 48 chairs that line this room in perfect rows of six across and eight down. The hard, plastic, metal framed chair, molded to fit the rounded contour of my back and buttocks, doesn't provide any comfort for my tense muscles. I feel so emotionally exposed. I wish I could escape or barricade myself so I would feel less threatened by my surroundings. I would seek refuge in a special place where I could be free of the anxiety and fear that are wreaking havoc upon my body.

The only defense I have against this untamed, emotional beast that harbors within me is a pencil. It is strategically placed upon the small, laminated, wood-grain armrest. Its sharpened point reminds me of a hunter's spear. If only it possessed some magical power that could penetrate deep inside me to slay the beast which entraps my intellect and paralyzes my ability to think as a rational human being.

My mouth begins to feel as though I have been stalking my prey for hours, although actually I have only entered the room five minutes ago. The professor smiles a wide, toothy grin, exposing all

his teeth like a wild animal intimidating his prey. He sadistically insures us that the test is easy. If you have studied you should have no problem. This only adds to my feelings of inadequacy. Why then, I ask myself, do I have such problems with math? I must be stupid. I have studied the material for hours and rehearsed the formulas over and over again in my mind. If study was the only prerequisite, why has it not worked for me?

The professor paces back and forth with a stack of neatly stapled papers in his hand, as though he is Moses holding the Ten Commandments. He gives us last minute words of wisdom and personal testimonials on how to enter the kingdom of mathematics. In my mind this is like a camel passing through the eye of a needle. "Just give me that test,ü a voice inside me screams,ü and don't prolong this agony any longer."

My heart is beating rapidly as the test papers are passed out. I place the test upon my armrest neatly, and methodically I print my name and course number in the upper right hand corner. I am careful not to jump ahead and look at the problems. I then begin to slowly focus my eyes on the first problem, and a quivering feeling settles in the gut of my stomach. I am unable to recall how to do the problem. The mimeographed numbers on the page provide no meaning as my brain frantically scans its memory bank. There is no response. I look at the next problem. Maybe that will open the flood gates to release the flow of knowledge that is swirling around deep within the crevices of my brain. Panic sets in and I struggle to compose myself. Then, like a leaky faucet, drip by drip the information trickles out. I finish the test with a tremendous handicap, as though putting together a jigsaw puzzle with missing pieces. I am the last one to hand in my paper. I feel humiliated and defeated. I have worked so hard, only to have earned barely a passing grade.

I suffer from "Math Anxiety." "Anxiety in general is a characteristic that dominates cognitive functioning and imposes dramatic physiological disruption in the human organism" (Sime et al. 431). Everyone experiences mild psychological anxiety when taking a test. Often, students feel that the results of the test are somehow a reflection of their intelligence or level of achievement. They perceive tests as an "ego threatening situation," and this is often a great motivator in improving performance. On the other hand, the intense anxiety which I described has a detrimental effect on performance. This type of anxiety is unrealistic and out of proportion, having debilitating consequences and should be dealt with programmatically (Sime et al. 432). "Math anxiety in particular is a nonrational distaste for and avoidance of math and math related subjects. Some people report physical distress" (Donady 1). Harper College's philosophy is that most students can learn mathematics. To insure success, it is important to start at the proper level, to get support and to receive specialized instruction.

When I decided to go back to school after being away from the academic arena for 16 years, I started out slowly, choosing courses that not only interested me but I could handle. I was not a good student in high school, but I always felt deep inside that I was an intelligent, creative person. I just needed a chance to prove myself. I never felt that people took me seriously. So I returned to college to rediscover that intelligent, capable person inside of me. The one area in which I had experienced the most difficulty during my high school years was Algebra, so I was careful to avoid anything having to do with math. I knew my fragile ego couldn't handle that kind of defeat at that particular time.

I gradually began to build my confidence by mastering each course. What a wonderful feeling ofu

elation to know inside that I was always capable of this type of success. Finally, I was faced with the inevitable task of taking a math course. I knew in order to graduate, this was a requirement. Last Christmas break, I studied my son's elementary math book to prepare myself for the placement test. The thought of being placed in basic math was humiliating to my fragile ego. My studying payed off, and I placed in basic algebra, but truthfully I had just memorized the basic skills.

I know now that I was lacking what I believe the necessary ingredient for mastering mathematics, truly understanding the concepts. I worked very hard in pre-algebra; often in class I was lost. I would review audio/video tapes after class in the library. I would go over the material carefully and slowly until I could grasp the concepts. There was so much to cover in such a short period. I felt as if everyone else was catching on much faster than I. I struggled through the math tests, and because of the patience and non-threatening environment which my professor provided, I was able to achieve success. I mentioned to my professor the anxiety I was experiencing, and she told me that Harper had a group for math anxiety. I laughed to myself and thought, "Oh, it hasn't come to that." I believed, as long as I was achieving A's on the exams, I was handling my problem, despite the emotional and physical stress I was placing upon my body.

It wasn't until this semester when I entered Algebra 102 that I felt the total desperation and defeat I described in the beginning of this essay. After that experience, I contacted my professor and told him how hard I had studied, and I didn't understand what had happened to me. He told me that I needed to relax and not worry so much. This was easier said than done. The next day I called the Math Lab at Harper and told an instructor of my frustrations. She was very understanding and told me she also had experienced math anxiety during test situations. This was very reassuring to think that a math instructor could also have had this problem, too.

They connected me with a Phil Troyer, a counselor who specializes in math anxiety at Harper College. He facilitates a math anxiety group that meets at Harper twice a month. He was also very understanding and informed me that there were strategies for overcoming math anxiety.

I anxiously looked forward to the first session of the math anxiety group. There I had the opportunity to openly share the feelings of frustration, anger and defeat that I had experienced. At that first session, Phil taught us some relaxation techniques that would lessen the physical discomfort resulting from test anxiety. He explained that this anxiety can cause difficulty in concentration. There were two methods that he suggested; relaxation, which involves muscle tensing, breathing, and imagery, and also arguing against negative self-statements.

The relaxation method involved deep muscle relaxation through a tensing exercise. An example of this technique using the muscles in your hands would be to extend arms in front of you, then clench your fists tightly for five seconds. Relax, and feel the warmth and calmness in your hands. The breathing relaxation exercise involves focusing on breathing in and out while simultaneously reciting those words.

The imagery form of relaxation should be used after the muscle tension and breathing exercises have been completed. This exercise asks the participants to focus in on one object in the distance so that visual stimulation is reduced to a minimum. Then they should begin to imagine a place where they feel comfortable and secure. It doesn't have to be a real place, it could be a total fantasy. They should be able to vividly picture this place in their minds, involving all the senses. Throughout the

exercise they should be able to experience an emotional sense of inner calmness, security and contentment, allowing them to return to their surroundings in a tranquil state of mind.

Phil also made us aware of the negative self-statements or the "I told me so syndrome," which sets yourself up for failure. He believes people tend to live up to their negative expectations, concentrating more on the possible negative consequences than on the test. To counteract this self-defeating behavior, he suggested practicing identifying, verbalizing and challenging these negative statements.

Jim Fryxell, in his article "Math Anxiety,ü believes it is never too late to overcome math anxiety, that one bad experience doesn't make you a bad student. Even good students sometimes experience difficulty in mathematics. Adults can often learn better because they see the importance of what they are doing (Fryxell).

Harper College offers a math placement test, and counseling is available to help meet your individual needs. The college's math department uses a total approach to insure a positive experience. There are many options available from the traditional classroom to individual instruction in a math lab, where you work at your own pace. There is also free tutoring available in the math lab.

You are probably wondering why overcoming math anxiety is so important. "In an ever-expanding technology math ability will increasingly become the critical filter in the job market, and understanding and coping with math anxiety may hold the key to success" (Levitch). I, too, believe that confronting your math anxiety can insure future success, improve your confidence, and raise your self-esteem. As an education major, it would bring me great joy and satisfaction to be able to share my success of conquering math anxiety with students and to provide the assistance needed to promote positive attitudes toward math. I plan on continuing my goal of mastering mathematics through the services offered at Harper College. I believe a strong background in mathematics on my resumé will be a real asset in seeking a job in the field of education.

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Evaluation: *Mary Lou expressed herself in a truthful manner as well as her "surroundings" to make this an outstanding paper and most enjoyable to read.*

A Day at the Lake

by Renee Daly
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: *Write an essay in which you tell of a personal experience which helped you grow or mature in some way. Use plenty of concrete detail.*

My father comes from the old school, the one that believes in throwing a child into the lake instead of easing him in with swim lessons. He was always doing things like that in order to prepare me for the future. I remember thinking on my high school graduation day that I was fully prepared to go into the "real" world. I had lived what I considered to be a "rough" life. After having survived my parents' divorce, their remarriages, several moves, and with more than a few scandals under my belt, I thought I was a mature, independent adult. I could handle anything. NOT!

The summer of my eighteenth year, my Zen father took me on a trip to Europe. He is an English teacher, and he was there on sabbatical. This was no ordinary vacation; we were there to work and learn. A good part of the trip was spent studying the upper Paleolithic symbol systems of ancient cave paintings in the Dordogne Valley in the south of France. The French refer to this area where four rivers join together as Eden. One cave in particular still holds my fascination. It's called Font du Gaume and is located in the little town of Les Eyzies du Tayac. The day we visited this cave was cold and rainy, so the cool 50 degrees inside was no shock. We huddled near a cluster of torches for warmth. As we were led down into the cold, dark, labyrinth of the cave, I couldn't help but wonder about the countless generations of foot prints embedded in the limestone rock beneath my feet. Women and men my age or younger used this cave for their rite of passage. This was the place where Theseus met his minotaur. Here the initiation into a higher cognitive order took place. I could still smell the fear lingering in the dank air.

The day that I was to fly back to the U.S. was July 1st, France's busiest travel day of the year. I was flying back alone, as my father and stepmother were continuing their vacation. After we arrived at Orly Sud in Paris, we found that my flight had

been delayed. My father had to be back in the south of France by the end of the day, and he decided that he couldn't stay. He left me there with five dollars, a credit card, and only a quick call over his shoulder, "Don't worry! Have a glass of wine on the plane!ü Typical Frenchman. I stood in shock and disbelief. I had just been thrown into the lake.

I wandered around aimlessly for a few minutes trying to read signs and listen to announcements, but I spoke not a word of French. I gave up and changed my five dollars into francs. Next to the currency counter there was a sandwich stand. The angry gurgle coming from my stomach told me it was a good idea to eat something. The only thing I recognized on the menu was jambon, or ham. I hate ham, but at least I knew what it was and how to say it, so I ordered some. After my appetizing lunch, I wandered into a gift store. Still enraged with my dad, I bought a pack of cigarettes with my remaining francs. I sat outside the gift store puffing my cigarettes and wishing he was there so I could blow the smoke in his face. He detests that habit.

While I was engaged in this little fantasy, I noticed a sign that said "Passport Control." I knew I had to pass through that zone to get to the gates. I figured this was as good a time as any. I walked for what seemed an eternity down several sets of stairs and through winding dark hallways. Once my passport was checked, I thought I had entered the twilight zone. No, I decided; I was really in the Arabic section of the airport. The men in their white gelybia stared at my bare legs under my miniskirt with angry yet lust-filled eyes. The women, dressed in their traditional black chador would make no eye contact at all. They turned their heads in shame, as if they didn't want to acknowledge that we were of the same gender. My thoughts returned to Font du Gaume. I had descended into the labyrinth of the cave, and this was my rite of passage. I could smell the fear again. This time it was my own.

My eyes found those of a small, fat Arab woman. She did not turn away. Instead she studied me with curious eyes, sizing me up. I saw little else around me, only her eyes. The sounds of the angry Arabs were somehow fading. What was it in her eyes? Was it hatred, fear, pity? Could it possibly be kindness? I wiped the sweat off my brow and swallowed hard before proceeding toward the woman. I could feel my heart race as I got nearer. Swallowing hard once again I said, "Excuse me, but do you speak English?" The woman's hands flew up in the air and started flailing about like a fish out of water while she screamed Arabic obscenities at me. She finished with "pigu American!" My heart beat as if it were in a horse that had just won the Kentucky derby. Tears welled up in my eyes and my breathing quickened. My whole body shook as I looked around at the angry Arabs pointing at my legs. Moreover, I felt sick from the foul smell of the woman's breath.

Just when I though I was surely doomed, I felt a gentle yet strong hand on my shoulder. I whirled about to find a tall, handsome gendarme standing beside me. He said something in French, and I shrugged my shoulders in response. Between sobs I managed to stammer "Detroit? The gate to Detroit?" He had no idea what I was saying, but he continued to pat my shoulder reassuringly. He was a knight, rescuing a fair maiden an he led me through the chaotic was zone I had created. After a few minutes, we arrived at the gate to Miami! I was just happy to see fellow Americans! I gazed up adoringly at my savior and thanked him profusely. He wiped the last tear from my eye and waved as he retreated back down the dark hallway.

I found the gate to Detroit two gates down from the one to Miami. The plane boarded an hour

later and I did indeed have that glass of wine. As I sipped, I thought about my father. When he and I step near a lake, I damn well know what to expect.

Evaluation: *Renee's composition is forceful, honest, and engaging. Her speaker is bold, witty, and smart. Analogy, varied sentences, and lots of detail contribute to a mature style.*

Rising Memoriese

by Christine E. Haddad
Course: Chemistry 100
Instructor: Barbi Bakel

Assignment:
Relate chemistry to a famous scientist or current public concern, write an original literary work, or explore a personal interest in chemistry.

One of my favorite things in the world is a piece of my Grandma's cinnamon bread (no raisins, please) fresh out of the oven with gobs of butter on it. I only get to see her twice a year, so she always bakes it when I'm there in Escanaba, Michigan. Since it's kind of a long process (because you have to let the dough rise twice, once in the bowl, once in the bread pan) we have a long time to spend in the kitchen gossiping about the family. Now, I've always known it takes so long to bake bread because you have to stop to let it rise, and I know that the reason the bread was rising was because it had to get fluffy to taste good, and I know that the yeast made it rise. But HOW the yeast made it rise I really had never thought too much about, so I thought this might be a fun, edible project to do for class.

To leaven means to make something rise. A leavening agent does this by producing and distributing gas within a mixture. Yeast, baking soda, baking powder, and egg whites can all be leavening agents, but to narrow it down for this paper (and for eating purposes, specifically the bread that I'll be baking) I'll be writing about yeast, with a short side-note about baking soda.

Yeast is a living substance that you put into dough to make it rise. Yeast is also used in the production of beer and wine, but I'm certain Harper has a "no alcohol on campus" rule, so no alcoholic beverages will accompany my bread "experiment." "The yeasts used commercially consist of masses of microscopic, single-celled yeast organisms. There are more species of yeast, but only a few are used commercially."[1] Yeasts belong to the "fungi" group of organisms. Fungi exist almost everywhere in nature, including the air. Yeasts reproduce rapidly and grow very well in substances containing sugar. "The yeast cells reproduce by fission (splitting in two) or by budding. In budding, part of the cell

wall of the yeast swells and forms a new growth called a 'bud.' The bud then breaks off and becomes an independent cell."[2] The yeast fungi don't have chlorophyll, so they have to rely on other sources for food. "They feed on sugar from a variety of natural sources, including fruit, grain, and nectar, and also from molasses. Yeast cells produce chemicals called enzymes, or ferments, that break down their food."[3] Different species of yeasts produce different kinds of enzymes. "In 1837 it was independently proposed by the German physiologist Theodor Schwann, the German botanist Friedrich Kutzing, and the French physicist Charles Cagniard de la Tour that alcoholic fermentation is dependent on yeast cells and is a physiological function of these organisms."[4] This view was strongly opposed by many chemists. One chemist, a German named Justus von Liebig, believed that "fermentation was a completely chemical process brought about by ferments, which were thought to consist of decomposing organic molecules that imparted their instability to sugars and resulted in the breakdown of the sugars to alcohol and carbon dioxide. The yeast cells found in the fermenting fluid were considered to act as 'ferment' when they died and began to decompose."[5]

In 1857, Louis Pasteur began a series of experiments which settled this argument. "Pasteur showed that all fermentation was the result of microbial metabolic activity."[6] He found that different kinds of fermentations are caused by different kinds of microorganisms, and that "both fermentation and microbial growth can proceed in the absence of air. This led to his definition of fermentation as 'life without air.'"[7] Some species break down sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, a process called "fermentation." "The end product of fermentation may be an alcohol, such as ethyl alcohol, or an organic acid such as lactic acid."[8] The leavening of bread depends on the alcoholic fermentation of sugars. In bread making, "bakers yeast" is used as a leaven. Bread dough is made by mixing flour, water, milk, salt and yeast. Since the flour only provides a small amount of the sugar needed to cause fermentation, you usually add sugar to the mix.

The yeast then breaks down the sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas. "In fermentation, carbon dioxide is formed, and the gas makes bubbles in the dough. The bubbles are trapped because wheat flour has in it something called 'gluten' that causes the dough to stretch instead of break when the bubbles expand."[9] The bubbles can't escape, and as more and more of them are formed, the dough rises. When you knead the dough, you're basically seeing to it that the bubbles are evenly distributed throughout the dough. When the bread is baked the gas disappears, but the "shape" of the bubbles stays in the bread. The alcohol produced by the fermentation evaporates during the baking process. Baking also destroys the yeast.

As I stated earlier, other things can be used as a leaven in the baking process. Irish soda bread uses baking soda. Banana-nut bread and carrot bread also use baking soda. I make these breads five or six times a month because they're so quick and easy to make, which is why they're called "quick bread." "The speed is due to a different chemical process. In making yeast bread, the yeast changes the wheat flour into other substances, including carbon dioxide, which causes the dough to rise. This process takes time. But when baking soda or baking powder, which contains baking soda along with starch and cream of tartar, is mixed with a liquid, it releases carbon dioxide, and nothing happens to the flour. Chemically it remains the same,"[10] but the two processes produce two different types of bread. Bread made with yeast is light

and spongy and quick breads are dense, more moist, and pretty crumbly.

Where do they get the yeast you buy at the store? No, they don't have "yeast catchers" but that idea isn't exactly crazy. "Before commercial production of yeast in the 1880's, yeast fungi from the air leavened the bread that people baked. Homemakers prepared a dough and left it uncovered, and yeasts landed on it and began the fermentation process."[11] Today, bakers' yeast is produced on molasses, which is mostly sugar. Bakers' yeast comes in two forms: one is a moist compressed cake, and the other is a small packet of dried grains. The cakes contain live active yeast cells. The yeast cells in the dried grains are still alive but they're not active, which is why you have to mix them with warm water and let them sit for awhile before you add them to your bread dough.

Yeast is a complex little organism. It makes for fine baking, but it also is the source of the dreaded yeast infection. All they need is a warm, moist place and a little sugar, but that is a different paper altogether. Oh, if only they would use their power for only good and not evil!

References

[1] *World Book Encyclopedia*, 1988 Edition, Volume 21, page 556.
[2] *Ibid.*, page 557.
[3] *Ibid.*, page 557.
[4] *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1991 Edition, Volume 11, page 110.
[5] *Ibid.*
[6] *Ibid.*
[7] *Ibid.*
[8] *Ibid.*
[9] Carolyn Meyer, *The Bread Book: All About Bread and How to Make It*, New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971, page 13.
[10] *Ibid.*
[11] *World Book Encyclopedia*, 1988 Edition, Volume 21, page 557.

Evaluation: *I selected Chris' paper because it was an exceptional demonstration of what the exercise was to prove. Chemistry is a part of everyone's life every day, and multiple examples can be found. Chris combined humorous and heartwarming memories with Chemistry information to show the true balance of science and life.*

Desperatee for Salvatione

by Joseph L. Hazelton
Course: Literature 105: Poetry
Instructor: Anne M. Davidovicz

Assignment: *Carefully analyze a poem. In your analysis, include the necessary evidence — quotation and summary from the poem, a discussion of relevant elements, what you know to be true about human nature, and/or logical reasoning— to support your interpretations. Also, pay special attention to opening paragraphs— entice your audience.*

Spirituality may be confounding for many youths. I know it puzzled me as a young teenager. I remember it baffled me each Sunday during sermons at the church my mother and I attended. I recall watching many people approach the altar seeking God's redemption. I also remember listening to these same people offer testimonies on subsequent Sundays. Invariably, their words and tone indicated the great comfort they enjoyed upon receiving God's salvation. However, I remained perplexed. From my perspective, the time they spent at the altar affected nothing; the struggles of their lives remained unchanged. Consequently, the reason for their relief eluded me.

Thoughts of pursuing the reason soon disappeared, though. The summer after I finished eighth grade my mother and I moved to another state. When we arrived at our new home, I chose to stop attending church. As might be expected, religion retreated into the dark recesses of my mind. The cause of those people's comfort remained undiscovered.

Nine years later, though, I happened upon the cause. In John Donne's sonnet "Batter my heart, three-personed God . . .," I discovered a powerful depiction of a person desperate for salvation. Remembering those churchgoers, I quickly grasped the reason. Those people felt great relief after being redeemed because they, like the poem's speaker, were desperate for salvation.

However, I could not have reached this conclusion without seeing the depiction. For me, understanding the representation necessitated a line-by-line paraphrasing of the poem. Afterwards, though, I learned these lines could be grouped together to form four distinct parts. These parts consist of lines 1-4, 5-8, 9-12, and 13-14. In each of these parts, the speaker accomplishes one major thing. In the first part, he asks God for redemption. In lines 5-8, he laments his failure to receive God's

salvation. Lines 9-12, the third part, contain the speaker's request that God deliver him from evil. In lines 13-14, the speaker states the reasons he desires salvation. However, to understand that these parts convey these acts requires the line-by-line paraphrasing I originally performed.

As just stated, the sonnet begins with the speaker's appeal to God for redemption. In line 1, he requests God "batter" his "heart." Although the plea seems odd initially, it makes sense within the context of the metaphor which becomes clear in line 2. In this metaphor, the poet compares the process by which God reforms a person with the process by which a blacksmith repairs a metal object. In repairing a horseshoe, for instance, au blacksmith will "knock" on the shoe with his hammer, attempting to reshape the shoe. As the metal cools, becoming less malleable, the blacksmith returns it to his forge. Using the bellows, he will "breathe" air into the fire, restoking it. The horseshoe, as the fire reheats it, will "shineü brighter and brighter. With the metal object malleable once more, the blacksmith will return to his real task; he will "seek to mend" the horseshoe. In this light, the use of the word "batter" in line 1 becomes clear. The speaker asks God to take his heart, his essence, and reform it. Continuing to line 3, the speaker reiterates his request, asking God to "o'erthrow" him, to take control of him. The fact that he repeats his request and uses strong words like "batter" and "o'erthrow" indicates the sense of urgency in his plea for salvation. Also in line 3, the speaker states the reason he desires deliverance, so he "may rise and stand." Apparently, the speaker believes receiving redemption will provide him the spiritual strength to withstand what brings him to his knees, figuratively speaking. To finish the first part of the poem, the poet returns to the so-called blacksmith metaphor. Donne accomplishes this task in line 4 by paralleling line 2. The order and connotation of the words in the phrase "break, blow, burn, and make me newü correspond to those in the phrase "knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend."

In the second part of the sonnet, consisting of lines 5-8, the speaker bemoans his failure thus far in receiving God's grace. In line 5, the speaker compares himself to a "usurped town, to another due," intimating he belongs to someone else. In the next line, he continues discussing his failure. He states his "labor to admit" God into his life has come "to no end." The use of the word "Oh" and the exclamation mark in line 6 indicate the speaker's distress at this failing. The speaker concludes his lamentations in lines 7 and 8. Those lines convey his frustration that even his intelligence fails to protect him. The speaker states his "Reason . . . u should defendü him. However, it fails him; it "proves weak or untrue." In this manner, the speaker relates the inability of even his mightiest shield to protect him from temptation. Thus, the second part of the poem ends.

In the next section of the sonnet, lines 9-12, the speaker implores God to deliver him from evil. Line 9 begins this third part with the speaker expressing love for God. Continuing, the speaker states the joy reciprocation would bring him. In line 10, though, the speaker repeats an earlier assertion; he belongs not to God, but remains "betrothedü to His "enemy." The next line contains the speaker's appeal to God that He end the speaker's susceptibility to evil. In writing this line, the poet continues using language associated with marriage, which began with Donne's use of the word "betrothedü in line 10. The words "divorce" and "knot" in line 11 continue that theme. Then, in line 12, having asked God to end evil's influence over him, the speaker implores God to seize him, to take control of him. From these

lines, the third part of the poem re-communicates the speaker's urgent desire for deliverance.

The final part, lines 13-14, provides the reasons for this desire. Although line 3 provided a reason, lines 13 and 14 offer a far more powerful presentation of the speaker's reasons. Donne achieves this power through the use of words which diametrically oppose each other. In line 13, for example, the poet uses the words "enthrall" and "free." In this manner, the speaker states a reason for seeking redemption. He believes he "never shall be free" of evil's influence until God chooses to "enthrall" him, to make him a servant of His will. The pattern continues with line 14. In it, the words "chaste" and "ravish" relate the speaker's second reason. Despite the sharp contrast between these two words, Donne welds them together to convey one idea. In that final line, the speaker expresses the belief that only by God's seizing control of him will he ever be morally pure. Thus, the fourth part ends, concluding the poem.

In understanding the poem, I came to admire the skill required in writing it. The constraints of this poetic form, the English sonnet, demand remarkable succinctness. To emphasize this point, my explanation of the poem's content consists of 86 lines and 1371 syllables to convey what Donne's poem imparts in 14 lines and 148 syllables. Thus, "Batter my heart, three-personed God . . ." complies with one convention and violates another convention of the English sonnet. Ideally, this type of sonnet contains 14 lines and 140 syllables (Fuller 15). Donne's poem contains lines of 10-12 syllables in length. Consequently, the actual meter strays from the ideal meter of the English sonnet, iambic pentameter.

Beyond succinctness, this poetic form requires a rhyme scheme. This additional limitation makes meaningful expression much more difficult to achieve, requiring that much more skill. Whereas Donne's earlier violations seem unavoidable, the variation from the ideal rhyme scheme seems deliberate. The ideal rhyme scheme of the English sonnet presents alternating end-rhymes for the first eight lines (Fuller 14). However, Donne's rhyme scheme tends to present the end-rhymes in pairs for those eight lines. In the first four lines,u Donne rhymes the last words in lines 1 and 4 and the last words in lines 2 and 3. Donne repeats this pattern in the second set of four lines. Because he uses only two sounds for rhyming in these eight lines, the last words in lines 4 and 5 form a pair of end-rhymes, like lines 2 and 3 and lines 6 and 7.

However, the rhyme scheme of the last six lines conforms to the ideal rhyme scheme of the English sonnet (Fuller 14). Lines 9-12 present two new sounds in alternating end-rhymes. Lines 13 and 14 then end the poem, introducing the fifth sound in a pair of end-rhymes. Given the constraints of this poetic form, I am frankly amazed that such powerful, meaningful expression could be conveyed in such a brief, standardized manner.

Nonetheless, Donne accomplishes this exploit of economy. He communicates a number of complex thoughts. Among these thoughts he expresses is the theme: Through salvation, a person may be delivered from evil and sin, being purged by God of his or her weaknesses. It was from this statement that I finally understood the reason for the great relief of those churchgoers I observed as a young teenager. As an adolescent attending church, I felt no urgent need to receive God's grace. Foolishly believing that everyone else felt as I felt, I naturally remained unaware of the reason for their relief. Only later could I grasp the ridiculousness of such an assumption and the complexities of spirituality and salvation. Thus capable, I only needed something to bring the question charging out of the dark recesses of my mind. "Batter my heart, three-personed God . . ." became that

"something." As stated earlier, I realized those churchgoers took great comfort from God's grace because they, like Donne's speaker, felt desperate for salvation. The poem's part in answering this long-standing question leads me to believe that this occurrence represents the best experience poetry offers: the right poem at the right time.

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Evaluation: *In his literary analysis on John Donne, Joe Hazelton invites the reader into the paper by linking his own world to the world of literature. This revelation of relationship between essayist and material is only one of many high points here. Hazelton maintains the natural writing voice of his first paragraphs throughout the entire essay. He transforms a topic that could be dry into one that is stimulating even for the reader who isn't familiar with Donne's poetry!*

Superficial Versus Profound: Romantic Love and True Love in *Much Ado About Nothing*

by Joseph L. Hazelton
Course: English 102
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.*

Although difficult to believe, it is possible to experience a revelation about dictionaries. Having have never considered how dictionaries acquired the meanings of words, I was surprised to learn that editors, reviewing texts, note on cards the sense in which various words are used by the authors. Compiling these cards, editorial staffs retain the cards that contain the more frequently-occurring senses, old or new. These remaining cards provide the definitions that will later be included in a published dictionary. Thus, as S. I. and Alan R. Hayakawa state, "The task of writing a dictionary . . . is . . . a task of recording . . . what various words have meant to authors in the distant and immediate past" (34-35). Aware of this idea, I began viewing literature in a new light. More than telling stories, literature itself is a dictionary, offering the meanings of various terms. Such a situation apparently exists in William Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. Beyond relating a narrative, *Much Ado About Nothing* not only defines terms, but also characterizes and contrasts them. Consequently, from reading the play, I reached this conclusion: *Much Ado About Nothing* contrasts the superficiality of romantic love, as represented by Claudio and Hero, with the profundity of true love, as represented by Benedick and Beatrice.

The play provides the meanings of "romantic love," through Claudio's relationship with Hero, and of "true love,ü through Benedick and Beatrice's relationship. Observing both relationships, the audience will recognize "love" as being an attraction for a person (*Webster's* 1340). However, the reader will also recognize the differences in the very nature of love itself. Watching Claudio, the audience will decide his "love" for Hero may be defined as an attraction for a person who evokes admiration (*Webster's* 1340). For Claudio, admiration of Hero seems based on her beauty. Early in the play, Claudio privately

comments to Benedick about Hero: "In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on" (1.1.181-82). For Benedick and Beatrice, though, their "love" refers to an attraction for a person who evokes delight (*Webster's* 1340). Benedick and Beatrice delight in each other. David L. Stevenson hints at their mutual delight when he remarks that they enjoy the role the other person plays (xxvii). (Although Stevenson states that Benedick and Beatrice play a "role" with each other, no reader should think that either character feigns his or her delight; the "rolesü are less roles than they are aspects of Benedick and Beatrice's personalities.)

However, beyond these fundamental differences, there exist additional differences in the love Claudio feels for Hero and the love Benedick and Beatrice feel for each other. From regarding Claudio's relationship with Hero, the reader will realize that "romantic love" means love characterized by the idealization of the beloved (*Webster's* 1970). Scrutiny of Benedick and Beatrice's relationship leads the audience to determine the meaning of "true love": love marked by trust (*Webster's* 2455). Determining these definitions, though, requires examining the evidence provided through the play.

Beyond the merely physical attraction Claudio feels for Hero, Claudio's relationship with Hero constitutes romantic love by Claudio's conception of love and marriage. As Stevenson states, Claudio can easily conjure love from sexual attraction (xxv). This fact becomes obvious from the play's outset. Speaking privately to Don Pedro andu Benedick, Claudio says, "That I love her, I feel" (1.1.219). Claudio's statement comes without having exchanged a word with Hero while in her presence earlier in the scene. Though the lack of conversation in this scene may seem insignificant, its location makes it significant. The silence and its location suggest that Claudio's attraction arises largely from sexual attraction.

As previously mentioned, Claudio's romantic love for Hero also depends on Claudio's conception of marriage. Walter R. Davis, describing Claudio's view, states the character "conceives of love not as a grand passion . . . or even a wayward fancy . . . but as a social arrangement linked with liking" (4). (While Davis' comment explicitly regards Claudio's conception of love, it is more accurate to say that the "social arrangement" of which Davis speaks refers to marriage, not love.) Evidence that Claudio views marriage as an "arrangement" comes from Act 1, Scene 1. Alone, Claudio asks Benedick, "Is she [Hero] not a modest young lady?" (1.1.159). Davis notes that Claudio asks Benedick his opinion of Hero, hoping for confirmation of Hero's beauty. Davis also notes that Claudio determines Hero's "financial expectations" before deciding to marry her (4). Claudio asks Don Pedro, "Hath Leonato [Hero's father] any son, my lord?" (1.1.284). Don Pedro answers, "No child but Hero; she's his only heir" (1.1.285). Thus, by marrying Hero, Claudio stands to gain materially when Hero inherits Leonato's estate upon his death. So Stevenson summarizes, Claudio "regards love and marriage as the making of a sensible match with a virtuous and attractive young girl who brings a good dowry and the approval of her father and of his friends" (xxv).

In contrast, Benedick and Beatrice's relationship constitutes true love by their mutual attraction and mutual trust. Thomas M. Parrott recognized their mutual attraction, commenting that despite their verbal volleys, Benedick and Beatrice's love becomes apparent almost immediately, though both remain reluctant to confess it (159). Barbara Njus supported the idea of their mutual attraction by noting that Beatrice's first lines (1.1.29-30) indicate who occupies her thoughts; the lines are a

question in which she asks if Benedick, a soldier of Don Pedro, survived the recent war. Njus also noted that much the same holds true for Benedick; aside from a small jest at Leonato's expense, Benedick's first sustained dialogue (1.1.102-41) is with Beatrice. R. A. Foakes also alludes to Benedick and Beatrice's mutual attraction. Commenting on Foakes' edition of the play, Gavin Edwards remarks: "In the Introduction to his . . . u edition . . ., R. A. Foakes argues that 'the tricks practiced on [Benedick and Beatrice] to make them fall in love merely bring into the open what is already implicit in their attention to each other'" (285).

As for the trust in their relationship, it is established in dramatic fashion following Claudio's denunciation of Hero in Act 4, Scene 1. In denouncing Hero, Claudio greatly angers Beatrice. Alone with Benedick in the now-deserted church, Donald A. Stauffer notes that she rails against Claudio not only for his "blindness," but for the "unnecessary cruelty of his procedure" (148). In the midst of her raillery, Benedick attempts to interrupt Beatrice, but to no avail. Finally able to speak, Benedick says, "By this hand, I love thee" (4.1.322-23). Beatrice responds, "Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it" (4.1.324-25), implying that Benedick should challenge Claudio for his slandering of Hero. With the play reaching the heights of tension, Benedick asks one question: "Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?" (4.1.326-27). Beatrice answers, "Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul" (4.1.328). Benedick responds, "Enough, I am engaged. I will challenge him" (4.1.329). In accepting Beatrice's view that Claudio has wronged Hero, Benedick "acts contrary to the presented evidence, on the strength of his trust in Beatrice's loyal love,ü choosing "love of Beatrice" over "loyalty to Claudio" (Stauffer 148). Beyond flimsy, dubious acceptance, Benedick acts on Beatrice's conviction. Benedick best demonstrates the genuineness of his feelings (his acceptance, his trust, his love) when, with his usual glibness put aside, he challenges Claudio in "deadly earnest" unaffected by Claudio and Don Pedro's "jesting" of him (Stauffer 153).

Although these events seem only to establish Benedick's trust of Beatrice, they also establish her trust in him. Stauffer's preceding remark hints at as much. As Stauffer stated, Benedick's challenge of Claudio best demonstrates the genuineness of Benedick's feelings (153). Following Claudio's denunciation of Hero, the truth supposedly supporting vows of love cannot be accepted without question. Despite having said he loved her, Claudio viciously denounces Hero from the altar before which they are to be wed. Beatrice's words, which imply that Benedick challenge Claudio, reflect the new value of vows of love. As Carol Thomas Neely remarked, Beatrice's demand that Benedick demonstrate the commitment of his love by action comes because "romantic vows have proved empty and must now be validated through deeds" (167). By accepting her judgment and challenging Claudio, Benedick demonstrates the commitment of his love, the genuineness of his feelings. Thus, she may trust him, knowing that when he swears he loves her, he means he loves her.

Whereas Benedick's actions after the denunciation underscore his trust in Beatrice, Claudio's actions during the denunciation emphasizes his mistrust in Hero. Deceived by Don John into believing Hero is unchaste, Claudio interrupts the wedding ceremony to ask Hero, "What man was he talked with you yesternight out at your window betwixt twelve and one?" (4.1.82-83). Hero answers, "I talked with no man at that hour, my lord" (4.1.85). Claudio disbelieves Hero's declaration, his incredulity evident when he replies,

"What a Hero hadst thou been if half thy outward graces had been placed about thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell" (4.1.99-102). Thus, just as Benedick's actions after the denunciation prove that his love is genuine, Claudio's actions during the denunciation establish that his love is not genuine. From Claudio's lack of genuine love, *Much Ado About Nothing* indicates romantic love's superficiality, a term that actually means "the . . . u quality of being . . . not genuine .u. ." (*Webster's* 2293).

However, within the context of the play, "superficiality" means more than not genuine; the term also refers to "the . . . quality of being . . . u concerned only with the . . . apparent" (*Webster's* 2293). In either sense, though, the superficiality of romantic love results from Claudio's conduct. Contrasted against the superficiality of romantic love, *Much Ado About Nothing* provides evidence of the profundity of true love, as presented through the relationship between Benedick and Beatrice. However, from their relationship, "profundity" has only one sense: "the . . . quality of being very deep" (*Webster's* 1812).

As stated earlier, Claudio's actions establish the superficiality of romantic love. Specifically, Claudio's suspicion of Hero, his denunciation of her, and his lack of remorse at hearing of her supposed death prove the superficiality of romantic love. Trying to thwart Claudio and Hero's marriage, apparently from spite against Claudio, Don John lies to Claudio about Hero: "I come hither to tell you, . . . the lady is disloyal [unchaste]" (3.2.98-100). When Don John offers to provide proof that night, actually false proof, Claudio states, "If I see anything tonight why I should not marry her tomorrow, in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her" (3.2.119-21). As W. H. Auden noted, Don John's slander, even prior to providing the false proof, makes Claudio instantly suspicious of Hero; if Claudio truly loved her, then he would trust in her innocence, as Beatrice does (156). G. K. Hunter also hints at the lack of genuineness in Claudio's love when he states, "The romantic love of Claudio and Hero, for all its battery of 'words, vows, gifts, tears', collapses at the breath of scandal .ua" (25).

Claudio's denunciation of Hero also serves as evidence of the lack of genuineness in Claudio's love by the viciousness of his condemnation. Charles Gildon agrees with this assessment, stating that Claudio's denunciation of Hero directly contradicts the nature of love, the denunciation being "in so barbarous a manner and with so little concern and struggle" (136). Although not commenting on the lack of genuineness in Claudio's love, Gavin Edwards confirms the denunciation's cruelty, characterizing Claudio as "ruthlessly" aborting the wedding (280) and committing an "act of great psychological violence against Hero" (288). Njus also attests to the unusual cruelty of the condemnation, stating that Claudio could have cancelled the marriage by meeting privately with Leonato, but chooses instead to denounce Hero publicly. From these characterizations, one realizes the lack of genuine love, for what man could so publicly, so violently humiliate the woman he supposedly loves?

Finally, Claudio's reaction to learning of Hero's supposed death indicates the absence of genuine feeling in Claudio's romantic love for Hero. Claudio reacts not at all. As Claudio's denunciation ends, Hero swoons, shocked by Claudio's charges (4.1.108 s.d.). After Claudio and Dons Pedro and John exit the church, Friar Francis concludes that Hero is innocent of these charges (4.1.154-69) and seizes upon a plan that will make Claudio regret his denunciation of

Hero, making him "wish he had not so accused her, . . . though he thought his accusation true" (4.1.231-32). The friar hopes to cause this regret by having it published that Hero died that day, "upon the instant that she was accused" (4.1.214). Friar Francis anticipates that Claudio, when he learns "she died upon his words" (4.1.222), will re-idealize her (4.1.223-29) and thereby "shall he mourn" (4.1.229). However, as Edwards observes, contrary to what Friar Francis anticipated, Claudio's feelings for Hero did not change when he learned of her supposed death; Claudio did not feel remorse, did not idealize Hero "'though he [still] thought his accusation true'" (282). Carol Thomas Neely concurs, stating that Claudio remains unaffected by Hero's supposed death (167). Although Edwards (282) and Neely (167) note that Claudio becomes affected after learning of Hero's innocence, his lack of a reaction to news of Hero's death still reinforces the lack of genuineness in, the superficiality of, romantic love.

Regarding superficiality in the sense of "being . . . concerned only with the . . . apparent" (*Webster's* 2293), the romantic love Claudio feels for Hero reflects this trait in the lie that brings Claudio to cancel the wedding and denounce Hero. The deception perpetrated by Don John and Borachio, with Margaret's dim-witted assistance, convinces Claudio that Hero has been unchaste, that she "knows the heat of a luxurious bed" (4.1.40). On this ground, Claudio refuses to marry her. In understanding why the question of Hero's virginity weighs so heavily on decision, it must be noted, as Davis does, that Claudio is "a purely social man: polite, little more than a polished surface himself, he shows tender concern for appearances .u. ." (4). Claudio must not allow it to be rumored among his peers that he married anyone less than a true maiden: attractive, virtuous, and chaste. Thus, the marriage of Claudio to Hero depends on whether or not she still retains her virginity, upon whether or not she is "socially and therefore personally acceptable to Claudio in his aristocratic world of arranged marriages" (Stevenson xxix). Claudio's concern that Hero be socially acceptable before being personally acceptable belies Claudio's concern for appearances. For Claudio, the realm beneath the apparent does not exist, which may partly explain why he fails to trust Hero; his gaze never penetrates her exterior. Auden perhaps implies as much when he states that, for Claudio, "Hero is . . . more an image in his own mind than a real person . . ." (156). Davis reiterates this idea when he comments that Claudio loves an image of Hero rather than Hero herself (8).

Sharply contrasting the superficiality of romantic love, Benedick and Beatrice's relationship demonstrates the profundity of true love. As previously stated, Stauffer notes that, in accepting Beatrice's view that Claudio has wronged Hero, Benedick "acts contrary to the presented evidence, on the strength of his trust in Beatrice's loyal love" (148). That statement hints at the profundity of true love. Although conceding the cruelty of Claudio's condemnation requires only a small step towards sensitivity, accepting Beatrice's assertion of Hero's innocence requires a great leap of faith. Yet Benedick makes that leap. When Beatrice answers that she believes "as sure as [she has] a thought or a soul" (4.1.328) that Claudio has wronged Hero, Benedick replies, "Enough, I am engaged" (4.2.329). As stated earlier, Beatrice's word alone is sufficient, despite the evidence against Hero. For Benedick to take arms against his comrade, Claudio, and to contradict his patron, Don Pedro, requires a deep, a profound, trust in Beatrice's conviction in Claudio's viciousness and in Hero's innocence. The depth of Benedick's trust

in Beatrice, the profundity of true love, can hardly be exaggerated in such circumstances.

Thus, Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* presents, in Claudio's relationship with Hero, the superficiality of romantic love against the profundity of true love, in Benedick and Beatrice's relationship. In reaching this conclusion and presenting its support, I made extensive use of a dictionary. By referring to a dictionary, I could find the appropriate meanings of these terms: love, romantic, true love, superficiality, and profundity. However, I cannot help imagining this scene: Some long time ago, an editor, sitting at his desk in the offices of G. & C. Merriam Company, sets down a copy of *Much Ado About Nothing* and, based on the phenomena the play presented, attributes to the aforementioned terms meanings implied through the text. And, in visualizing this scene, I cannot help thinking of that old question: Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

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Superficial Versus Profound: Romantic Love and True Love in *Much Ado About Nothing*

Evaluation: *Supplementing his own insights with those of the critics, Joseph offers a discriminating comparison/contrast that embodies "the excitement of discovery" characteristic of excellent writing.*

Against the Darkness: Light and the Reconciliation of Opposites in *Clear Light Of Day*.

by Dan John
Course: Non-western Literature 208
Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment: *Analyze imagery, theme, or characterization in the novel you select. Support your thesis with specific references to the text.*

In this intricate, closely-written novel, Anita Desai has almost two hundred references to light. Light is as fundamental, varied and ubiquitous in this novel as it is in everyday life. And, as in life, it is seen only against the contrast of its opposite, darkness. Light imagery is wielded with incredible complexity, often describing events in vivid, emotionally charged language, yet always deftly providing critical information by its use. We come to assess personality by the quality of the light in which we see Desai's characters. And, in the end, the opposites of light and darkness are reconciled.

Most of the action of the novel can be said to unfold in the events set between these absolutes of light and darkness, the references reinforcing a sense of being in a shadow world; often playing against images of greyness and monochromicity.

In Section I, we learn to associate light with fear, a fear as yet unnamed. In the very first scene, the character Tara, the younger sister, emerges onto the verandah to "the blank white glare of the summer sun" (1). She winces, the sun "slicing" at the back of her neck like "blades of steel" (1). Later, as Tara stares out of her room, "the blank white glare of afternoon slanted in and slashed at her with its flashing knives" (18). Recalling the memories of her childhood prompts this fear in Tara. Repeatedly in this section, she shies away from recollecting the past, feeling, when she does, the pull of a "deep, shadowy vortex" (22).

Tara and Bim tentatively skirt the edges of their checkered pasts on the roof of the house: the garden below is "patterned with the light and shade of early evening" (23). As Tara ponders a letter their older brother, Raja, had sent to Bim years ago — a letter that deeply offended Bim — a "series of pictures of the Hyder Ali family flickered in the half-dark of the room" (27). Former neighbors, the Hyder Ali family, Muslims in the predominantly

Hindu city of Delhi, fled their home as riots broke out during the summer of Indian independence. Contemplating the memories of that abandoned house, Tara goes back out into the fading light and sees Bimla in the "dark shadows" (34) of the Misra porch, sitting with the old father of the family. When the sisters return home, Tara's husband, Bakul, is sitting in the dark, barely illuminated by a light on their own porch (35).

Section II begins with: "The city was in flames" (44). We now enter directly into the mystery of the "dark distances" (43) of that disturbing past, by way of a most frightening image: light as destruction. It is the summer of Indian independence — 1947, when terrorists scurry in the dark (57) and the torches of rioters illuminate the night (45). When Raja, a Hindu, expresses to his father the wish to attend a Muslim school under the sponsorship of Hyder Ali, Raja's father's face is said to darken with disapproval (51). Raja's indignation bursts "with great explosiveness" (51) and the father retreats into the shadows (51), conceding the first round of this ongoing dispute. Aunt Mira, a marginal relative brought into the house to care for the children, retreats into alcoholism, sparked by the failure of her one attempt to improve the family situation. Her retreat is symbolized by the "shining bottle" (89) "emerging from the dark recesses of the gloomy sideboard" (56). Her life now, as she comes to see it, is being overwhelmed by a spreading "pool of flames" (77). "At first they had been only little flames, so pretty in the dark. So many candles at a celebration, a festival" (78). "But then they had shot up into such tall, towering flames, crackling and spitting, making her shut her eyes and cower" (78).

As fearsome as light in this section is, darkness holds its own terrors. This is most graphically symbolized by the darkness of Hyder Ali's newly-abandoned residence, which the children cautiously explore one day, discovering an "empty, dark house" that is "a warning, a threat" (62). There is, too, the shadowy, unknown world of the (nameless) parents' life outside the house, at their club, where they spend their lives playing cards. Mother falls ill at night (53). Father dies at night (64). And the family drawing room is likened to a "burial vault" (65). Raja, sick with tuberculosis, presides at the cremation of his father; Desai combines his feverish state with the glare of daylight and the flames of the funeral pyre (65). That night, they watch Delhi burning in the twilight (66).

There are also curious combinations of light and dark imagery in this section: Baba, the autistic youngest child, sits "in the dark with a kind of lunar luminosity" (62). Bim sees Mira-*masi's* apparition as a "noontime ghost" (96). Bim also begins to see her aunt as "that small shadow" (100) mentioned in Eliot's "The Waste Land," an extra person who is not really there — an image which could well portend her own future.

The scenes depicting Bim's relationship with Dr. Biswas, the family physician and Bim's potential suitor, are replete with images of light and darkness. On what could be said to be their only date, "Violet globes" of streetlamps shed "harsh light" on the darkened street where she sees people living in "a kind of crippled, subterranean life: (86). Standing in a "green light," Dr. Biswas attempts to woo Bimla, who panics and "grows darkly red" (87). Later, at tea with the doctor's mother, Bim notes the woman's hair gleaming (90). She excuses herself, saying "I must get home before dark" (92). As she does, the street looks "menacing" in the early dusk (92).

In Section III, in the aftermath of that turbulent, pivotal summer of independence, the nature of the imagery shifts again. No one becomes a child of light, but the fearsomeness is diminishing. Light once more seems to be the stuff of life, of under-

standing: "Sunny winter mornings had the . . . quality of perfection" (110). It is not totally so; sometimes light is still an aspect of the "luminous world of fever" (112).

Darkness, clustered around the imagery of the family well, continues to exert its presence. And we encounter images of greyness, as in the way the children begin to view the stifling life at home (130). Their lives seem "a great grey mass" (120).

For Tara, things begin to emerge from the "grey mildew" (128) of mission school life into "episodes of color" (128). Events shed some of the monotony of her being a younger child. They take on a fullness of their own as she enters puberty.

Raja, healing from his protracted bout with T.B., wins a poetry prize: "A little crack seemed to open in the stony shell that enclosed them at home, letting in a little tantalizing light" (131). Playing grown-ups with Tara, Bim tries on a pair of Raja's trousers on the veranda. She is "slightly unnerved by the brilliant glare of the afternoon light" (133). Bim and Tara are not yet ready to be adults: ". . . the blank white glare and the brazen heat made them blink and falter" (133).

In another pivotal episode, one which Tara has "somehow bundled out of sight" (136), she and Bim are out with the Misra family on a picnic. Inside "the inviting darkness" (134) of a tomb, the sisters are attacked by bees. Tara runs to escape, urged on by Bim, who suffers numerous stings. Tara, forgetting Bim's admonition to flee, begins to blame herself for deserting her sister. The guilt she feels, unresolved all these years, is what prompts her feelings of inadequacy.

In the last section, Section IV, the characters resolve their differences. The quality of the imagery becomes increasingly positive as each of the characters gropes for resolution of their own pasts. Sitting in the dark, Bimla asks herself "What do we really see?" (148).

Tara, urgently needing a resolution to her own nagging doubts about herself, senses the possibility it may happen: "The light of the full moon was so clear, surely it could illuminate everything tonight" (158).

One by one, their difficulties are resolved. Tara learns no one has held her to blame for fleeing the bee attack; Bakul and Bimla agree it was the only sensible thing to do. Bim goes further, reminding Tara she was "*sent* — to fetch help" (150).

Bim's grudge against Raja is resolved in anticipation of the marriage of Raja's daughter, Moyna. Bim has at least agreed to meet with him.

Finally, Bim's fear she has become no more than a likeness of Mira-*masi*, wasting away in the family home, doomed to the dessication of a spinster's life, is dispelled by Tara, who insists the house is not the same as the one that drove her out, drove her to marriage. "But I think the *atmosphere* has changed — ever since you took over, Bim" (156).

In the moving scene of Bim's coming to terms with her own past actions, light and shadow mingle — opposites are reconciled. Though at that moment in shadow herself, she sees, as if "in the clear light of day" (165) that the love she has always felt for her family has heretofore been "imperfect" because *she* is not perfect; there is much she can still do to improve what is basically a correctable situation.

A light Bim sees as "brassy and remorseless as the heat" (160) finally settles into a sunset like "a serene glass bubble" (166). From a bright light that "cut into her temples, leaving a wake of pain" (172), she is reconciled to the possibility of renewed family accord in the moving passage on page 177:

> There was nothing left in the way of a barrier or a shadow, only the clear light pouring down from the sun. They might be

> floating in the lightu— it was as vast as the ocean, but clear without color or substance or form. It was lightest and most pervasive of all elements and they floated in it. They found the courage, after all, to float in it and bathe in it and allow it to pour onto them, illuminating them wholly, without allowing them a single shadow to shelter in.

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Desai, Anita. *Clear Light of Day*. London: Penguin, 1980.

Evaluation: *Dan unlocks doors for the reader of Anita Desai's rich and complex novel. His paper is a focused, insightful, deftly composed critical essay.*

History

by Christiand. Klugstedt
Course: English 101
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment: *Students were asked to write a descriptive/narrative essay detailing an event that was significant enough to have a lasting impact on their lives.*

I never thought I would cry in public, but I could not hold back the tears. Most surprising of all, I wasn't even ashamed. I couldn't tell why I was crying. It just happened.

It was about 7:30p.m. and I was on my way to the hotel. The traffic on the Autobahn was still terrible and I turned up the volume on the radio. Music and coffee were the only things that enabled me to stay awake. I had had a terrible day. I had to fire two managers in one of our branches in Berlin-Reinickendorf. I had been working now for over half a year in Berlin. The routine involved a Monday morning early flight to Berlin with a return flight to Muenster late in the afternoon on Friday. My weekends were short, typically divided between my friends, family and girlfriend, then back to the Berlin grind. My home away from home was my hotel room in West Berlin, and my suitcase was my only companion.

I was in my fourteenth hour of work and my thermos with coffee was empty. The news started on the radio and I got mad because I had heard the same news about ten times already that day. However, this time it caught my attention: "The East German government just opened the border at Checkpoint Charlie to West Berlin. At first only a few and now hundreds of people are crossing over the bridge from East Berlin to West Berlin. The East German government has not given a statement yet. More in our extra news in five minutes," said the radio announcer.

I thought, "That would be a miracle, history . . . Am I dreaming?" I could not believe what the news anchorman had just said. I instinctively left the Autobahn at the next exit, even though I was anxious to get to my hotel room. The thought of a long bath, some TV and then shut-eye really appealed to me, but I had to see what was happening at the Berlin Wall.

As I was driving through the busy streets of downtown Berlin I began to remember my first visit to that city five years ago. At that time I had stood up on one of those observation towers for tourists and looked over the fence to see the dead zone and the Berlin Wall. I saw the East-German patrols with their machine guns and German Shepherds and thought about the people over there — locked up in their own country, unable to do and to say what they want.

I began to think about my Germany. For me, Germany was on the "right" side, the West German side. I had nothing in common with our communist "brothers and sisters" on the other side of the Wall. I did not have any family over there, and I really never cared about the country and the people until a few months ago. It bothered me that East German athletes won more medals at the Olympic Games than our athletes did. Besides, I was more familiar with Paris, London, Rome, Brussels and Amsterdam than Dresden, Leibzig, Weimar and Halle.

My friend Thomas and I had been in Leibzig in August for the annual trade show. I remember how we stood at the border for three hours in the car at 90 degrees and how badly the East German customs officers treated us. To top it off, they forced us to exchange 25 West German marks into 25 East German marks every day, knowing full well the actual value of an East German mark was only five percent of our West German mark. More anger built up inside me over the Ossis.*

Approaching the divided sector, I found a parking space pretty easily. The police in Berlin are not that strict, so I felt I could risk my sidewalk parking space. There was a dead end roughly two and a half miles before reaching the no-man's -land between the border lines.

*slang for East German

The distance to the Wall seemed very short that night. I had no idea what I should expect and I couldn't visualize the open border. As I was approaching the end of the street, I only saw the crowd of people, but I couldn't figure out what was going on. Standing on my tiptoes, I tried to see what all the commotion was about.

As I stepped closer, I could hear the crowd cheering and applauding. All the spotlights were on, and I had never seen so many people in front of the crossover. There were usually only a couple East German soldiers patrolling along the other side of the border and checking the very few pedestrians passing the checkpoint. How many people had dreamed about walking over this bridge into freedom? Those gates, borders, barbed wire and booby traps featuring automatic weapons were the obvious signs of the barbarous system of the German Democratic Republic. And suddenly this depressing place, this place of so much pain, terror, and inhumanity turned into a place of joy, happiness and . . . freedom. Nobody was topping the people and cars; the East German soldiers just stood on the side. It seemed as though they were ashamed of themselves and were hiding.

I did not realize that I was crying until a total stranger hugged me, and I saw that she was crying too. "What a wonderful day. I did not think I would see this before I died," the old woman sobbed as she kissed me on my cheeks, hugging me very tight. I felt her naked joy and warmth, and I forgot all my resentments towards the East Germans. I just felt happy for all the people who finally were able to go wherever they wanted. I realized how lucky I was to be born in one of the richest countries of the world, and that I should be grateful for this. The East Germans my age could not choose where they wanted to live. Who would I be if I had been born on the other side of the Berlin Wall?

One Trabbi* after the other was crossing over the border, the border which seemed to have been closed forever. People were cheering and greeting the East Germans by giving them flowers and presents. Some even put 10-mark bills behind the windshield wipers of the Trabbis. The people were bothered by the annoying camera teams and reporters trying to get the closest shots of the arriving East Germans.

The reporters were pulling the arms of the East Germans to get them to do an interview exclusively with their station. The people in the cars were blowing their horns, which sounded more like a wheeze than a horn. People of all ages were dancing around, not knowing if they were living reality or a dream. When I looked in their eyes, I saw not only unbounded joy, but also a little bit of fear, as if the opening of the border would be only a temporary thing, as if they could only celebrate for awhile but afterwards they would have to return to East Germany.

I have never seen happier people than in those few history-making hours, standing in the shadow of the imposing watchtowers and the Berlin Wall.

Evaluation: *Christian brings to life this historic event most of us only read about or watched unfold on the television news. Combining the public with the private, Christian writes in a voice at once vivid and unsentimental.*

*Trabant, East German-built, 2-cylinder, plastic car.

Okay, Big Brother, Watch This

by Maryan Koehler
Course: Honors English 101
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment: *Write a 3-5 page explanatory essay in the teacher's role in which you make and support a point that readers need to understand.*

Go forward in your mind's eye and see the turn of the century. On the first day of her life, a silky-soft infant makes baby noises with her lips as she waves her arms and legs randomly. She is not yet ready to understand or even see her world; still, the medical people have seen her, right through to her final birthday. That may be the picture if researchers like Isaac Asimov are correct. He forecasts technology allowing doctors to scan infants at birth, harvesting an awe-inspiring amount of detail about a life story before it unfolds.

Robert Oppenheimer said, "Our problem is not only to face the somber and grim elements of the future, but to keep them from obscuring it." Certainly, sci-fi has reported robots running amok, marauding through Tokyo, murdering humans and taking over our planet, allowing slimy aliens to turn humanity into part of the Martian food chain. Approaching the age of robotics with concern and trepidation isn't unreasonable, but refusing to explore the benefits of android technology and other future projections would be embarrassing even to a very timid ostrich.

Futurists predict that after the century turns, our health care will be computer and robot driven, much improved by high tech procedures.

Technology exists for genetic analysis that can, at birth, forecast baldness, sensitivity to diseases (cancer, heart, and lung ailments), body type, and hereditary life expectancy. Machines that we use now to scan and collect data will be termed "primitive" by twenty-first century science. We have our alphabet soup of diagnostic tools: CAT scan, computerized axiol tomography, used to analyze cross section views of organs and tissues; NMR, nuclear magnetic resonance, reading signals from human atoms as they move; PET scan, positron emission, detecting abnormalities by responding to molecular particles; and BEAM, brain electrical activity mapping, allowing doctors

to follow brain signals in order to detect strokes, epilepsy, and maybe even dyslexia. These are actually only the parent technology of futuristic science-fact equipment that, using micro chips, lasers and computers, will make an infant's life an open book from her first day.

As has happened in the past with consumer electronics, these tools will become smaller, more reliable, more sensitive, and less expensive as researchers develop, refine and perfect them. By the turn of our century, man's medical repertoire, once consisting merely of crude tools wrapped in animal skins, will allow a patient to be passed painlessly through a chrome and steel machine capable of finding the tiniest physical abnormality.

According to Arthur C. Clarke, in his book *July 20, 2019*, "Though superscanners will ferret out malfunctions in a four-color flash, eliminating tedious and painful exams, the emphasis will be on preventative processes." Clarke and Asimov both predict an age of home diagnostics and care. You will be able to purchase, perform and accurately read home tests for early recognition of infections (bladder, ear, and throat), diabetes, venereal diseases, or viruses. The safe, painless, total reliability of these tests will save time and money, providing complete privacy of results that you report, by electronic mail, to your physician. For conditions that can't be self-treated, you'll have to visit your nearest medical mall.

What in the future world is a medical mall? Our cities and towns, according to futurists, may be dotted with medical facilities like shopping centers. These one-stop facilities, perhaps constructed of chrome and glass domes, may offer a relaxing environment filled with towering plants, and the plash of designer fountains nestled among ceramic woodland creatures.

Want to quit smoking? Quit drugs? Cure eating disorders? Walk in, drop in, plug in. A computer at the behavior modification shop spits out a program created just for your personal needs. Hungry? The nourishment center offers condensed food tabs for nutrition or real food just for taste sensation.

Expectant mothers get earlier care at the prenatal center without waiting for an appointment. Infertility will be banished by genetic medicine. Moms can be fitted with tiny fetal monitors to track baby's heartbeat, or they can discover the sex, hair and eye color of their unborn baby. Harmless 100% effective birth control will be available without prescription. Drugs, synthesized from body chemistry, will alleviate pain or morning sickness with no side effects, no possibility of addiction.

In pediatrics, children might find a miniature train to ride through various stations with attendants dispensing inoculations that don't hurt, or be treated by a friendly robot taking vital signs.

Can you picture yourself stopping by the mental health boutique on your lunch break? Chat with a psychiatrist about the stress of dealing with your boss that morning. How about taking advantage of group therapy sessions? Arthur Clarke suggests, in the book already cited, "Health is a balance of mind and body and can best be achieved in an environment carefully attuned to both."

This miraculous mall, with a whole-person philosophy, beckoning you to drop in, plug in, or walk through to attain your health balance, may well be government paid, too. The program will allow hospitals to maintain fewer beds, smaller staffs, more high-intensive therapeutic treatment, and less expensive concentration on research.

If the new medicine offers no cure for chronic pain, it will at least be able to provide unfailing relief through electronics or chemicals. In the past decade, the discovery of endorphins, chemicals occurring naturally in the brain to control pain, has

led to new generations of safe, effective pain medication to be honed and refined for our future. Plants as yet undiscovered will provide twenty-first century resources for research. The children of today, yours and mine, may be able as adults to use harmless chemical learning-stimulators or memory regulators. They may benefit from drugs to control hormones or brain chemistry, regulate diabetes long term, make menopause comfortable, eliminate the effects of Alzheimer's syndrome, and even control sleep and appetite for space travel applications. Ultra-modern techniques will permit doctors to inject or "tube" smaller doses to precise body sites rather than making random systemic irrigations. Is the thought of a robot assisting your doctor too much for you to assimilate?

If scanners are to diagnose us and if computers are to design our treatment program, we must undoubtedly face the probability that robots will get into the picture, too. Jerrold Maxmen, author of *The Post-Physician Era: Medicine in the 21st Century*, thinks, "The physician will disappear sometime in the first half of the twenty-first century for a variety of reasons . . . one of which is that he will be too expensive to maintain." Hopefully, doctors will not become an endangered species, but it isn't unlikely that life-like robots will populate the medical facilities of the coming era. Some will be drones, just performing repeated tasks like serving meal trays; others will be capable of limited reasoning like, "if water spills, it must be mopped up." Some, reminding us of R2D2 and C3PO, will be sophisticated enough to speak. Don't scoff — prototypes exist.

As early as 1985, Ole, the world's first robot surgeon, assisted a brain surgeon at Memorial Medical Center in Long Beach, California. Robots would be invaluable in quarantine areas where human workers would be at risk or as lab assistants in nuclear medicine environments. They might handle untested chemicals. Robots could participate in micro-surgery without slippery or nervous fingers to cause irreparable harm to patients.

Medical futurists don't see computers, robotics, and future medicine as another way to promote inhuman healing practices. Compare today's cold, gray-painted, half-heartedly decorated, impersonal medical centers to Clarke's projection of the future hospital. He sees a warmly human environment with sunlight streaming through glass-walled spaces where furnishings are comfortable and pleasant reminders of home. He believes that computerization will eliminate the pressure of over-work and under-pay for nursing andu peripheral staff, encouraging emphasis on humane, comfortable treatment to reduce patient stress and promote recovery.

William Beaumont Hospital, in Michigan, already has a card-activated patient control system. An admitting clerk generates a card that will follow a patient from admission to discharge and even follow-up. The card, inserted into a terminal in each department, identifies the patient and transmits detail of treatment, medication, comments or chart update from the keyboard directly to the mainframe computer, eliminating paperwork.

Tomorrow's hospitals will be the venues for perfecting transplant procedures that give truth to bionic themes common in today's science fiction. The University of Utah recently replaced a severed human arm with a prosthesis, dubbed the "Thinking Arm,ü that could be activated and moved by the recipient's thought-generated nerve impulses. Do you see the picture? Micro-receptors moved the arm, hand, fingers when the patient thought about moving. A miracle? Sure. Would your grandparent have believed that a machine-arm could read thoughts?

Do you believe that there are tiny cameras that can be transplanted into a blind eye, allowing the

brain to receive video pictures that simulate sight? We can already implant electronic receptors into a deaf person's ear to mimic hearing. Plastic surgery research is on the verge of producing realistic artificial skin to graft over burns or scars. We can transplant hearts, liver, kidney, veins, arteries, bones, joints, genitals, eyes, limbs . . . . But think, tomorrow's doctors, in your lifetime, will make today's transplants look like a warm-up exercise.

Progress will change medicine in the new millennium, so will it escalate the risks we encounter in our lives. Super-speed ground transport, high-speed air travel, small nuclear accidents, fusion power casualties — all will create trauma requiring highly specialized doctors skilled in determining whether a patient has artificial bodyparts, or needs them. It is projected that medical schools will create computer controlled dolls as teaching aids. Life-size, these dolls will actually be able to simulate a reaction to drugs or trauma; eyes will dilate, respiration will increase or decrease, heart rate will fluctuate, allowing students to experience patient response in the classroom.

Decades ago, sci-fi writers predicted outlandish, sometimes frightening futuristicu changes for mankind. It was fun to tent the covers over your head at night and read this stuff by flashlight. Now, we approach the reality of many of those scary old concepts. Soon, a newborn baby's parents will receive a birth certificate showing name, genetic profile, parents, surrogate, sex at birth, projected adult body type, and maybe a suggestion to avoid lung irritants because of a detected genetic respiratory weakness. The certificate, accompanied by a heat-sensory photograph mapping hot and cold body areas, will be a lifetime health reference. The forecast of health concerns, detecting problems long before they become threatening, will increase life expectancy. The challenge may become one of food production, or quality of life versus quantity. Rene Dubos, French futurist, said, "The earth is not a resting place. Man has elected to fight, not necessarily for himself, but for a process of emotional, intellectual, and ethical growth that goes on forever." It seems that, ready or not, we are about to witness that process.

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Cetron, Marvin and Owen Davies. *American Renaissance*. New York: St. Martin's, 1989.

Clarke, Arthur C. *July 20, 2019*. New York: MacMillan, 1987.

Evaluation: *Maryan argues reasonably and in detail that the future holds as much to hope for as to fear. She presents her projections in a style which is clear, precise, fluent, and graceful. The confidence with which she writes helps readers feel confidence in the soundness of her predictions.*

Play Is a Child's Work

by Sue Lee
Course: Introduction to Child Development 101
Instructor: Meenakshi Mohan

Assignment: *Play is important for children. The new concept in Early Childhood teaching emphasizes the importance of play in Early Childhood Education. Students were asked to write an essay on "Play is a Child's Work," emphasizing this concept.*

Mr. Murphy wakes up at the sound of Mrs. Murphy's voice. He reluctantly gets out of bed and washes up in the bathroom. After he gets dressed, he heads down for breakfast. As he eats his eggs and toast, he has a warm conversation with Mrs. Murphy about his plans for the day. Then they head out just in time to beat the morning rush hour. Mrs. Murphy always drops Mr. Murphy off at 9 AM and this particular morning is no exception. She gives him a final kiss and goes off to work. As Mr. Murphy settles down, he remembers the project that he had not finished from the day before. He gets to it right away and gets a few of his co-workers to help him. He tackles various other projects throughout the day and by the end of the day has put in a full day's work. Mrs. Murphy comes to pick him up at about 5:15uPM and Mr. Murphy goes home, carrying the bundle of papers that his supervisor handed him. In the evening, Mr. Murphy eats a little dinner, watches some television, and finally goes to bed, in anticipation of another productive day at work.

You may picture Mr. Joshua Murphy as a 32-year-old man who lives in a suburban house with his wife and works in an office. However, Mr. Murphy or Josh, as his friends call him, is a three-year-old boy who lives with his mother and attends preschool everyday. Contrary to popular belief, a preschooler's day is filled with lots and lots of work. In fact, play, which takes up most of his day, is considered the child's work. In play, a lot of attention, concentration, effort, and skills are necessary. Moreover, new skills and ideas develop through play. Play integrates activity, thinking, and language in a natural setting. It is not only spontaneous and voluntary, but very enjoyable. Play enhances other aspects of development, including creativity, problem solving, language learning, motor activity, and social development. Play

involves active involvement on the part of the child, whether alone or in a group setting.

Educators, such a Friedrich Froebel, John Dewey, and Jean Piaget, believed strongly in play. They knew how essential it was to include it in the child's environment and curriculum. They believed that it increased learning, relieved stress, allowed for inner and outer peace, and relieved frustration. By observing a child in a preschool or home setting, it is obvious that play is indeed a child's work. It demands a lot of energy and effort. Therefore, it is crucial that a child's environment, or work place, is planned for optimal play experience.

I truly believe in children's play. As a caregiver, I try to prepare the environment so that the children have many opportunities to use puzzles, blocks, table toys, etc. After I prepare the environment and make myself available for guidance and direction, I stand back and let the children do their work.

Evaluation: *I selected Sue Lee's paper because I found her beginning very absorbing. After she discusses Mr. Murphy's activities, the readers find out that Mr. Murphy is actually a three-year-old boy. Then Sue goes on to explain the philosophy regarding the importance of play in Early Childhood Education.*

The Stranger: Epilogue

by Bill Mihalik
Course: Honors English 102
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment: *Dramatize your understanding of a literary work by writing an imaginative recreation of all or part of it. You become the artist and "extend" a work by adding to it in some way that reflects your feelings about your subject. (Bill Mihalik has chosen to dramatize an episode that takes place immediately after the end of Albert Camus' novel The Stranger. In his epilogue, Bill reveals the hero Meursault's final thoughts and experiences as he is led out to his execution.)*

The sky turned red and the stars faded away. The red was the red of the rusty hinges on my cell door. I thought I heard footsteps. But maybe that was my heart pounding. I stopped breathing. Yes, those were footsteps echoing down the cold stone corridor. I listened as hard as I could, as if my body was one giant ear and the footsteps were the pounding of a stone heart. I pressed my body to the wooden door. There were many heavy footsteps. They sounded like a company of guards. Perhaps the footsteps would stop before they came to my cell. The footsteps became louder. Perhaps the footsteps would go past my cell. But the footsteps stopped in front of my door. Maybe I had been pardoned.

"Meursault?" It was Edmund, the Sergeant of the Guard. I wanted to answer, but I couldn't breathe. "Meursault, we're going to open the door. Are you ready?"

I croaked "Yes" in a voice so hoarse I didn't recognize it as my own. The wooden door creaked open on rusty hinges that hadn't been oiled since I had been there. I saw Edmund's face. Next to him was the commandant of the prison. Behind them I saw more guards standing at attention. They held their rifles motionless. It was as if time had stopped.

The commandant's head was entirely bald. The morning sun glinted off the top of his head. His eyes were light gray, like the light gray of fine dust. He had small wrinkles around the corners of both eyes. He neither smiled nor frowned. A thin black moustache curled above each end of his small mouth. He was taller than I, but not by much. He was heavier than Edmund. He could have been forty or sixty. Six medals hung limply on his dress uniform. In a toneless bass that echoed down the corridor like a church bell he began, "Patrice Meursault, your appeal has been denied. It is my responsibility to carry out the sentence ordered by the high court of the French people. You will be

taken to the courtyard and executed by guillotine for the murder of Ali ben Hassan. That is all."

The head guard spoke. "Meursault, you will be escorted to the courtyard. Come with us." Of course, what else could I do? I did not want to cause trouble for Edmund. He had beenumy onlyu friend these past few months. Two guards came into the cell. They crouched under the low arch of the doorway and faced me. They looked at me with a curious stare of pity and hardness as if I were already a headless corpse. I walked out of the cell.u My legs felt like rubber. The two guards followed me. More guards were ahead of me. Our footsteps echoed down the stone corridor. As we turned the corner and entered another corridor, I saw an open door at the end. The light was getting brighter and brighter as we approached the door.

I was almost blinded by the morning sun as I walked out into a prison yard. I felt dizzy, shaded my eyes, and looked around. Onward we marched until we passed outside the prison gates and into a courtyard. I was surrounded by many faces. The priest held his book by his chest. A string of beads dangled in his left hand. The magistrate rubbed his cross in the fingers of his right hand. The old reporter with the little mouth wrote furiously in his notebook. And then there was the mob. The French stared quietly at me. Their eyes accused me. The Arabs shouted curses at me. What had I done to any of them? I knew none of them. And none of them knew me. I was the stranger. I turned around and saw the instrument of my death. The sun gleamed off the blade. I closed my eyes.

The commandant asked, "Meursault, do you want the priest to say a prayer?" The priest started to move forward.

I shot a hot angry look at the commandant. "No. I see no use for it!" The priest flinched and moved back next to the magistrate. The magistrate blinked and his tongue licked his dry, straight, thin lips.

"Meursault, do you have a last request?"

I thought for a moment. I thought of Marie swimming in the ocean and having lunch at Celeste's. I thought about the Sundays when I sat and watched people walking up and down the street. "I'd like to smoke.ü Edmund came up to me and offered me one of his cigarettes. They were American, Lucky Strikes. I put the cigarette in my mouth. He struck a match. The acrid phosphorus smelled likeu woman's perfume to me. The flame flickered toward me as I inhaled. He waved the match twice and threw it on the dirt. The little blue and yellow flame flickered and died. A wisp of smoke rose from the matchstick and curled up into the cool summer morning air. There was no wind. I took a long puff. What could be better than relaxing on the balcony with a cigarette and seeing Marie walking up the street to my apartment? The match stopped smoking. The last wisps rose skyward. The cigarette tasted stronger than my regular brand.

The commandant's voice rang out, "Meursault, are you ready?"

Ready? Who is ever ready? Was he ready? Was the magistrate ready? Was the priest ready? No, none of them were ready. I may have no choice, but I was not ready. I took one last puff and savored the taste. I blew out the smoke through my nose and mouth and watched the smoke rise up in small wisps. I threw the cigarette on the ground and stamped it out.

"We will put a cloth around your head," said Edmund.

"I don't need it, and I don't want it. I want to watch every last moment." The guard holding the cloth stopped. The cloth hung limply in midair like the tricolors on the prison towers.

Edmund hesitated. Then in a lowered voice he continued, "It is more convenient for us. It will be easier for the guards to collect your head after the execution."

I thought about that for a moment. I had to agree that it was a perfectly reasonable request. I nodded. The guard pulled the cloth like a sack over my head and darkness descended on my eyes.

The guard touched my arms gently and led me. "Please bow down."

I hadn't bowed to anyone or anything since I had been a little boy. I didn't want to bow down now. I knew I would never again stand up straight. I would never again see the sea or sky. I would never again know a woman. A hand gently pushed my head down on the wood. My neck brushed the smooth wood. I listened for the blade to rush down the arms of the guillotine. My muscles relaxed. I felt at one with the uncaring universe. I was alone no more.

Evaluation: *Bill has written with insight, imagination, and skill to dramatize the last moments of a man whose open indifference to all of reality enables him to experience life clearly and fully. His recreation dramatizes how well he has understood the character Meursault and Albert Camus' novel.*

Principles of Justice in Health Care

by John W. Morris
Course: Philosophy 180:
Biomedical Ethics
Instructor: Herbert I. Hartman

Assignment: *Write an expository essay based on readings and research materials supplementary to the class assignments. Include an evaluation of the arguments used by the authors of the materials, and then include your own views.*

INTRODUCTION

Historically, the discussions which have taken place within the discipline of biomedical ethics have been concerned with what might be described as micro issues. The primary emphasis has been placed on the application, and in many cases the interaction, of moral principles to medical events in the clinical setting. As a result, much of the literature has been devoted to topics such as respect for autonomy, beneficence, paternalism, and euthanasia, which involve the relationship between the patient and the health care professional.

Recently, increased attention in biomedical ethics is being given to macro issues, which include the allocation of health care resources in a time of rapidly escalating medical costs. The medical sociologist David J. Rothman, in a recent article in *The New York Review of Books*[1], recognizes three issues in the discussions of health care allocation or rationing, as follows:

1. The allocation of scarce resources, such as beds in an intensive care unit.
2. The larger question of how much national spending should be allocated to health care, as opposed to defense and education.
3. The problem of allocating health care more equitably, according to need rather than the ability to pay.

In this paper, I shall concentrate on the third issue, that is, the application of the principles of distributive justice as a means of distributing medical care and treatment to society's members. To accomplish this, I shall give detailed explanations of the views expressed by Larry Churchill in his book *Rationing Health Care in America* and by Nancy S. Jecker and Robert A. Pearlman in their article "An Ethical Framework for Rationing Health Care," which appears in *The Journal of*

Medicine and Philosophy. These discussions will be designated as Part I and Part II of this paper, and my own conclusions will be briefly stated in Part III.

PART I

Larry Churchill begins by making an assessment of the current health care system in the United States and the resulting rationing practices. Health care costs have risen to an estimated 12% of the country's Gross National Product; contributing factors have been the high cost of medical technology, the need to care for an aging population, and the prevalence of chronic diseases requiring long term medica here is also a prevailing attitude t ossible must be done to prolong life. resses this feeling as follows: "We hich is uneasy about death."[2]

These cost-increasing factors have resulted in limited access to health care by large segments of society. The poor and the uninsured are forced to settle for little or no medical care. Since access to adequate health care is dependent upon the ability to pay for it, allocation by price has become an implicit form of rationing.

An important aspect of Churchill's book is his appeal for a social ethics as opposed to an individual ethics in developing a just health care system. He expresses the idea of ethical individualism as follows:

> Independence, privacy, ingenuity, self-reliance, sovereignty over needs and wants, and lack of social obligations to other all fit neatly together here into a portrait of American individualism in the extreme.[3]

This view might be compared with the current discussions going on in political philosophy between communitarians and the defenders of liberalism. In his search for an adequate theory of justice for health care allocation, Churchill performs a unique synthesis of several philosophical views with the biblical story of the Good Samaritan. The author points out that what is usually missed in the story of the rescue by the Samaritan is that he acted from compassion, which means literally "to feel with," thereby denoting a sense of community.

In his investigation of the question whether the current method of rationing is equitable, Churchill examines two current theories of justice, beginning with the views of John Rawls. The contractarian theory of justice as developed in his influential book *A Theory of Justice* is based on the concept of fairness. Rawls asks us to imagine a group of rational contractors in what he calls the "original position," choosing the principles of justice that would govern their dealings in society. The choosers are also construed to be behind a "veil of ignorance," unaware of their interests; they do not know their position in society, their natural assets and abilities, the generation to which they belong, etc. Rawls claims that rational persons in this position would choose two principles of justice, as follows:

> FIRST PRINCIPLE:
> Each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive system of equal basic liberties compatible with a similar system of liberty for all.
> SECOND PRINCIPLE:
> Social and economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are both:
> (a) to the greatest benefit of the least advantaged, consistent with the just savings principle, and
> (b) attached to office and positions open to all under conditions of fair equality of opportunity.[4]

These are known as the Liberty Principle and the Difference Principle, respectively.

One attraction of the Rawlsian theory is that it appears to incorporate the Kantian view that principles of morality are universal, that all people have certain rights and deserve certain opportunities. Churchill finds fault with the hypothetical nature of the contact agreement and with the view presented that members of society are essentially "disinterested, calculating individuals.[4] He feels that Rawls's approach is too individualistic.

There are two possible applications of Rawls's theory to the allocation of health care resources, which Churchill does not investigate; one is concerned with the idea of primary social goods, and the other concept is fair equality of opportunity. According to Rawls, primary goods are things which any rational man would want. He describes them as follows: "The primary social goods, to give them in broad categories, are rights and liberties, opportunities and powers, income and wealth."[5] If it is assumed that the allocation of health care resources is similar in nature to the allocation of other primary social goods, then unequal distribution of these resources would be justified as long as the differences redound to the benefit of the least-well-off class. (Part (a) of the Second Principle.) The second means of applying the Rawlsian theory of justice is simply to include health care institutions among those basic institutions which are involved in providing for fair equality of opportunity. (Part (b) of the Second Principle.)

Leaving Rawls, Churchill turns to a theory of libertarian justice as developed by Robert Nozick in his book *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*. Nozick's social philosophy may be described as an entitlement theory of justice. He promotes the minimal state, where government action is needed only to protect the rights of citizens, as the only just society. As respects distributive justice, Nozick claims: "The entitlement theory of justice in distribution is *historical*; whether a distribution is just depends upon how it came about."[6] Churchill rejects both Rawls and Nozick on the grounds that they assume the existence of individuals first and then the formation of society. Churchill is more inclined to accept Aristotle's view (expressed in his *Politics*) that man is by nature a social being.

In what I consider to be a rather unique approach to the problem of individualism vs. community, the author discusses in detail the moral philosophy of Adam Smith. Prior to the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith wrote *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. Churchill is concerned with the chapter "Of Sympathy," and makes the following observation:

> As Smith sees it, sympathy works in the following way: as a sentiment arises in another person, an analogous sentiment springs up in us at the thought of his situation. We imaginatively put ourselves in the other person's place.[7]

The author sees in both Smith and in the story of the Good Samaritan "a primal recognition of self in our perception of others."

Churchill next makes an extensive investigation of the principles of justice, and he is primarily concerned with the concepts of rights and needs. He discusses the social aspect of rights and the specific treatment of rights as applied to health care. After considering several interpretations of what a right to health care would entail, Churchill arrives at the following statement:

> "A right to health care based on need means a right to equitable access based on need alone to all effective care society can reasonably afford."[8] He concludes this section of his book by making the observation that "a health care system is no better than the least well-served of its members."[9]

Having established his thesis that justice in health care requires the substitution of a sense of community for self-interested individualism, the author treats the concept of rationing itself from the standpoints of the physician's role and of public policies. In doing so he makes a distinction between *allocation* and *rationing*. For Churchill, allocation decisions are macrolevel policy determinations, whereas rationing involves microlevel decisions about distribution to individuals. A somewhat similar distinction is made by Ruth Macklin in her article, "Are We in the Lifeboat Yet? Allocation and Rationing of Medical Resources," which appeared in *Social Research*, Autumn, 1985. She says: "The sorts of allocation decision that must be made in a hospital, or in a unit of a hospital, are known as microallocations (in contrast to broad, societal distributions of resources, called macroallocations)."[10]

Although Churchill agrees that the physician's primary obligation is to his or her patient, he recognizes a secondary obligation to use the resources available wisely. He does not go as far as Daniel Callahan does in his book *Setting Limits*, where the question of how much health care the aged should have is addressed. Churchill does, however, make the following observation:

> We cannot pursue longevity with such passion as we now manifest and at the same time remain faithful to the spirit and meaning of our lives in community.[11]

He compares British rationing with American rationing and concludes that under the British health care system rationing is planned and controlled, whereas in the United States, rationing is "by default."

In discussing policies of rationing and distribution, Churchill places emphasis on the need for an accessible system of primary care. He quotes the Institute of Medicine's definition of primary care in 1978, as one which fits the requirements of justice: "accessible, comprehensive, coordinated, and continual care provided by accountable providers of health service."[12] Our health care system rations at this point of initial access, and less frequently rationing is done in expensive, high technology medicine. (The rationing of high technology medicine will be discussed further in Part II of this paper). Churchill deplores the notion of rationing on the basis of social worth, where the number of persons in need exceeds the available resources. In his reference to the current interest in cost containment, Churchill feels that some of the methods (such as the Diagnosis Related Group) "seem likely to achieve cost control at the expense of the most vulnerable."

I believe that the author's views on justice and rationing in health care are summarized best in the following statement:

> Justice depends on a rationing system that is as explicit as possible, where the rules are fairly arrived at and administered, and where rationing practices are not out of accord with sound medical judgments or well-informed social choices.[13]

PART II

A somewhat different approach to the subject of rationing is taken by Nancy S. Jecker and Robert A. Pearlman in their article "An Ethical Framework for Rationing Health Care," which appears in the February, 1992 issue of *The Journal of Medicine and Philosophy*. The authors state that the purpose of their paper is to present alternatives to the rationing of certain forms of medical care by age. The age criterion is becoming a popular approach to rationing, an example of which is Daniel Callahan's *Setting Limits*. It is also pointed out that the rationing practices proposed by them

apply to publicly financed health care and that many of their arguments will not apply to privately funded health care. However, the authors make the claim that public financing is more extensive than one would think: medicare and Medicaid programs, public subsidy for the training of doctors, public support for major medical research, and tax benefits for employers who provide health insurance.

Jecker and Pearlman give their version of rationing as follows:

> Rationing takes place whenever health care resources are insufficient to make them available to all who would benefit.[14]

Following in an outline form is a summary of the rationing criteria used by the authors on page 81 of the article:

Resource centered criteria (ignores differences between persons)	1. rationing high technology services 2.u rationing non-basicu servicesu
Patient centered criteria (identifies morally relevant qualities of individuals)	3.u rationing servicesu to patients whou receive the leastu medical benefit.u 4.u rationing servicesu that are not equallyu available to allu patients.u

In order to present the authors' arguments in a form which will be easier to follow, I shall use the divisions of subject matter followed in the article.

Rationing High Technology Services

Critics of high technology medicine claim that it is responsible for the current problems in the equitable distribution of health care. The authors express this form of criticism as follows: there is

> growing consensus among intellectual leaders in the health care field that much technically curative medicine costs a great deal in comparison to alternative uses of money for other health purposes.[15]

Those who would retain publicly-supported high technology medicine make the claim that the development of new technologies is important in the improvement of the general level of health care.

Rationing Non-basic Services

The second method of resource centered rationing calls for rationing non-basic services "that exceed a basic floor.ü Jecker and Pearlman maintain that basic health care "refers to health services that prevent, cure, or compensate for deficiencies in the normal opportunities persons enjoy at each stage of life."[16] This claim is similar to the position taken by Norman Daniels in his article "Justice and Health Care." Under the general discussion of health care needs, he develops the concept of the *normal opportunity range* for a given society, which he defines as "the array of life plans reasonable persons in it are likely to construct for themselves." Daniels draws the following conclusion:

> In general, it will be more important to prevent, cure, or compensate for those disease conditions that involve a greater curtailment of normal opportunity range.[17]

In contrast, Jecker and Pearlman consider non-basic care as that which either improves conditions not related to normal opportunities (such as non-restorative plastic surgery), or which is ineffective in correcting deficiencies in normal opportunities (for example, maintaining a patient in a persistent vegetative state on a respirator.)

According to the authors, proposals to ration non-basic health care may be justified as follows:

1. By establishing that government is responsible to provide basic health care.

2. By arguing that it is necessary for society to ration non-basic health care to prevent escalating costs for basic care.
3.*a* There is a claim that individuals have au right to basic health care.u
4.u If the responsibility for basic health care isu not assumed by the public, the alternativeu treatment of health care as part of the freeu economy is unacceptable.u
5. If the government assumes the cost of non-basic as well as basic health care, its obligations in other social areas would be curtailed.

The authors turn next to patient-centered criteria, which come into play after policies regarding resource-centered rationing have been enacted.

Rationing Services to Patients Who Receive the Least Medical Benefitsa

Patient-centered criteria are identified as follows:

> "Under this heading fall rationing policies that seek to provide scarce services to individuals likely to receive the greatest medical benefit while denying them to patients likely to gain the least." [18]

The authors deny that using a medical benefit approach is analogous with utilitarian approaches since it is not the case that the benefit is to society at large.

One strong argument in favor of rationing by medical benefit is that it avoids making distinctions between persons in terms of social worth. I would like to refer to an example of using the social worth criteria which occurred in Seattle, Washington, in the early 1960's. At that time, a committee of lay people was formed to decide which patient could use a kidney dialysis machine, which was a scarce resource. The committee favored married men with children over unmarried men and women, the employed over the unemployed, and similar criteria, instead of medical benefit.

The authors consider an objection to rationing by means of medical benefit; this objection claims that persons who choose unhealthy lifestyles are less deserving of the medical benefits which health services provide. They point out that our emphasis on personal liberty would not sanction efforts to compel persons to lead healthy lives.

Rationing Services That Are Not Equally Available

Under this patient-centered criteria, the principle of equality is focused on similarities between persons. Jecker and Pearlman explain how this method applies to health care services:

> "The guiding idea of this approach is that all individuals possess an equal worth and dignity . . . . In the area of health care, such a perspective lends support to the view that persons are equally entitled to receive health services." [19]

One interpretation of this approach is that equal entitlement implies a principle of equal access for persons who have similar medical needs.

Summary and Proposal

In the closing section of the article, the authors present their four point proposal, which may be summarized as follows:

1. Resource-centered rationing which limits the development of high technology medicine is rejected. It is felt that this method of rationing slows down the pace of medical progress.
2.&They endorse resource-centered policiesu which place limits on non-basic healthu services which are publicly-financed.u
3.u They believe that "a medical benefit& standard should be used to distribute healthu care resources between persons."u

4.*a* Equality should be the goal in theu provisions of basic health care.u

The authors take the view that the ability to pay should not be used as a criterion for refusing to provide basic health care for a patient. It is their belief that basic health care should be guaranteed.

Jecker and Pearlman feel that their approach (basic care and patient-centered standards) improves on the failings of age rationing in these ways:

1. Since medical benefit, rather than age, is emphasized, their proposal recognizes differences between patients at each stage of life.
2.*a* Their proposal "underscores the idea ofu equality."u
3. Their proposal "supports funding basic health services for all age groups."

The authors take the view that the ability to pay should not be used as a criterion for refusing to provide basic health care for a patient. It is their belief that basic health care should be guaranteed.

PART III

Although the authors of the book and article which I have discussed do not explicitly mention the existence of a two-tiered system of health care in the United States, I believe that our market approach to delivering health care services has produced such a system. It provides a minimum of health care for the very poor, financed by public programs, while on the other hand allowing those persons with sufficient resources to purchase as much health care as they can afford through insurance schemes.

The need to reform our health care system has been recognized by members of the medical establishment. The entire issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, dated May 15, 1991, had as its theme "Caring for the Uninsured and Underinsured." In an editorial, George D. Landberg, M.D., claims that: "It is no longer acceptable morally, ethically, or economically for so many of our people to be medically uninsured or seriously underinsured. We can solve thisu problem."[20]

From the arguments presented in the readings I have done, I conclude that a rational alternative to our market-oriented system of health care would be a publicly-financed system in which there is equal access for all persons. It might be argued that such a system would result in delays in getting treatment (using Canada as an example, no doubt.) However, this does not appear to be as morally wrong as depriving persons of needed health care by *de facto* rationing.

Notes

[1] "Rationing Life," p. 32.
[2] *Rationing Health Care in America*, p. 9
[3] *Ibid.*, p.23
[4] *A Theory of Justice*, p. 302.*a*
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 92
[6] *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*, p. 153.
[7] *Rationing Health Care in America*, p. 63.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 94.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 103.
[10] "Are We in the Lifeboat Yet?", p. 608.
[11] *Rationing Health Care in America*, p. 112.
[12] *Ibid.*, p. 119.
[13] *Ibid.*, p. 125.
[14] "An Ethical Framework for Rationing Health Care," p. 80.
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 82.
[16] *Ibid.*, p. 84.
[17] "Justice and Health Care," p. 306.

[18] "An Ethical Framework for Rationing Health Care", p. 87.
[19] *Ibid.*, p. 90.
[20] *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Vol. 265, No. 19, p. 2567.

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Evaluation: *This paper reflects a superior effort that makes a real contribution to this timely subject. The exposition is clear and extensive. The evaluations are deeply insightful, and the writer's views well argued and supported.*

Harper College: Land with a Shadowy Past

by Janet Nichols
Course: Journalism 235
Instructor: Susanne Havlic

Assignment: *The student must write a timely article of interest to the Harper community to be submitted to the Journalism Program magazine, Write Now, published by students in the Journalism 235, Copy Reading and News Editing class.*

Horses roamed here long before students socialized and scrambled to classes on this campus. An old barn served as the gymnasium before Mu Building was even a blueprint. Nothing marred the expanse of lush grass, and grades had to do with the performance of horses, not people.

But in the midst of the modern brick and glass structures and rushing footsteps of the more than 21,000 students and staff that walk on its paths, it's hard to imagine a different time and setting on the Harper College campus. The 100 acres of land on which the buildings rest and footsteps fall can tell many tales—tales reminiscent of the Biblical story of Cain and Abel.

The land, known as Tri-Color Stables, was owned by one of two brothers at war, a family feud that got more and more bitter and finally ended in murder. The brothers' lives were tormented by greed and jealousy. Their feud escalated; one insult or sinister action heaped upon another until the pile of anger and hatred collapsed on itself. On Oct. 28, 1970, George Jayne, 47, one of the country's most prominent and widely known horsemen, was shot in his Inverness, Illinois, home while playing bridge with his family during his youngest child's birthday celebration. The man convicted of conspiring to the murder was his brother, Silas Jayne, 63, a rival in the horse business.

But even more tragedy was involved in this decade-long, widely publicized quarrel before it finally ended with Silas's imprisonment and a few years later, his death. Cheri Rude, 22, an instructor and trainer at Tri-Color was killed by mistake in one of many attempts on George's life. On June 14, 1965, dynamite was wired to the ignition of George's car. When Cheri and George arrived at Tri-Color around 1:30 p.m., they spent about an hour in the stables; then George handed Cheri the keys to his late model Cadillac and asked her to drive to his office while he finished some work.

When Cheri turned the ignition key, the dynamite exploded.

In the Beginning .u..
by Janet Nichols

For the first few years of Harper College's existence, the horse stable was used as a business office, said Jessalyn Nicklas, founding trustee of the college. She and other board members cleaned out horse stalls to be used as offices. One stall was used for cataloging books for the new college library. Nicklas remembers having the back arena blacktopped and used for physical education classes. Later, showers were installed in the old arena for the P.E. students.

"Quite a few years later the barn burnt down to the ground. I remember watching it burn," said Nicklas. She added that the building was planned for demolition in the near future anyway. Nicklas found it funny to run their offices from a horse stable. Originally offices were rented in Palatine and used for planning and for meetings, meetings, for example, to appoint the college president, Dr. Robert E. Lahti, and to vote on the board of directors.

The idea for a community college was developed in Nicklas' living room. The name William Rainey Harper was chosen for the college because he believed that the first two years of a college education were the most developmentally important. Known as the father of the two-year college, Harper was the first president of the University of Chicago, chosen by John D. Rockefeller. He was a scholar, teacher, writer and administrator who, it is said, devoted his life to the pursuit of excellence in education.

"We thought William Rainey Harper would be an appropriate name for the college," said Nicklas.

After Cheri's death, and for several years before his death, George, fearful of his own life, wrote to his family six letters that were only to be opened after he died. The contents of the letters indicated that he was reasonably certain he would meet with a "premature and violent death."

The two brothers' battles began even before the explosion that killed Cheri. Two years earlier, Silas had fired a shot at George during a quarrel. That investigation brought other allegations to light. A Florida dockworker, Edward Moran, said he and another man were paid $300 in 1962 to arrange to kill George. In another incident, after George forgot to turn off the lights when he left work, 28 shots were fired into his office, but he had already gone home. Reports also indicated that Silas was indicted on a charge of offering $15,000 to Stephen Grod of Del Mar, California, for his brother's death, but Grod suffered a loss of memory and the charge was dropped at the request of the prosecution.

In 1967, George Jayne sold his 100-acre Tri-Color Stables to Harper College. He reopened the stable in Hinsdale, Illinois. Meanwhile, Silas Jayne operated his own horse farm in Elgin, Illinois. The feud continued for about another year when a truce was called. Silas reportedly would agree to the truce only if George agreed in return never to enter another jumper or hunter horse in a show, said Edward L. S. Arkema, a family friend and attorney for the Jayne family. At that time reports indicated George continued to buy, sell, train and show horses throughout Canada and the United States. He was one of the leading horse show judges and a life-long member of the American Horse Show Association.

Neither of his brothers, Silas or George, "ever did the other any physical harm," reported Frank Jayne, 59, in an interview nine days after the murder. He explained that his family grew up in rural Barrington in a family of 13 children. Their father died when George was only three years old, so he and Silas were like George's fathers. They raised him and gave him a start in the horse business.

Frank added that the feud began with minor things. Silas and George had become two of the most prominent and wealthy horsemen in the country and continually tried to irritate each other about the horse shows in which they participated.

The feud continued even after George's death. Reports were that Silas said he and his brother did not attend George's funeral because their names were not included on a surviving family list printed in a newspaper obituary.

Three years after the murder, Silas was finally convicted of conspiring to kill his brother, and was sentenced to serve six to 20 years in Vienna Correctional Center. During his 1973 trial, he was defended by flamboyant attorney F. Lee Bailey.

The hitman, Julius Barres, is currently serving a 25 to 35 year prison term for the slaying.

Trouble followed Silas; suspicion and turmoil filled his life. While Silas was serving his eight-year prison term, he allegedly engineered the torching of a rival horseman's stable in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Acquitted of the arson charge, he angrily called it fabricated, spawned by lies from convicts given immunity to testify against him. In an interview from his living room, he talked about Nick Guido, a convicted leader of a torture-robbery ring whom he thought was given immunity for testimony against Silas. Silas claimed the convict accused him of hiring an arsonist to set fire to Adcock's Nimrod stable, but the convict did not testify at Silas's arson trial. Silas blamed James R. Thompson, the governor at the time, for his extended imprisonment and federal trial. He hired George Howard as his attorney and said what a good job he had done, and that he was five times better than F. Lee Bailey, the lawyer who defended Silas in the murder trial.

Silas had to pay a $1 million judgment against him in favor of George's wife, Marion Jayne. She also filed a seven million dollar lawsuit after Silas's conviction.

Silas was released from Vienna on May 24, 1979, and died July 13, 1987.

Ironically the following dedication appeared in the first Harper College yearbook:

"Peace . . . poems are composed praising it, songs are sung advocating it, marches are staged pleading for it, and prayers are offered in hopes of finding it. Peace is that intangible ideal that we try to make visible through understanding. Without it, we cannot hope to have a future."

"We of the 1968 HALCYON staff wish to dedicate our first publication just as we should all dedicate our lives to the quest for peace through understanding . . . understanding of others stemmed through the understanding of ourselves. Only by first discovering who we are can we then understand who others are."

"If dedication to understanding is affirmed, the serenity of peace can be manifested."

So, the next time you are walking on this campus, take a moment to think about the past. Remember---often the land we take for granted has stories to tell. Stories of life and death.

Evaluation: *Janet Nichols did extensive researh for this story about the land on which Harper was built. She skillfully interweaves the details into a compelling historical piece bringing out the irony of the land's not so peaceful pastoral past.*

My Most Memorable Educational Experience

by Darlene C. Oyer
Course: English 098
Instructor: Kurt Neumann

Assignment: *The assignment asked the student to write a narrative essay in which she recounted her most memorable educational experience.*

I find it very difficult and painful to write about "My Most Memorable Educational Experience," because it has been more than forty years since I was a displaced student and child. As a displaced student and child, it was terrifying to transfer from one grammar school to another, and from one residence to another, and from one group of teachers and students to another.

I started transferring to different schools at the age of six. By the time I graduated from the eighth grade, I was attending my fourteenth school in the Chicago school system, with the exception of spending the fifth grade in Billings, Montana. I stayed in Billings for almost a year with a wonderful aunt and uncle who wanted to adopt me. But when we talked to my mom on the phone and she told me she was pregnant with another baby and needed me, I knew what my decision should be.

My childhood was interrupted at the age of nine, the age at which I was forced into the role of an adult. I learned to take care of my siblings, clean house, and cook, when there was any food to be cooked. Then, as I entered the upper grades of the elementary school and had homework assignments and projects, it became very difficult to juggle the responsibilities at home as well with the responsibilities at school.

Of course, there were times we had no home and lived on a street car travelling from the beginning of the line to the end of the line. We did this at night to sleep in safety and to keep warm by the heater that was at the front. The conductor was understanding and very kind, and he brought blankets and food for us. Mom would work during the day and we would play in Garfield Park across the way. At lunch time she would come and check on us and bring us something to eat. Finally, we found a place that would take children. It took awhile because during World War II the landlords did not want to rent to tenants with children.

Then I would attend a new school. But I was always terrified of leaving my younger brother, who was two years old, at home. We lived in a one room apartment in a rooming house. So I would sneak away from the playground at recess to make sure he was okay, and rush home for lunch and eat with him, read him stories, and then put him down for a nap. One day when I sneaked away from the playground for recess to check on my younger brother, there came a knock on the door. We were frightened and did not answer. Since we lived in a one room apartment we had no escape, so weu remained quiet.

Finally, after much knocking, I heard a woman's voice call my name and she identified herself as my teacher, Miss McCarthy.

"Please open the door," she said. "I know you're in there because I followed you."

What horrible fear ran through me; and my brother was trembling, because my mother always told us never to let anyone know we were alone in the apartment because the police would take us away.

I, trying to be strong and not shed any tears, opened the door so that Miss McCarthy would believe that I was a mature nine-year-old who could handle this responsibility. When I looked up to her and our eyes met, she gave me a warm smile and reached out for me, explaining that she was concerned about me. She had been told by some of the children that I was leaving the playground during recess, and she did not believe them because I was always in class and on time. When this report continued from the classmates whom I never got to know very well, she decided to watch, and when she saw me leave she knew my classmates were telling the truth.

She looked at my younger brother who was hovering in the corner under a blanket. She walked forward and sat on the floor next to the blanket. Pulling me with her, she asked what was under the blanket. I called to my brother and slowly pulled the blanket off of him and played "peek-a-boo" so he would not be too frightened. When he saw Miss McCarthy's smiles and her beautiful blue eyes, he returned the smile and came toward us. I introduced him to her.

I explained to Miss McCarthy that my mother was working three jobs to keep us children together, and that it was my responsibility to watch over my brother and to clean the house and cook and wash and iron so that my mother would not be too tired for work. Little did I realize that this was not normal. There weren't many other nine-year-olds in charge of a household.

McCarthy reached out and gave us so many nugs and cried. She told us that we were to come back to school—both of us—and that she would talk to the principal and try to work something out. I did not want to do that because I feared losing my brother, because I had been warned constantly by Mom that if people found out that my brother was left alone during the day we would never see each other again.

After much protesting, she convinced me to go back with her to school. So my brother and I were feeling very reluctant walking back to school. I can still feel his hand clinging to mine, then looking up and asking me to hold him, with his tears falling against my cheeks. Miss McCarthy walked alongside of us, and put her arm around me and tol it was going to be all right.

We arrived back at school and walked directly to the principal's office. I remember how dark and gloomy everything was when we were waiting in the hall and sitting on the hardwood bench. The bell rang and people were going in and out of the principal's office eyes. I made a

and hide somewhere until I was old enough to come out of hiding. Then everything would be all right.

I jumped-up and grabbed by brother when the principal, Miss McCarthy, and several other adults came out. I thought, this is it; we are going to be punished and locked up and never see each other again.

"Darlene," said the principal, "what is your brother's name?"

I refused to respond. I felt that if I did not answer they could not do anything too severe to him. I held him and looked defiant, pinching my arm to hurt myself so that I would not cry, because grownups do not cry and I was trying very hard to demonstrate to everyone that I was grownup.

Finally, Miss McCarthy knelt down and spoke gently to me and my brother, explaining that the principal had come up with an idea that would help my brother and me. She explained that it was important for me to talk to the principal and to the other people who were standing there, and that they would try to help.

Again, I was forced to do something which Mom always warned me about: do not talk to strangers; it is not safe. Well, there I was being lead into a huge room filled with maps, bookcases, filing cabinets, lots of windows, and a very large and long table. The room had the smell of fresh books, and I always loved the smell of a new book as I flipped through its pages.

To my surprise, we kept walking past the desk. They opened a door which led into a smaller office. It had a sofa and stuffed chairs, and a little kitchen in there. I remember admiring the fresh flowers and their fragrance.

We were invited to sit at the small table by the window. I was terrified because I thought that this was going to be the last time I would ever see my brother again. They were going to feed us, then separate us. We all sat down, and food came in from somewhere. It smelled delicious, but I did not eat it because if I did, I would lose my brother that much faster. My brother ate his food and mine. I felt that he became a traitor. Little did I know how hungry he was, and that the food he ate was not what we usually had at home.

The principal turned to me and smiled. Looking over his glasses, he asked if I knew Miss Horner. I shook my head no, and looked at the lady he pointed to. She had the reddest hair and greenest eyes I had ever seen, and she was smiling.

"This lady is a kindergarten teacher, and if you will talk to us and tell us what your brother's name is and why he is alone when you go to school, I think she might be able to take care of him for you while you're in class," the principal said.

After much coaxing and conversation, which seemed like forever, I shared a lot of things about the way we lived and how Mom found the one room we lived in and my responsibilities to the landlord for letting us live there. They had many different expressions as I talked and I felt frightened when I finished and prayed to God that I did not do the wrong thing.

I don't remember going back to my classroom. Miss McCarthy had excused herself earlier and I felt she had deserted me and had not kept her word. I was angry! I would never, ever trust her or another teacher again, ever!

Then Miss Horner explained that she and Miss McCarthy would come see Mom when she came home and talk to her abou . Oh boy, I am going to get it now, I thought. Just then the door opened and Miss McCarthy came in and sat next to me, explaining that they were going to ask Mom to let my brother, Tom, come to school with me everyday. Miss Horner would keep him in her class

"But he needs a nap and has to eat," I cried out for fear none of this would happen. They smiled and asked by bother to walk with them to the classroom where Miss Horner taught.

The room was so bright and cheerful, with colorful pictures everywhere and toys and books and a beautiful piano in the corner with a large clown on it. It seemed to be saying, "It's all right." Miss Horner led me to the blackboards and raised them and I saw a lot of coats and sweaters hanging there. She pointed to a corner that had a window and she said, "We will get a cot for Tommy and that is where he will nap, and I am sure you can come down at lunchtime and eat with him."

Miss McCarthy knelt down on the floor with Miss Horner inviting Tommy and me to sit with them and to talk about our plans. I remember a strange feeling rushing through me, one I have never felt before. These teachers are people; they not only teach, but they care and they want to help us.

That evening, they waited with me and Tommy for Mom to come home. She was surprised when she walked in and saw Miss Horner and Miss McCarthy. She looked at me with fear in her eyes as she asked what their presence was all about. After they explained the events that happened that day and what their plans were, Mom cried and fell into their arms explaining how much she appreciated their help.

My days at school were much better for me then, knowing that at recess and lunchtime I could see my brother and spend time with him. I am certain Mom was relieved knowing that I and her youngest child were being taken care of.

Trying to remember some of the things I have experienced going to school and not being able to be in one grammar school too long helped me to understand how fortunate I was to have met Miss McCarthy, the principal, and Miss Horner. The risks they took, in trying to help us, were aggressive in those days. I have great respect and admiration for them. God Bless them wherever they are. I will always remember this as "My Most Memorable Educational Experience."

Evaluation: *This essay deserves to be considered for inclusion in* The Harper Anthology *for two reasons. First, it asserts a salutary effect, borne out by practical experience, of the formal structures of the institution of education upon the chaotic, often disruptive affairs of everyday life. Second, this poignant essay affirms that the extraordinary efforts of a child are ultimately, if unexpectedly, rewarded in kind by adults. Both of these are important themes that are too often neglected and that bear repeating.*

Depression

by Catherine E. Scott
Course: Psychology 101
Instructor: Kimberly A. Ostrowski

Assignment: *Students will write a research paper on a topic in Psychology. The paper will be a minimum of 10 pages, double-spaced, and in American Psychological Association format. Required components (listed in the syllabus) are to be integrated into the paper (i.e., from the definition of the disorder to preventative efforts).*

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.
—Book of Job

The two major different types of depression are bipolar, also referred to as manic depression, and unipolar, a clinical depression without the presence of the mania associated with bipolar disorder. This paper will focus on unipolar depression because of the extreme variations in the two disorders. Unipolar depression is a severe emotional disturbance which may or may not be caused by external factors such as mourning, financial loss, illness, etc. (*Oxford Companion to the Mind*, 1987). One of the signs of major depression is consistent blue

mood, lowered self-esteem, and reduced mental and physical energy. The disorder creates a loss of interest in the activities that once brought pleasure (DePaoulo & Ablow, 1989).

Symptoms of depression can include the following:

- •Persistent sad or "empty" moodu
- •Loss of interest or pleasure in ordinaryu activities, including sexu
- •Decreased energy, fatigue, being "slowedu down"u
- •Sleep disturbances (insomnia, early morningu waking, or oversleeping)u
- •Eating disturbances (loss of appetite andu weight, or weight gain)u
- •Difficulty concentrating, remembering,u making decisionsu
- •Feelings of guilt, worthlessness, helplessnessu
- •Thoughts of death or suicide; suicide attemptsu
- •Irritabilityu
- •Excessive cryingu
- •Chronic aches and pains that don't respond tou treatmentu

(*Helpful facts about depressive illness*, NIMH, 1989)

There has been evidence to indicate that some people are *genetically* predisposed to depression. Studies of adoptees conducted in New York, Brussels, and Denmark found that adopted persons with depressive illnesses tended to come from birth parents with higher rates of major depressive illnesses than did adopted persons with birth parents who did not have a mental illness (Sargent, 1989). Studies in identical twins, who have the same genetic makeup, indicate that if one twin suffers from depressive illness the other twin has a 50 to 90% chance of eventually developing a depressive illness too. However, fraternal twins, who share only half of the same genetic material, have only a 10 to 25% risk of developing a depressive illness if their twin suffers from one. Because of the many studies conducted, genetics is believed to play an important role in determining which persons are more likely to become depressed (Depaoulo & Ablow, 1989).

In addition, research has located many *neurological* causes for depression. For example, a lack of neurotransmitters (specifically norepinephrine, serotonin, and dopamine) at critical synapses of the central nervous system has been found in many patients with depression (Sargent, 1989). Moreover, patients with depression often have a variety of abnormal rhythm disturbances. Among these are the circadian rhythms. Circadian rhythms control cyclical changes in bodily processes and arousal which fluctuate on a 24 hour schedule. People experiencing depression go into REM sleep more quickly than non-depressed people; cortisol, the hormone which readies the body for "fight or flight" production, is altered; and the normal nighttime increase of melatonin, which SCN of the hypothalamus produces by transforming serotonin, was not found in three out of four depressed patients. Thus, it is possible that depressive symptoms arise from a lack of coordination between these circadian pacemakers and the rhythms they control (Papolos & Papolos, 1992).

Although *neurological* conditions contribute to the disorder, there are many *emotional* causes for depression. The feelings associated with the loss of a loved one, loss of employment, chronic illness, divorce or a financial setback can contribute to the feelings of hopelessness associated with depression. The theory of learned helplessness may help explain how difficult it is to break the pattern of depression. "Learned Helplessness is a learned inability to overcome obstacles or to avoid punishment" (Coon, 1991). Depressed people seem to have accepted that no strategy will remove the tumult in their lives. In the face of apparently inescapable emotional pain, they become

paralyzed. The decreased energy and withdrawal which are symptomatic of depression accompany accepting a loss of control of one's life (DePaoulo & Ablow, 1989).

Depression has been around for a long time. Disciples of Hippocrates, the fifth century b.c. Greek physician, regarded as the father of medicine, wrote that melancholia was associated with "aversion to food, despondency, sleeplessness, irritability and restlessness." For some 2000 years, from Hippocratic times to the late 17th century, the diagnosis and treatment of disease was based on the humoral theory. It was believed that physical and mental disorders were caused by an over supply of one of the four bodily fluids—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile. As late as the 17th century, the use of blood letting and purgatives was recommended for treating melancholy. (Melancholy is defined by *Websters New World Dictionary* as sadness and depression of spirits.) Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, first published in 1621, included practically everything then known then about the subject. The following are sentiments that Burton himself expressed which reveal how serious he felt the disease melancholy (or depression) was:

> This humor of melancholy is so grievous, so common, I know not wherein to do more a general service and spend my time better than to describe a means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemic disease, that so often, so much crucifies the body and mind (*Congressional Quarterly*, Worsnop, Oct. 9, 1992).

Many famous people have had bouts of depression; among these are Abraham Lincoln, Winston Churchill, and Sylvia Plath. In his 1990 autobiographical account of a severe depressive episode (*Darkness Visible*, p.37), William Styron tells how it felt to be depressed.

> I had now reached that phase of the disorder where all sense of hope had vanished, along with the idea of a futurity, my brain, in thrall to it's outlaw hormones, had become less an organ of thought than an instrument registering, minute by minute, varying degrees of its own suffering. The mornings themselves were becoming bad now as I wandered about lethargic, following my synthetic sleep, but afternoons were still the worst, beginning at about three o'clock, when I'd feel the horror, like some poisonous fogbank, roll in upon my mind, forcing me into bed. There I would lie for as long as six hours, stuporous and virtually paralyzed, gazing at the ceiling and waiting for that moment of evening when, mysteriously, the crucifixion would ease up just enough to allow me to force down some food and then, like an automation, seek an hour or two of sleep again.

Major depression is one of the nation's most serious health problems. The economic cost of mood disorders is immense. Loss of job productivity, depression related alcohol and drug abuse, permanent disability, and the actual cost of treatment contribute to the estimated $16 billion yearly price tag of depression (Depaoulo & Ablow, 1989). Some experts have estimated that approximately 12 percent of the population will have or have had a bout of depression severe enough to warrant clinical treatment (Beck, Rush, Shaw, Emery, 1979).

Depression can be destructive on the "home front" as well. Living with a depressed person is not easy under any conditions, but when the person is one's husband or wife, the problems escalate. The role of spouse carries with it expectations of love, companionship, parental partnership,

economic support, and all around helpmate. Depression reduces sexual desire, energy levels, sociability and productivity. It can destroy a relationship. Even if the depressed spouse is receiving treatment, the situation can be stressful. Depression can cause people to become withdrawn, rejecting, and irritable and to say hurtful things to those they care about. If non-depressed spouses would realize that the illness causes these behaviors, they may find it easier not to feel hurt and to respond in a non-rejecting and reality-orienting manner (Sargent, 1990).

Depression can be damaging in the workplace also. Due to the prevalence of depressive disorders and the impact it can pose in the workplace, it's best for both the employee and his or her company that supervisors be trained to effectively deal with depression-related difficulties in the workplace. Depression disrupts an employee's productivity, decision making, and basic job performance. Studies have shown that depressed individuals have higher rates of absenteeism and are more prone to alcoholism and drug abuse. If an employer notices a change in the rate of absenteeism, tardiness, incidence of errors, he may suspect his or her employee has a problem. If the employee is willing to discuss the problem with his or her supervisor, it should be kept confidential even if the employee elects not to seek recommended counseling. An employer should try to be flexible and understanding if this person needs to adjust his or her work schedule to make time to facilitate treatment. However, they should also stress to the employee that the company requires a certain level of performance be maintained (NIMH, 1991).

The prevalence and severity of depressive disorders contrasts sharply with the extent to which appropriate care currently is available to individuals suffering from these disorders. Today, between 80% and 90% of people with major depressive disorders can be treated successfully. Yet, only about one third of all persons who suffer from a depressive disorder ever seek treatment in the general medical health or specialty mental health community. Even when people do seek help, current evidence suggests that too often depression is poorly recognized, undertreated, or inappropriately treated by the health care system (Regier, Hirschfield, Goodwin, Burke, Lazar, & Judd, 1988). It is estimated that 15% of depressed persons may ultimately commit suicide (NIMH, 1989).

The following treatment methods are available for depression: Lithium, Trycyclic antidepressants, Prozac, Electro-convulsive Therapy (ECT, otherwise referred to as shock treatment), an
therapy. lies have demonstrate
treatmer or antidepressants can substantially prevent the recurrence of unipolar depression. In most patients, lithium and trycyclic antidepressants decrease the frequency and/or intensity of recurrences. Dr. Jan Fawcett wrote that when he started his practice, families of patients who required hospitalization anxiously asked him if they would ever come out of the hospital. In the 1970's, families of patients began asking him why they were not out and well in two weeks (Papol & Papolos, 1992).

Prozac, on the market in 1988, was thought to be a wonder drug. The anti-depressant was thought to work by blocking the reuptake of serotonin into the neurons that have released it. "Prozac is an excellent drug whose key constituency is persons who are treatment resistant to trycyclic antidepressants," says Dr. Alan Romanski, an assistant professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University in Boston. Prozac is thought to be a very efficient
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the side effects of weight gain and lowered blood pressure associated with other anti-depressants. However, even though Prozac has fewer side effects than most anti-depressant treatments, there is no "perfect drug" (Worsnop, 1992).

Another well known treatment for depression is lithium. The antidepressant lithium is an electrolyte, similar in its composition to table salt. Lithium's effects are complicated and not as easily understood as other mood enhancing drugs. It seems to work by keeping neurotransmitter levels stable and preventing large hormonal variances (Burns, 1980).

Trycyclic antidepressants are another very popular drug treatment. The name, trycyclic, is derived from the three-ring chain in their chemical structure. Trycyclics work by preventing the inactivation and reabsorption of norepinephrine and serotonin. Serotonin and norepinephrine are two of the neurotransmitters believed to be disturbed in depressed individuals. There are many trycyclic drugs: imipramine, amitryptiline, desapramine, doxepin, nortryptiline, protriptyline, trimipramine (DePaoulo & Ablow, 1989).

Yet another drug therapy for depression is monoamine oxidase inhibitors, otherwise known as MAO inhibitors. Monoamine oxidase is an enzyme that is produced by the body to inhibit the chemical messages sent by the neurons. The enzyme is overproduced by depressed individuals and the neurotransmitters norepinephrine and serotonin are not only slowed down; they are removed. MAO inhibitors work by limiting the effects of the enzyme and thereby increasing the volume of messages to the neurons (DePaoulo & Ablow, 1989).

Electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) has been used to treat severe depression since the 1940's. ECT is administered by applying an electric current to the patient's head for about 2 minutes. The amount of electricity used in today's treatments is far less than in the past. This therapy is normally only given to patients who require hospitalization and are at high risk for suicide. Several studies suggest that ECT reduces symptoms in severely depressed patients who previously have not responded to adequate trials of anti-depressant medication. The literature also indicates that ECT, when compared with anti-depressants, has a more rapid onset of action (NIMH, Vol. 5 No. 11).

There are many methods of talk therapy; cognitive therapy uses learning principles to correct maladaptive thought processes. In one study, over forty severely depressed patients were randomly assigned to two groups. One group received individual cognitive therapy sessions and no drugs, while the other group was treated with Tofranil (a trycyclic antidepressant) and no therapy. The research design was selected because it presented the maximum opportunity to see how the treatments compared. Up till that time, no method of psychotherapy had been shown to be as effective for depression as treatment with an antidepressant drug. Both groups of patients were treated for a twelve week period. All patients were systematically examined with extensive psychological testing prior to therapy, as well at several month intervals one year after completion of treatment. Theu doctors who administered the psychological tests were not the therapists who dispensed treatment.

The outcome of the study was quite unexpected and encouraging. Cognitive therapy showed itself to be substantially superior to antidepressant drug therapy in all respects. In the study, fifteen of the nineteen patients treated with cognitive therapy showed a substantial reduction of symptoms after twelve weeks of active treatment. An additional two individuals had improved, but were still experiencing borderline to mild depression. Only one patient had dropped out of treatment, and one

had not yet begun to improve at the end of this period. In contrast, only five of the twenty-five patients assigned to antidepressant drug therapy had shown complete recovery by the end of the twelve week period. Eight of these patients dropped out of therapy as a result of the adverse side effects of the medication, and twelve others showed no improvement or only partial improvement (Burns, 1980). Cognitive therapy can help the patient realize the connection between his or her negativity and depression. Thus, the patient is better able to recognize and correct his or her impaired perception (Dowling, 1993).

Finally, while scientists acknowledge that exercise is not a treatment in the league of mood altering drugs and psychotherapy, they concede that people who are mildly to moderately depressed may benefit from exercise. Thought to be responsible for this benefit are mood lifting chemicals excreted by the brain during exercise (Minken, 1993). Exercise increases the production of serotonin, which is a natural anti-depressant manufactured by the brain. Endorphins, another mood lifting brain chemical, are also produced by exercise (Dowling, 1993).

The recent proliferation of support groups is one of the greatest benefits to people suffering with depression. These groups include: The National Depressive Association, National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (NAMI), Recovery, Inc. They offer individuals with habitual or recurring psychiatric illness and their friends and family information, assistance, acceptance and a chance to bond with others to campaign for better research and legislation. People who have joined support groups speak enthusiastically about the benefits. One member said: "There is a great deal of comfort in finding other people like you with the same experiences and problems. We learn from one another and are a great comfort to each other during crisis situations." Many people find it therapeutic to share what they've learned and to offer encouragement and support to others. It raises a person's self esteem (Papolos & Papolos, 1992).

The understanding of depressive illness has come along way in the 2000 years since Hippocrates. Less than four hundred years ago blood letting and purgatives were used as treatment methods. Today, depression is managed with talk therapy, drugs, and electric shock treatment. Perhaps someday a medication will be found that goes beyond treating depressive illness and actually cures them. Or better yet, through continued research into the true causes, perhaps a way to prevent depressive orders in the first place will be found.

Public awareness campaigns likeuD/ART (Depression, Awareness, Recognition, and Treatment) set up by the National Institute of Mental Health, issue information to educate the general population so they may become more empathetic towards depressed persons. Also, there has been a great deal of recent media exposure of depression. A number of celebrities have come forward to discuss their struggle against depression. It can really help depressed people to feel less alone when they see someone that is well respected with the same difficulties they do. In addition, the increased exposure in the media promotes public support for victims of the disease, and helps eradicate the stigma connected with mental health counseling.

Until the time that a cure is found, the key to a better tomorrow for those suffering from depression is awareness. However, many people still operate under the misconception that depressed people can just snap out of it. Depression is a disease that is no more welcome to its victims than diabetes is to a diabetic. There are many methods of treating depression. Not all methods work for

all people. However, the key to feeling better is obtaining help. Someday, hopefully, depression will be a topic discussed in *history* texts rather than a mental disorder discussed in psychology texts.

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Jes Simmons Fishes for an Interpretatione

by George Simon
Course: English 102
Instructor: Larry P. Kent

Assignment: *Read an article of interpretation or criticism from a literary journal; then summarize and react to the critic's views.*

[You Fit Into Me]*

you fit into me
like a hook into an eye

a fish hook
an open eye

—*Margaret Atwood*

In a brief essay about Margaret Atwood's brief poem, "[You Fit Into Me]," Jes Simmons brings to light a number of points that not only challenge one's perceptions but additionally demonstrate the potential power of concise writing with a specific audience in mind.

Simmons' key point is that men and women will, generally, interpret the poem differently based on differences of perspective that come with sexual differences. Simmons reinforces this notion by using classroom teaching experience and the reactions of students to build the case. Stating that "female readers interpret the poem quite differently from male readers," Simmons goes on to assert that the complexity of the poem lies beyond the grasp of "most men" due to experiential and cultural differences.

According to Simmons, "most women" gain a "positive and appealing" image from the first two lines. Simmons points out that the "hook" and "eye" of the first stanza are understood by women to be "clothing fasteners that they employ every day" and refers to such devices as "delicate fasteners." Simmons then points out that since men

rarely use such a fastening device, "few male readers make this assumption." To the contrary, according to Simmons, men tend to immediately envision a fish hook and human eye and in so doing "find the last lines redundant" and, thus, miss the meaning of the poem.

In the essay, Simmons offers that the devastating elements of power, shock, and surprise in the second stanza are "lost on most male readers," and follows this assertion with the statement that, "For women the lines contradict the initial, positive image of sexuality by specifying the type of hook and eye."

Simmons concludes that "The best response to '[Y... Fit Into Me]' is through a woman's way of ng,ü and that to truly understand the poem, must read and see through women's eyes." would appear that the specific audience Jes ons had in mind when writing the essay which I have summarized was that of women, more precisely, women as stereotypically sensitive beings and men as the stereotypical, insensitive counterpart. The general mood of the essay paints a picture of women as feeling and sensitive and mer s insensitive, cold and unaware of the "feminine" perspective. Indeed, Simmons' opening statement, "Women's ways of knowing are essential to understanding Margaret Atwood's meaning and intention . . ." serves to immediately distance the male reader. Furthermore, the opening line implies a knowledge that is unique to biologically defined females. A statement such as, "a feminine perspective,ü rather than "Women's ways of knowing" would certainly be more inclusive of both sexes.

It appears that Simmons' collected reactions from literature classes are representative of a segment of the population that has, for the most part, only recently completed the socialization process and lacks some degree of worldly and scholarly experience. The "obliviousü males in Simmons' literature classes have, quite possibly, only recently left the world of juvenile, sexual segregation and, thus, have not yet gained knowledge of feminine ways that comes of intimacy and life experience.

Simmons makes the assumption that males rarely use such fastening devices as a hook and eye which overlooks the popular fasteners for dress pants, shoes and devices other than the stereotypical "male" fish hook. Based on this assumption, Simmons concludes that the majority of male readers immediately envision a fish hook, overlook the meaning of the poem, and find the second stanza repetitious. To reinforce the bias inherent in this assumption, Simmons contends that the "crucial elements" of the second stanza are of no value to "most male readers.ü

In closing, Simmons reiterates the concept of a "woman's way of knowing" which alludes to the idea that women, as biologically defined, are privy to some unique knowledge that men cannot share except through "women's eyes."

Contrary to Simmons' opinions, an informal random poll of both sexes, with the group ranging in age from thirteen years to "over sixty" and varying in both life and academic experience, revealed a diversity of interpretation. Recognition and acknowledgment of the pain and shock of the second stanza were almost universal. While most *feminine* readers were quick to identify the "hook" and "eyeü of the first stanza as belonging to garments, the majority of *masculine* readers did not identify the "hook" in both stanzas as a fish hook. Instead the *masculine* readers saw many possibilities for the type of closure. Additionally, readers of both genders saw the incompleteness of one without the other. (The hook without the eye.)

Simmons appears to have worked hard and to have succeeded, to some extent, to write an essay

that is as concise as its subject and quite audience specific. Unfortunately, the end result of such efforts too often reinforces the perceived gap between women and men. Implications of special abilities and sweeping generalizations based on sex alone build walls of ignorance and not bridges of intellect.

Precision and succinct generalities can challenge perceptions and kindle the fires of intellect. These same attributes can also be tempting bait for the naive to take "hook, line and sinker."

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Evaluation: *Not only did Mr. Simon do an excellent, concise job of summarizing critic Jes Simmons' views, he also added to and extended the interpretation by doing his own informal survey.*

Valaska and the Goldblatt Kidney

by Nancy Sitarz
Course: English 101
Instructor: Anne M. Davidovicz

Assignment: *Write an essay in which you define a concept, a lesson, an object, etc. Use the techniques of description and narration to develop your essay.*

I'd only see black people on TV, or maybe at a large shopping area, until I spent a month in Michael Reese Hospital having a kidney removed in 1958. The black nurses were kinder than the whites, they had a readier smile, their touch was soft and soothing. My Dad always said "Colored people are just like us. If their skin gets cut, they bleed the same way."

Valaska was a tall black girl about ten years old. I don't know what was wrong with her, but she lay motionless inside a canvas stretcher bed that the nurses could swivel around so she'd be face up or down. She was an Oreo cookie in reverse. We occupied a children's ward with ten beds. Valaska suffered through her days directly across from my bed on the opposite wall. I thought it real fun to get under her bed on the floor when she was face down, avoiding the clear tubing that came from her to the floor bottle for urine. She had soft, big brown doe eyes and she couldn't even smile. I would just grin slowly and wave, barely wiggling my fingers, as if we had a special secret. Somehow I knew she was glad I came by once in a while.

It must have been the "real sick" kids' ward, because there was no one with a minor ailment there.

I was the entertainer/troublemaker hopping down the center aisle like a goofy eleven-year-old rabbit, long brown ponytail flying, oblivious to the fact that I had extremely high blood pressure (260 over 190). The task sergeant floor nurse happened to spy me doing jumping jacks in front of Valaska's bed (I was always entertaining that kid) and just about leaped out of her skin with fright that I'd pop a blood vessel in my head and it would be *her fault.*

When you're eleven years old you don't think much about dying. Even if the thought occurs to you, as it did to me when they said I was going to have an operation, it meant something kind of

natural I could deal with. Not the Grand Canyon abyss of mental anguish and physical pain, tangled with faces and outstretched arms of loved ones, both dead and alive— that's what death has become over the years.

One night a clown came in and we were all allowed to sit in wheel chairs (except Valaska), to be kidded with and shown magic tricks. Vanilla ice cream cups, slightly melted, so that the rich warm cream puddled around the edges (yum!), were served to all while we finished the night watching a Jerry Lewis movie. I would have poo-pooed this goings on if I were at home, but in this limited stimulation environment (except for rotten needles and scary tests) it provided a great treat.

My Mom came to be with me very early the morning my right kidney was to be removed. The doctor had been cavalier describing the "little incision" I would own after this life-saving process. I had a Goldblatt kidney. Yes, it would have been fabulous if that meant I got it at Goldblatt's Department Store: a local low-end chain, similar to Kmart, long since departed through bankruptcy. That means I could decide I didn't like it, 'cause it didn't work, and just bring it back for a new one (or my money back). It seems my kidney had shrunken down to the size of a hard, large hazelnut, and though it had been that way since birth, it was now squeezing a main artery and giving me lethal high blood pressure.

Michael Reese had its operating rooms in the basement, reached by a cold tunnel with tiled walls and floors. The perfunctory orderly parked my cart against a beige tile wall in a busy corridor. I was left there for almost an hour, getting as scared as you can get after the pre-surgery "relaxation shot."

I vividly remember being irritated that I was ignored so long. Lying on that narrow, wiggly cart with a skimpy, short, tied-on cotton gown, and just a white sheet to hide under, I estimated my predicament. My eyes swept up and back the tile tunnel, searching to make contact with anyone rushing by. Most of these people hurried along, grimly squishing in their muffled shoes and booties, as if they were late for a class with a crabby teacher. They had loose bleached-out cotton baggy clothes on. Most wore a square cloth face mask, some untied at one end. None bothered to acknowledge the seventy-nine-pound girl, curled in a fetal position on the cart. My eyes swiveled wildly, sweeping back and forth, looking for just a nod or for someone to claim me. The air flow in the tunnel was starting to burn and dry my eyes, (a feeling I get when shopping at a crowded mall these days).

Preoccupation with myself was interrupted when, about twenty feet away from me, four orderly baggy clothes people wrestled to get a cartu (just like mine!) out of an operating room. The woman on the cart had very messy blond hair and slowly twisted in agony, moaning deep a crescendo that came faster and more high pitched as it ended, only to start again. Suddenly I thought, what if they *do* find me here?

A no-nonsense young man strode up to me and said "Blah blah kidney?" I nodded yes and away we went, two doors down to the operating room.

With effortless fluid motion, I was swung onto another bed — and realized I was in the center of the room. It was a large room with twelve-foot ceilings (same beige tile). Two huge lights hung above me, big enough for a lighthouse. Several people clanked around busily preparing metal things I really didn't want to acknowledge. A nurse approached me with a stainless steel pan full of reddish-brown liquid and began painting my stomach and side with quick strokes.

A Filipino doctor with kind upturned eyes inserted a needle in my inside elbow before I could

muster up the usual fear of being punctured. He said softly "Okay, Honey, can you start counting backwards from one hundred?" I counted obediently: "99, 98 . . . 9 . . ."

The ride to a new semi-private room was foggy until the guys hit the side of the elevator door. Gargantuan alligators chomped me in half, tearing my ribs and organs away from my body. My mouth was frozen open in a shriek but nothing came out, not even air. What KIND of PAIN is this? I'd never felt anything like it. The waves of vicious ripping teeth began to subside when I was lowered into my bed by the two *now very careful* orderlies.

I must have been near death and guess how I knew? I'd been in the hospital almost a month and had very few visitors other than my parents; Mom came every day. Right after my operation my entire family appeared, even the "never showsü like Uncle Ernie. They all looked kind of watery-eyed, smiling flatly without showing their teeth, and didn't say much. Once Dad said he could almost see through my skinny pale fingers as they lay against the sheet.

Mom and a favorite black nurse, Mary, got me to start eating again by searching the main kitchen for boiled new red potatoes, drowned in butter. It was the first time I had any salt for over three months and I could have cried with delight as I devoured them, skins and all.

A week later I was going home — I WAS GOING HOME! Goodbye all, you've been very good to me, but I can walk now and I'm going home! I shuffled down the hall, giddy with relief and joy. Down to the kids' ward.

Valaska's bed was gone. Darnit, I wanted to get out of here and now I couldn't find my first and only black friend to say goodbye. Mary noticed me standing there and asked what I wanted. I crowed "All I have to do is find Valaska so I can say goodbye!ü Mary shook her head slowly, eyes cast downward, and whispered reverently, "She's gone, baby doll, she's gone."

This essay is dedicated to my friend Valaska, died May 1958. Black people die like us, too . . . u they're just people.

Memo on Essay #2:
Valaska and the Goldblatt Kidney

I 'm almost afraid to say that this writing of essays is gratifying, O.K., even enjoyable! Why would I be afraid to inform the leader of my journey? Picture Lucille Ball as Lucy. She has a job at a large bakery putting cakes in boxes as they pass slowly on a conveyor belt. All of a sudden someone turns the speed of the belt to fasssssst! She starts slamming them in crookedly, even missing every other one . . . and the missed ones plop on the dirty factory floor.

It is a manageable challenge to grind out essays at the current rate. Slow enough to make a couple of false starts (stalse farts?). Yet the time allowed for creativity isn't enough to stall my engine into procrastination.

As a psychology student, it fascinates me when my brainstorming goes from single words and phrases to paragraphs. The subject always goes off the initial path intended. It reminds me of when my cousin Judy and I spent hours lying in the summer grass seeking four-leaf clovers, while affirming our teenage existence. What we learned was if you found one, generally it belonged to a large family of over-producers. Finding one meant a treasure trove of five-, six- and seven-leafers. We just had to keep following the trail for more than could be handled.

My twenty-eight year old daughter Michele sat at the kitchen table with tears in her eyes as she read some of my brainstorming. She asked for a

copy of "Ma" and said it seemed more like a poem than random words. It touched my son Bob too. I know some of the things I'm writing are dear remembrances that somehow are her love sprinkled like cinnamon and sugar on paper apple slices. We are so hungry for her presence that any little memory is cherished, divided up carefully like an exorbitantly expensive French dessert with four spoons hovering over it.

It's funny how one memory can be expanded to many. I was shocked to find how much information lay waiting in my long ago hospital experience. I had to edit out several branches, important ones that could have become essays on their own so I didn't begin a novel. Yet.

The rose that the chubby black girl presented to Mom on Mother's Day. It was the second morning I awoke to find my mother had slept all night in the hard chair next to my bed. Cocker Spaniel puppies, eight of them, born to my red furred Lady within a week of my return home. My out of body experience when I was in critical condition after the operation. More later.

Evaluation: *The odd and provocative title of this essay, alone, merits applause. Nancy Sitarz's writing voice truly captures the perceptions of an eleven year old. Her details are vivid enough to take the reader into the hospital with her. Her memo to me on writing the essay is also a rare treat as her voice, her humor, and her use of detail continue to surprise and delight the reader.*

Olds' Destructione of Spirit

by Timothy P. Thompson
Course: Literature 105: Poetry
Instructor: Anne M. Davidovicz

Assignment: *Carefully analyze a poem. In your analysis, include the necessary evidence—quotation and summary from the poem, a discussion of relevant elements, what you know to be true about human nature, and/or logical reasoning—to support your interpretations.*

Fate
Finally I just gave up and became my father,
his greased, defeated face shining toward
anyone I looked at, his mud-brown eyes
in my face, glistening like wet ground that
things you love have fallen onto
and been lost for good. I stopped trying
not to have his bad breath,
his slumped posture of failure, his sad
sex dangling on his thigh, his stomach
swollen and empty. I gave in
to my true self, I faced the world
through his sour mash, his stained acrid
vision, I floated out on his tears.
I saw the whole world shininga
with the ecstasy of his grief, and I
myself, he, I, shined,
my oiled porous cheeks glaucous
as tulips, the rich smear of the petal,
the bulb hidden in the dark soil,
stuck, impacted, sure of its rightful place.

Sharon Olds' poem "Fate" is demonstrative of brutal truth. She has developed a style throughout her career dedicated to the presentation of this brutal truth. Yet, somehow this poem contains a truth both uncharacteristic and seemingly counter-productive. Several of her other poems ("*That Year*," "*The Guild*," "*The Victims*," and "*Why My Mother Made Me*") contain a message or reflection of the idea of "father" as a cruel, brutal, angry, destructive, and disturbing force always fighting against or oppressing the speaker: a figure of unsurpassed regret, pain, and suffering. The line "*Finally I gave up and became my father*" (line 1) creates an enigmatic catharsis: a feeling of both defilement and purification. These emotions manifest a strong sense of both cynicism and betrayal at the most vital level: from within. Olds

reflects this strong realization while creating an agonizing puzzle in the reader's mind. Why would a person so hurt both emotionally and physically by her father reach the point where she needs to become him?

The grotesque description of the father, equating him throughout with the speaker, is the first of many complex issues. Several ideas may come to mind when reading this description: "*his greased, defeated face shining toward/ anyone I looked at*" (lines 2-3). By both defiling, with words like "greased" and "defeated," and admiring, with the word "shining," the father in this poem, Olds utilizes the inconsistencies within these lines to project the doubt in the speaker's mind to the reader. Through this, we get a closer look at the doubt the speaker still feels, even after such a self-assured beginning.

However, by following this description with the line ". . . *toward/ anyone I looked at*" (line 3) the speaker is equated with the father. This equality, at least at this point, is only physical. The speaker is seeing the resemblance between him/herself, now, as an adult, and the father, then, as a man. This physical connection is carried on with the lines "*his mud-brown eyes/ in my face*" (lines 3-4). Olds then goes on to describe these "mud-brown eyes" even further: "*glistening like wet ground that/ things you love have fallen onto/ and been lost for good*" (lines 4-6). This gets more into the memories the speaker still carries, heavy laden, in her heart. The father's eyes, the speaker's own eyes, are forbidding, dark, rank, and unforgiving, just like that ground. The speaker's relationship to the father has now been taken beyond the physical into the soul. The eyes are windows to the soul, and this speaker fears what she may see in those dark panes.

Olds goes on to give more of the repulsive memories the speaker has of her father, but this time they are prefaced with the simple phrase "*I stopped trying not to . . .*" (lines 6-7). With this short phrase, further personality is given to the speaker. It was an effort at one point to be as unlike the father as possible, as if a duty. At this point, the speaker's motivation for such a complete surrender, from bad breath to empty, swollen stomach, is still heavily mysterious. The speaker's disgust is shown everywhere in this poem, yet this person no longer fights the disgust but becomes its complete slave. Succumbing to the vivid extreme of bad breath, slumped posture of failure, sad sex dangling, and stomach, swollen and empty seems very different from the peace this speaker was and is denied.

"*I gave in/ to my true self*" (lines 10-11). This short line is the best representation of the maze in which the speaker is now entwined. The first three words appear at the end of a line: "*I gave in . .* " The line break in this statement gives the unabashed expression of complete abandon. There is no hope now. However, even if there was, the speaker no longer can confront it. The struggle is over and the man in the black hat, the bad guy, the father comes out on top. With the three words "*I gave in,*" reason is made obsolete. The speaker does not care. That point is made perfectly clear in the last half of the phrase: "*to my true self.*" The speaker has no will left to fight. Instead of taking the punishment, proud to have fought at all, the speaker negates the victory the father has won. There was no battle between the speaker and the father. It was between the speaker and the speaker's "*true self.*" To admit the speaker's true self is greased, defeated, and possesses mud-brown eyes is a sad step in the wrong direction. The speaker has come to the realization that he/she is no better than the terrible excuse for a man her father was.

The action has not yet taken place. The speaker knows what to do but still needs to do it. "*I faced the world/ through his sour mash, his stained acrid/*

vision, I floated out on his tears" (lines 11-13). The memories of him as a drunk, wandering home late, falling on the kitchen floor and crying into the silence for help, permeate the speaker's new found existence. The speaker faces the world alone and afraid, vision blurred by mash and tears. Her new found character is not original but it will do quite nicely for the end of the speaker's self and the beginning of the speaker's "true self." This is why the speaker fought to escape his hands, fought to conceal the black and blue implosions on the chest and arms and legs and face from the content classmates in the school yard, fought to survive.

There remains the impenetrable force the father created: his view of life and of his world. The speaker goes beyond simply accepting the physical and spiritual attributes, or lack thereof. The speaker also cops to the father's lowly view, without care or compassion in any way, shape, or form, butu wallowing in self-pity and crushing brutality. He refused to see light in any situation, except when he witnesses his own horrid life. "*I saw the whole world shining/ with the ecstasy of his grief*" (lines 14-15). The ironic twist in this line is word "shine." His grief is his existence. It is the only light he can accept into his dark soul. He wallows in his own self-made hell and delivers it painfully to those around him. The speaker accepts this genetic gift by accepting his apathy.

The speaker is now him. They are inseparable, one from the other. "*and I/ myself, he, I, shined*" (lines 15-16) makes it all too clear where the speaker's heart now lies, wallowing in the father's self-made hell; a gift; an inheritance. The speaker has merged with the enemy to form a horrible union of dank mortality.

The obvious conclusion to a transition of this magnitude is to create a ray of twisted, strangled hope. "*my oiled porous cheeks glaucous/ as tulips, the rich smear of the petal,/ the bulb hidden in the dark soil,/ stuck, impacted, sure of its rightful place*" (lines 17-20). The sick joke is this painted picture; a self portrait through rose-colored glasses. This is not the essence of life in father's shoes given up by the speaker. This is the most inexpressible delusion a person could dream to accomplish. If this tulip were to bloom, maybe an understanding would be available. However, it remains impacted and stubborn. Not only sure of itself, but ignorant of what has happened. The speaker has not escaped a life of failure but has imprisoned herself in failure and self-righteous opposition to the soul.

A man becomes a father. A father becomes an allusion to what life was, is, and may become. From this, a child has become an adult. This adult becomes a failure. The father's strident enforcement of down-trodden righteousness becomes the legacy a child lives up to. This is a story of pain and awakening. The end of the world has come to one person's life and that person smiles in indignation, not knowing the injustice of what she is and will become. The child, the adult, the legacy has been created. But the father cannot claim credit for this piece of disfigured art. This person killed his/her own soul, not with tulip petals but with the thorns of an unforgiving bulb impacted within.

Evaluation: *Though I did not entirely agree with Tim Thompson's analysis of "Fate," his claims for interpretation are well-supported from beginning to end. His content is not the only thing to praise—his writing style is also excellent. Thompson's varied sentence length, provocative (though not overly elevated) vocabulary, and his downright self-confident voice are rare finds in the Literature 105 class.*

Yeah, Sure. It Was a Great Story.

by Timothy P. Thompson
Course: Honors English 102
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment: *Tim combines two assignments: (1) Interview members of your English 102 class to discover their responses to Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wall-Paper." Use their opinions and observations to help you develop, refine, and explain your opinion of the story. (2) Write an impressionistic literary essay in which you describe your responses to a literary work. Explore what in the text prompted your response and what from your life explains that response.*

> *I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard?*
> *It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!* (371)

And so ends the life of Jane and so begins the life of an escaped mind. Now, I'm not one to judge—scratch that—I'm definitely one to judge, and I see the chain of events in this story in an immensely cynical way. Of course, you understand that my view may be cynical, but it is always right. Well, that is, until someone proves me wrong. Throughout my first reading of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wall-Paper," my mind screamed "Why?" What could possess a person to write such drivel about a hypochondriac woman stepping across the thin line into mental breakdown; a woman, quite literally, climbing the walls? What dumbfounded me is why anyone would choose to read it. More specifically, and less slanted: does this plot, regarding one woman's life, follow any logical order? I asked three students this same question, praying to God that one of them would justify the time I wasted reading this story.

According to my original evaluation, it has absolutely no point or logic. Granted, my knowledge of mental incapacity is lacking, but who cares? I wouldn't know schizophrenia from herpes, but who cares? Jane starts the story whining emphatically, and annoyingly, about how she needs rest and peace, blah, blah, blah. Who cares? Take a nap, for Christ's sake, and stop your bitching. She gets interested in a stupid design on some stupid wall-paper in some stupid room. And, gosh, this little woman starts running all over the place, and get this, she's actually trapped *inside* the wall-paper. Her husband, then, becomes intrigued

by the paper . . . then the maid. Maybe he's intrigued because his wife spends all day every day staring at the damned paper and he wants to know whatever she knows. Then, like an idiot's slap on the head, she *becomes* the woman in the wall-paper. Luckily she escaped from the clutches of that paper, never to be trapped again. She, this poor woman, is the psycho to end all psychos; hers is the Taj Mahal of nervous breakdowns.

I had to re-read the last page a second time. I laughed out loud in frustration. I had spent ten minutes of my ever-so-valuable time reading the diary of a woman going insane and I didn't even see it coming. Was it my job to see it coming? I didn't think so. Little Ms. Gilman had a duty, I felt, to present these ramblings in a somewhat logical, if not wholly believable, manner. She trampled down my fourth wall. She utterly destroyed my suspension of disbelief. I felt like a kid in a movie theater mumbling to his cute, freckle-faced little date, "That couldn't happen."

But, it seems, I was completely alone in my apt. albeit cynical, critique. And now I must admit that after talking to the members of the class about this story (and I mean that in the loosest sense of the term), my view took a turn.

Mike Chernoff's critique, although not the most emphatic, was enlightening enough to cause me to rethink my stance. His most compelling response to the question I posed was simply, "The author progressed logically, the character did not." Very well put, I think. How, though, can I separate the character from the author, especially when, as this story is a first person narrative, the character is supposed to be the author? "She was just fulfilling the role," answered Mike. The character, according to Mike, had been building to this climax. And, although the ending was not completely logical, the idea of a woman going insane due to a wallpaper fixation isn't very logical either. That makes sense, I thought. However, I wanted desperately to blow him sky-high with a witty and grossly intellectualized argument against his theory. To my dismay, I tended to agree. How could an author present an illogical act, i.e. Jane losing it, in a logical way? I'm sure that if Gilman wrote it logically, I would have hated it even more.

Jessica Knight gave me the bullet I really needed to shoot my pride down. Again, I asked if the plot followed any logical order. She gave me the answer I dreamt of at night when I first thought of this question. "I'm not sure," she said. "It got really confusing." Ha Ha!! I'm right! She couldn't grasp it either. I felt my blood race through my veins. I had found the legendary Lost Ark of the Covenant in the lost city of Atlantis, and the entire world knows my name and worships the ground I walk on! I am RIGHT!! "I knew she was going to flip out, but, at that point, it shocked me. But, I guess that was the point.ü My heart stopped. Okay. Fair enough. You guys can stop stenciling my name on the next Nobel prize now. I was wrong. I'm the only idiot who didn't get it.

So, I was neutral. Mike's answer caused me to rethink my stance and Jessica just shot me in the head. I was in no position to argue anything I used to believe. I just wanted a hug.

Kim Fuzessy was the one who pushed me to see the light. Brilliance glared at me from behind her eyes as she soaked in my sad attempt at a question. "Yes, I saw the logic. John was driving her crazy. She was alone in that room all day. I think she was the only sane one around." The angels sang. I knew exactly what she was saying and the logic of the whole story solidified in my mind. Of course poor Jane was going crazy. She was cooped up all day and ignored. So much for rest and relaxation on this vacation. She was bored. Hell, I feel like I'm going to climb the walls when I'm cramped up for a few hours. Give me weeks

like Jane had and I'd end up a few sandwiches short of a picnic. "I thought it was great," Kim concluded. Well, I'm not quite so sure about that one.

I learned something from this cathartic experience. There is a God and her name is Kim. She gave me a reason to live! She gave me hope for a bright tomorrow! She gave me faith that we can achieve peace on Earth and make the world a better place for our children and our children's children!

Easy, boy! Hold on a second. You're really starting to lose it man. You can't fly off the handle on every little idea that jumps into your little head. Okay?

Sure. I got it.

Now, let's set the record straight. Sure, I just presented arguments that refute my original point of view. But, let's be serious. This story is au desperate call for help that fell on deaf ears. Gilman is attempting to bring awareness to the problem of severe mental depression in women. And the cause of this depression, boys and girls, is not the wallpaper. It is her husband and her brother and, if I may be so bold, the entire male population. Yes, yes, men are scum. We could not possibly care less about the plight of the martyred woman. Jane's husband sure doesn't. It was his ignorance and insensitivity that pushed Jane over the edge, just as Kim explained it. But, speaking as a male, I say that the whining of women about how tired they are or how sad they are is not going to cause much of a change in me.

Gilman deserves credit for going out on a limb and writing an extremely enlightening story that was well before its time. My problem is not with her message, it is with her voice. This drivel only pushes me further in the "I am man" role. I feel like grabbing the nearest woman and dragging her to my cave by her hair. Who are you to call us insensitive to the plight of the female mind? Who are you to come out and say all men suck just because some idiot doctor is too blind to see what his wife's real problem is? But, you're forgetting something. Men do suck. Men are insensitive. And any man who tells you otherwise is trying to get a little more from you than enlightened conversation. But can't we just feel a little pride in ourselves for being men? Just a little?

The moral of the story, boys and girls, is quite simple. You have to think. I realize that you all want to jump to some sort of outrageous conclusion without thinking twice, but you see what that can do. It can make you look like a complete ass. Now, I want you to go home, give your mother a kiss goodnight, and fall asleep with the idea secure in your mind that Uncle Timmy made an ass out of himself so you won't have to. But, whatever you do, remember, men suck.

Evaluation: *Using hyperbole and a mock-hysterical persona, Tim writes vividly and entertainingly about his confrontation with "The Yellow Wall-Paper," his confrontation with his fellow students' opinions, and his growth in self-awareness and understanding.*

Chapman Interview

by Linda Urman
Course: Journalism 130
Instructor: Rhea Dawson

Assignment: *Develop a news story with attribution to a public official, examine both sides of an issue and use inverted pyramid style with facts introduced in descending order of importance.*

Class size will increase and programs will be cut as the administration of Township High School District 211 copes with a budget crunch.

"We are caught between growing enrollment and declining state funding," explained Superintendent Gerald Chapman.

Enrollment in the district's five high schools is increasing. In three schools—Palatine, Hoffman Estates and Schaumburg High Schools—the entering freshmen classes are the largest in eight years, Chapman said. "We expected to hire 15 or 16 new teachers in the district to take care of the increased enrollment. Now we plan to raise class size to keep a balanced budget."

The biggest cause of declining revenue is the drastically reduced amount of state aid received by the district. In 1980, 25 percent of the budget came from state taxes. In 1993, less than six percent of the district's money came from the state.

"If you don't have state aid, the only other choice you have is property taxes," said Chapman. "This year, the state put a one-year freeze on property taxes for the education fund." The education fund is that part of the budget that pays teachers' salaries.

To make things even more interesting, the state legislature is now considering a tax cap on suburban Cook county, Chapman said. The tax cap would limit any increase in property taxes to the prior year's equalized valuation times either five per cent or the consumer's price index, whichever is lower. The collar counties already have this cap, which last year limited taxes to a 3.5 per centu increase.

"We won't even be able to get more money from new construction," explained Chapman. "The new property is taxed, but the rate goes down, so the total amount of money is the same. If

the tax cap is passed, we will not have enough money to maintain the programs we have had in the past."

The legislature is expected to pass the tax cap by the June recess. State Rep. Terry Parke's office said local voters support limiting property tax increases. The office mentioned that Governor James Edgar has proposed devoting the temporary tax surcharge to education to help deal with financing problems.

Because of the way the state distributes money to schools, Chapman sees no help from tax surcharge money. "The overwhelming majority of the state money goes to the city of Chicago. Much of the rest goes downstate. We wouldn't see enough to make a difference."

The superintendent does not see any help coming to the district. "Theoretically, we could try to pass a referendum. But only 20 percent of households are families with children in school, so the chance of a referendum passing in these times is almost nil."

"Of course, we hope the tax cap will not go through," said Chapman, "but we must plan next year's budget to do what we can do with what we have."

The district plans several phases to balance the budget for the 1993 – 1994 school year.

The biggest item in the budget is teachers' salaries, which account for two-thirds of the total budget. Chapman hopes to save $1 million by using fewer teachers to teach more students, which means larger class sizes. "We will be concentrating on classes with low enrollments," Chapman said.

Some classes or entire programs may be dropped, particularly in the allied technology and life and family studies departments, which often have class enrollments under 20 students. Teachers retiring from these departments will not be replaced.

The state has offered teachers at the upper end of the pay scale incentives to retire early. New teachers, hired at the bottom of the pay scale, would also save the district money.

While the district has no plans to lay off teachers, many teachers are concerned that they may be asked to take a pay cut. "The contract does not spell out class size, but it does define the pay scale," Florence LeDuc, teacher's union representative. "We are in the second year of a three-year contract, and we will start negotiations next year."

Neither the administration nor the union is willing to discuss the salary issue now, but both groups clearly expect negotiations to be difficult.

Chapman expects to save $500,000 out of the equipment budget by cutting plans for purchase of new or replacement computer equipment in half.

Another $200,000 to $300,000 can be saved by extending the life of textbooks from five years to seven years. The determinations must be made by the individual departments, Chapman explained, because a biology text becomes obsolete faster than a novel. All books will have more wear before they are replaced.

If the administration can save the anticipated $1.7 million, next year's budget will be balanced. But if the tax cap passes, no help is in sight for district finances. "Down the line, we may not be able to provide the programs the community is accustomed to receiving," said Chapman.

Clubs and activities will be evaluated, and funding for smaller clubs may be dropped. Athletic programs will also be reviewed for efficiency.

"If the state economy picks up, things may improve," said Chapman. The state education dollars are driven by the amount of income tax received. If employment goes up, more taxes will be received, and fewer tax dollars will be spent for unemployment compensation and welfare.

In the meantime, Chapman said the administration plans to send out a district-wide newsletter this May. "We need to explain where we are, how we got there, and what to expect," said Chapman.

Evaluation: *Linda captures the inverted pyramid style and uses quotations effectively.*

Corps Coping

by Frances Vizek
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment: *Build a classification in which you teach your audience about a subject. Group a restricted system by way of a focused ruling principle. Provide a concrete example member of each category.*

Adjusting to life in the Peace Corps was filled with moments of excitement, frustration, worry, and great humor. Since indoor plumbing and electricity were luxuries, Peace Corps volunteers learned to live without, daily tasks became a new challenge. Volunteers undergo drastic changes in their lifestyles— ranging from diet to climate to culture. After enduring the first year of life in a third world country (in this case, Sierra, Leone- West Africa), volunteers seem to develop one of the three basic coping strategies. They either immerse themselves totally into the culture, totally reject the culture, or balance a healthy respect for the new culture while maintaining their basic identity.

The "immersers" begin to dress like the Sierra Leoneans. They shop for cloth in the markets and have a tailor make their clothes. They limit their diets strictly to the local food. They discontinue their malaria medicine because they want to experience everything that the Sierra Leoneans do — including malaria. The "immersers" tend to discontinue writing to their families back in the United States. They usually begin a romantic relationship with a Sierra Leonean. They begin to speak the language, Krio, even to other volunteers. Craig was a classic "immerser." He bathed with the men in the stream, discontinued using silverware (the Sierra Leoneans ate with their right hand), and threw his malaria medicine and iodine tablets into the latrine. He even began to study the Koran, which is the "bible" of the Islamic religion. He loved his village, the people, and the culture. But, like many "immersers," he became extremely ill and was rushed back to the United States for medical treatment. His disregard for his own health caused him to contract a horrible disease called schistosomiasis. Though the "immersers" have the potential to be outstanding volunteers, their haphazard approach to their own health eventually interferes with their volunteer duties.

Other volunteers cope with life in a third world country by rejecting their new environment. The "rejecters" become very unpleasant people to be around. They continue to dress the same way they did in the United States. The woman "rejecter" wears shorts in public even though it is taboo to do so in Sierra Leone. The rejecters could care less about being "culturally sensitive." They feel they are sacrificing their own lives to help these people and aren't going to worry about being offensive. They hate the local cuisine and will take long bus trips into town so they can stock up on "American" food (such as oatmeal, canned soups, peanut butter, etc.). They never become adept at the language and seem irritated when the villagers don't understand them. They are so paranoid of getting sick that they seldom let the villagers in their homes. A "rejecter" spends most of his time writing letters to his "civilized" friends back home. They aren't very good volunteers because they never develop good relations with the villagers. The "rejecters" tend not to finish the full two years of their service. They can't stand the people, the food, the culture, or their work. They are bitter and never look back when they leave. Tammy was a classic "rejecter." When a fellow volunteer suggested that Tammy stop wearing shorts because it was offensive to the villagers, Tammy proclaimed that she would not wear pants because pants are for boys. One can guess that a person with such inflexible views would not be a good volunteer. Rather than feeling humored or honored when a Sierra Leonean would suggest having a relationship with Tammy, Tammy felt repulsed. Not only did Tammy cheat herself out of a great life experience, she cheated the villagers who lived with her. Part of a volunteer's duty is to share his culture with the villagers. Tammy was too selfish to share; therefore, her fellow villagers also missed out on a learning experience. Not much to anyone's surprise, Tammy did not finish her full Peace Corps assignment.

Fortunately, most volunteers fall into the "balancer" group. They embrace their new culture, but also maintain some of their own basic habits and attitudes. "Balancers" will occasionally wear the native cloth, "gara." They do so because they know the villagers will be pleased to see them dress this way. A "balancer" makes the effort and adjusts to the local food. Though rice with sauce is the "balancer's" staple diet, they occasionally splurge on American food, such as cheese or popcorn.

The "balancers" take reasonable care of their health, but avoid becoming obsessive about it. They enjoy learning the language, but aren't too proud to use an interpreter, if the need arises. "Balancers" do keep in touch with friends back home, but don't center their week around the incoming mail. Joel was an example of a healthy "balancer." Though Joel usually dressed in his jeans and tee shirt, he would always wear native cloth for the festivals. Although Joel initially disliked the local food, he persevered and eventually accepted his new cuisine. He felt it would be too offensive to the villagers if he did not adapt to their food. He compromised by eating a typical American breakfast (coffee and oatmeal), but a native dinner. Joel enjoyed conversing with the villagers in Krio. He also tried to teach some eager villagers how to speak English. Although Joel enjoyed trying to learn the local language, he always spoke through a translator when working with the men. Joel enjoyed his full two years in the Peach Corps. Though he encountered moments of great frustration, they were balanced by the moments of joy.

Needless to say, Tammy was the least effective volunteer. And although I truly admired Craig's zest for life, I was most impressed with Joel's healthy approach to coping with life in a third world country.

Evaluation: *This logical classification informs, evaluates, and entertains. The speaker, with thoughtfulness and an observing eye, tells of the Peace Corps experience as only a volunteer would know it.*

Tales Frome The Crib

by Carmella Wolfgang
Course: English 101
Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment: *Write an essay about a person you know who orders his or her life around a powerful commitment or passion. Use vivid language to bring the person to life. Explain what the passion is, how the person exhibits it, and how it influences that person's or other persons' lives.*

Placing a rock on the kitchen table during a thunderstorm to prevent lightning from striking the house, wearing a red ribbon to repel the "evil eye" — these are silly superstitions. To others, these rituals are valid traditions handed down from one generation to another. But for me, myu mother's superstitions were a very confusing and sometimes frightening part of my childhood.

My mother introduced me to the "evil eye" at a very early age. I remember Mom telling me the story of how she outwitted the evil eye. My paternal grandmother had a friend, Angelina, who possessed the evil eye. During my mother's pregnancy with me, she stayed away from this evil woman, Angelina, who could hurt her unborn baby. Therefore, I entered the world safe and healthy, thanks to my mom's keen awareness and knowledge of the evil eye.

As a child, I remember going to my grandmother's house hoping never to see this Angelina, whom I pictured as having one eye in the middle of her forehead. I was always told never to look directly at Angelina. To me, she would have been worse than Medusa. But one day, I did sneak a peek and I didn't turn into stone. Nor did I see a one-eyed monster. I just saw an old woman with really bad teeth like the Wicked Witch of the West from *The Wizard of Oz*.

Since Angelina didn't possess one eye, I asked my mom what the evil eye meant. In her explanation, the evil eye could mean "anything." Anything that was too good in your life the evil eye could take away, or if you had anything that resembled misfortune, that again was the evil eye.

Much later in life, I realized that my mother and her mother-in-law, my grandmother, never got along. In fact, they really disliked each other. The evil eye was the means for a great tug of war between them. When my grandmother would spend the night at our house, she would outline the

bed by pouring salt on the floor. This was to protect her from dying in someone else's bed. Grandma never died during the night when she stayed at our house, but she never realized how close she came to death. My mom felt that all that salt on her meticulous, clean floor was justification for my grandmother's demise.

For as long as I can remember, a tiny red ribbon was always pinned to my undershirt. My mother informed me that wearing red was a sure fire way to be protected from the evil eye. To further convince me, my mom told me she read a magazine article about Sophia Loren. In this article, Ms. Loren said she wore or carried something red every day of her life for luck. But my mom knew she did it for protection against the evil eye.

My dresser drawer contained underpants, undershirts, and red ribbons. Each morning I would change my underwear and pin my little red ribbon on my left shoulder much like General Patton displaying his medals on his dress uniform. I was proud to be fighting the never ending battle against the evil eye.

At age seven, I just assumed that all people wore red ribbons and knew how to protect themselves against the evil eye. But one day during gym class, I had a rude awakening. None of the other girls were wearing red ribbons, and to make matters worse, they started teasing me. When I returned home that day, I told my mother what had happened. I also told her I wasn't going to wear my red ribbons anymore because I didn't want the other girls to tease me. My mom assured me that both Sophia Loren and she knew what was right and the other children were at great risk. Therefore, I should continue to wear my red ribbons.

This evil eye was getting confusing. I didn't want to risk some misfortune. But at the age of seven, I was more concerned with peer pressure. This evil eye was creating a dilemma in my life. Then it dawned on me. If my mom could outwit the evil eye, so could I. And from that day forward, my red ribbons were no longer proudly worn. They were concealed. I pinned them on the inside of my undershirt.

Being first generation Americans, we would be visited frequently by relatives from the old country. During one of these visits, my great aunt presented my mother and her three sisters each with the same gift. It was a rock, but not just any old rock. It was a rock brought down from a holy mountain in Sicily that supposedly had the power to protect us from storms. This made me wonder if there was a huge gaping hole in the side of this mountain from which my relatives had each carved a chunk.

Since my mother was terrified of thunderstorms, she was extremely pleased with this gift. Whenever there was a thunderstorm, the rock was placed on the kitchen table to protect our house from being struck by lightning.

These superstitions were beginning to confuse me. I was attending CCD classes in order to make my First Holy Communion, and the nuns strictly forbade any false idols including rocks. The nuns also didn't believe in the evil eye. They called evil the devil. The nuns told us the only protection we needed was God. In order to please both my mom and the nuns, I played both sides of the fence for several years. During a thunderstorm, I would place the rock on the table, which was now a form of idolatry, and secretly say a little prayer that God wouldn't zap our house. When I finally confronted my mother and told her I was trading in my red ribbons for a cross necklace, she didn't protest, much to my amazement. She came to realize that these superstitions were not only confusing to me, but also compromising. However, my mother

never really gave up the rituals. She just performed them a little more subtly.

Superstitions were just a part of my mother's life that were passed down to her from previous generations. The rituals were never intended to harm, only to protect those my mother loved. Even though these superstitions were frightening and confusing to me as a child, when I would tell my daughters "Grandma stories," the rituals also became a humorous side of my mother. My daughters still find it hard to imagine that any rational person could believe in all this hocus-pocus. However, several years ago a rational friend of mine gave me sound advice on how to sell my house within 30 days; she told me to bury an upside-down statue of St. Joseph in the front yard. I thought I had grown up knowing just about every superstition there was; however, this was a new one for me. But St. Joseph, the Patron Saint of Real Estate, does have a nice ring to it. I wonder if it really works.

Evaluation: *Carmella engages the reader from start to finish. The writing sparkles with drama and energy and impresses with its wonderful honesty and wit.*

What Is Good Writing? The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

Dennis Brennen

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 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 writingu accomplishes the writer's goal.

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.

What Is Good Writing?
The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

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.

Wally Sloat

"Go Greyhound, and leave the driving to us." These words from the old tv commercial came to mind as I thought about the qualities of good writing. Like Greyhound drivers, good writers are always in charge. Their ideas and language are so clear and logical that I can relax and enjoy myself without getting lost in confusing sentence structure or disjointed thoughts. Good writing takes me on a well-planned trip with efficiency and great attention to interesting details along the way.

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 deal with myu 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

Cathy Bayer

My motive for writing is to discipline, clarify, and order my thought process. In conversation I often start talking where I am thinking. Writing forces me to organize my thoughts, start at the beginning, and continue in a logical manner. I jot down and organize my ideas before I begin.

Michael Joseph Burke

In looking at myself, I am not the one to be too serious about anything in life. This is why my poem was very difficult for me to write. It forced me to stop, take a deep breath, and then look at the world around me. The whole process was extremely uncomfortable, and yet I feel like I have grown somehow. Because of this experience, I think I will attempt to write another poem . . . someday.

Bob Catlin

I start an essay about a personal experience, work on it for several days and realize that it's going nowhere. The problem seems to be that the subject is too safe. When you write about something you don't really care about, nobody else does either.

Two days until the assignment is due! I look inside myself and find a heartache only recently put to rest. In two grinding ten-hour sessions it pours from me, re-opening barely-healed wounds along the way.

I hand in the essay and receive a "B" for my efforts. What could be worse than a "B" on the contents of your soul? . . . When the criticisms are entirely justified.

"Re-write the piece, Bob, we'll see if the Anthology will publish it," says Dr. Dodds.

The wounds are rubbed raw again and again through each edit, re-write, and addition. After working long hours on the essay, I hand it in just at the deadline. Almost I convince myself that I don't care if it's published or not. I have no emotion to spare the piece anymore.

Thank you for accepting my essay. I didn't know that I cared this much.

Maria Cliffe

Writing has always been a difficult skill for me. But I learned during my semester in English 101 that the best way to write an essay is to just begin with as many ideas as you can think of on paper. Then use these ideas to shape your topic. Always write on something that interests you. Most of the essay assignments I've ever gotten, I've been able to manipulate the topics and incorporate *my* ideas, the ones that interest *me* the most. Being interested in the essay you're about to write sure makes the writing process easier!

Frederick L. Coombs

I imposed the self-discipline upon myself to write every day, and now it is becoming, as I hoped it would, pretty near automatic.

I believe this "Page-A-Day" ritual will be one of the keystones of any future success in getting consistently published and I am willing to pursue it for a couple of years until I feel I have wholly internalized the ability to sit down and "write on demand," whatever the topic.

Realize, one page is only 250 words or so and, like jogging, if you keep at it, with gradual increments, the easier it becomes; a dumb jogger is going to try the four minute mile the first time out, obviously fail, get discouraged and quit. A realistic jogger will try for the end of the block the first time then keep increasing distance until he's found a comfortable range. A really smart jogger will save his ankles, knees and kidneys by forgetting all that nonsense and taking up walking; same physical benefits, less strain. It allows you to snoop on the neighbors, and one has plenty of time to dream up subjects to write about.

The danger in doing "Page-A-Day" is the potential degeneration into "Dear Diary" and, in that sense, anyone doing this should always be addressing objects and topics other than self. One useful thought-starter is to look around your room, or pull something from your pocket or purse, and write a page about it. You can get wonderful variations by pulling a dollar bill out and exploring its beginnings, journeys, and futures; there are possibly dozens of stories in that tired old piece of paper we all take for granted. The same with anything in this wonderful world around us. Stories are everywhere, just waiting for recognition.

If I were a teacher of this writing craft, one morning I would say, "Students, pull the most mundane thing out of your pockets and give me 200 words about it, due in one hour."

Mary Lou Crost

Writing opens my heart and soul to others, creatively expressing my thoughts and feeling. I would like to thank the Harper College Writing Center staff for helping me to rediscover and develop my writing talents. A special thanks to Barbara Hardy and Joyce Jones. I would also like to thank Ms. Bolt. This health class assignment gave me the opportunity to share my experiences.

Chris Haddad

I'm fortunate to have been surrounded by family and teachers who encouraged me at a very young age to read and write, not just inside of the classroom, or for homework, but for enjoyment. Every child should be so lucky.

Joseph L. Hazelton

The excitement of discovery led me to write "Desperate for Salvation" and "Superficial versus Profound." The revelation of John Donne's poem and the drama in William Shakespeare's play drove me to write about their works. Although they were time-consuming and difficult, relief accompanied completion, having satisfied the need to express my learning.

John W. Morris

Writing, for me, is a form of self-discipline: a means for bringing order to my thoughts. Thinking about a particular issue, for example, is a necessary first step in arriving at an understanding. However, this process becomes complete for me only when I transfer these thoughts to carefully-chosen written words.

Janet Nichols

I'm really an artist, but writing has given me a new creative outlet. Writing this story was very interesting. It became more involved as I delved deeper into the history of the relationship of these two men.

Darlene C. Oyer

Writing is taking a journey into my past and venturing into my future. It helps me to understand what I have experienced in my life and what I am experiencing now. It's becoming acquainted with my innermost thoughts, feelings and ideas. Perhaps my writing is a way to let people know that I have experienced sad and painful things in my life, and sharing them will help others understand that negative things in their lives can become fruitful later on.

It's important to be honest with the events that have happened to me, some painful events and some happy. Writing is a way of handing down family stories of humor, sadness and happiness that have been experienced. My writing can become a positive tool for my children and extended family to learn from and to become a positive piece of history for them.

Writing is an excellent tool and very easy to take with me wherever I go, and very easy to pack.

Catherine E. Scott

For me, writing is a release. I relish the opportunity to share my opinions and feelings with other people in any format. Whether I am writing a letter to a friend, an essay, or a research paper, it feels so satisfying when all my ideas come together. There is nothing that gives me more pleasure.

Nancy Sitarz

What are we but our thoughts and our feelings? Seems like words spoken are bright sparks, mostly inconsequential, falling on flame-proof, infertile ears. But write it down and the thought has its own life . . . . u

Writing provides me with a personal emotional outlet, clarifying my thoughts without judging them and stunting them in the process.

Linda Urman

Journalism is a very different type of writing from what I have been trained to do. Its special requirementsu— organization in inverted pyramid, emphasis on readers' needs, and evaluation of each element for relative importance — have improved my ability to write in other formats.

Frances Vizek

I laugh when I think how apprehensive I was about taking a writing course. I was very intimidated by the task of actually getting my thoughts down on paper. But much to my surprise, I thoroughly enjoyed my writing assignments. Increased confidence in my writing ability will be a tool I will use throughout my lifetime.

Carmella Wolfgang

I love telling stories. Writing allows me to do this. I can express all of my feelings to a captive audience, my computer. But most of all, I enjoy writing because my computer never complains that my stories are either boring or too long.

Towards the Word

by Rex Burwell

"The death of one person is a tragedy; the death of a million people is a statistic," wrote someone, a man whose name I cannot tell you now because—since you are literate, since you know history, and since you don't know me—I'm afraid mentioning it would queer this essay before it starts. Such is the power of proper nouns.

But what this quotation means to me is that life is most meaningful in the particular. I have to feel something about myself, other human beings, the world I live in, directly, sensually, *first*, before I can care for statistics.

For the deaths of a million people to be meaningful, I first have to be able to feel deeply the death of one person. I have to be human. And the writer's human problem is similar. Before "writing" in the abstract can have real meaning for the writer, the individual words, letters, syllables must first have real meaning. That is, the writer must feel towards even the letters of the alphabet a certain awe and humility and joy. Writing must become a living process and not a means to an end.

More precisely, I feel I must learn to approach the written word the way an old man might last approach the Word—as if it is a magical and holy thing, as it is, and yet not really serious at all. In his later years, when he was nearly blind, James Joyce could see well enough only to read his manuscripts with a gigantic magnifying glass one letter at a time. Think about reading *Finnegans Wake* one letter at a time. How delicious and exhausting the process! Now think about *writing Finnegans Wake* one letter at a time—which is, of course, exactly how it was written.

When the process of writing becomes a striving towards an end, becomes the process of pushing dead language around, I try to feel how it must have been to write *Finnegans Wake* one letter at a time.

Sometimes I believe I know how that must have felt—extreme and mundane, careful and careless all at once. That feeling is what I call creativity, the feeling that writing lives, first, in an attitude towards the material—towards the single syllable, the single droplet of water on a field of grass blades, the single tragic (or comic) person among the millions of the statistics—and second, that it lives in an attitude towards the human being who places his hands on language—magic itself, either as writer or reader.

Being creative, then, as far as I know, is cultivating, welcoming certain "holy" attitudes towards whatever is involved in the process—towards the Word, towards the writer himself or herself, and towards the reader.

Towards the material, passion is all. Somehow I must find a quick, a living, relationship to the Idea, no matter how abstract, mechanical, or otherwise dreary it may first appear. I must believe that there is a soul somewhere in seemingly soul-less material—something of interest to humans in it. Teddy Roosevelt, a man whose name I might safely mention, said, "There are no boring topics, only bored people." Boredom, I find, is self-loathing disguised and projected. What I don't like in myself, I project onto the material at hand, so as to condemn it. Thus, confronting difficult topics, sometimes I find it's better to analyze myself first—my ambivalence, disgust, boredom—before I analyze the material.

In any case, writing is a living activity. If the subject matter is of little note, I may still immerse myself in the style, the language, with which I treat that subject. My relationship to the language is a living one even if the subject itself seems dead. And much more often than not, taking this attitude breathes some life into me, gives me some new way to look at the material.

Towards the reader, compassion is all. Rather than writing, I want to try to speak on the page as though to a dozen people gathered in a room. I try to remember that language is, above all, oral, and that writing is just a latter-day convenience, and a treacherous one at that. As a final proof of any piece, I read it aloud; if it sounds right, generally it's right. If it sounds wrong, it's always wrong.

I try to treat my reader as I would like to be treated, as a human being for whom the writer shows some thoughtfulness and even love. I want to speak as simply, clearly and intelligently as I can, with some humor, if that's fitting, and without insolence or arrogance. I want to engage the reader in a dialogue, insofar as that's possible in a monologue.

I want to try to tell the truth, but more than anything, I want not to appear to have all the answers, even though, vanity on vanity, I too often think I do. Contrary to most current evidence, humility is no vice. An excerpt from W. S. Merwin's piece about advice given him by an older John Berryman suggests an attitude to take:

> *I had hardly begun to read*
> *I asked how can you ever be sure*
> *that what you write is really*
> *any good at all and he said you can't*
>
> *you can't you can never be sure*
> *you die without knowing*
> *whether anything you wrote was any good*
> *if you have to be sure don't write*

Towards yourself as writer, honesty is all. I think that even the best writing fails in some way, at least for some readers. To avoid paralysis, I try to keep this in mind. Caught up in the current of the line, the sentence, the paragraph, I float or swim as the

spirit urges. If I become frightened or if the effort is too much, I can always come ashore.

But moment to moment while I'm in that stream of words, I want to make an honest effort to be graceful, strong, clear, efficient. I feel best when I'm in that water of language—there's a kind of joy in immersing myself in it, a joy in self-sufficiency and mystery and even awe. Getting somewhere is not necessarily the point. I always get somewhere, not necessarily where I thought I wanted to be, but somewhere. The joy of getting there is the point.

That being the case then, it doesn't matter who wrote that the death of million people is a statistic, at least to me. But maybe it does to you. Both conscious and careless of the implications of the twelve letters I place behind the colon then, I'll tell you: Joseph Stalin.

Swim on!

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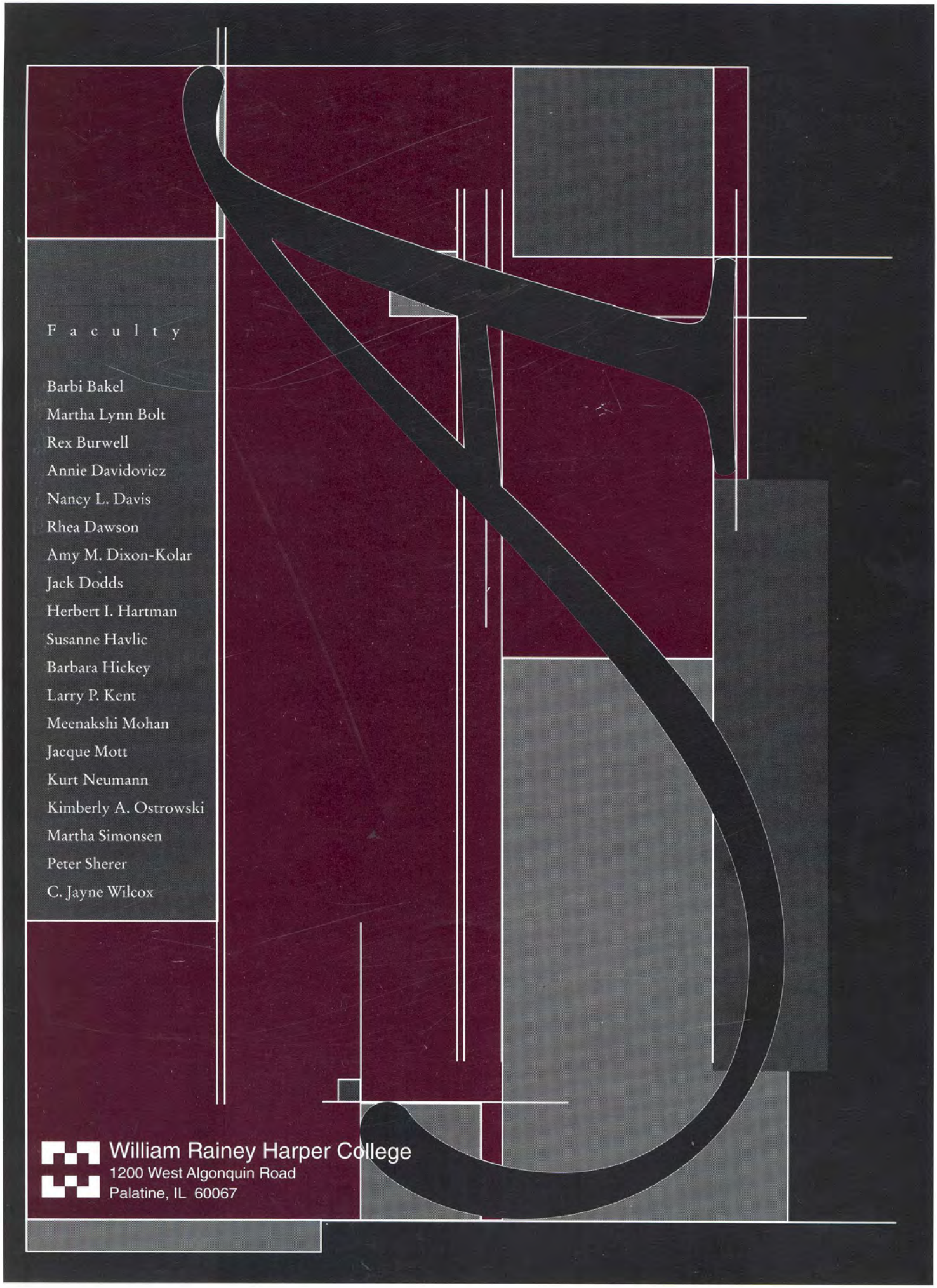

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