

The Harper Anthology of Academic Writing

S T U D E N T A U T H O R S

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Mario Bartoletti	David Katz	Susan Shless
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Jennifer Drew-Steiner	Shirley Kurnick	Robert Tomanek
Alisa Esposito	Joyce Leddy	Amy Tomaszewski
Adam Frankel	James Lee	Robert Van Buskirk
Steve Gallagher	Jan Loster	Paula Vicinus
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	Elise Muehlhausen	Patty Werber
	Brian Ozog	
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The
Harper Anthology
of Academic Writing

Issue VII

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William Rainey Harper College

Table of Contents

Emily Adams

“Manic Depression: a.k.a. Bipolar Disorder”
(Psychology) 1

Nicole Anatolitis, Tina Anatolitis, Lynn Gasier and
Anna Inocencio

“Study Hard”
(Reading) 7

Mario Bartoletti

“Zanshin: Perfect Posture”
(English) 8

Marina Blasi

“To Parent or Not to Parent . . . That Is the
Question
(English) 11

Jennifer Brabec

“Nature Journal”
(Philosophy) 15

Dean Bushek

“A Piece of My Life”
(English) 17

Liz Carr

“Betrayal”
(English) 20

Jennifer Drew-Steiner

“First Exam: Question Four”
(Philosophy) 24

Alisa Esposito

“The Trouble with Science”
(English) 25

Adam Frankel

“Form, Subject, Content”
(Art) 27

Table of Contents

- Steve Gallagher
“Galileo Galilei”
(Humanities) 28
- Christine Gernady
“Stresses of Office Work, Basic Causes
and Solutions”
(Secretarial Procedures) 34
- Joseph L. Hazelton
“The Survival of French-Canadians’ Identity”
(English) 37
- Tina Herman
“Alaska’s Wolf Control Plan”
(Philosophy) 40
- Geoff Kane
“Don’t Cry over Spilled Milk”
(English) 46
- David Katz
“Scientific Integrity”
(Physics) 49
- Kurt Keifer
“Man’s Hopeless Existence”
(Literature) 51
- Sherry Kenney
“The First Day of Class”
(English) 54
- Kathy Kleiva
“Silent Night!”
(English) 56
- Gail Kottke
“Design”
(Interior Design) 58
- Shirley Kurnick
“KL”
(English) 59
- Joyce Leddy
“Is Good Design A Choice?”
(Interior Design) 62
- James Lee
“Scientific Integrity”
(Physics) 63
- Jan Loster
“The ‘Zine of Janice Lee Loster”
(English) 65
- Martin Maney
“Smoking”
(English) 94
- Katherine Marek
“Why Not Go Gentle?”
(English) 96
- Philip Moran
“Le Petit Mort”
(Journalism) 98
- Elise Muehlhausen
“Witchy Woman”
(English) 101
- Brian Ozog
“Reflections: ‘Frost at Midnight’”
(English) 103
- Jimm Polli
“The Pen Also Rises”
(English) 104
- Julie Quinlan
“Scientific Integrity”
(Physics) 106
- Santiago (Jim) Ranzzoni
“How I Control My Daily Stress”
(Adult Education) 108
-

- Heidi Ripley
“A Sense of Place”
(Literature) 109
- Rosemarie Ruedi
“Journal Entries”
(Literature) 112
- Mary Ellen Scialabba
“The Waiting Line”
(English) 115
- Jody Shipka
“Journal Entries”
(Literature) 118
- Susan Shless
“A Matter of Time”
(English) 125
- Carrie Simoneit
“Purple Revenge”
(Literature) 127
- Sari Sprenger
“Children and Time”
(Early Childhood Education) 128
- Karen Stroehmann
“Remembrance”
(English) 129
- Heather Tollerson
“Blank Books”
(English) 131
- Robert Tomanek
“Questions of the Child: A Response
to William Blake’s ‘The Tiger’”
(English) 134
- Amy Tomaszewski
“Color and the Psyche: The Psychological Use
of Color in *Wide Sargasso Sea*”
(Literature) 136
- Robert Van Buskirk
“Mission Impossible: The First Assignment”
(Interior Design) 139
- Paula Vicinus
“Bookmark Café Design Concept”
(Interior Design) 141
- Hung-Ling Wan
“Broken Dishes”
(English) 142
- Wei Weerts
“The Secret”
(English as a Second Language) 145
- Diana Welles
“A Soldier’s Journey to Recovery”
(English) 147
- Patty Werber
“In Every Task, the Most Important Thing
Is the Beginning” (Plato)
(Early Childhood Education) 154
- The Harper Anthology Selection Committee:
What Is Good Writing? 156
- Harper Students on Writing 157
- Roy Mottla
“To the Students...An Encouragement” 161
- Alternate Table of Contents 163
-

Foreword

If there's a theme to this the seventh issue of *The Harper Anthology*, it must be variety—variety in subject, format and departments represented. For their subjects, the student authors of this issue looked within and found a variety of personal experiences to record and related topics such as job stress, the impulse to suicide, stuttering, and the experience of writing. They turned outside to the natural world and studied wolf populations, the value of natural environments, and the environmental thought of Henry David Thoreau and John Muir. They considered the process of science: how scientific specialization sometimes blinds scientists to the full shape of what they study. They turned to society and looked at gay parenting, child abuse, and alcoholism. They looked to other countries and cultures: French-Canadian Quebec, Korea, and China. And they looked at human experience by analyzing poetry and fiction.

In format, the writers' presentations range from traditional academic writing, such as sketches and profiles, essays, reports, argument, and in-class writing, to the non-traditional: an illustrated portfolio of personal writing, poetry both serious and humorous, a rap-song book review, even a prayer.

The departments represented in the pages that follow are more varied than in any other issue of the *Anthology*: Adult Education, Art, Early Childhood Development, English, English as a Second Language, Humanities, Interior Design, Journalism, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, Reading, and Secretarial Science. 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 eighth issue of the anthology in 1996.

Foreword

Preceding each section 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 Roy Mottla, shares his thoughts on writing.

Thanks to the faculty members of the Anthology Selection Committee for all their efforts in producing this issue: Julie Fleenor, Barbara Hickey, Peter Sherer and Joseph Sternberg. Special thanks to Michael Knudsen from the Harper Graphics Department, to the editorial and typesetting staff from 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

Manic Depression: a.k.a. Bipolar Disorder

by *Emily S. Adams*

Course: Introduction to Psychology 101
Instructor: Mike Ostrowski

Assignment:

Write and present a ten-page, typed, double-spaced term paper on a topic of your choice from any of the material covered in this course. The topic should be of interest to you.

Manic Depression

Thesis: Manic Depression—understanding and treatment of this very destructive yet very treatable mental disorder.

- I. Manic depression (bipolar disorder)
 - A. Definition
 - B. Description of illness
- II.e History and background of the disorder
- III.e Number of people affected
- IV.e Signs and symptoms of manic depression
 - A. Behavior of person affected
 - B. Family history of the disorder
 - C. Effects of disorder on family members
 - D. Timing of episodes
- V. Treatment and prognosis
 - A. Treatment
 - 1.e Drugse
 - 2.e Psychotherapye
 - B. Benefits from treatment
- VI.e Creativity and bipolar disorder
 - A. Actors and performerse
 - B. Artists and writerse
 - C. Politicians and strategiесе
- VII.e Researche
 - A. Looking for genetic causese
 - B. Parts of the brain affecting the disorder
 - C. Environmental issues
- VIII.e Conclusione
 - A. Proper diagnosis leads to successfule treatment
 - B. Hope for genetic discovery and treatment
 - C. Getting the word out to people who need help

Manic depression is a mental disorder made up of two opposing disorders, thus the term “bipolar.” Manic is defined as extremely excited, hyperactive, or irritable (Coon, G-12). Depression is defined as a state of deep despondency marked by apathy, emotional negativity, and behavioral inhibition (Coon, G-6). In bipolar disorders, persons go “up” or “down” emotionally. The individual may be continuously loud, elated, hyperactive, and energetic (manic type), or the person may swing between mania and deep depression (mixed type). Even when a person is sad and guilt-ridden, the problem is considered a bipolar disorder if the person has ever been manic before (Coon, 560).

Madness was understood for centuries as an affliction of the spirit and by medicine as a disorder of various humors and organs of the body. In the past century, physicians have recognized the most common form of psychosis (our current word for madness) as two chronic disorders—schizophrenia and mania—and have begun to understand the abnormalities in brain structure and function that accompany them (Gershon, 127).

Manic-depressive illness affects about one percent of the population, according to Gershon (127). In comparing the occurrences between manic depression and schizophrenia, manic-depressive illness is only one-half to one-third as common as schizophrenia in most population groups; and it tends to occur more frequently in higher socioeconomic groups, in contrast to schizophrenia, which occurs more frequently in lower socioeconomic groups (Torrey).

According to the *World Book Encyclopedia*, patients with bipolar disorder suffer alternating periods of depression and mania. Most people with depression feel hopeless and worthless. Many suffer from insomnia and loss of appetite. Other symptoms include headaches, backaches and chest pains. Some people with depression move and think slowly, but others feel restless. In many cases, the patient has difficulty concentrating and has terrifying and uncontrollable thoughts. Many people with depression attempt suicide, because they believe

they have no reason to continue living. Others view suicide as an escape from their problems.

A person with mania feels alert, optimistic and overconfident. However, these feelings may suddenly change to irritability or rage. The mind jumps from one thought to another, and the individual speaks rapidly in a rambling and uncontrollable manner. People with mania move quickly, work energetically, and need little sleep. They move restlessly from project to project but seldom complete any particular task. Most periods of mania begin suddenly, last for a few days or weeks, and then end abruptly (Berger, 405-406). Manic depression can have a devastating effect on the family—especially the children. It can break up a marriage. It can leave emotional scars on the children. It can destroy careers and lose fortunes if left untreated.

Linda Freeman in *On the Edge of Darkness* describes the turmoil: “Many of the difficulties that children run into when their parents are depressed are because the parents don’t talk about it. Therefore, it leaves the child feeling confused, frightened, and guilty.” The child may also experience rejection.

If you’re depressed, you take to a bed a lot. You don’t have a lot of energy. You get irritable, you don’t have the patience for them. If it’s very bad, you feel as though you’re barely holding on. That doesn’t leave you with a whole lot to give to someone else who’s at a stage of their life where, of course, they require a whole lot from you. So, often a parent will withdraw from their children, sometimes as a way of protecting the children, because the parent knows that she can become very irritable and lash out and say things that she doesn’t mean. She believes when her own self-esteem is suffering, one of the things she tends to do is bring other people down around her.

Depressives are not able to accurately observe the effect that they have on their children. It’s almost like walking around in a cloud, or feeling like the light is only halfway up.

When I read this portion of the book, I thought, Wow! That's Me! I am currently being treated for depression, and what Dr. Freeman described is exactly what I have gone through. And the part about withdrawing to protect the children is what I have done on occasion. I have literally locked myself in the bathroom or bedroom to keep from exploding at my kids—to keep from physically taking my anger out on them. Another thing that struck me was the description of depression as “almost like walking in a cloud, or feeling that the light is only halfway up.” I have often felt that way but had never heard it described like that. I always had trouble putting it into words (Cronkite, 248-249).

Loren J. Chapman describes the symptoms:

The mood changes in bipolar disorder are far more severe than in other psychological disorders involving moodswings. In the manic phase, a person is inappropriately optimistic and grossly overestimates his or her own abilities and other positive attributes, shows speeded movement and speech, undergoes intellectual disorganization, and has pathologically bad judgement. In the depressive phase, a person exhibits slowed speech and movements in addition to depression. In either phase, it is not unusual for hallucinations, delusions, or both to occur. (Grolier)

According to Elaine K. Walker, “Psychosis is a severe mental disorder that involves a disruption in the individual's capacity to differentiate fantasy from reality. Psychotic symptoms can also be present in patients with major depressive disorder and bipolar disorder” (Chapman). The first episode usually takes place in their twenties, and it occurs equally in both sexes.

Drugs have become very useful in the treatment of manic depression. Chlorpromazine was developed in the 1950s as a surgical anesthetic but turned out to alleviate the symptoms of both schizophrenia and mania. It thus became the first widely-used antipsychotic drug. Scientists then used it as a model for the synthesis of imipramine, which they

expected would also serve as an antipsychotic agent. Instead, it turned out to be very effective in the treatment of depression. “Lithium” was introduced into the treatment of manic-depressive illness after John Cade, an Australian psychiatrist, noted in 1949 that lithium salts sedated rodents in his laboratory (Gershon). The drug, lithium carbonate, discovered in 1949 to be of value in manic-depressive psychosis, was used in Australia and Europe for many years before finally receiving FDA approval in 1969 (Chapman). Combined with psychotherapy, Lithium salts are a common medical treatment, but side effects of this drug can be severe. Newer drugs such as Prozac and Anaframil have also shown promise in treating the disorder (Chapman).

Continued maintenance of the drug treatment is very important in controlling the effects of bipolar disorder. Episode recurrence in bipolar disorder following discontinuation of stable maintenance treatment with lithium salts was analyzed from 14 studies involving 257 patients with bipolar disorder. Risk of early recurrence of bipolar illness, especially of mania, evidently is increased following discontinuation of lithium use and may exceed that predicted by the course of the untested disorder (Suppes, 2022).

I, myself, am taking the tricyclic drug “amitriptylin” (Elavil) for depression. Up to 70 percent of depressed patients will have some degree of response with tricyclic drugs if they can tolerate the annoying, though not serious, side effects that some of them will experience—dry mouth, constipation, blurred vision, and, as in the case with lithium, there may be weight gain, which often makes people more depressed.

Although manic-depressive illness can devastate patients' lives, the disorder does not preclude the performance of highly creative work. Manic-depressive illness often occurs in conjunction with extraordinary talent, even genius, in politics and military leadership, as well as in literature and music and other performing arts. Among those thought to have had the disorder are William Blake,

Lord Byron, Virginia Woolf, Robert Schumann, Oliver Cromwell, and Winston Churchill. Many observers have suggested that extremes of mood and changes in outlook may spur creativity; they also speculate that the energy and facility of thought that typify the milder states of mania can be a source of creativity (Gershon, 133).

According to John Kelsoe, there is certainly a link between bipolar disorder and creativity—not to say that most people who are creative have an affective disorder, but it certainly occurs at a higher rate, among poets most notably: “I think that is partly because when people with bipolar disorder go through the stage of mania called hypomania where they are activated and energized, their brains are going faster than usual. They are not ill to the degree where they are impaired yet, but they probably think better, faster, more creatively than the rest of us. And are frequently very successful in our society. It is only when they go beyond that into full mania that they are impaired. Many of these very creative writers and musicians have been creative as a result of or during their depressive episodes as well.”

With the discovery of a gene which causes bipolar disorder and as we move closer to prenatal gene manipulation, will parents have to choose between a well child and a potentially brilliant artist? Dr. Kelsoe poses the question: “If you eliminated bipolar genes from the population, who knows what other beneficial effects you might be losing, even beyond creativity?” (Cronkite, 194).

There is an interesting book entitled *Touched With Fire—Manic-Depressive Illness and the Artistic Temperament* by Kay Redfield Jamison, professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. Drawing on extraordinary recent advances in genetics, neuroscience, and psychopharmacology, Jamison presents the now incontrovertible proof of the biological foundation of this frequently misunderstood disease. She applies what is known about the illness and its closely related temperaments to the lives of some of the world’s greatest artists—Byron, Van Gogh, Shelley,

Poe, Melville, Schumann, Coleridge, Virginia Woolf, Burns, and many others. Lord Byron’s life, discussed in considerable detail, is a particularly fascinating example of the complex interaction between heredity, mood, temperament, and poetic work.

While doing my research for this paper, I came across the stories of three well-known contemporary performers who have been diagnosed manic depressive—two, who have struggled devastatingly with the disorder for years and have apparently conquered it with medication and therapy, and the other, who seems to be still struggling. The one who seems to be still struggling is Kristy McNichol, an Emmy-winning actress who was starring in the TV sitcom *Empty Nest*. An article in *People* magazine in 1992 stated that she had to leave the show because she was having difficulty managing her manic-depressive illness. It is unknown if Kristy is taking medication, but it was reported that she was recuperating at her Sherman Oaks home (Levitt, 138).

Connie Francis is a performer who has finally come to terms with her manic-depressive illness. A popular singer from the late 1950s and early 1960s, Connie has had to live with terrible heartbreaks and trauma. After her horrible rape in 1974 and the gunning down of her only brother in 1981, she began to get dramatic moodswings. Her father committed her to a mental institution, where she was diagnosed manic-depressive. She was prescribed medication, but she never stuck with it. Over the years her episodes got worse. Finally, after some terrible incidents and several attempts at suicide, she got the help she needed. This time she kept up with her medication and got well.

Connie’s life now seems to have turned around. And she even wants to make the talk-show rounds to give an encouraging message to the nation’s manic-depressives. “There are a lot of people out there who don’t even know they have the disease,” she says earnestly. “I want everyone to know there’s hope for people who do” (Casey, 88-92).

Patty Duke is the third entertainer I wish to discuss. An Oscar winner at age 16 as the young Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*, she believes her self-worth was irreparably damaged thanks to a pair of domineering personal managers, who controlled her life from ages 7 to 18. Unable to live a “normal” life as a youngster resulted in bizarre, immature behavior later in her life. She was finally diagnosed as manic-depressive in 1982. “It was such a relief—almost a miracle, really, for someone to give what I’d gone through a name,” said Duke, 46. She is grateful for the twice-a-day dose of lithium that has regulated her potentially self-destructive highs and lows ever since: “I have a sense of self-control in my life that I never experienced before” (Lamanna 82). Patty Duke has written a book, *A Brilliant Madness*, along with medical reporter Gloria Hockman to reveal fully what it’s like to live with this powerful, paradoxical, and destructive illness—and how it can be brought under control.

Research on bipolar disorder has increased dramatically in the past ten years, especially with the work being done in genetics. Manic-depressive illness is known to be shaped by heredity and marked by structural and biochemical changes in the brain. The predisposing genes remain unknown at this time.

Severe mood disorders are “biologically determined” to a major degree. Early in this century, genetic studies showed that manic-depressive illness ran in families. Research was done on adoptees, who, once adopted, have environmental families that are different from their genetic families. The study indicated that biological relatives had an increased risk of developing the illnesses, but adoptive relatives did not. Twin studies revealed that when bipolar disease developed in one twin, the chance that it will develop in the other twin is much greater in identical twins, who share all their genes, than in fraternal twins, who share only about half. Mood disorders also stem from the interaction of genes with some aspect of the environment. Rates of major depression in every age group have steadily increased in several of the developed coun-

tries since the 1940s. This trend was first spotted some ten years ago in an epidemiological study in Sweden. Rates of depression, mania and suicide continue to rise as each new birth cohort ages, a pattern that harbors ominous public health consequences. At comparable ages, the children of patients are far more susceptible to these disorders than are their ill parents’ siblings. This relation clearly implies an interaction between genes and some environmental factor, which must have been changing continuously over the past few decades. The factor remains a mystery (Gershon, 132-133).

In the 1980s, among the behavioral disorders, manic depression was at the top of the list of new targets, because its symptoms are clear-cut. The roller coaster ups and downs of manic depressions, researchers believed, would make it relatively easy for clinicians to identify patients with an inherited illness. But there have been highs and lows on the research roller coaster. One by one, the statistical results linking manic depression with a particular region of the human genome began melting away, leaving a residue of failure. Psychiatric researchers still hope to find a gene for manic depression, but they’re less confident than they were in the 1980s. They’ve become somewhat gunshy, although there’s little doubt that the disease has a genetic component (Marshall, 1693-1695).

Anticipation in research studies refers to the increase in disease severity or decrease in age at onset in succeeding generation. This phenomenon, formerly ascribed to observation biases, correlates with the expansion of trimucleotide repeat sequences (TNRs) in some disorders. If present in bipolar affective disorder (BPAD), anticipation could provide clues to its genetic etiology. The second generation experienced onset 8.9-13.5 years earlier and illness 1.8-3.4 times more severe than did the first generation.

Conclusion: That genetic anticipation occurs in this sample of unilineal BPAD families. These findings may implicate genes with expanding TNRs in the genetic etiology of BPAD (McInnis 2294).

Another form of research is that of the brain. PET (Positron Emissions Tomography) scan shows pictures of the human brain. Activity in the manic-depressive brain is low in the left and right hemispheres. In the normal brain, it appears high in both sides of the brain. Researchers try to identify consistent patterns like these to aid diagnoses of mental disorders (Coon, 558).

We expect our understanding of the biology of mood disorders to expand dramatically, fueled by the impressive advances in neurobiology, cognitive neuroscience, and genetics. Precise diagnostic tests for persons at risk for illness, treatments based on knowledge of molecular alterations that lead to illness, understanding of how environmental events interact with the brain to produce illness, and eventually, the development of gene therapy and all goals that may be achieved (Gershon, 133).

In conclusion, I think that mental disorders are much more common than generally believed. If properly diagnosed, people with manic depression can live relatively normal lives, if they are given proper and consistent treatment. There is hope for genetic discovery and treatment, and very importantly, getting the word out to the people who don't know they have the disorder and need help. Maybe, with the proper education and communication, the stigma of "madness" can be erased.

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Evaluation: *I chose Emily's paper because I feel that the topic could be of beneficial interest to the Harper community, as the manic depressive condition is one of the most common affective disorders in our culture. Secondly, Emily meticulously followed all of the specific instructions for the technical composition of the paper.*

Study Hard

by Nicole Anatolitis

Tina Anatolitis, Lynn Gasior,

Anna Inocencio

Course: Reading 099

Instructor: Jeraldine K. Otte

Assignment:

Students were asked to generate the most important ideas of Richard Rodriguez's

Hunger of Memory in any form they wanted.

I expected paragraphs. This group worked out a song and verse. Before this class assignment, they had been complaining about the text:

"It's boring.& I challenged them to write a review in a non-boring manner.

This was the result from one group.

Evaluation: I chose to submit this piece because the students presented the main idea of Hunger of Memory. They arranged these ideas in the form of a song/verse and presented it in class. They also typed and shared their work with others in the class.

This was by far the most creative book report I have ever received.

Inspired by Richard Rodriguez's *Hunger of Memory*—
Our version of Madonna's "Express Your Self"

Hey guys! did you read this book?
Well we've got something to say about the second chapter
and it goes something like this:

(chorus)

Don't go for second best baby
go ahead and study hard
you know, you know you've got to
make something of your life and then
all your dreams will come true
like Rodriguez did

He started off writing an interesting book
when he came to the second chapter
he had to come up with a name
what he needed was a strong title
to match the contents of his book
he came up with "Achievement of Life"
and now I will explain to you why

(chorus)

In chapter 2 Rodriguez accomplished all his goals
he mastered the English language and successfully
wrote books
Now he is an American with a Hispanic background
and he's sharing his experiences and torturing us
with his books

(chorus)

You've got to go ahead and study hard
ya ya ya ya

so if you want it all now
you've got to stop messing around
and study hard
if you like it or not
Like Rodriguez did

Zanshin: Perfect Posture

by Mario Bartoletti
Course: English 101
Instructor: Annie Davidovicz

Assignment:
*Write a narrative that employs definition
or vice versa. Use ample sensory detail.*

I remember getting dressed out for sparring. There are a few things in life that match that sense of the anticipation of anything. The smell of a peach just before you bite into it, the few minutes before the first time you make love, and that smell seasoned sparring pads have when you slip them on before a bout. I usually can't wait. I rush to don the boots, the light gloves, headgear, and shin pads. Nowhere else is old sweat an acceptable smell. Here, it reminds me of honest practice and past glory, while charging me up for the contest to come. Maybe it's all the memories, maybe it's all the testosterone pheromone, maybe it's some strange fetish, I don't know. I do know I feel BAD...and good, every time. Today, I spar for maybe a half hour. The rounds are standard three minute rounds, full contact, full go. "We're tired," my muscles whine, bruised and shaken, some of them purple already. I could use some water anyway; my mouth is cotton.

I'm headed for the water cooler when my uncle comes in. Class stops as we bow to that deified old man. The black belt conducting class shouts, "Shihan, Rei!" We face my uncle and bow. Old man my ass, he can outrun me. He casually puts on some boots and gloves, no headgear, and calmly steps in with me. A couple students know who he is and who I am. He's taught me since I was six years old. Our art is almost a family institution (it is, I feel most at home here). Even the black belts stop sparring. "This should be interesting," I hear from the side. They languidly mosey over, sweaty, salty, and cocky. Self-assured the way only a black belt can be in his home dojo, they are more confident than lions are in their dens.

I smile as he settles into position and that classic calm washes into the ring in his corner. It flows like the tide and reminds me of ancient Zen koans. Raw and inquisitive, placid like eternity, threatening to sweep me away before we start. He has the ocean on his side. It doesn't unnerve me like it used to. His calm washes over my ankles, it pools around my feet. The undertow does not draw me in, I absorb it before it can.

It has started even before we enter combat. He regards me with those eyes, black eyes, preying mantis eyes. I see him green and chittering, forepaws out and clacking together. I circle him, avoiding the hooking forelimbs, and twist into a dragon. I writhe with the strength and power of circular motion, and the mantis cannot strike me. I claw and rake at his side, but he is not there. He has become a leopard, the grasping insect gone now. Spotted yellow fur replacing chitinous shell and jade exoskeleton. He has traded his trapping limbs for strong, quick paws and feral cunning. He paws at my head; he is a golden leopard playing with a ball. I evade as a dragon, my wings wind around his paw and I lash my tail at his midsection, but he is not there, the insect is there and it grabs the tail, unbalancing me.

I twist my body and claw at his arm, releasing my tail. I do not have my balance long before he is hunting me as another great cat, a tiger. Quickness

is forgotten, he has me cold, flat footed, he needs all the power of the tiger to overcome my superior size. He knows he will as he claws my side, breaking my newly won balance again. The tiger palm jolts my ribs with a meaty sound, the ripping motion reveals the bones underneath. I back away, not allowing him to drive the blow deeper, it saves my ribs. I retreat; for one of the few times facing any opponent I am on the run. He gives me not a second to recover and the leopard is on me again, but I am ready. I shift into snake form and reach for his throat, knowing the attack will never touch him. If it did, the poison hand would kill him; I will only simulate the strike, but I want it to land, to let him know he would have died at my hands. His wing buffets my arm as a white crane's would and I know I am finished, I am too close. The crane's defense is too tight, nothing to do but retreat, again. Again, I become the dragon depending on my superior strength to prevail. I curl in, away from him but coiled to strike. He changes again. He is but an old man now, I am yet a dragon. I bellow and my claws solidify, one strike could shatter an old man like him. Unstoppable, like the tide, that old man sweeps me to the floor, he reminds me of old pains and introduces me to new ones. I forgot the old man has the sea behind him, and eternity with which to strike, he can move between the moments. The pain is not unendurable, nothing has broken, the dragon and its fury fade, and again I am his student.

Silently, I am reminded of his infinite mercy. In this second, I learn a lifetime of Kung Fu.

He allows me to stand. I bow with pure respect, to the Shihan, the old man, the artist that he is, and smile. And I kiss my uncle, his other form, before he leaves the ring. "...Wasn't a sparring match, that was a lesson." If they only knew how right they were.

There are five animals in Gung Fu (the correct way to say the martial art; the other way, Kung Fu, means "great accomplishment" and can apply to anyone): a bird, a snake, two cats and a myth. They were all used in the fight between my uncle and

myself. Plus an insect and two mystical forms (hard to spot). Oh yeah, and the poison hand techniques (nasty, nasty stuff) in snake and scorpion. I've always had a fascination for great fighters, my uncle, of course, my dad, and the characters my dad introduced to me: Rocky and Cyrano De Bergerac (Dad was pretty literary for a blue collar guy). Naturally, the martial arts appealed to me. Particularly the mythic qualities, but I do enjoy the physical side (beating on wise guys).

It is in rare moments when one engages a master that you see the beauty of the art, provided you can hold your own against him. There are fighters who are machines, like Mike Tyson, Tex Cobb, strong men who hit like freight trains. There are surgeons, like Evander Holyfield, or Bennie "The Jet" Uriquez, skillful, methodical. There are pugs, tacticians, and warriors, but not even masters can match the true artists. Even ballet dancers cannot match the intensity and precision of two Gung Fu artists beating the hell out of each other. They do not merely beat you, they control you throughout the contest.

They show you your weakness and strengths. They teach you, enlighten you, and merge with you until they know you better than you know yourself. You are not defeated, you are taught, artistically. The artist's hands are chisels, his feet are hammers, you are the stone, but you both become the medium. My uncle, an artist, will accept nothing less than perfection. It was for this reason that I was (and am again) a white belt, a beginner. "Basics are the foundation, you always come back to basics, even masters must use straight punches" my uncle harps. "All the Chinese names mask simple principles. The natural force of the human body, even chi."

Chi, the natural inner force of the bioelectrical machine our bodies are, is what I direct against him now. The ocean envelops me like a foamy green cloak, and power swells from every limb. I feel so good I want to cry with joy. Years later, I have learned to savor anticipation. We wait. He has the calm sea, the placid waters of...ploop!

I am throwing stones in his calm water. Ploop! He might move now. Ploop! I feint, he moves. He is a scorpion now, nastier than anything, fast and poisonous. He has to be. Ploop! I wait, breaking his rhythm. He accepts the erratic drumbeat I suggest, and throws it back, but it's getting to him. He staggers like a drunken fool and almost falls into me, a ploy, I see it a mile off, it still almost knocks me down. I show him those cigarettes he keeps smoking with a rising palm to the chest. He folds, like cotton, paper beats stone. He has my fist, he accepts it (bet he'll keep smoking though), he can keep it. Only my hand becomes the dragon, it is a feint, of sorts, let him think I think I'm stronger. I am, but it is not the way to go. He has to put me away quickly. He is not too old, he is unmatched in skill, but he has not taken care of his body. It is perhaps his only weakness. He applies the stranglehold I know is coming, yet I can't stop it. I show him what I learned years ago in that half second of illumination. I flow, the force of the tide moves with me, it becomes me and I AM the ocean, I sweep him to the floor, he has the mercy to not attempt to break my neck. He may have not had the arm strength. It was his mistake to fight me like a young man, even for a second. He lost his patience. He should have listened to his surgeon and quit smoking years ago. That night, I trade my blood spattered, dirty, sweaty, eight-year-old white belt for my slick new black belt (it smells too fresh). I look into his eyes, brown human eyes, the only things that smile. I know why I receive the belt, and I know he will never lose that way again.

Evaluation: Bartoletti's essay ranks high in both content and style. He's obviously had experiences that lend themselves to dramatic writing, but more than that, his writing reflects an ability to punctuate his experiences with sharp insight. The stream-of-consciousness style he adopts throughout the essay provides the perfect verbal echo for the actions of Gung Fu.

To Parent or Not to Parent... That Is the Question

by Marina Blasi

Course: English 101

Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:

In a persuader's role essay, convince us that a position you take and hold passionately is reasonable, too.

Pat is in her mid-thirties and is a tax attorney for the government. Eileen is forty and is an immigration attorney with her own practice. They are a lesbian couple living in California, and they have two children: Josh, age 7, and Sara, age 4. The kids have been conceived through artificial insemination. Their "father," or rather the donor, was chosen by Pat and Eileen based on his physical attributes, intelligence, and family medical history. Eileen bore Josh in 1987. Pat bore Sara in 1990. Pat is my sister-in-law.

In recent years, there has been a great deal of controversy over the fact that gay couples are hav-

ing children and raising families. This trend has been dubbed "The Gayby Boom" (Harris A1). In 1991, Cynthia Underhill, director of a lesbian and gay parenting program at Lyon-Martin Women's Health Services in San Francisco, said in a *Los Angeles Times* article, that there were about "5,000 gay households with children in the San Francisco Bay area alone" (Harris A1). In a 1993 *Times Magazine* article, Pacific Reproduction Services of San Francisco reported "a growing number (one hundred plus per month) of lesbian clients, seeking artificial insemination" (Henry 67). Similar numbers have been reported from various clinics in major cities all over the U.S. Experts say countless other women receive assistance from private doctors in the insemination process, and some even do it themselves (Harris A1).

While many contest the idea of gays having babies because of strong homophobic notions, I feel lesbian couples should not have children because of the detrimental emotional effects their lifestyle imparts on their children. While medical technology has continued where nature left off, making it possible for lesbian couples to have babies, to do so is a selfish decision. The children of lesbian couples are forced to deal with difficult, "grown-up" issues like negative social attitudes, their parents' unorthodox sexuality, and complicated legal issues at a very early age. Unfortunately, their parents do not see these issues as being potentially traumatic or harmful.

Many lesbian couples feel that, because we live in a modern society with many definitions of family, their children will be accepted with an open "collective" mind. This is a fallacy. For the most part, our society is a homophobic one. In September 1993, Sharon Bottoms had her son taken away from her by the Henrico County (Virginia) Circuit Court. It had been decided that she was an unfit parent, solely on the basis that she was a lesbian (Henry 66). Her own mother initiated the lawsuit and took custody of the child. Four states (Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri and North Dakota) have already set legal precedents by declaring gays unfit

to parent children. New Hampshire and Florida have barred gays from legally adopting children (Henry 67). Other states are scrambling to create legislation governing gay reproductive and adoption rights. Right now, only eight states allow lesbians to adopt their partners' children and become co-parents (Henry 67). But the hostility toward homosexual parenting transcends local governments.

Less than a year ago, a major controversy was sparked by President Clinton's decision to lift the ban on openly gay individuals enlisting with the military. Public outcry came from all over the country. The military was in an uproar. Also, "Gay-bashing" is again on the rise. In a *Los Angeles Times* article, Matt Foreman, executive director of the New York City Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, provided a motive for that rise. "Part of the reason is the increased visibility and activism of the gay and lesbian community" (Hillbery A5). The Gayby Boom has been pegged as a facet of that activism.

Sadly, the gays themselves are not only targets of that hostility. Their children are facing cruelty in all forms as well. Because of strong anti-gay sentiment, and because the children were born of lesbians who used artificial insemination, the children are regarded as "freaks." This attitude is evident in our own family.

Three years ago, the entire family was meeting at Grandpa's house for Christmas, possibly for the last time. Pat and Eileen were flying in with Josh and Sara for the event. Cousin Lisa, once very close to Pat, was openly and violently opposed to Pat's "family" attending. She stormed around the house saying, "It's sick. It's graceful." When Pat and Eileen arrived, Lisa refused to acknowledge them or to say "hello." Later, Pat tried talking to Lisa in the kitchen. Lisa refused to speak and bolted from the room.

In sharp contrast, in the living room, all the kids were enjoying themselves playing together. Eventually, Lisa went in to play with them. She had no problem playing and laughing with the other

kids, but when Sara, then only a year old, walked up to her and offered her a block, Lisa recoiled. She gave Sara a look of disgust, and again quickly left the room. Sara was left standing there with the block, obviously very hurt and confused. Other relatives were not as bold as Lisa, but similar looks of disapproval appeared on their faces whenever they looked at Pat, Eileen, and the kids. Their body language spoke volumes, despite their silence.

As if hostility is not enough to deal with, the children also have to answer for their parents' sexuality. In a *New Statesman & Society* article, an eighteen-year-old girl named Laura was chosen to discuss her feelings about being raised by a lesbian mother. Laura talked of embarrassment, confusion, and anger over her mother's chosen lifestyle. "I've never felt the same as kids from traditional families." She mentioned that when she was thirteen she went with friends to a local hang-out, only to discover graffiti in the bathroom...about her mother. "I can still see the words, 'Dirty Lezzie,' in fluorescent purple felt-tip. I smacked the culprit in the mouth, but later I felt angry with Mom for giving me these problems to deal with." Laura also talked about going to school events with her mom. "Mom would always bring her lover with her. Part of me would feel mortified" (Egerton 12, 13).

Josh and Sara are already facing their own set of problems. Sara came home, after having drawn a family picture at preschool, asking why she had two mommies, but no daddy. Kids had questioned and teased her when they saw her picture. Despite having already gone through the same types of questions with Josh, Pat and Eileen were still unprepared to answer Sara. Josh has learned to deal with things in his own way. He does not associate much with the kids at school. Rather than having to answer questions or abide teasing, Josh prefers to play and study alone. At home, he is developing an attitude of resentment and disrespect, which is flourishing into a full-blown discipline problem. At home, too, he keeps to himself, a silent victim of his mother's decision.

Besides cruel teasing and homophobic attitudes, a variety of legal problems help add to the emotional stress placed on the children. As it was with Sharon Bottoms and her son, many lesbian couples have their children taken away from them, having been declared unfit parents on the basis of their sexual preferences. In such cases, children are displaced from the only homes they have known. Moreover, even fewer states acknowledge the lesbian co-parent as even being a legal parent at all (Salter 70). Only a handful of states allow adoption by a co-parent (Henry 67). For many lesbian families, children become wards of the state in the event of the death of the biological parent (Salter 70). Legal prejudice has made these children complete orphans. The children suffer twice as much over the death of one parent.

In an increasing number of cases across the country, donors petition local courts for rights and status, or for outright custody of their children, sometimes before they are born (Egerton 13). Many couples have taken to hiring lawyers and drawing up long, involved contracts with donors before insemination takes place. In cases where the lesbian couple separates, the co-parent is almost always denied visitation or custody, regardless of the previous relationship with the child (Slater 70). Since the co-parent has no biological connection, the courts see the co-parent as having no legal rights to the child. Again, the children are separated from someone who has been a key caregiver in their lives. Here, too, the children are the victims of the adults' laws and choices.

Despite the possibility of emotional damage, these women still choose, albeit selfishly, to bring children into the world. According to Pat, lesbian women still have strong maternal instincts, and they still feel the need to bear and raise children. In fact, some feel that to bear is "the ultimate liberation" of a gay woman. The *L.A. Times* quoted Diane Goodman, a lesbian attorney and mother of a toddler son as saying, "It's like the lesbian title is gone...because I'm a mother" (Harris A1). I feel that a lot of these women are looking at children as

a means of removing the social stigmas of their lifestyle. To do so is very wrong simply because the children pay the price emotionally and socially.

Many lesbian moms argue that their children will be better off than many children of heterosexual homes, as they are wanted, and planned for, by two loving parents who care for them. In the case of Pat and Eileen, this may be true. Despite their both being legal professionals, they do arrange their schedules to devote as much time as possible to Josh and Sara. They are very loving, involved parents, who provide well for their children.

Yet, while conclusive results are not yet available, many psychologists fear that these children will actually be worse off. Acceptance, gender-roles, and sexuality are all key issues in growing up, especially during adolescent years. These children not only face prejudice in these areas early on, but also develop a confused "sense of self." Their self-identities are further confused by the fact that most have no known father, and that they have been "engineered" in a doctor's office. The lack of a strong self-identity will lead to serious emotional problems for many (Egerton 13, 14).

Based on case studies of teenage children of lesbians, many psychologists also suspect that this generation's "gaybies" will grow up resenting their mothers, due to the difficulties they will encounter growing up. These children are likely to develop strong anti-gay attitudes. Suppressed feelings of anger and frustration will lead to rebellion and behavioral problems in later years. It is also suspected that male children, not having strong male role models to identify and bond with, will harbor even deeper resentment and will be uncomfortable in their roles as men ("Surge of Lesbians" 37). At only seven years old, my nephew Josh already displays these signs.

In my opinion, it is not a question as to whether or not lesbian mothers are capable of being good parents. Seeing how my sister-in-law raises her kids proves that they can be great parents. Being gay should not be synonymous with being "unfit," especially in the eyes of the law. But, it is not an

issue of parenting; it is an issue of society coming to terms with homosexuality and with the gays' desire to be allowed the same reproductive freedoms as heterosexuals. It is also an issue of well-being for the children.

In the last two decades, the role of the traditional family has diminished, and social problems of every nature have developed because of it. Life is tough enough even when the odds are stacked in one's favor, but lesbians bringing children into this homophobic world will seriously reduce the likelihood of those children growing up well-adjusted and happy. And after all, isn't the children's happiness and well-being at the heart of every parent's action and thought? I know it is with mine.

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Evaluation: *Powerful sentences, precise language, and convincing evidence result from reason and passion blended.*

Nature Journal

by Jennifer Renee Brabec
 Course: Environmental Ethics
 Instructor: Jerome A. Stone

Assignment:

Make a number of journal entries about a favorite place in nature near your home. Include both "objective description" and "subjective feelings."

Sunday

September 26, 1993

Time spent: 3 hours, 2:00-5:00 pm

I decided to spend good, quality time observing today, seeing as how my first journal entry was brief and practically rained out. This was my real chance to get to enjoy the afternoon at our Wisconsin summer cottage "Up North."

The first hour and a half of my time outside, I spent walking the property gathering acorns for the white-tail deer we feed up at our trailer, farther north. My dad thought acorns would be a treat for them, besides the corn, salt blocks, and apple blocks we give them. He told me the acorns up there are skimpy and the nice big, fat, white oak acorns would be best. I, being the only child and a true nature's child, volunteered to please the palates of our deer friends. My dad also told me he'd pay me by the pound, if I picked enough acorns.

Crawling around the ground, I found not only acorns, but an abundance of living things. Bright green mosses, tiny black spiders, toads, decaying leaves, and branches alive with ants on them. The ground was damp because of the previous day's rain. In my hunt for acorns, I was being nibbled on by mosquitoes. It surprised me to find there were mosquitoes out; it was in the low 50s, and overcast. Earlier today, the weather was bright, warmer and sunny.

When I had enough of being an acorn hunter, I spent the rest of the time walking around the property I had grown up on weekends and loved, yet never really explored. I noted how the trees looked now, and reminded myself that they would be changing as fall turns into winter. Along the edge of the woods, bright red choke cherries glowed in an almost neon red color. The staghorn sumac were still green, but streaked with twinges of orange and brown. The aspens and birch were still green in color and our lone, big locust tree was just lightly streaked with yellow-green color. The sugar maples were still pure green, and the linden bushes and wild grapes still grew thick all along the edge of the woods.

I walked into the forest and I investigated my surroundings. The wind was now picking up more, rustling through the trees. I noticed how the woods were still semi-thick, lush and green, and the twisted trunks of the old dead trees had green lichens growing on them. The tops of the trees still had leaves on them, although the damp, black, earth path I walked had some fallen leaves on it. Large, flat mushrooms grew in clusters all along the path. With a stick I found, I poked at them until they crumbled. It was fairly dark in the woods, more so now because of the increasingly gray skies.

As I took in deep breaths, the pungent smell of damp earth and impending rain filled my nose. I smiled to myself, enjoying every second of my solitude in my private forest. This place was different now to me than it was ten or fifteen years ago. When I was a child this was a place to play and dig

up worms and pretend monsters hid behind trees. I no longer play in the woods, but I walk through them, appreciating them for what they are, loving them for what they taught me. If it wasn't for our cottage here and our trailer farther north, I'd have never known a place to escape to from the city. For a moment, I thanked God for this time exploring my family's property, for the three hours of pure solitude and concentration I spent with it. No one could take that time away from me. I was planning on more time to spend in deep thought, until drops of rain started to fall, drenching me and my outdoor notebook.

Saturday, November 27, 1993
time spent: 1 hour, 12:00-1:00 pm

What I just wrote about spending a whole hour "Up North" is not entirely true. I did spend an hour outside, intermittently because of the horrible cold and coughing spells I was having. I wanted to brave it and stick out the whole hour, but my parents were nagging me about getting even sicker from being out there. I, being the good girl I am, listened and occasionally went inside to warm up.

My parents' reasons for my health were understandable. It was in the low 20s outside, and snowing. That was one of the reasons I wanted to stay outside longer! Although it was just flurries, it was snowing nonetheless. The ground was already covered with a fine little accumulation of the white stuff, and it was swirling in the air all around me. This was the closest feel of winter I had experienced during the visits of coming up here. The trees were beautifully dusted with light snow. Balsams, spruce and firs were capped like sugar cookies with the snow, in contrast with the white and red pines in which the snow had not yet clung. There were intermittent breaks of sunshine that made the snowy areas glisten, although the sky was mostly gray and cloudy.

As I walked the snow-glazed meadow, I took deep breaths of the cold air into my lungs to help clear them out. I'd end up in coughing fits, and

would have to run back to the house to warm up. By the time I made it to the woods, the winds were picking up, carrying the distinct scent of a distant neighbor's burning pile of leaves. Oh, how that smell reminded me of camping on our adventurous vacation to Alaska this past summer. So many memories were coming vividly to me today. The woods, snow covered and bare, reminded me of the place in northern Wisconsin where I hunted for two Novembers. This almost hit me like a *deja vu* experience — the snow in the air and on the ground, the chickadees, blue jays, and squirrels running past me. It also was the same time of year, same similar look of the forest. For a moment I had forgotten about my petty cold and was back in 1990, sitting on my tree stand waiting for a deer to walk by. Then a particularly brave chickadee whizzed by me, and I remembered I wasn't hunting for deer way up north. I was hunting for more insight and closeness to "Up North." It hit me all of a sudden, the way my feelings for "Up North" had been changing with each visit. It was always like this, for years; the changing of seasons and distinct patterns of how the woods and seasons had changed at their own pace. It just never hit me like the way it did today. All the years of coming here were not on weekly or every two-week time periods, when I'd have to explore for a reason. I always explored because it was fun and I loved nature. Now these explorations have brought me closer in knowing this place I so do frequent. I now know about the different trees and how each goes through its own changes throughout the seasons. My senses were opened more to the changes of the woods when they were thick and green in the summer, to know when they're gray and bare or covered with snow. This experience of writing a journal has definitely given me the knowledge, appreciation, more respect, and better understanding about my beloved haven, "Up North."

Evaluation: This is an example of good "nature writing." Notice how growing awareness ties in with growing appreciation.

A Piece of My Life

by *Dean Bushek*

Course: English 101

Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:

Remember, and learn from your remembrance.

I remember when I was five and my mother used to pile all of us kids in the car and we would go to the drive-in. We would arrive early, while it was still light, carefully choose our spot, and my mother would park the Buick. As soon as the car came to a stop my two sisters, my brother, and I would rush to the playground until the movie began. Being the youngest, I was always the last to arrive at the park, and the last to return to the car, running behind my older siblings for fear of getting lost in the maze of cars. As the light of day faded, we would swing, teeter-totter, and see-saw. As dusk faded and darkness fast approached, a cartoon, usually Bugs Bunny or Road Runner, would signal the end of playtime and we would race back to the car. We would climb in the car a heap of breathless laughing

children and the show would begin.

I loved being a part of a big family and as my sisters and brother grew up and left home, I was saddened with each departure. By the time I was twelve years old they had all grown up and set off on their own paths in life. I was left alone with my mother, the only child I always wished to be. I can remember the day when each of my siblings left as if it happened yesterday. Yes, there is sadness even now. As a young girl I feared that when they left we would not be as close, there would be long periods of separation, there would never be that exact closeness that we had, we would forget how important we were to each other. As an adult, I realize how in my simple emotional language I had perceived so much more than I realized at the time.

We all live in different states now, our lives are full with our own families and interests; yet, there is still a sadness that I feel when I think of the last days I spent with each of them. The days themselves are not as clear as the goodbyes. It's the goodbye I remember, the precious few minutes when your entire relationship is expressed. Moments that seem like the one chance you have to tell someone how important they really are to you. *How much you will miss them.*

My sister Terry is the first to leave; she is sixteen and I am only eight. She has decided to run away from home; she doesn't get along with my stepfather and wants to live with Dad. She is my favorite sister, my second mother. I will miss her terribly. She has protected me from harm, taught me to play gin rummy, let me crawl in her bed in the middle of the night after a bad dream. She has told no one but me that she is leaving. My parents are out for the night, it is raining. My other sister and brother are downstairs when her ride arrives. She says goodbye to me. I feel special that she trusts me, yet I am unbearably sad that she is leaving. We stand at the top of the stairs, she with her suitcase, me clutching the stuffed animal, a yellow mouse with pink ears that she has given me. We are both crying; she hugs me and assures me that we will see each other soon. She kisses me goodbye

and hurries out the door into the rain. I rush to the window waving goodbye until I can no longer see the taillights. I cry all night and for the next few days. *I will miss her.*

It is Christmas and I open the mailbox. As I open the door, holiday mail spills out onto the ground. As I bend over to retrieve the scattered envelopes, my eyes wander toward the return addresses. There is a card from each of my sisters and one from my brother. We won't be together for the holidays this year, maybe next year. Somehow even as a young girl I knew things would never be the same. *I do miss them.*

I am ten years old and I must now watch my sister Carole leave our home. I am sorry yet happy to see her go. We have shared a room all our lives. We have fought constantly and are just beginning to like each other. I think that if we had a little more time together we could be much closer. I wonder if there will always be this anger between us, will we ever grow out of it? She is still my sister, who stuck up for me when the girl across the street wanted to beat me up, who let me wear her new blouse to school even though it was too big for me, who used to play games by candlelight in the bedroom after my mother thought we were asleep. She is not moving far yet I know we will not be sisters as we are at this moment. She is getting married, and I will not be as important to her from now on. We quickly say goodbye; she has to go; her things are packed into the car; her husband is waiting. Anyway she won't be far. *I will miss her.*

The phone rings; it is my sister Carole. No nothing is wrong, everything is fine. She has news. She is going to be a grandmother by next Christmas. It seems like yesterday that we were playing Barbies and fighting over who at the last piece of cake without asking. She says it's warm in Colorado, I should visit soon. My thoughts return to our last visit. I remember waking at five a.m. to find my sister sitting in the dark living room, in a rocking chair, crying. It was my last day, I had to go home. Neither of us could sleep knowing that we would be parting again soon. It seems we have never gotten over our

past goodbyes, and are not quite ready to deal with the new ones. *I will miss her.*

My brother, Mike, is leaving now. I am twelve and should be good at this by now. My brother is not demonstrative. He has been the man of the house all of his life and, having taken his role seriously, has never allowed himself to show any weakness. We stand in the front lawn as he loads his final belongings into the trunk. I hold the tears back until all I can see is a blur, angry at myself for being so emotional, unable to control my feelings. My big brother is leaving. Who will play Yahtzee with me, fix the flat tires on my bike, help me with my math homework? I know that he loves me even though he can't say it; he gives me an awkward hug and mumbles that he will be in touch. I know how hard this must be for him, yet I cannot help but cry. I stood in the front lawn long after his car disappeared from sight, some small part of me hoping that he would come right back and say he had made a mistake. He never did come back; he was really gone. *I will miss him.*

It is summer, and my brother and I are in the back yard enjoying that peace that comes between dusk and darkness. He has never been a big talker; I've always held the conversations. He is on vacation and will be here a week. We talk about our lives, what we want to do, where we want to be. We sit for about an hour talking, joking, laughing, enjoying each other's company. Already I know I will miss him when he leaves, but I am happy for the time we can share. I'm glad he is here. We have the whole week together, my brother and I, and there is so much I have to share with him before he leaves. *I will miss him.*

Tonight I am taking my daughter to the drive-in. There is no playground, and since she is an only child there is no one to play with. I tell her of the many nights when my mother took us to the movies, how much fun we had. I share with her my secret code for remembering where you are parked so you don't get lost on the way back from the concession stand. My sister taught it to me. I am both brother and sister to my daughter. I must

void that she has in being an only child. I share with her the many memories I have of my own childhood. The good and the bad of having brothers and sisters. I hope that someday she will no longer be an only; I want her to have the opportunity to share in the warmth and comfort of a brother or sister relationship. I hope that someday she will read this paper and understand how I felt on those days when my family left home one by one. I am a better person by having them in my life, and I will say goodbye to them again many times in my life. With each goodbye we will exchange pieces of ourselves, give and take a little of each other as we part. Each time will be harder for it may be the last, but I will carry with me the memories of these partings forever. It is hard to be separated but we are always close in heart. Our paths will cross occasionally and I will think of each of them every day, but most of all, *I will miss them.*

Evaluation: *Taking risks in shaping her essay, this writer creates a collage of experiences that links several generations.*

The Betrayal

by Liz Carr

Course: English 102
Instructor: Roy Mottla

Assignment:

Write a character sketch, isolating a single trait or two of the subject.

A pair of slatey eyes impaled me with icy coldness. Since noon Julie had been huffing sulkily around the office with a self-righteous, injured air. The intense, deliberate silence which consumed our shared work space was a constant reminder that this morning Julie had discovered my betrayal.

I slumped miserably over my work, feigning busyness while Julie cleaned out her desk with the precise efficiency of a livid saint whisking holy artifacts from Satan's doorstep. The antagonistic stare of those unnerving eyes made my body tense with her fury. While my stomach was tied in knots, my mouth was filled with a sweet taste of victory. A taste that was only slightly tainted because the foe I'd vanquished had once been something of a friend.

I'd been working with the American Disabled Children's Fund for two and a half years when Julie appeared one day. Since we had few paid staff members and relied heavily on volunteers, we were delighted when Julie offered a pair of helping hands. Soon, Julie was volunteering with us nearly

every day.

Although I sometimes wondered why she didn't have to work at a paying job, I was glad for anyone who could help with secretarial tasks so that our staff had more time for fundraising. Seemingly very shy, Julie meekly helped with whatever we asked her to do and her quiet help was greatly appreciated. Hard working and apparently anxious to help handicapped children, Julie began volunteering on a full-time basis.

Julie often seemed very lonely, almost forlorn, and feeling sorry for her, I befriended her. Our friendship was odd from the beginning. Julie treated me with slavish devotion, opening up to me almost immediately and confiding deep, dark secrets from her sordid past (most of them fictitious, as I later learned) making me somewhat uncomfortable with the sudden intimacy. When she organized a huge, surprise birthday party for me in July though, I was sure that, despite her quirks, Julie was a true friend and it brought tears to my eyes to think of the trouble she'd gone to for me.

Summer passed quickly at the office with Julie as a happy addition to our staff. Shortly before I started school in the fall, my supervisor decided to start paying Julie at least a small salary since she was working so much for us. I was glad because I wanted to make sure that we weren't taking advantage of her. He also had me teach Julie how to do the parts of my job that needed to be done on a daily basis since I would only be working a few days a week after school started.

One of the tasks I had to teach her was the complicated process of handling the mail. Most of the contributions to our organization came via the mail and it was important that they be kept in the proper order so that we could send out receipts. It was also important to keep cash donations with the envelopes they came in so that we would know who'd sent them and where to send receipts and thank you cards.

Julie seemed to adapt well to the new responsibilities and, although I was sad to leave my close knit group of co-workers, I was sure that Julie could

handle my job on the days I couldn't be in. I must admit that I was somewhat dismayed when I came back after only a few days away to find that Julie already knew more about my job than I did! There are a few things worse than finding out that the world can keep revolving without your influence and finding myself so easily replaceable was a blow to my ego. When Julie was promoted a few weeks later, having her as my supervisor did nothing to help my hurt pride.

Soon after Julie's promotion I began noticing changes in her attitude. It was as if she had another, bolder, personality hidden beneath the sweet, subservient one she'd used to gain acceptance. I also noticed with some alarm that she handled all of the mail alone now and had little supervision in any of her other jobs. I tried not to worry and scolded myself for being so jealously peevish.

As much as I tried, though, I couldn't deny the growing dislike I felt for Julie. I couldn't believe how controlling she was becoming! Friendly gestures now had strings attached and her actions were growingly manipulative. Working with her was a constant strain especially because we shared an office.

We had a few skirmishes over unimportant issues, like the fact that Julie wouldn't even let me touch the mail any more. I hoped these incidents stemmed from working in such close quarters. Julie dealt with conflicts by giving me the silent treatment and glaring at me with eyes that could be downright frigid. At first I tried to get her to talk things out in a professional way until I realized that catering to her immaturity only made the situation worse. Eventually, I learned to pretend that her actions didn't bother me and, since it's no fun to be cold to someone who isn't watching, my childish bluff worked and our run-ins were kept to a minimum. Still, feeling uncomfortable in a place I had once loved to work was wearing on me.

After one especially stressful afternoon, I finally went to the supervisor who was over both Julie and me, the one I used to consult all the time, and confided to him the problem I was having working

with Julie. My words tumbled out in a jumble of unrestrained emotion and I ended my torrent by demanding, almost hysterically, why I'd been assigned to share an office with her.

When I'd finished, he sat back with a serious face and relieved my fears by telling me that every other staff member had also come to him privately, asking if they were the only ones who had a problem working with Julie. He apologized for putting me in an office with her but asked if I would mind staying there since he was short on office space and I was the only one who would work with her. I agreed because I was only part time and wouldn't have to be with her as much as one of the others.

I left the meeting feeling much better about the whole situation especially since my supervisor had told me that I no longer had to take orders from Julie but would come directly to him for instructions again. I knew he realized now that he'd promoted Julie too fast and I felt bad for him. I decided to do my best to ease the situation and went back to work with fresh confidence and a renewed friendliness towards Julie.

Things went very well for several months. Julie slowly learned that I wasn't going to put up with her mood swings and I think she came to respect me for it. I was developing a friendship with a new Julie who was neither a slave nor a control freak and I was hopeful that an emotionally healthy environment would help her to develop balance in all of her relationships.

One afternoon my supervisor called me into his office and, obviously agitated, closed the door and motioned for me to sit down. He sat across from me at his desk and began to rub his forehead. I waited long seconds before he started speaking wondering what awful thing he had to say. He finally began, slowly explaining to me that he was concerned because he'd recently noticed that we hadn't gotten any cash donations for a long time. He looked at me shrewdly to see if I understood his fear. I did and I refused to believe the possibility that Julie might be setting up her own personal fund.

I asked why he was suspicious and my supervisor laid out several reports that our accountant had compiled. The statistics were condemning. During the time that I had opened the mail our average number of cash donations per month was 15, about one every other day. The average amount was \$7.00. In striking contrast, while Julie had been handling the mail, our average number of cash donations per month was only 3 and the average amount was only \$4.00. I asked hopefully if we were getting less mail now, than while I'd been handling the mail. My heart sank when I found out that the opposite was true.

My supervisor, the accountant, and I were the only ones who knew about the situation and we wanted to keep it that way, at least until we could catch Julie in the act. We formulated a plan and decided to put it into action as soon as possible. I was glad that our secretive meeting ended close to quitting time on a Friday. I would have had a hard time avoiding Julie's curious questions and hiding my own tender feelings. As it was, I got away from the office without too many questions. I would have the weekend to recover my calm and do something to solve the problem.

I lay awake for a while that night, mulling over the day's events. The more I remembered, the more I became sickeningly sure that Julie really was stealing money. I drifted off to sleep hopeful that my dreams could shelter me for a time from the nightmare of my day.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, the world looked brighter and I began to think of our plan as a way to prove Julie's innocence. It would be almost fun to play detective, especially if I could find some other reasonable way to explain why we hadn't been getting as many cash contributions. With these Utopian dreams, I headed over to the office to start implementing our plan.

It was Saturday, Julie's day off, and the ideal time for me to get at the unguarded mail. Normally on Saturdays I would leave the mail in Julie's box just as it had come in. That Saturday I went through the mail very carefully without opening it. I sat at the

large table in the conference room and sorted the mail piece by piece. All the junk mail went into one pile, all the bills and bank statements into another. One pile was left, the pile of envelopes that might have contributions. I carefully wrote down how many pieces there were in each category.

There were twenty-five that might contain donations. I sorted through those holding each one up to the light. I could see that twenty-two envelopes had checks in them, two had notes in them but I couldn't tell whether or not they had anything folded up inside. One envelope held a ten dollar bill clearly visible.

I took the twenty-five envelopes to the copy machine and copied each one twice. I made sure that the one with the ten dollar bill was on the top page with the two that had notes. After I made the copies I rechecked my tally. Then I scattered the mail, put it back together again with the rubber band it came in and put it in Julie's box just as usual.

Monday, I gave my supervisor the copies of Saturday's mail. He put them away and calmly told me to wait for the next step. I tried to watch discreetly while Julie did Saturday's mail but I got several phone calls.

Julie finished the mail and I waited with dread for the results. The accountant called me into his office for a moment and let me know that the envelope that I had pointed out with the ten dollar bill in it was missing. Rage carried me through the next steps.

My supervisor called Julie into a meeting and I went immediately, with my heart pounding, and checked the wastebasket in the ladies' room, looking for the discarded envelope. Nothing there but used paper towels. Next, I went with my hands shaking, and checked Julie's coat pockets. Nothing there either. I began to doubt myself and for a moment I let myself believe that it was a mistake, that the envelope had simply fallen somewhere on the floor. I ran to Julie's desk, hoping with my whole being that the envelope would be lying innocently on the floor under her desk. It wasn't.

I knew that my time was running out. The “meeting” was only supposed to last a few minutes. Suddenly, I remembered that lots of coats have inside pockets. I knew immediately that Julie’s would. Yanking her coat off the hanger, I searched frantically for something that I didn’t want to find. And then, there it was, a neat, little, hidden pocket with a torn open envelope nestled inside. Savage anger fought briefly with my heartbroken disbelief. I ran to the copy machine and made copies of both the envelope and the ten dollar bill inside. I tried to fold them exactly like I’d found them and replaced them in her pocket. Numbly, I hung her coat up. I took the copies to our accountant and went to the ladies’ room.

When I went back to the office we shared, Julie was seated at her desk working merrily away. She asked if I would like to go to lunch in about an hour and I nodded mutely, grateful that I wouldn’t have to keep this promise.

A few minutes later, my supervisor and our accountant walked in and gave me a significant glance. They asked to speak to Julie in private. I left, feeling so much like a Judas that I thought for a moment with insane gaiety that at least I needn’t kiss her on the cheek to make my betrayal complete. The thought was so ludicrous that it struck my raw emotions with hilarity and I fled to the bathroom again where I was flooded with tears.

The confrontation was short. I was on my way back from the restroom when Julie stormed contemptuously past me. While she was in the bathroom the guys filled me in briefly on the meeting’s content and told me what to expect. Julie had denied taking the money even after they showed her the incriminating photocopies. It was only when they started to call the police that she reluctantly retrieved the envelope and money.

They asked her directly if she had taken any other contributions and she immediately resigned, indignant with the absurdity of the question. Despite the circumstantial evidence, we couldn’t actually prove that she had stolen other donations.

Because she had been something of a friend to all of us, we didn’t want to press the matter. The guys could see that I’d been crying. My supervisor squeezed my shoulder lightly, and thanked me for helping him solve the problem, and apologized for the strain I’d been under. He told me that Julie would be gathering her things from our office and offered to give me the rest of the day off. He hadn’t mentioned my involvement, but suspected that she knew and wanted to save me from her wrath.

I thanked him, but decided to stay. I had some unfinished business. I needed to make some phone calls and I had to say goodbye to a friend. Sitting in the silent office a few minutes later with Julie’s wrath strangling me, I wondered if I’d made the right choice.

Julie was walking out the door when I stopped her. Walking to meet her, I rested my hands on her rigid shoulders. She avoided my eyes. I said goodbye, and told her I was sorry things hadn’t worked out. I think she knew I really was, because she gave me a brief hug before leaving. I knew then that, in my betrayal, I’d done the right thing not only for me but for her as well.

Evaluation: Ms. Carr extends the assignment by providing two precisely sketched characters threaded into a taut narrative.

First Exam: Question Four

by Jennifer Drew-Steiner
Course: Environmental Ethics
Instructor: Jerome A. Stone

Assignment:

*Expound four major ideas of each of two
environmental philosophers.*

*Then compare and contrast them and, finally,
develop your own ideas in relation to them.*

This is the final development section.

The classic transcendental God and religion are man made. We are so afraid of the unknown, that we needed to create a power greater than ourselves to answer our questions. Where did we come from? Why are we here? Science has answered some of these questions. Some things we may never know.

When I say the word God, images of a supreme being in charge of all creation do not float about my mind. Instead, I imagine an attitude, a set of morals and values to live by, a wholesome and peaceful do-onto-others-as-you-would-have-done-onto-yourself state of mind, entitled, God.

Unlike Thoreau, I do not approach life with an already established belief in a transcendental God. Also unlike Muir, I do not find divinity in nature. However, within nature I find each creature to have

intrinsic value unto itself. I do believe, as does Thoreau, that beauty and value may be found in the details of the simplest natural object, but unlike Muir, I do not necessarily believe beauty and God are interchangeable words.

Death and dying are frightening concepts to contemplate. However, death can indeed birth new life, both literally and figuratively. The passing away of a loved one can bring us new strength and courage. It has the ability to inspire us to live fully and deliberately. Sometimes in the face of tragedy, our faiths can be reborn.

Just as Muir and Thoreau did, I believe the circle of life and death is ongoing. We must always remember that death is a natural part of life. However frightening the unknown may be, that fear can help us to remember how special each moment is. Although we cannot predict or control the future, it is important to consider the generations of humans and non-humans to come. We must respect their rights to experience and enjoy life to its fullest, by respecting ourselves, our fellow human beings and all creatures of the earth today.

I find peace in solitude. When I am alone, my mind is open and my thoughts are free to flow.

I share the desire for isolation with Thoreau, but not to the extreme that he did. Enjoying your own company is healthy. However, I cannot help to wonder if perhaps Thoreau could have undertaken his experiment at Walden with a bit less extremity. Sometimes when I am confused, angry or sad, I feel the need to be alone so that I may work through my bad feelings. Is it possible that Thoreau went to the woods to work through his own confusing issues, and what he found there turned out to be among the best works of his life?

In solitude we can find ourselves. I find peace in solitude.

Evaluation: The assignment was followed precisely. The expositions of Thoreau and Muir were accurate and well supported. Beyond the basics of sentence and paragraph construction, this paper shows perceptive analysis.

The Trouble with Science

by Alisa Esposito

Course: English 101

Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment:

Lewis Thomas writes of "things to worry about from Science" in his essay on cloning. Do you have such worries? Write about one of them in an argumentative essay.

A butterfly floats easily on a widely swirling breeze above a waving prairie, stopping here and there to taste the sugary nectar of any seductive blossom that draws her near. She may or may not be aware of the role she plays in nature. She disperses pollen, she is an egg laying producer of future pollen spreaders and, lastly, she is an easy energy source for nearly any other creature that isn't a beetle or worm. Whether this butterfly is self-aware or merely electrochemically charged organic matter is irrelevant. This world supports thousands of brilliant creatures, each one simply playing its role in the vast pattern of life.

The trouble with science, or rather, the scientist, is that the world cannot be viewed as a whole. Its parts are excitedly sought and are then cracked down to bits and pieces, all the while undergoing meticulous examination. Those parts then must be broken down again and again, to the very atom, until the scientist is so far removed from the original organism that it takes supreme effort to see clearly back to its true form and function. Scientists might argue amongst themselves the significance of the brain power of butterflies. They may even go as far as to carry out laboratory experiments on so many helpless, wing-clipped, tattooed or tagged butterflies, probing, connecting wires, scribbling in notepads, punching computer keys, and organizing data in their unquenchable thirst for final knowledge. And while they are busy scratching their heads and their notepads, the answer that they hypothesize is laid out before them with no need for searching.

The butterfly plays her role in the unexplainable nature of this earth to the hilt, and regardless of the complexity of her nervous system or the size of her brain in relation to the surface area of her body, she will carry out her life role to its dying end whether science explains it or not. No amount of understanding will change the behavior of the butterfly.

I do not fear science. I fear the scientists. I do not believe humans are capable of putting answers found through science to wise use. For the scientist, there is never a satisfying end to an experiment; the new finding must always point to the next question. Before anyone might stop arguing and hypothesizing about the best way to conquer the latest "last frontier," the whole experiment is spinning wildly out of control; the point is lost or misdirected and no one can jump off.

Human numbers are rising rapidly. We have overpopulated. With food sources and space dwindling around us, we need to set our priorities. Instead of addressing the issue, it is virtually dismissed as many scientists develop new techniques to prolong the natural human life through preventative means, artificially impregnate those who are

unable to produce their own biological offspring, and genetically and technologically extend the lives of those suffering with terminal disease. All of this is done with no thought of consequences. Our motive is the overpowering, if not subconscious, drive to avoid death, the true "last frontier" which we can never conquer.

Imagine the future. Imagine a life that goes on forever. Imagine science has explained everything. We have the answer to the question of life after death. There is no need for religion, art or music. We can solve any medical problem. Are the discoveries comforting? Babies in fetal stages are examined, their cells and DNA tested for inherited disease and sexing procedures; before birth they are genetically engineered for desired gender as well as for resistance to inherited and contagious illness. Meanwhile, we continue to allow unrestricted breeding of our species. We develop the mechanics to overcome infertility and sterility. At the same time vaccinations and cures for diseases such as cancer and AIDS are effective, and other terminal illnesses are suppressed indefinitely. The aging process is slowed significantly, and the elderly survive two to three times longer than they do now. What do we do with all of these people?

I see a world of people stepping, possibly steering themselves onto the screen of a science fiction film. The obvious image my mind beholds is of cramped and crowded thousands of children, women and men. Everyone wears identical, monochromatic clothing protecting their delicate skin from the scorching sun, its rays unimpeded by the missing ozone layer. Each individual carries her own air supply, as all of the oxygen-producing trees have been torn down to build patio furniture for the thoughtless masses of the not-so-distant past. There is no choice but to live communally; thousands of families cram into massive public housing facilities spread like scrap metal and hubcaps in a junkyard across the tired earth.

There is a want, but no need to go outside. No birds sing. No rabbits nibble clover among tall grass. No trees sprout bright buds in the spring.

Nobody plays a game of softball on a field. No children sniff buttery dandelions while resting under shady willows on warm summer days. The blue, green and black of the earth's surface is reduced to a nondescript choking dust.

Within the apartments, all of the earth's healthy, immune-boosted, genetically engineered people teach the next generation of children the biological diversity of the past. Because human beings came from nature, no matter how we deny it, we will always long to smell the freshness of the air, the earth beneath our naked feet, the rush of clean water alive with fish, algae and insect larvae pushing past our unclothed bodies. All the scientists in the world cannot explain away that innate desire.

To every scientist that thinks it can be explained, or our natural desire denied, I say this: look to a friendly butterfly for guidance. Be seduced by a fresh and bright blossom dripping nectar, and understand it only for what it is.

Evaluation: This essay breathes passion and commitment. A gentle image from nature attracts us; an alternative future terrorizes us. The writer knows how to seduce and frighten.

The combination of potent images and potent arguments does the trick.

Form, Subject, Content

by Adam Frankel

Course: Art 105—Introduction to Art
Instructor: Ben Dallas

Assignment:

Explain the relationship among the three aspects of visual communication: form, subject, and content.

When interpreting a work of art, there is a process of identification that contains three components: form, subject, and content. These components are essential for the communication of the artist to the viewer. Without exception everything perceivable has form. The form of a visual image has the potential to convey what something is and moreover the way that something is. Form itself is a predefined semblance in space that facilitates an understanding and interpretation of the way the space has been designed. The Gestalt of form can be expressed in the component of subject. The subject of an art work is what one defines as the embodiment of the form. It is the label ascribed to an otherwise unqualified, unlabeled "thing." The content is the meaning of a work. The content has the property of revealing the substance of the piece. The form and subject allow the content to be communicated through their medium. By employing form, subject, and content, visual communication may be successfully achieved. The relationship of these three components is an essential part of the experience, where form creates subject, and the two generate content.

Evaluation: The student's specialized writing is well constructed to express succinctly the rather complicated connection between factors of communication which are in themselves difficult to understand.

Galileo Galilei

by Steve Gallagher
Course: Humanities 101
Instructor: Joanne Koch

Assignment:

Select a figure whose work had a significant impact on the western world, 1400-1950. Set this figure in historical context and describe three contributions made by this individual.

Galileo Galilei was born in Pisa on February 15, 1564 (the same year as Shakespeare). He was the oldest in a family of seven. His parents were Vincenzo Galilei, a merchant and musician who wrote on music and mathematics, and Juli Ammanati (Geymonat 5).

The Galilei had once been a prominent, noble Florentine family including a famous doctor and magistrate. In the sixteenth century, the family had some economic problems, which caused Vincenzo to take up trade in addition to music. They lived by limited means, but they were still comfortable enough to afford a private tutor for Galileo (Geymonat 5).

There was an air of music and artistry in the Galilei home, which had a lasting influence on Galileo. It was from his father that he got his love of music and intense interest in mathematics. Vincenzo was a member of a select group of Florentine musicians known as the Camerata,

formed primarily to discuss and experiment with new music. One of Vincenzo's experiments was an attempt to use a mathematical approach to produce music. But he was not pleased with the results, convinced that a numerical system alone could not replace the human ear (Ronan 61). Young Galileo was undoubtedly stimulated by his father's experimental approach. Galileo was a talented lute player. He also enjoyed poetry, but his greatest love was drawing and painting. In addition to his artistic talents, he loved mechanics and enjoyed constructing mechanical devices for amusement (Ronan 65).

When the family moved to Florence in 1574, Galileo was sent to school, the famous eleventh-century monastery of Santa Maria run by the Jesuits, where he learned Latin, Greek, mathematics, physics, astronomy, and the humanities. He was also taught religion, which he so enjoyed that when he turned fourteen, he entered the society as a novice. His father was so shocked at this that he withdrew Galileo from the school, using the excuse that Galileo needed special medical attention for his eyesight (Ronan 65).

His father tried to get him a scholarship to the university at Pisa but failed. Galileo went back to the monastery with strict instructions not to become a novice. Vincenzo wanted Galileo to enter a field where he would not have financial worries. There was money to be made in the textile trade in Florence, but Galileo's interests made it obvious that he would not be happy in the business world. So it was decided in 1581 that Galileo, now seventeen, would use his academic talents and go to Pisa to read medicine.

The Renaissance may have changed cultural attitudes, but the universities still did not encourage a new outlook or a creative mind. This was largely due to a firm belief in Aristotelian philosophy and science, because the Greeks had already figured it all out, and that was good enough. But in this exciting time, with the discovery of a new continent and the circumnavigation of the earth, there was a sense of new possibilities and doubt cast on the knowledge contained in classic writings (Drake 7). Above

it all, the Reformation was causing a stir of religious uncertainty.

The practice of medicine was based on old texts of which portions were found to be in error but taught as truth nonetheless. Galileo, coming from a home full of new ideas and independent experiment, could not sit back and take as evidence something in a book, unless it could be tested and proven. It was not long before Galileo began to question his lecturers when the answers were unacceptable. He soon became unpopular with the staff and was nicknamed "The Wrangler" (Ronan 69). It was around this time Galileo observed a chandelier swing after being lit. He began to time the swings with his pulse and found that they occupied the same time. This discovery would inspire him to invent a device called the pulsilogium, a measuring instrument to be used by doctors of the time to measure the pulse rate (Geymonat). Galileo, with his love of math, sense of observation, and measurement and design, lost interest in the tedious study of medicine and decided to leave Pisa in 1585. He was now twenty-one years old and without a degree to study mathematics and physics (Ronan 72).

Galileo could not receive formal mathematical teaching while at Pisa because the chair was vacant. So he persuaded his father to get a friend to tutor him in math. Galileo studied Euclid and Archimedes, with whom he was thoroughly impressed, and began to give private lessons himself. He constructed an improved form of the hydrostatic balance, a principle derived by Archimedes to determine the density of a metal by water displacement (Ronan 74). Galileo then distributed among his friends the redesigned procedure in a manuscript called *The Little Balance*. It was not published until after his death, but scientific circles took notice, and his reputation as a mathematician was established. An influential man and friend to Galileo named Marquis Guidobaldo helped him get the chair of mathematics at the University at Pisa, which had still remained open all these years. The pay was small, but Galileo, now

twenty-five, could not be choosy. His professional career had begun (Drake 9).

He was now a professor at a university he had not graduated from. His new colleagues certainly knew of his rebellious nature as a student and would soon see he was also rebellious as a professor. The geocentric theory of the universe as dictated by Aristotle was the traditionally-accepted system. In Aristotle's system, all things fell into an orderly, unchanging hierarchy. In brief, the sun, moon, and planets were fixed to spheres of transparent crystal with the stationary earth at the center. In the natural world, non-living matter was composed of a combination of earth, air, fire, and water. Each element had its own natural place which it sought to reach. Earthly substances tried to reach the center of the earth (gravity). Water's natural place was above the earth and air above water and the highest was fire (Langford 24). The church was happy to accept this methodology. It was authoritative, required no further investigation, and was based on specific interpretation of historical events. This system Galileo had already begun questioning. Not being one to keep ideas to himself, he irritated and disturbed his colleagues by continuing to question Aristotle. Aristotle claimed that a body's inclination to fall depended on its weight. The heavier it was, the stronger its attraction to the center of the earth, and the faster it would fall. Galileo totally disagreed with this belief as he wrote in 1590: "We certainly see by trial that if two spheres of equal size, one of which is double the other in weight, are dropped from a tower, the heavier one does not reach the ground twice as fast" (Ronan 80). Thus, the story of Galileo publicly demonstrating this fact by dropping two different weights from the leaning Tower of Pisa. Galileo's attacks on Aristotle and writing of a satire that bashed the university and the clergy had made him enemies. When his term of employment expired, Galileo did not bother to renew his term. He would look elsewhere for a more sympathetic post. With the death of his father in 1591, Galileo's small salary was not enough to provide for his fam-

ily. He still had the support of his friend, Guidobaldo, and with his connections, Galileo got the professorship in mathematics at the University of Padua in 1592 (Geymonat 16).

Padua, a republic of Venice, suited Galileo very well. The university was better established in the sciences. He had an enormous library at his disposal, his salary had tripled, and he had a four-year appointment with a possible two-year extension. Unlike Pisa, the atmosphere at Padua encouraged freedom of thought and expression. He made many friends there, and, now free of constraints, released many manuscripts with innovations in mathematics, astronomy, dynamics, mechanics, and military science (Drake 10). Still needing to supplement his income due to family obligations, he moved into a house large enough to start a boarding school for fifteen or so students and set up a workshop, where he would produce scientific instruments.

In 1597, he invented what was called a geometrical and military compass, later known as a Sector or Proportional Divider, that could be used both for measuring and for making calculations (Ronan 97). It was quite versatile in that it could give a graphical solution to the multiplication and division of a given length, find square roots, and even work out the densities of different metals or stones. It was used in surveying, architecture, navigation, ballistics, and for making sun dials. With a plumbline attached to the pivot point, it could measure the slope and height of a building. This precise portable calculator would not be replaced until the slide rule three hundred years later (Ronan 97). Galileo distributed a few of the instruments to the right people, and the demand for it spread all over Europe. He soon needed to hire an instrument maker to assist him. In 1599, his six-year appointment was renewed for an additional six years with an almost doubling of his salary. His reputation attracted students from all over Europe who would later become distinguished individuals in their fields (Drake 11).

Although Galileo never married, during this time at Padua he had a mistress named Marina Gamba

with whom he had three children over a ten-year period. It is not certain as to why they never married, but it may have been that he didn't make enough money to be acceptable to her family. Their relationship was one of convenience, and when Galileo left Padua and Marina behind, there were no ill feelings (Ronan 105).

In 1604, Galileo began to take more of an interest in astronomy due to the appearance on October 10 of a brilliant new star. Except for Venus, it was the brightest star in the sky for eighteen months until it flickered out (Drake 12). This event started a big controversy because this was, of course, in conflict with Aristotle's unchanging and orderly universe. Galileo was prodded for his opinion until at last he announced that he would give a public lecture on the event. So many people came to hear him that no hall in Padua could hold them all. Galileo, having no hard evidence, played it safe in a public discussion. He may have disappointed the crowd, but he would hold out for more evidence before publicly rejecting Aristotle.

Then, in 1690, news of a telescope reached Galileo. When the Doge of Venice was offered a telescope for an exorbitant amount, the Senate could not decide if they should buy it or not. Galileo was asked his opinion, and on inspecting the piece (only a magnification power of three), knew he could make a better one. Galileo's improved telescope had a power of nine times. When he gave it to the Doge as a gift, he elected Galileo to the chair at Padua for life and granted him a salary of one thousand florins a year, greater than any professor of mathematics had ever made (Ronan 10). The Doge soon ordered a dozen more and Cosimo de Medici wanted one, and other orders flooded in. In quality, he was unmatched, even by professional spectaclemakers. Galileo put out over a hundred telescopes and started to make them with thirty times magnification. This was when he started to observe the night sky. Galileo was astounded; everywhere he looked he found evidence against Aristotle. Galileo wasted no time in publishing what he saw in a small volume called

The Starry Messenger (Geymonat 40). In it he described the moon with mountains and a rough surface, not smooth and polished, as claimed by Aristotle. Galileo observed stars never before seen with the naked eye and discovered that the Milky Way was composed of many stars. Gazing at Jupiter, he saw a small but unmistakable spot, and even more startling, he saw four bodies in orbit. Aristotelian doctrine states that the moon orbits around the earth because it is in its natural place with respect to the center of the universe (Langford 24). If the earth were to move, it was argued, the moon would remain in its original orbit. Aristotelians agreed that Jupiter moved in space, and now it was seen to have orbiting moons. Certainly the same could then be true for the Earth. This was the major blow to Aristotelian physics. Galileo wrote: "Now we have not one planet only revolving about another, while both traverse a vast orbit about the Sun, but our sense of sight presents to us four satellites circling about Jupiter, like the Moon about the Earth, while the whole system travels over a night orbit about the Sun in the space of twelve years." There was no mistaking Galileo's pro-Copernican stance now (Ronan 118). *The Starry Messenger* was a best seller, and Galileo became famous overnight.

Galileo wanted to free himself of lecturing so that he could do more research. He also wanted a more powerful position from which he could better defend himself from his enemies. He was appointed Philosopher and Mathematician to the Grand Duke. It was still a university post with the same pay, and he would not have to lecture nor reside in Pisa but in Florence, as he wanted. This was a risky move which would have an impact on his life. He no longer would have the protection of the Venetian state, but he put his faith in the Grand Duke. He would later find the Duke could only do so much to protect him. Galileo resigned from Padua less than a year after the renewal of his contract and left for Florence. This greatly offended the university and worried his friends. He soon discovered that Saturn had rings, sun spots and, more

importantly, that Venus went through phases like the moon, meaning that it was in orbit around the sun, not the earth. Again, he wasted no time publishing what he saw. Galileo had friends and believers, but there were many doubters. Some saw his observations as a hoax and his telescope as deceiving; some refused even to look through the telescope (Drake 14). At least he had gained the support of the Jesuit astronomer and chief mathematician, Christopher Clavius. But pressure by conservatives and traditionalists soon began to be felt. Pamphlets began to appear attacking the new astronomy as contrary to scripture. Then, in 1613, the hunt for cosmological dissent began (Drake 16). Father Caccini and Father Lorini, two Dominicans, led the battle against those taking liberties with their heavens. In 1615, the first action was taken against Galileo. One of his letters was brought before the Inquisition on the charge of errors of doctrine (Drake 17). On this he was cleared, but another churchman denounced Galileo's book on sun spots before the Inquisition. A special commission was then appointed by the Pope in 1616, and the teaching of Copernican doctrine was declared heretical (Ronan 144). Galileo was summoned by the Cardinal and told not to teach or defend it either verbally or in writing; otherwise action would be taken against him. He had still avoided formal condemnation by the Inquisition, which his enemies were hoping for. The book by Copernicus on heliocentrism was prohibited. Galileo knew he had to play it safe for a while and stayed silent. He busied himself with physics, the microscope, and caring for his estate (Ronan 169).

Then, in 1618, three comets appeared, all visible to the naked eye. Comets were still believed to be bad omens in those days. It was all that was needed to turn religious and political turmoil in Europe into a bloody full scale war (Ronan 172). Galileo, sick in bed and still wishing to avoid controversy, remained quiet.

In 1623, Cardinal Barberini, Galileo's defender, was elected Pope Urban VIII (Ronan 183). Galileo,

with a renewed hope, went to Rome to talk with his old friend. The Pope did not lift the 1616 ban on teaching Copernicus, but Galileo won the point that since Copernicus was chosen by Pope Gregory to help in the reformation of the calendar, his ideas could not be viewed as heretical. The Pope was a lover of the arts and sciences and wanted Galileo to continue his work. Without being specific as to what Galileo could or could not write, yet by also not lifting the ban, the Pope made it clear that Galileo was to use prudence (Geymonat 114). Now a 60-year-old man, Galileo was again optimistic and ready to pick up where he left off eight years previously to formulate his thoughts on heliocentrism.

Galileo wanted to use great care in his discussion of the universe. He decided to use the familiar form of dialogue using three characters. One advocates Copernicus, the second Aristotle. Both try to convince the third person of their respective opinions. Galileo felt this was safe and allowed the reader to form his own opinion. The work was to be called *Dialogue On the Great World Systems* and took Galileo from 1625-1629 to complete (Drake). After a long delay, printing began in 1632. It was so anticipated that the entire edition was sold out before it left the bindery. It was clearly a risky book for Galileo. It was written in Italian for the general public and even though both sides were presented, it was Copernicus that was obviously advocated. Galileo was confident in this position with a liberal Pope on his side, and it came as a surprise to him when he learned that the sale of his book had been ordered stopped (Drake 31). Pope Urban was on edge due to difficulties in the Thirty Years War, and the Jesuits had made the most of it. Galileo felt he was within his bounds and had taken all the necessary precautions. An angry Pope appointed a commission to examine the book, and in a month they issued their report. By order of the Pope, Galileo was to go to Rome to appear before the Commissary General. Galileo, seventy years old and ill, made the twenty-three day journey by litter, solemn in his predicament.

After five days of examination by the Inquisitors, a report was issued. It concluded that Galileo had indeed taught and defended the Copernican thesis (Ronan 208). The commission found the book offensive on eight counts and its author guilty on three (Langford 135): First, on defending a mobile earth and stationary sun; second, attributing tides to the earth's movement around the sun; third, for not complying with his 1616 order to keep his Copernican beliefs to himself (Drake 34). Galileo was called before the Holy Office for sentencing in June 1633. When questioned as to his "intention" as to the Copernican theory, he told them that *Dialogue* was only an exercise in argument and not an expression of conviction (Drake 34). He also said that he had not agreed with Copernicus since 1616 and saidd " ...I am in your hands, and you may do as you please" (Geymonat 153). The next day, June 22, 1633, while his sentence was imposed, he waited on his knees humble and defeated. After a long deliberation setting out his sins in the *Dialogue*, he had to abandon his false opinion of a heliocentric universe and recant publicly the Copernican doctrine (Ronan 220). The *Dialogue* was also banned.

Galileo was placed under house arrest. Eventually he was allowed to return to his home in Florence. He could not get some comfort from his eldest daughter, whom he had always been close to. Sadly, she died in April 1634. Galileo sank into a depression, and it was feared he might die himself. But it came to pass that Galileo was to make his most important contribution to science in a book called *Discourses and Mathematical Demonstrations concerning Two New Sciences*. It was, like *Dialogue*, in the form of a discussion and written in Italian. To avoid any problems, he had the printing done in Holland. The book was a work in physics, stressing the dynamics of bodies in motion, his theory of projectiles, the resistance of solid bodies to concussion and fracture, the forces of cohesion in a body, the acceleration of motion and the proof of the parabolic path of ballistic missiles (Drake 37). His

work came close to the first law of motion that Newton was to complete half a century later.

A life dedicated to the search for truth ended on January 8, 1642. Galileo's scientific achievements left a legacy for the years to come. Slowly, belief in a moving Earth came to be accepted in Roman Catholic as well as Protestant countries. It was not until 1822 that *Dialogue* was removed from the *Index of Prohibited Books* (Ronan 245).

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Evaluation: *This is a remarkably clear explanation of Galileo's contribution. The author shows the originality and versatility of Galileo's mind and gives a fine example of a man in conflict with but finally triumphant over the forces that sought to silence him.*

Stresses of Office Work, Basic Causes and Solutions

— by *Christine M. Gernady* —

Course: Secretarial Procedures 236

Instructor: Peg Smith

Assignment:

Submit a four to five page paper on a topic related to working in an office.

Introduction to Stress

Working in an office is not as easy as most people think. With all the responsibilities a secretary will face in a day, it is easy to lose one's sanity. While employers might not realize what goes on during the day among associates or their customers, secretaries or assistants are the ones who have to suffer whatever comes to them.

Although each person does need stress to function properly, the necessary stress is called short term. Long term is considered harmful. This is acquired from daily life, just like short term, but long term stress is uninterrupted and this stress does have a "snowball" effect. As a result of long term stress, the employee now suffers physical or mental damage. Problems that torment a person (so there is no relief of stress) make stressors develop in the body, and now disorders develop.

Most of the symptoms are physical, such as backaches, headaches, and ulcers.

Of course, what is stressful for one person may not be for another, so mental attitude is the biggest role. A person who knows and follows his/her limitations is less prone to stress.

Although managers or other superiors may not know about stress, it is affecting many aspects of their business.

Causes of Stress

There are so many procedures of stress. There might be one or a combination causing the stress. These can be found at any job. When a superior is the main cause, additional pressure develops because employees might feel helpless and unable to speak up. When a person does not feel secure at work, intimidation is also felt. People need security in their lives, and work is no different. Here are some of the most common stressors:

Boredom. According to the University of Michigan's Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, boredom produces stress just as fast as long hours and heavy workloads. So if you do not enjoy your job, and don't find it enjoyable, just thinking about it will produce stress.

Time pressures and deadlines. These are an unavoidable stressor. With this stressor, there is always the relief when the deadline is achieved and the project is completed.

Responsibility for other people. This is what most secretaries must feel toward their superior. Doing the work they need to do, which may be more than one thing at a time, will strain the strongest of personalities.

Office relations. These exist in the smallest of offices and the largest corporations. Just one person who can't agree and cooperate will make work a dreadful experience. Even thinking about it before arriving at work will make you stressed. It is amazing how one person can have an effect on your whole life. So in turn the person must find a way to ignore the person or learn to deal with his/her behavior using some of these techniques from the book *Difficult People* by Roberta Cava:

- Request cooperation.d
- Remain calm.d
- Be firm and assertive.d
- Listen carefully.d
- Use constructive criticism.d
- Alert supervisor of problem.d

If one person is truly indifferent toward another, this attitude should be discussed with the supervisor that placed you together in the first place. If that fails, then stick to your opinion and don't be afraid to express it, or even get another opinion. Don't let indifferent people have the satisfaction of adding stress to your life.

Stress Affects Motivation

Stress affects motivation. Motivation is what gets you to get done. Productivity is under this stress. As people say, time is money. Employers want to get things accomplished in as little time as pos-

sible to prevent any wasted time. If there is a long term goal that seems unobtainable, you will feel stress trying to achieve that goal.

For a feeling of security, employers need to set realistic goals and maintain some consistency in the work environment.

Warning Signs of Stress

An Employer can see stress "signs" such as absenteeism. Employees are trying to avoid work altogether or are just feeling lazy and unmotivated. Falling below usual performance usually means that stress is hampering employees' ability to work. Employers must be careful not to add any more tension and must discuss what is causing the problem. Depression is very common among sufferers. This should be treated with psychological treatment.

Stress Affects Health

What the employer may not see is the physical havoc that stress is playing with the employee.* Insomnia will affect anyone's performance at work. Appetite is decreased, and it is common to lose weight during difficult times. Increased smoking or drinking usually occurs during these times and will result in decreased health. Heart attacks can occur as a result of smoking. Anxiety attacks develop, such as a fear of heights in a person who was never afraid before. There are so many diseases that can result from stress. If action is taken in time, they can be cured, but if a worker just ignores the symptoms, they can be severe enough to cause premature death.

*A few examples can be found in the book *Managing Stress* by Jere E. Yates.

Preventive Care

There are ways to reduce the way daily tensions build up in the body. You can follow many ways to building a tolerance to stress. These preventive measures are often recommended by doctors, and some are even offered as employee benefits.

- Exercise regularly.
- Keep in good physical shape.
- Accept yourself.
- Eliminate the source of stress.
- Confide in a confidant.
- Take vacations.
- Don't procrastinate.
- Meditate.

Although stress will never leave any workplace, it is possible to prevent it from taking control of your mental and physical well-being.

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- Yates, Jere E. *Managing Stress*. New York: AMACOM Publishing, 1979.

Evaluation: *Christine captured the essence of her topic, "stress," in just a few pages of writing. The topic itself is timely, given the popularity of corporate re-engineering today.*

The Survival of French- Canadians' Identity

by Joseph L. Hazelton

Course: English 102—Advanced Composition
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:

Write an argument supporting a claim about a controversial subject. Support your claim with fact, expert opinion, and reasoning.

French-Canadian separatists have many reasons for wanting Quebec to secede from Canada, but their major reason seems to be fear that their ethnic identity will be assimilated. The *Chicago Tribune* reports that many French-Canadians think their language and culture will be lost unless they become an independent nation (“Weary” 6). Stéphane Diaon, a political science professor at Université de Montréal and co-editor of *Canadian Journal of Political Science*, writes that many French-speaking Quebecers want separation due to their fear “of being weakened or even of disappearing as a distinct people if [they stay] in the union” (38).

The loss of French-Canadians’ identity appears possible. When an ethnic group makes up a small

part of a population, its identity could disappear from that population. French-Canadians’ population is relatively small in Canada and very small in North America. French-Canadians number about 7,593,000 people; Canada includes about 27,297,000 people (“Statistical” 6-91; Thompson 24).¹ French-Canadians make up “less than 5% of the population in every Canadian province except Quebec and New Brunswick.” French-speaking Quebecers, French-Canadians’ major sub-group, account for “only 2.4% of the population in an overwhelmingly English-speaking North America” (Dion 39).

However, an ethnic group’s identity survives largely because its language, culture, and other institutions survive. Conditions that help preserve these institutions help preserve the group’s identity. For example, a group’s distribution could aid in preserving its identity: the greater the concentration of its population in one area, the greater the likelihood its identity will endure. The vast majority of French-Canadians live in Quebec. In 1991, 86% of Canada’s French-speaking population lived in Quebec (Dion 39). In *Canada 1993*, Wayne C. Thompson, a political science professor at Virginia Military Institute, writes that 90% of Quebec’s population is French-Canadian (24).

Also, if a group’s national government sanctions the group’s institutions, then those institutions will more likely endure. Canada’s government sanctions French-Canadians’ institutions, particularly their language. Jeffrey Simpson, national affairs columnist for Canada’s national newspaper, *Globe and Mail*, indicates that Quebec still operates under French civil law (75). French is one of Canada’s two official languages, the other, English (Thompson 1). Also, Canada’s “national institutions are obliged by law to offer services in both French and English” (Simpson 72). Finally, Canada’s government has funded French language courses “at a cost...of an estimated \$29 million annually since 1974” (Thompson 24).

The Canadian government’s sanction includes Quebec’s public signs. In 1988, Quebec’s legislature banned “outdoor signs with advertising in both

English and French” and “require that only French appear on public signs in the province.” Although two Quebec courts and Canada’s Supreme Court struck down this legislation, the Supreme Court indicated that “a law that gave French a predominant position on outdoor signs, with another language less-prominently displayed, was acceptable.” (Simpson 77).

Finally, the more public occupations that require knowledge of a group’s institutions, the more likely those institutions will persist. “[O]nly 16% of Canadians are truly bilingual, and [less than 16%] use [French and English] on the job” (Thompson 25). Despite these statistics, many of Canada’s public occupations require knowledge of French. In some professions, “including journalism, public relations and economics, [many top positions] require proficiency” in English and French. More than “a quarter of all federal civil service jobs now require both languages, and that percentage slowly rises every year.” In Canada’s capital, “a bilingual city,...almost any job which involves dealing with the public demands facility in both tongues” (Thompson 24).

As long as Canada’s current demographic, governmental, and occupational conditions persist, French-Canadians’ identity will probably endure.

Notes

¹The populations, derived from the 1991 census exclude “incompletely enumerated Indian reserves and Indian settlements.”

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Evaluation: *Joseph's investigation of the struggle for French-Canadian ethnic identity offers important insights into the debate about culture diversity in the United States. His thoroughly researched, carefully reasoned, well-developed argument reveals the process by which individual cultural identities are encouraged and maintained in a multi-cultural society.*

Alaska's Wolf Control Plan

by Tina M. Herman

Course: Environmental Ethics

Instructor: Jerome A. Stone

Assignment:

Outline an environmental issue, expound two different viewpoints plus your own on this issue, and develop the philosophy underlying your view.

Wolves are animals that people tend to have strong feelings about. People see them either as intelligent and beautiful or as dangerous predators bent on gobbling up their cows, sheep, or game animals. The latter attitude has caused many wolf eradication programs in the United States. Wolves have been killed in numbers sufficient to completely eliminate them or to place them on endangered or threatened species lists in every state but Alaska. Some federal and state agencies have been working hard to restore the Rocky Mountain wolf to its natural habitat. Ironically Alaskan Wolves are facing

the exact opposite challenge. In Alaska, because they are not endangered, wolves have been and are still legal to hunt.

In the past most of the debates have centered over the method of killing. Historically wolves were gunned down from low flying aircraft. After World War II, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service encouraged pilots to go to Alaska's arctic region to shoot as many wolves as possible. They were even given the ammunition to do this (Laycock 44). This activity continued throughout Alaska and it was typical for three hundred to seventeen hundred wolves to be killed from aerial shooting each year (Waterman 10).

In 1971 congress passed the Airborne Hunting Act. This act was passed to protect eagles from being hunted from aircraft. Fortunately, it also protects wolves. Unfortunately, the aerial wolf hunters lobbied Alaska's Board of Game and they decided it was legal to hunt wolves, wolverines, and foxes from the air, but the plane must land and the hunter must be outside of it before firing on the animals (Laycock 46). So, because it is legal to use aircraft to hunt wolves, when people do break the laws by shooting from the air they are difficult to catch. There are even cases of wolves being killed by aerial shooting in Denali National Park (Waterman 10).

These activities have been going on quietly in Alaska for some time. But the issue of Alaska's wolves moved into the forefront in the fall of 1991 when the Strategic Wolf Management Plan for Alaska was released. This plan changes Alaska's wolf management zones. The new plan establishes seven zones; each zone would have a different level of protection for wolves. The levels would range from total protection to intensive management (McIntyre 14). The plan does other things also. It increases the areas in which wolves are totally protected. The plan would also provide sanctuaries adjacent to Denali National Park (Williamson 33). This is because wolves regularly move outside of park borders. Layne Adams, NPS Wildlife Biologist, said that "with a public land and shoot program...on an adjacent area, you could take out

the majority of or an entire Denali pack" (*National Parks* 22). Typically seventeen percent of Alaska's wolf population is hunted or trapped. There have been estimates that this number will decrease even though hunting of wolves will increase in some areas (Williamson 33).

The plan was to be implemented in the winter of 1993 in the South Central region of the state. The plan shows that region as having decreased moose and caribou populations. So the wildlife management response was a plan to get rid of some of the predators.

The wolf management plan obviously benefits moose and caribou hunters. It also benefits the state of Alaska with revenues from hunting licenses. To sell this plan to the public, David Kellyhouse, Director of the Alaska Fish and Game Division of Wildlife Conservation, said Alaska's reason for planning to kill three hundred to four hundred wolves this winter is because "we feel we are going to create a wildlife spectacle on a par with the major migrations in East Africa" (McIntyre 14). These spectacles were also supported to generate major migrations of tourists to Alaska.

The wolf management plan received a lot of media attention. The increased awareness of the plan and its provisions caused controversy. Much of the opposition centered on the method of hunting the wolves. Many people are not in favor of shooting wolves from helicopters or even "land and shoot" tactics. The protest that ensued put pressure on Alaska's government by threatening a boycott of Alaska's tourism and products (*The Animals' Agenda* 12). The protest threatened the very industry Alaska claimed the plan would benefit. Tourism is Alaska's third largest industry and they were beginning to feel the effects of the boycott. Alaska's Governor, Walter Hickel, postponed the implementation of the plan. The boycott was called off, although Governor Hickel would not rule out reintroduction of the plan in 1994.

Arguments against the Strategic Wolf Management Plan

The opposition to the wolf management plan has been strong enough to get it cancelled in 1993. In addition to the protests of animal rights and environmental groups, who in the past were easily dismissed as radical, there was mainstream opposition.

In an article in *Sports Afield* magazine, Ted Kerasote says that wolves "have been our perfect scapegoats" (100). He says people are uneasy with the "paradoxical aspects of life feeding upon death, of gentleness and harshness incorporated in one being" (100). Wolves and humans have this in common and this could be the reason for the prejudice against them. Kerasote also believes competition between hunter and wolf is not a valid reason to kill them or exclude them from areas (100).

Kerasote is critical of the biological studies that support wolf management. Kerasote says the study conducted by the Alaska Department of Fish and Game to monitor the predation of moose by wolves has been questioned by other biologists in the state. Only in one year, 1978, was thorough aerial survey done in the region in question. Moose population figures were calculated backward into the 1960s and a population high of 23,300 moose was figured (Kerasote 100). Kerasote quotes Dr. Victor VanBallenberghe, Wildlife Biologist with the USDA forest Service; Dr. VanBallenberghe is also a member of the Alaska Game Board. He believes this:

Back extrapolation is shakey. The moose population in question now numbers 9000 and shows many biological indications of having reached the carrying capacity of the region. So an original figure of 23,300 moose could be in error by as much as 100 percent, and the extent and cause of the original moose decline open to reinterpretation. (100)

Kerasote also cites another moose population study done in 1970 by the Department of Fish and Game in another Alaska region. A population of two thousand moose was estimated without an aerial

survey. In 1979 after noticing a decline in moose population the biologist doing the study recorded the number of moose as one thousand. With this evidence aerial shooting of wolves began. But in 1980 Fish and Game did an aerial census and discovered four thousand moose in the area. The difference in data caused a four hundred percent error (100). Kerasote thinks it is "unfortunate that short term and poorly designed studies continue to be used to justify exterminations of wolf packs" (100). Kerasote says that perhaps no one has understood this better than L. David Mech, who studied the effects of wolves in conjunction with severe winters on deer herds in Superior National Forest. Ten years after his study, Mech writes:

The main point to remember about wolf-ungulate relations is that wolves and their prey have evolved together, meaning that if wolves were going to exterminate their prey, it would have happened a long time ago. When you hear rumblings from Canada or Alaska about the need to control wolves, that is usually related to overharvesting of prey by native people and sometimes non-natives, or to hard winters that in themselves reduce the prey. Then, when prey numbers are low, it sometimes makes sense to do anything possible to help them recover, including temporary wolf control. But these are extreme and unusual situations, and usually they can be avoided merely by keeping closer counts of the big-game animals and not allowing overharvesting to take place. (Kerasote 100)

Kerasote believes this should be kept in mind when we address the issue of wolves, being either controlled or reintroduced (100).

Kerasote's article is important for two reasons. He provides a sound argument for better wildlife management. This by itself is important, but when it is done by a hunter in a hunting magazine it is even more promising. Kerasote is not opposed to any killing of wolves, but he seems to see wolf control as a last resort. He closed his article with a statement I found both encouraging and disturbing. Kerasote said, "Instead of losing hunting, we stand

to regain a more authentic hunting experience-full of both historic predators and prey" (101). I still think Kerasote's argument against predator control is good, even though he has or has to take an anthropocentric position to make his point.

Tom Arrandale has a different perspective on the problem. He believes the state agencies responsible for these matters need to see beyond the wants of a small and shrinking minority, the hunters. Arrandale believes if state officials keep "thumbing their noses at anti-hunting activists" and ignoring mainstream conservationists they are headed for problems. He believes state game managers, that are living in the past, run the risk of having the federal government step in to preserve the species they have ignored. Some state agencies are trying to change their images by changing their names from "Game and Fish" to "Wildlife Conservation." They are also trying to get federal aid for non-game programs. But policies like the wolf control plan give "more reasons to doubt their commitment to a biologically diverse wild heritage" (Arrandale 60). Arrandale believes wildlife managers with more conservationist attitudes are now "rising through game department ranks" (60). He thinks these progressive state wildlife managers could use help from national environmental organizations. But state agencies must also show a willingness to change. Arrandale thinks a good place to start would be to "openly renounce the old prejudice against wolves and other predators" (60).

Arrandale also believes these changes are necessary because the American public demands more enlightened wildlife policies. He cites examples like the vote in Arizona dedicating 10 million dollars a year from state lottery funds to conserving non-game wildlife, including wolf recovery, and the poll taken in Alaska that reported that three in four Alaskans oppose shooting wolves from aircraft. He says "Alaska's wolf control folly makes it clear how far state agencies have to go to reach a larger public" (60). Arrandale believes this is because "most Americans now sense that the wolf should be preserved to play the predator's role in the natural

order of creation” and state game officials need to adapt to this changing world view (60).

Arrandale’s argument was compelling. I saw it as a positive sign for the future especially because of the audience it will reach. Public support of positive environmental policies obviously helps. I think Arrandale could broaden support with his message. It is interesting that he used the word *creation* when referring to the ecosystem. I think this strengthens the message by making it less scientific. If more people raise their consciousness and get a positive feel for ecological relationships, Arrandale’s proposed changes can and will occur.

Arguments for the Strategic Wolf Management Plan

Some people believe the plan to manage wolves has something in it for everyone. Dave Kellyhouse, not outdoing his statement about wildlife spectacles but still selling the plan, said the team that produced the plan provided a good base for the department to develop an updated statewide wolf management plan. He also said, “The zone management concept recommended by the team will serve the interest of all publics from preservationists to hunters in a fair manner. There’s something in here for everyone.” He went on to say he is heartened by the fact that the team recognized the need to manage all major components of northern ecosystems, including habitat prey, predators, and human activities (*Alaska Magazine* 47).

Some hunters like Lonnie Williamson, editor-at-large of *Outdoor Life Magazine*, support the wolf management plan. Williamson believes the plan is necessary because several caribou, moose, and Dall sheep populations have decreased. These populations are relied on by humans for “food and recreation.” To increase the herd sizes, Williamson believes temporary predator control is the answer (33).

Williamson believes this is ethically correct because Alaskan wolves are not endangered and their population is growing. According to

Williamson, “the alternative is to control people.” (33).

Much of Williamson’s essay dealt with the media’s portrayal of the plan. Williamson accused them of misinforming the public by labeling wolf control as wolf eradication. Williamson thinks that if Alaska’s people and wildlife, including the wolf, would be helped by the program, they would support it (33). Williamson complains that the wolf management plan is not the problem; the problem is “the inability of biologists to defuse anti-hunting rhetoric and develop a supportive public” (33).

What Williamson wants is very clear. He wants humans to kill wolves so more caribou and moose can live enough to be killed by humans. Williamson sees wolves as competition. This is apparent when he says “the alternative is to control people” (33).

What it seems like to me is that Williamson is trying to create some kind of false survival of the fittest situation. The idea that it is us or them doesn’t apply. No humans, except some Alaskans, solely rely on caribou and moose for survival. Hunters in the lower 48 are not going to starve because wolves eat caribou and moose.

The biological study that prompted the wolf management plan is also causing some controversy. Martin Forstenzer wrote an article about the findings of the studies. He refers to the findings as a challenge to conventional wisdom (18). For thirty years wildlife management has centered around the belief that the amount of food available in deer, moose, or other hoofed mammals range determined the size of the herd. The Alaska studies have shown that under certain conditions predators can keep the population significantly lower than the food resources can support. When predators affect the size of a herd biologists call this the predator pit (Forstenzer 18). Forstenzer cites Alaska as an example of this because Alaska’s harsh winters may allow wolves and bears to play the biggest part in determining the size of moose herds” (18). Forstenzer also quoted Terry Bowyer, Associate Professor of Wildlife Ecology at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks, discussing the shifting tenets of

wildlife management, specifically predator-prey dynamics. Bowyer says:

It was once thought that the only way to have large populations of anything was to regulate every kind of potential predator. From that the pendulum swung back the other way, to questioning whether predators were capable of regulating prey populations. Now it's swung back again, saying "Yes, it looks like under certain circumstances they do." Our knowledge of the biology that underpins why and when this occurs is what has improved. (Forstenzer 18)

Biologists in the lower 48 have begun to look at how the predator pit might apply to specific herds in their states. Forstenzer says this is important to their fish and game departments because of revenue provided by the sale of hunting and fishing licenses. He also believes:

If the idea that predators limit the hoofed-mammal populations comes fully back into vogue, removal of predators—capturing and relocating them or, as Alaska proposed, shooting them—might again be a recommended management technique. (18)

Forstenzer's article brought up many interesting points. He says that predators can control the size of herds. But twice he mentions environmental factors, Alaskan "harsh winters" and "poor forage due to California's extended drought" (18). These factors should not be overlooked as important controls of herd size. Without these factors there would not be a predator pit.

It is true that, because wildlife policies stay the same, the thing humans can control will get the attention. For now the controllable factor is the predator and the uncontrollable factor, the weather, will be conveniently left out of the predator-prey equation.

My View

I haven't read anything that would make me think that Alaskan wolves need to be killed at all. Their situation doesn't provoke the usual response

about it being for their own good. It is not a choice between a quick, painless death or slow painful starvation. Wolves are not overpopulating or starving. In everything I read there was nothing to suggest they were killing livestock or people. But they are targeted anyway. The only reason seems to be their diet conflicts with hunting. To me this is not an acceptable reason for killing wolves. I would agree with the idea that we need to look at the studies differently when making decisions.

What worries me is the acceptance of the plan by people in the position to do something about it. Biologists using the predator pit as a reason to control predators seems to be an outdated idea.

The acceptance of the status quo concerns me also. The idea that animals are to be killed for poor reason is bad enough. It is especially disturbing when magazines like *Audubon* print articles like Forstenzer's that merely state that, oh well, it looks like things might go back to the way they were. *National Parks Magazine* ran an article that quoted Mary Grisco, NPCA Regional Director saying:

What we're stuck with is the notion of predator control. Whenever caribou and moose numbers dip below the level the state wants available for hunting, the reaction is shoot wolves because they prey on caribou and moose. The response isn't to see if there are any factors in the decline or to reduce hunting. What the plan can do, if it is done right, is make the best of this bad situation. (22)

This seems like too much acceptance to me. The only article strongly criticizing the plan was not in a nature magazine, it was in *Governing*. The author, like myself, believes that the old ways of wildlife management only endanger the institutions that implement them.

Philosophy Behind My View

I consider myself to have an ecocentric viewpoint. I believe the entire system is important for many reasons. Because of the interrelations and interdependence I sense something much bigger

than myself or any individual. I think it is arrogant to think humans are the most important element on the planet. I also feel I belong in the ecosystem; my actions affect it and it affects me. That relationship makes me feel special even though I know my existence, when the continuity and the size of the biosphere is taken into account, is inconsequential.

The way I feel about killing wolves mostly relates to this feeling. Alaska is important because it has the potential to be a true ecosystem. I don't see the need for human intervention in the relationship between wolves and moose or caribou.

In this issue my animal individualist side also comes out. I think it is wrong for these wolves to suffer for human recreation. I don't deny that living things sometimes have to suffer, but not when it is unnecessary or when there is an alternative. This issue is admittedly emotional and it is an unavoidable factor in my thoughts. This could be because I have a member of the wolf's genus in my family.

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Evaluation: *The assignment was followed precisely. The exposition of the differing viewpoints was good. Basic writing skills had been mastered.*

Don't Cry over Spilled Milk

by Geoff Kane
Course: English 101
Instructor: Linda Urman

Assignment:
*Write a profile of an interesting person, place,
or event. Use descriptive and organizational
techniques that will convey your point to
your readers.*

On October 13, 1971, at St. Teresa Hospital in Waukegan, Illinois, Sean entered the world. His mother and father, already having marital problems, divorced when Sean reached two years old. He lived in Waukegan with his mother and older sister until first grade when they moved to Highwood, Illinois. His favorite childhood memories consisted of playing football or basketball, going to friends' houses, or just strolling on long walks. Sean really didn't care what he did as long as it took him out of the house and away from his mother.

The Illinois school system considered Sean to be a fairly normal kid. He went to Indian Trail

Grammar School and then moved to Northwood Junior High. He attended his first and last years of high school at Highland Park, going to James Madison Military Academy his sophomore and junior years.

He participated in a number of sports activities in school, including track, football, and basketball. Sports not only made Sean appear like he led a normal life, but also relieved pent up aggression directed toward his mother and her belts.

Sean's mother loved her belts. She had four different colors—red, brown, black, and white. Depending on the severity of what he did, Sean would get hit with a particular color. Her favorite belt, the white one, had metal eyelets around the holes.

Sean still has horrible nightmares of his mother hitting him with her white belt. She would run off to her closet to choose the correct color belt for the particular offense Sean committed. Sean yelled into her bedroom, "Please, Mama, not the white belt, I'll be good, Mama, I promise I will, please, Mama, not the white belt!" It seemed like hours and at the same time only a millisecond before his mother returned, inevitably carrying her white belt. She then bent him over her knee and whacked his butt with the belt until Sean screamed almost loud enough for the neighbors to hear. Sean often has trouble sleeping.

Not cleaning well enough always landed Sean a few slaps with the white belt. His mother was a clean freak. Anytime the house became the least bit dirty she would have Sean or his sister clean it immediately. Around the age of seven Sean dropped a carton of milk. His heart almost stopped when he heard the "thud" of the carton hit the formica and the "chug" of the milk spill onto his mother's nice, clean floor. Sean tightly shut his blue eyes and thought, "Here it comes," waiting for the familiar "whack" of his mother's backhand across his face and the salty taste of blood to flow onto his tongue.

After about thirty seconds, Sean opened up his eyes, realizing that his mother did not intend to hit him. "Oh my God," Sean thought, "She went to get

the white belt!" He suddenly heard the "clack, clack, clack" of his mother's high heels bounding up the steps from the basement, recognizing she didn't get the white belt. She had something far more sinister planned for him. "Now what could she want out of the basement?" Sean wondered. She emerged through the basement door carrying the fifty foot orange extension cord Sean used to plug in their electric lawnmower. "Oh my god, she's gonna strangle me," Sean whispered to himself.

Sean knew he should run. In his mind he saw himself burst out the back door and run so far away his mother would never find him. However, his feet, cemented in place by fear, would not comply with what his brain told them to do. He yelled, "Mama, don't kill me please, I didn't mean it, please, Mama, don't kill me, I'll be good!"

"How dare you spill crap all over the floor like that, you retarded idiot!" she yelled as she ripped the T-shirt off his small body. She threw him onto the floor, pinned him down with her high heels, and lashed at his back with the cord. The "whap" sound the cord made against Sean's body was not unlike the sound of a meat cleaver blasting into a side of beef over and over again. His mother whipped Sean until blood covered his entire back.

Another time Sean's mother told him to wash the entire front porch. He told himself, "I better do a great job or Mama is gonna whip me bad!" He spent hours scrubbing and polishing—the best an eight-year-old could do. He crawled around on the wood floor until his knees became raw, his hands became numb, and his entire body smelled of pine. After finishing he went into the small bathroom trying to get the pine smell of his body when he heard the loud crack of the porch door slam shut. He clenched his fists and shut his blue eyes, anticipating what would undoubtedly come next. He heard his mother yell, "Where are you, you miserable, good-for-nothing piece of crap!" The bathroom door exploded open and his mother dragged him by his hair across the house and onto the porch. His mom pulled his hair harder and howled,

"You call this clean, see those crates of there? Did ya wash under em! I don't understand how you can be so stupid!" Sean could hear and feel the swift "thud" "thud" "thud" of his heart beating beneath his chest.

"Please, Mama, I'll clean it better!" Sean belted, as she threw him toward the crates and his chin bounced off a sharp corner, landing him five stitches.

Sean was a latch-key kid. His mom often worked until one in the morning, so when it came to dinner, Sean inevitably fended for himself. The problem stemmed from the fact he didn't know how to cook. He always ate "easy to make" food out of the pantry, like peanut butter and jelly. One Wednesday Sean failed to return the peanut butter to the pantry. His mom, angered by Sean's untidiness, put a lock on the pantry door. By Friday hunger caused Sean to break the lock off with a hammer and get some food. When his mother came home she shouted, "What the hell were you thinking, you dumb little ignorant imbecile!"

"I'm sorry, Mama, I was so hungry," Sean pleaded.

"Hungry, I'll show you hungry!" she exclaimed and proceeded to lock Sean in a closet for the rest of the weekend with no food or water.

Sean attempted to tell people that his mother abused him, but no one believed him. Finally, after one incident at age fourteen—his mother beat him extremely badly—he ran away and called his aunt. He dialed the number and screamed into the phone, "You have to come pick me up right now, she beat me real bad!"

His aunt replied, "Come on, it's not that bad; you can go home."

"I'm not going back, I'll run away if I have to, but I'm not going back to that bitch!"

"OK, OK, I'll come get you." She picked him up about an hour later and drove to her house. When he took off his clothes and showed his aunt all the bruises on his body, she decided to call DCFS.

The DCFS lady proclaimed Sean had to be returned home (his aunt could be arrested for kid-

napping), but they would send over a representative to analyze the situation. Sean was apprehensive about returning home but figured that once the DCFS lady arrived and he could tell her all the awful things his mama did to him, everything would be fine. The day finally arrived.

About an hour before the lady arrived in her blue Volvo, his mom locked his sister and him in the closet. She threatened, "If you make one word while the lady is here, I'll kill you." Sean knew she meant it. He didn't care. He decided to scream his guts out anyway. The way Sean figured if he talked to the DCFS lady, his problem was solved; if his mother killed him, his problem was solved; either way his troubles would be over. His sister stopped him. She put her hand over his mouth and kept him from screaming until the lady left. The DCFS lady, Sean's last hope of escaping his mother's tyranny, drove off in a Swedish car. Sean knew his mother had made up some story and lied to the DCFS lady about where his bruises came from. He then understood; he had to run away or he would die.

Sean is now twenty-three years old. He has lived in countless places since he ran away from home, including friends' houses, homeless shelters, and the roof of Highland Park High School. He now rents his own apartment, makes good money working as a clerk at the mercantile exchange, and is happy. He refuses to have any contact with his mother.

There are millions of children in the United States who are abused physically and mentally everyday. Sean, part of the minority, escaped with his life and turned out all right. If someone you know is being abused, please call the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services hotline at 1-800-252-2873. I have confidence the DCFS can help them better than they helped Sean.

Evaluation: Geoff's exceptional use of dialogue and description make this profile vivid and compelling.

Scientific Integrity

by David Katz

Course: Physics 121

Instructor: Joseph A. Auer, Jr.

Assignment:

Read Dr. Richard Feynman's 1964 commencement address on "Cargo Cult Science." Discuss the principles of scientific integrity, how scientific integrity applies to you as a student, and how it does or does not apply to you outside of school.

According to Richard P. Feynman, Ph.D., "cargo cult science follows all the apparent precepts and forms of scientific investigation, but they're missing something essential, because the planes don't land." Many of the great scientists from the past designed experiments to prove their theories, and when other individuals tried to repeat these experiments, they often found new or different phenomena. Since their results were not equivalent to the first scientist (Example: Millikan's charge on the electron), they thought that they did the experiment incorrectly, so they threw out results that were too far off. Of course, as students we should follow the same guidelines and techniques that these scientists used in order to get similar results. These scientists didn't always get accurate results because of human error or a mechanical error in the device, so as students we should make our measurements precise

and accurate with the technological advancement we have today. I think it is important to follow these scientists' ideas, but as students, we should not remain stagnant (i.e., try new things and experiment).

Dr. Feynman states, "It's a kind of scientific integrity, a principle of scientific thought that corresponds to a kind of utter honesty—a kind of leaning over backwards." As students, we should provide all of the necessary data and results we discover when performing experiments in a lab setting. One has the duty to provide all of the evidence or data whether it was right or wrong in order to prove a theory. We should be precise and accurate with our measurements and be honest in our discoveries during physics class. Dr. Feynman believes that we should "try to give all of the information to help others judge the value of your contribution; not just the information that leads to judgement in one particular direction or another." He is saying that individuals who are trying to sell ideas or merchandise need to provide all of the necessary information in order to be honest to the consumer. For example, you are physically impaired (in a wheel chair) living in Illinois, and you want to go on vacation, so you decide to make reservations you ask, "Is the hotel accessible to the handicapped?" The manager replies, "Yes, our facilities are totally accessible." When you arrive at the hotel, you discover that the curb leading to the front door is 6 inches high (from the parking lot pavement to the sidewalk that leads to the front door); your room is on the second floor, but the only accessible bathroom is on the first floor, and it only has one bar on the wall to hold onto for support; the drinking fountains are too high to reach; and, finally, there is no ramp leading into the pool area or a wheel chair lift to get you into the pool. This example implies that people should not advertise a hotel being totally accessible if it doesn't meet the standards of the Americans with Disabilities Act. (Any bathroom in a hotel should be accessible; there should be a ramp leading into the hotel and into the pool area; and drinking fountains should be at a certain height for

individuals in wheel chairs.)

As a student enrolled in physics at Harper College, I must be honest and try to work on the homework assignments by myself in order to learn effectively and efficiently. As a student, I must make every effort to do the work myself, but sometimes it doesn't hurt to ask others for assistance when it is necessary. The reason we try to do the work ourselves is because that is how the real world operates. Obviously, there are fields in which employees work together (i.e., engineers, chemists, and doctors), but there are also occupations that work alone (i.e., certified public accountants, secretaries, physical therapists, and chiropractors). A student should never cheat on an exam because it is morally and ethically wrong. Cheating is not the way to go, and it is not worth getting kicked out of an institution like Harper College. We should be honest and work as hard as possible to achieve the best results on examinations. We are only cheating ourselves if we cheat on homework or on examinations because information is not being retained.

In the field of recreation, the staff at Northwest Special Recreation Association work together as a team to accomplish projects (e.g., planning, organizing, and running a Special Olympics Track and Field Meet), but there are also times when a program specialist instructs a recreational program individually. I can apply Dr. Feynman's theory of scientific integrity outside of class by describing a recreational program that I instruct on Saturday afternoon. I teach basketball skills to individuals with mental impairments, and they are going to compete as a team in the Illinois State Special Olympics Tournament. In order to place them in the correct category of skill, I must test their skills at practice (how many times they can do a chest pass against the wall in one minute, shooting baskets from the perimeter, and dribbling a basketball in between (weaving) cones). According to the state S.O. rules, I must place each one (6 total) 2 meters apart and give each participant 60 seconds to complete the trail. Perimeter shooting must be done outside a 2.75 degree arc and participants are given

a 2 minute trial. For example, if I let my athletes shoot closer to the basketball net, I am not accurately recording their scores (they will make more baskets closer to the net); as a result, my team won't be seeded in the tournament correctly against a team with the similar skills. In S.O. basketball, teams are seeded according to similar skills results, so if I change measurements, I am not honestly placing my team in the tournament according to their skill level.

Scientific integrity is important in all aspects of life, so as a student or as a professional, I must make every effort to be honest and provide all of the necessary information in order to get a project completed or a homework assignment completed. All measurements should be precise and accurate in every field or profession (chemistry, physics, medical field, geology, astronomy, and so forth).

Evaluation: Mr. Katz provides an excellent understanding of the application of Dr. Feynman's argument to an environment outside of school with which he has had personal experience. The application is particularly relevant as it is an emerging, complex, and little-understood issue within our general society. The application is even more relevant in light of the recently adopted Americans with Disabilities Act.

Man's Hopeless Existence

by Kurt Keifer

Course: Literature 105—Introduction to Poetry
Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:
Write a critical analysis of a poem.

On the last day of the nineteenth century, a time when the world was undoubtedly celebrating the oncoming new century and, at the same time, awaiting a better life which the change would surely bring, Thomas Hardy was viewing the festivities from a much different perspective. Instead of seeing the arrival of the new century as a joyous occasion, Hardy, in the poem he wrote on December 31, 1900, titled "The Darkling Thrush," conveys his impression of the event which marks it as being more comparable to the slow death of one era followed by the dreaded arrival of a much bleaker period. The idea that the passing of time is undesirable for man seems to be an ironic view for someone to hold at the time when Hardy wrote "The Darkling Thrush," especially when one considers the fact that the years right before the turn of the century marked one of the greatest eras in technological advancement and overall progress the world

has ever experienced. The pessimism toward the future which Hardy delivers in his poem may possibly be viewed as his rejection of the road down which the world, during his time, was headed. Through the careful use of literary devices, Hardy, in "The Darkling Thrush," presented his readers with a well-constructed poem while, at the same time, conveying a powerful view of the world which holds that man's plight throughout life is hopeless when matched against the natural forces controlling him.

The most prominent feature of "The Darkling Thrush" which Hardy renders is the poem's vivid tone, best described as morose. As early as the first two lines of the poem, the reader experiences a sense of desolateness and indifference which is carried throughout the poem. This tone signifies the fact that Hardy views the nearing end of the century as something tragic and unwarranted, and, perhaps, also as an event unaffected by man's wishes. Words such as "specter-gray," "desolate," "haunted," and "shrunken" suggest a definite link between the century's end and a soon to occur, possibly inevitable, death. However, the tone does not imply that the death which Hardy seems to link to the end of the century is to be followed by a birth, as a traditional view of life and death would present. Instead, the close of the century marks a permanent end or the end of life as man has come to know it. Moreover, the third stanza seems to shift to a more noticeable tone of hopelessness. Hardy's image of the meek thrush, after its heartfelt attempt to halt the advance of the oncoming darkness, eventually being overcome by the "growing gloom" (24) succeeds in doing nothing less than leaving the reader with a feeling of despair. In choosing to incorporate the image of the defeated thrush, Hardy's apparent contention that the world is indifferent is reinforced. The somber tone of the poem also seems to suggest both that life may be viewed simply as one defeat or disappointment after another, and that it is useless to have hope in a world which fails to warrant reason for having any.

In addition to the use of tone to convey his sentiments surrounding the end of the century, Hardy incorporates figurative language in striving to add further depth to his work. The most apparent use of figurative language is Hardy's scattered implementation of personification in the poem of "Frost," "Winter," "Century," and "Hope." By giving human qualities to these otherwise non-human things, Hardy is better able to complete the link he creates between the end of a century and an actual physical death. Hardy's decision to relate two seemingly different events allows the reader, who is better able to relate to human death, to experience a more intense emotion and attain a fuller awareness of the comparison being drawn in the poem. When Hardy writes "The land's sharp features seemed to be / The Century's corpse outleant" (9-10), the reader is able to envision, in an abstract sense, the gray corpse of the "Century" entering its final place of rest. In the third and fourth stanzas, Hardy, through the use of symbolism, presents his strongest beliefs which seem to focus on what he perceives as man's futile struggle against some greater power capable of freely dominating his existence. The thrush's unsuccessful efforts, though they were the most he was capable of, to conquer the oncoming darkness appear to represent man's vain attempt to surmount the physical and psychological bounds placed on him by what Hardy considers to be indifferent surroundings. Such a view might suggest that man is innately prone to failure, both perceived and actual, throughout his life, and any efforts on man's behalf to overcome his place in the universe are pointless.

In addition to figurative language, Hardy implements well-planned poetic structure and word organization to further the effectiveness of his poem. The rhyme scheme (ababcdcd...) along with the slight alliterations and assonances throughout the poem are noticeable enough to be immediately recognized, yet do little more than add a subtle musical overtone to the poem. The rhyme scheme seems, in a sense, to act as a buffer between the poem's meaning and the way in which the poem is

read. Had Hardy chosen a less noticeable rhyming pattern it is conceivable that the reader might get drowned in the darkness of the poem and overdramatize its reading. With the chosen rhyme scheme, however, the work possesses a pulse which keeps it from dragging and also requires a few readings before all of the poem's secrets are realized. In the third stanza, Hardy takes advantage of the consistent rhyme scheme by breaking the pattern in lines 21 and 23 with "small" and "soul." In breaking the rhyme scheme in the third stanza with a flawed rhyme, Hardy seems to be cleverly paralleling the idea which he presents in that stanza of man being imperfect and helpless when struggling against the power overseeing his existence. The breaking of the rhyme scheme also seems to mark a transition in the poem during which the speaker moves from giving a symbolic description of what he sees around him to a more philosophical speech in the fourth stanza concerning the way in which he views the whole situation.

In conclusion, Hardy presents a rather bleak and hopeless view of human existence in "The Darkling Thrush." Hardy, unlike many others, seems to believe that man is unable to control his surroundings and is, more or less, a prisoner at the mercy of forces which he is unable to fight or comprehend. He also suggests that no matter what man aspires to, all his efforts, in the end, are wasted, and, therefore, there is no reason for man to take an active role in life. Along the same lines, Hardy contends that progress is generally useless since everything that man does, assuming that life is hopeless, only leads to his gradual demise. In support of his view that man's plight is without cause, Hardy writes, "The tangled bine-stems scored the sky/Like strings of broken lyres" (5-6). The broken lyres in the sixth line may represent the inability of mankind to use what it has to create something beautiful and worthy of notice. Although Hardy's view of life presents a different vantage point from which to access one's existence, his belief fails in giving man a purpose in life, which is the one thing man needs if he is to continue living. Despite the

fact that this may be exactly what Hardy wishes his belief to convey, such an attitude seems to be too much a burden for man to carry if he would prefer making the most of his existence while it lasts.

Evaluation: *Kurt offers keen insight and convincing detail in his interpretation of Thomas Hardy's poem.*

The First Day of Class

by Sherry Kenney
Course: English 102
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Think about “where you were” emotionally and intellectually at the beginning of the semester. Examine your situation in the context of entering a literature class.

The start of a new semester always seems like a new beginning to me. Although it’s new, at the same time it’s familiar. How many times have I felt like this? I graduated from high school fourteen years ago (my God, am I that old?). How many times since then have I started a new semester? But this time there is a difference. This time I see a clear path to my diploma: I’m going to do it!

The ride to school tonight is very different from all others due to one key factor – I have someone with me. This someone is more than an acquaintance, more than a friend. My partner tonight is me. Actually, it’s the me of the future. Riding in the passenger seat of my car is the Sherry of fifteen years from now. It’s very strange to be with someone you don’t know, yet who is very familiar to you. The

Sherry of the future seems happy, but for some reason felt it important to come back and be with me now.

Why?

As we arrive at school, the future Sherry asks me about my class expectations. This really took me offguard—I never really thought about it. I knew the class was called English 102, but I was unable to get the class books, so I really didn’t know what to expect. To be honest, the only thoughts going through my head were whether we were going to get out before the expected snowstorm started. I responded to her question with my question, “Do I ever get over the fear of driving in bad weather?” She ignored this and told me class was about to begin.

I looked around the class, then turned and smiled at the future Sherry. She smiled back, and I knew she was thinking the same as I — this looked like a very nice group of people. I think I’m going to enjoy this class. My pleasant feeling soon faded as we began to review the syllabus and what was expected. I’ll never be able to do this! I can’t write!

I looked at the future Sherry. She had to know what I was thinking, for she experienced it. Even if she didn’t remember this dread, she had to recognize the look on my face. The future Sherry didn’t give me the words of encouragement I really needed at that moment. She just sat there, noncommittally.

The instructor gave us handouts of two stories. O.K., I can do this. I read “Story of an Hour.” No problem. I actually had a feeling it would end the way it did. Then I read “The Cask of Amontillado.” Oh my God! What? I recall that I had read Poe in high school, but it wasn’t like this: I certainly don’t remember being able to comprehend only about every fourth line. Although I didn’t think it was possible, my dread grew as we began to discuss the short stories. How did the instructor and the other students get so much out of the text? I barely understood the vocabulary, let alone picked up on the author’s use of structure and symbolism.

Class is almost over and it's time for me (once again) to start thinking about dropping. The future Sherry and I were walking to the car when I finally said, "Let's talk." There is so much I want to know from her:

*What am I really like in the future?
Where and how is Bill?
Are we as happy then as we are now?
Do we have any children?*

All of these thoughts had to be put aside for the moment; we needed to talk about tonight and what had just happened. I found myself almost pleading with her to tell me what happens. What grade do I get in this class—no, don't tell me—O.K., tell me. Do I pass? Do I follow my gut now and drop? Do I ever, get my diploma?

In response to all of my pleas and questions, the Sherry of the future only tells me to look into her eyes and I will find the answers. For the first time that night, I looked into her eyes—really looked. Although they were eyes I did not immediately recognize, they were very familiar to me. They were my eyes—a little older, yes—but my eyes just the same.

Her eyes were large and brown and had the makings of the start of age wrinkles. (I made a brief mental note to be more disciplined with my skin care.) Even though I was essentially looking into my own eyes, they were different. What made them so different? My first thought was that they were the eyes of someone who knew a secret. They sparkled with something I couldn't quite put my finger on. Then it occurred to me: the sparkle was something I've seen in my own eyes, but only rarely. Her sparkle was that of confidence and determination. I sometimes have that in my eyes, but it only seems to last for a short time.

The future Sherry radiated this confidence and determination. How? How do I get this and keep it?

Finally, I got the answers to my questions. The future Sherry had acquired this confidence and determination through years of learning. It was *knowledge* that sparked the twinkle in her eyes. I

instinctively knew it had never been easy for her, but she had done it just the same. I was looking at a person who did not give in to the fear of not knowing. She was a person who always tried, and because of that, always, in some way, succeeded.

That evening when I laid my head on my pillow, I still didn't know what grade I would receive in English 102, but I did know that I'd make it through and pass. As I drifted off to sleep, I still had many unanswered questions, but I felt a peace knowing that I had met someone very, very special today. A person to truly admire.

Evaluation: Sherry delights her reader with the playfulness and honesty with which she confronts her "self" and the willingness—or reluctance—of that self to read and respond to literature.

Silent Night!

by Kathy Kleiva
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

*Write a personal experience essay which focuses on
an incident which helped you change or grow.
Include plenty of concrete detail.*

Christmas Eve 1971. "What the hell am I doing here?" I muttered under my breath as the truck jostled its twelve frozen occupants along the mountain road up Munsan. Next to me two women chattered noisily in a language I could barely understand. "These people are crazy. Don't they know they could be killed?" My hands and feet were paralyzed by the cold, and any hope I once held for a simple evening of caroling was gone! I had been in the country a few short months, and with the holidays fast approaching, the opportunity to wish "the enemy" Merry Christmas was one I didn't want to miss. How odd that my South Korean hosts felt they would be brought closer to peaceful coexistence by singing Christmas carols to the North Koreans from atop Munsan, the northern-most mountain in South Korea.

We met in a church parking lot in the center of Seoul. Bundled against the winter chill, I felt confident that I could handle the bitter Korean winter for a few short hours. I was dressed in my warmest hooded ski jacket, a scarf, and a pair of woolly mittens. Our transportation consisted of a caravan of open trucks covered with tarps, each carrying twelve people. Filled with the enthusiasm of a bunch of children making their first visit to Santa, we jumped into the back of the trucks and began our trek to Munsan, a two and a half hour ride north of Seoul. After the first hour, my feet began to tingle. The temperature outside was fast approaching a record cold this evening of 22 degrees below zero. My feet were numb. Perhaps it was the cold, perhaps the anticipation, but my mind began to wander. Was I really in the back of an old truck driving up a mountain road to the border between North and South Korea? I knew border incidents were frequent, and I pondered briefly the possibility of becoming a statistic, caught up in a political struggle older than I am.

The anticipation continued to build. Reality sank in as we gathered at an American army base to meet the soldiers who would escort us up the mountain. "Why do we have an army jeep leading us?" I queried as we warmed our feet while waiting for the escort. I wasn't prepared for his answer, and it hit me squarely between the eyes as though the bullets were already flying. "We always lead the way so we can look for land mines that may have been left by North Korean infiltrates." I wasn't in Cleveland anymore. I was fast approaching enemy territory. Real enemies. With real bullets. Wait, I'm only 18. I don't want to die! I just want to sing a few Christmas carols!

We safely reached the top of the mountain. By now I was numb, numb from the cold, and numb from the fear raging through my body. No bullets had flown yet. Maybe I would survive this evening. After all, it was Christmas Eve and surely a cease fire would be in effect for the holiday. As I shivered from the cold and the fear, someone began singing. One by one everyone joined in. The song rang out

from beautiful, clear voices, voices that told of the carolers' hope for harmony among nations. Tears streaked my face as they sang and prayed for peace.

*Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
'Round yon virgin Mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace!*

The fire burning in a rusted out barrel warmed my hands. The sound of voices singing loud and clear through the mountains warmed my heart. After living a life torn apart by war, these people were risking their lives to wish their enemies peace and Merry Christmas! Perhaps they weren't enemies. Perhaps they were family, and perhaps they would be together again some day.

After warming ourselves one last time at the barrel, we prayed for peace and for the unification of families torn apart by war. The trucks were reloaded, and one by one we left the mountain, led down by the same army jeep that brought us to the top. Cleveland was a lifetime away, and the naive exchange student that went to the mountain top never returned.

Evaluation: This mature narrator speaks honestly, compellingly about the one experience of her youth which catapulted her into adulthood.

Design

by Gail Kottke

Course: Interior Design Theory
Instructor: Jacque Mott

Assignment:

The assignment was to write a poem or rap song about design and perform it or recite it before the class.

Design
It changes everything
Rooms and spaces
Mood and light.

Design It changes everything
How you feel
Day and night.

Design can make you comfortable
Or its lack
Can make you moody.
Yes, design it can change everything.
Just remember to have a plan.
And nothing that you do will ever turn out bland.

Color
Can change everything
Brighten up
A dismal room.

Color changes everything
White, blue, yellow, perhaps maroon.

Color gives you a background for
Your grandmother's antique buffet.
Color can change the character
Of the rooms throughout your home
As long as you know how to pick the proper tone.

Balance brings all these elements
Together harmoniously.

Balance goes hand in hand with
Mass and proportion, unity.
Balance is what we strive for
In creating clients' dreams.
A home that's a welcome resting place
Is what balance can achieve.

Loosely based upon "Love Changes Everything," from
Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love*.

KL

by Shirley Samel Kurnick
 Course: English 101
 Instructor: Julie Fleenor

Assignment:

Write about an experience which had and continues to have an impact upon your life. Draw conclusions based upon this experience, but try to be suggestive rather than judgmental in your discussion. Think in terms of the complexity of human experience rather than simplicity.

War wreaks havoc with our lives. War changes history. War alters the history of nations as well as the history of individuals. Who we are, who we might have been, and who we've become are all affected by war. World War II changed my personal history and that of my father's family.

My father, born a Polish Jew, came from the small town of Dukla. This town was home to many Orthodox Jews. Dukla epitomized a tightly-knit community, where Jewish traditions were faithfully observed. My father lived with his mother, father, sister, and brother. His other relatives lived nearby. He went to school and studied the usual subjects, reading, writing, and mathematics. He and his colleagues also studied the Sacred Torah, the Book of Life. His family hoped that someday my father would become a great rabbi. But when my father was a young boy of thirteen years, his quiet way of life, his whole world, was turned upside down and inside out.

At the time, World War II was in full motion, and being a Jew in Poland was neither the person nor the place to be. Nazi soldiers came and dismantled the entire town. Possessions were confiscated. Families were split up and taken to concentration camps or killed. Dignity was replaced with humiliation. My father's family was no exception.

By the time I was taught the relationship between one relative and another and tried to figure out how everyone related to everyone else, I could only ask my mother. Somehow there was an unspoken law, which we all knew, "Do not ask Dad questions about his childhood or his family." Eventually, I learned that his family was executed either before being sent to a concentration camp or shortly after arriving at a camp. However or whatever happened, it was done before my father's eyes. He did tell me that. He stood helpless as he lost his beloved family. He didn't even have time to mourn them in the proper Jewish custom. He could only mourn for them in his heart. Afterwards, the Nazis sent him to Auschwitz, where he and countless others endured years of hard work, pain, torture, and Lord knows what else.

My father had a tattoo on his left wrist, which he received in the concentration camp. The tattoo, which was the letter K and the letter L, marked his status in the camp. My sisters and I would occasionally ask, "Daddy, what does KL mean?" He would always tell us, "Someday, when you are old enough to understand, I'll tell you about it."

After the war, my father came to the United States, where the U.S. Army drafted him. They stationed him in Butzbach, Germany, where he met and fell in love with my mother. After a period of courting, they were married. They spent their "honeymoon" on the ship which carried them to the United States of America. They passed through immigration at Liberty Island, the welcoming arms of America, where many before them had passed to enter the land of plenty in hope of a better tomorrow. The set up their home on the far north side of Chicago, began their life together, and started our

family.

I am the eldest of three girls. I remember the “typical stuff” a child grows up with—toys, school, and birthday parties. But there weren’t any relatives, only friends my parents had made through their affiliation with our temple. My mother’s side of the family, which included my uncle, his wife, and their two children, and my grandmother, were thousands of miles away in Germany, and we only saw them a handful of times as we were growing up. Not knowing our relatives didn’t seem abnormal, because we adopted so many of my parents’ friends as “aunts” and “uncles.” Occasionally, on a Sunday morning at breakfast, Dad would be reminded of someone or something in his childhood and briefly tell us a tidbit or two. I would have loved to have heard more, but we knew we had to be satisfied with what we got.

By the time I was in high school and learned about World War II, my curiosity about my father’s story had peaked. I wanted to know more about his relatives—my relatives. What were they like? Again, the questions. I remember when the made-for-television movie, *The Holocaust*, was being aired. My mother, sister, and I watched in hopes of getting some answers. My father couldn’t watch the movie, and went to the basement. But before going downstairs, he said, “It was much worse than anything they’ll show you.” We still weren’t old enough to know about KL. I began to think maybe Dad wasn’t ready to talk about KL then, or ever.

A few years later, I was reading a book called *Children of the Holocaust* and made up my mind when I finished it would be time to talk to Dad and ask about KL. But I’ll never know the true story of KL from Dad’s own mouth. The tidbits picked up here and there over the years are the only glimpses I will have of my blank history.

On July 12, 1979, I received a phone call at work. My Dad didn’t feel well. He thought he had hurt his back and asked me to pick him up and take him

home. I left work with my book, *Children of the Holocaust*, picked up Dad, and asked him if he wanted to go to the hospital or to the doctor. He just wanted to go home. He did not trust doctors, because of the experiments done in Auschwitz. That evening, we finally took him to the hospital, where we found out he had suffered a massive heart attack. Dad was taken upstairs to intensive care, where he never regained consciousness. He suffered another heart attack later that night. Dad passed away, taking his history, my story, with him.

Since then, I’ve asked myself a million times, how did my father survive? I’ve heard several different versions, but which is the truth? The rabbi of our family’s temple told us he survived because of his gift as a skilled craftsman. He made beautiful leather bags and belts for the Nazis. I recall someone saying he knit sweaters for the Nazis too. I also heard, because my father worked hard, he survived. I wonder if his faith helped him survive? Would I have had the strength and will to survive had I been in his shoes? Oh, the questions are endless. And I will never know the answers.

So often I wonder, how do I fill that big, empty hole—that void. There is no one to fill in the blanks. I fill my own home with pictures of my family and my husband’s family, so my children will know family. My father’s side of the family are question marks and blank faces.

We, as human, call ourselves the intelligent, able-to-care, righteous species, but we harbor such hatred toward one another, because of our individual beliefs, skin color, religious, or other real, or imagined, differences. I know and realize that if there hadn’t been a World War II, I probably wouldn’t be here today; but I hope and pray that we can learn from our mistakes and learn to respect each other’s differences, so these mistakes won’t keep happening again and again. Would the world be something if the word “war” became obsolete?

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not take up sword against nation; they shall never again know war... (Michah 4:3).

Evaluation: Shirley's voice, hesitant and yet probing, comes through clearly in this essay. She wants to know the extent of her father's concentration camp experience but is afraid of what she might discover. Shirley conveys not just what she knows but what she doesn't know in this essay, and it has an atmosphere of loss, mystery, and endurance.

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Is Good Design a Choice?

by Joyce Liddy

Course: Interior Design Theory

Instructor: Jacque Mott

Assignment:

Write a one-page paper about what life would be like without design.

“It has been said that people don’t need design.” That statement is the farthest thing from the truth! From the very beginning of time, whether one believes in the “Big Bang” theory of creation or the account of Genesis, we all have accepted the fact that a dark Earth, without form and void, was made beautiful and alive when it was filled and “rearranged” with balance, light, and good design. And ever since this beginning, mankind has labored to repeat that same sense of design.

Design is more than style. It is organization, arrangement—a system for life. Design is the opposite of chaos. It removes disorder and confusion.

Many people think of design as an “extra” something—superfluous to any element of true life. Yet, for anything to be functional and practical, good design is a prerequisite. There are so many things that we take for granted that started with good design: building a fire, creating a wheel, zippers, road maps, sign posts, shoe horns, elevators, bookshelves, gardens, a sandwich, just to name a few.

One of the great side effects of design is beauty. Some people scoff at beauty, embarrassed to have it or want it. Thinking that beauty is vain, they omit it from their lives and then wonder why life appears

so degrading and lackluster. While living in France, I learned a great lesson from the French. They believe everyone and everything can be beautiful. They have learned to enhance the mundane. They will put a sauce on an inferior piece of meat and come up with a three—star delight. They will accent the best element on their faces or bodies and catch everyone’s eye. Many French women are very plain yet come across as great beauties because they understand design.

To me a life without design and its effect—beauty—would be chaotic, unharmonious, and unsatisfying. An atmosphere of design and beauty gives me joy and a general sense of well-being. I will always remember visiting an elderly woman’s home whose retirement pension did not carry her through the last years of old age. She lived in a two-room apartment in Florida without air-conditioning. With bravado and grit she seemed determined to put up with her austere surroundings of a chair, table, and refrigerator in one room and a bed and chest of drawers in another. Everytime I visited her, I felt so depressed. I couldn’t help thinking that one did not need money for a sense of design and beauty. A coat of paint, a rearranged chair, some flowers on the table could have added so much quality and dignity to her life.

I believe design isn’t really a choice; it is a necessity. Anyone who neglects its aspects loses not only harmony and satisfaction but, most of all, the greatest design of creation—oneself. Perhaps Winston Churchill was right when he said, “We shape our buildings and they shape us.”

Evaluation: This paper addresses the essence of design. Joyce shows how design is integrated into all the facets of our lives. I appreciate her multi-cultural experiences and how she integrated them into this paper.

Scientific Integrity

by James Young Lee

Course: Physics 121

Instructor: Joseph A. Auer, Jr.

Assignment:

Read Dr. Richard Feynman's 1964 commencement address on "Cargo Cult Science." Discuss the principles of scientific integrity, how scientific integrity applies to you as a student, and how it does or does not apply to you outside of school.

In the book *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!* by Richard P. Feynman, under the section entitled, "Cargo Cult Science," Richard Feynman is attempting to convey a message to all would-be scientists, the message of scientific integrity.

What Mr. Feynman is trying to convey is that as a scientist you have a duty to report the truth of your findings, the whole truth. Not half a truth that agrees with your theories or hypothesis, but the whole truth, even if the truth disputes, or hurts, your stand on the subject. A scientist must display and record all that is discovered in an experiment, even if it disproves part or all of his or her theory. This is, in part, so that the scientists who come to look at this information in the future may base their theories on all the facts.

It is not only of scientific integrity that Mr. Feynman is talking but also of personal integrity. Do not lose yourself in finding what you want so intensely that you dismiss all other relevant facts that you may discover. For example, consider a pharmacist looking for a cure to a disease. In experimenting to find that cure, he finds that one certain drug will cure it. He also discovers that it may cause a side effect in certain people. The question is: will he dismiss this last piece of data in order to get the praise of his peers (and hopes that no one will discover the small side effect); or does he admit to the fact that the drug has a minor side effect and demand that the company he works for not market the drug for huge profits?

The decision of the individual, and the consequences of that decision, should always be taken into consideration before that decision is made. And only one person can make that decision for you.... You. Dr. Feynman is trying to say you have a duty to yourself and others, as a scientist, to reveal the truth—the whole truth—whenever possible. Whether that truth helps prove or disprove a theory or hypothesis that you may have made.

As a student in Physics, and as a student in general, I feel that this applies to me in several ways. First and foremost, it means that I should be looking for more than just answers; I should ask why those answers are true. Do not too simply take on faith that something exists, but look as to why it exists, and how it came to exist. Do not take an answer without asking how one arrived at that answer. Also, I do not write down an answer without an explanation of where and how I arrived at the answer. How did I come to such a conclusion? Why, in my opinion, is this right, and not wrong? I ask "WHY," and/or "HOW." I never stop asking questions, or explaining my answers, and in doing so, I never stop learning.

Outside of a classroom environment, or even a school environment, this idea applies. It applies in

such a manner that it is often indispensable in making a good “honest” decision in life. For example, you’re out with your father’s car. While at the mall, you back up into a sign you didn’t see, breaking the taillight. Do you tell your father what you did, or do you decide to play dumb and pretend that it, being the taillight, was like that when you returned the car? Or, maybe you even try to fix it yourself before your father sees it. Well, that’s the big question, isn’t it?

Evaluation: Mr. Lee’s understanding of the practical aspects of scientific integrity coupled with his writing style make this paper stand out. His easy, conversational style sprinkled with an occasional dramatic flair makes it very easy, in my opinion, for a student of the 90s to understand the point he is trying to make.

The 'Zine of Janice Lee Loster

by Jan Loster

Course: English 101-Honors

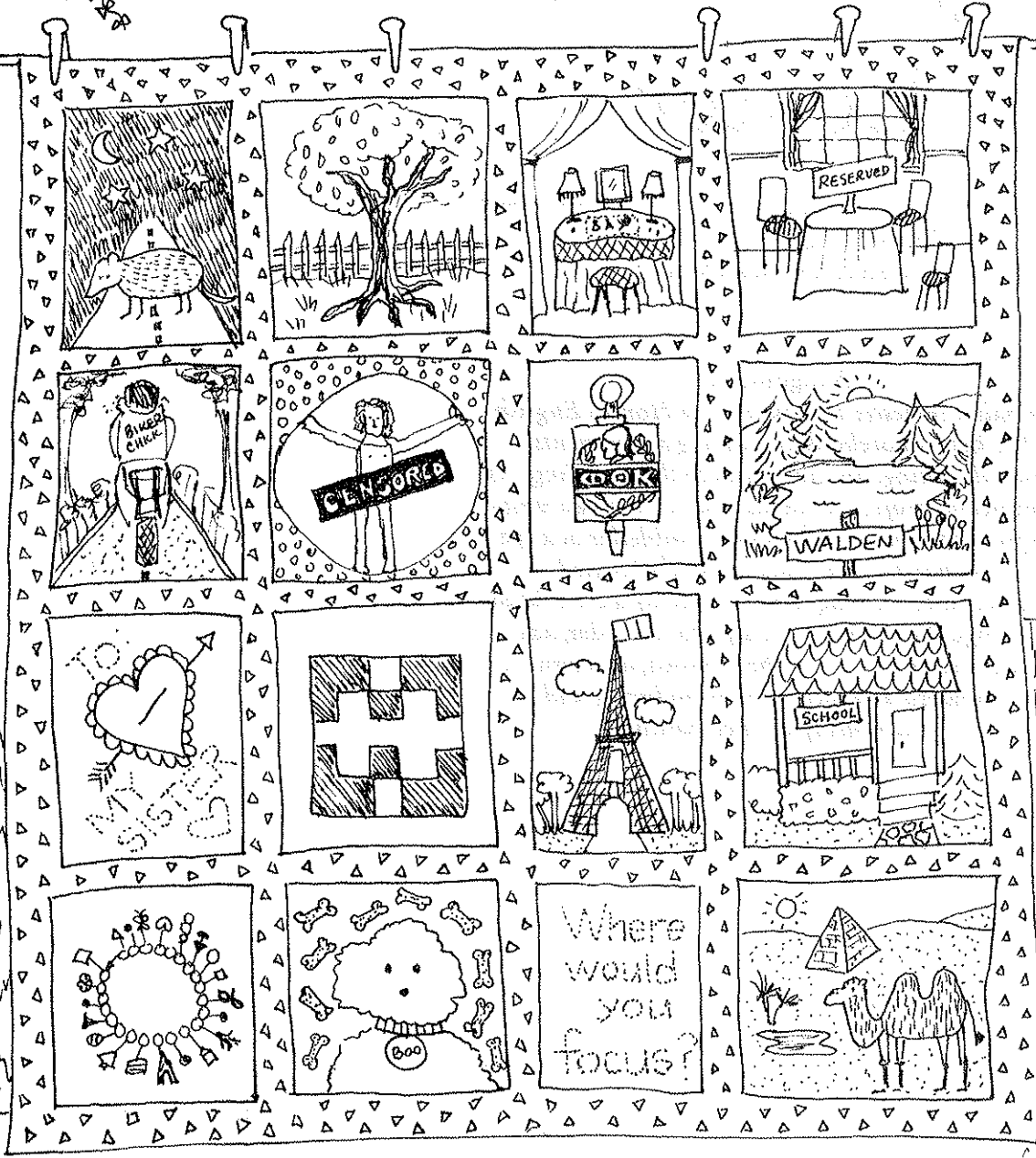
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:

For half a semester the students of Honors English 101 kept a notebook containing assignments, Personal writing, and responses to their reading. As a mid-term project, students selected the best writing from their notebooks and assembled it in a special portfolio, a 'Zine (a tightly focused personal-interest magazine). Students were told to arrange their entries in a significant order, add illustrative materials if they wished, and write a foreword and afterword introducing and commenting on their writing.



Janice Lee Loster

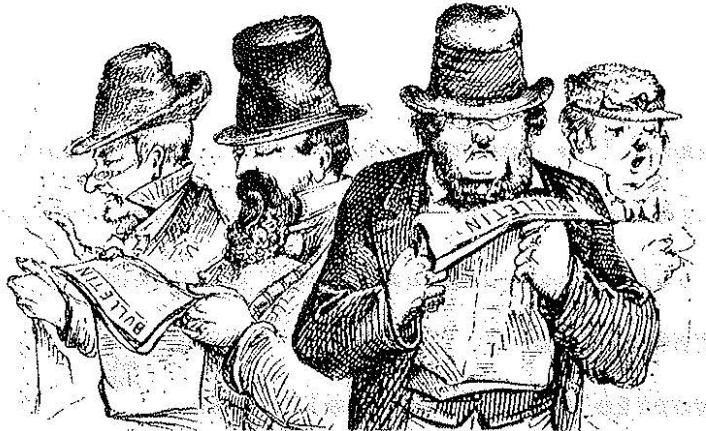




Earlier I wrote in one of my entries to Professor Dodds: "After reading our stories, you will know more about us, than we know about ourselves."

I don't think that's true. I have learned new things about myself. I have written about things that were locked up in my mind - but now they are free, but freedom is never gained without a struggle.

I have chosen stories that will reveal myself, my life, and my memories.





JUDY, JAN &
"BOO!"



My sister, Judy holding the author.



My dog, "Boo!"

The Life & Times of Janice Lee Loster

NAME:

The names I'm known by: Janice, Jan, Jannie (a special person called me Jann&e, so that name is special), and I have a client who calls me "Janner", and unfortunately, I l&ke being called by that name.

My favorite name for myself: Jan

The names I hate to be called: Ma'am or Mrs. (I'm neither!)

ADDRESS:

My favorite place at home: My vanity - not that I like to look at myself a lot - but because of the sentimentality attached to it. The vanity table and stool was my sister's, that she used when she was 16 years old. The skirting for the table is part eyelet and part patchwork, which I pieced together. The doily was crocheted by my Mom. It took a long time to find just the right lamps, but I finally found them in an antique store - brass bases - circa 1930! Perfect! My sister presented me with her circular, mirrored perfume tray, which once was used atop this vanity. There are tiny picture frames holding special people, a small blue and white bamboo box from China, containing an irreplaceable acorn from the grounds of Monticello. A small stuffed rabbit sits on a tin containing "bag balm" for quilters, which helps soothe needle-poked fingers. A pressed glass Eiffel Tower-shaped bottle, containing an aqua-blue colored liquid, with a label stating "Eau de Toilette", "Souvenir de Paris", which has never been used, only opened once in a while to smell the aqua-blue colored liquid, which seems odorless. A material-covered jewelry case made by the delicate hands of my pen pal in England, which contains only one item - a silk perfumed petal. A green and white Emeraude powder box holds loose powder, which was my Mom's. Keeping it safely in the back of a dresser drawer, I could not part with it after her death, but now it has a place of prominence on my table. There are other boxes, some glass, some cut crystal, containing wonderful items such as my girl scout pin, "Benny The Bunny", my good luck pin, my Phi Theta Kappa pin, and a roller skate key. My vanity doesn't hold precious gems or exquisite perfume, just memories.

The place where I'm most at home: My home

If "home is where the heart is," then my home is: Anywhere I'm with my sister, Judy, and my dog, "Boo!" - that's where my heart is

Where I'd most like to live: In Wisconsin in a log cabin filled with books, friends and quilts, some finished and some in the works. It would have to be situated near a lake. A peaceful, quiet retreat, with civilization right around the corner. Maybe it's where I'd most like to live, but not right now

Where I'd never want to live: New York City, although it's exciting to be there, for a brief time

DATES:

The most important dates in my life: They are still to come

The most important lesson I've learned: I used to think that my life was so very different from others. Things that have happened to me, had never been experienced by other people. I have found that I am not unique, and that we are all very much the same

IMPORTANT INFORMATION:

What I do best: I listen

Where I want to be in five years: In a classroom, teaching.

Important opinions I hold: I don't have an opinion.

Hobbies: I am a quilter! I love making quilts using traditional quilt patterns, but with non-traditional fabrics and colors. I've made many quilts, but my favorite one (and the only one I've kept- all the rest have been given away) is the first one I made. It's far from perfect, and now has areas that are starting to wear, but this is the quilt, that as I carefully sewed squares together, one by one, began to give me my love of quilting.

Important honors or achievements:

Member of Harper Honor Society.
Member of Phi Theta Kappa.
Member of Beverly Lanes 200 Club (Achieved this year - non-skid coaster awarded)

Important dreams: I'm in a classroom, teaching.

Travel: Last year, my sister, Judy, and I took our two godchildren, Meredith and Laura, ages 18 and 17 respectively, to London and Paris. It was an unforgettable trip, but what really made it special was having the girls with us. Before leaving, I promised both of their mothers that I would not let the girls out of my sight. That I would not let them alone in a hotel room, that there would always be the overprotective ratio of one adult to one teenager per room. Maybe it was mental exhaustion, after having endured the "Flying Pajama Party From Hell" on British Airways, but when we finally arrived at our hotel, my sister and I shared one room, and the girls took another across the hall. It was in Paris where things really got out of hand. A glass of wine at dinner just wasn't enough, the girls insisted on a bottle! I can't believe that a few months earlier I wouldn't let

them have egg nog spiked with brandy and rum on Christmas Eve. How could I have sent them, unchaperoned through the streets of Paris, to bring back ice cream to our room, when back in the States, if we were in a public place, I would insist on escorting them to the bathrooma



Godmothers, Goddaughters and Beefeaters.



Laura - telephones and teens are such a natural setting.



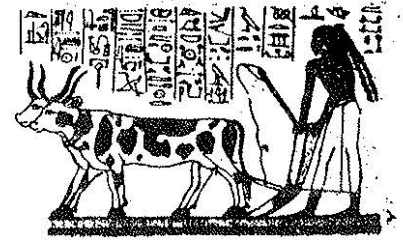
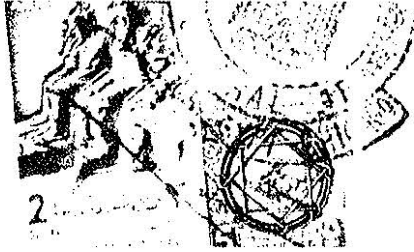
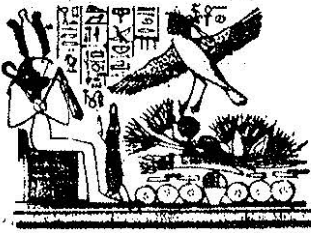
Meredith, with Notre Dame Cathedral in the background.

Meredith is away at college now and Laura will be attending college in the Fall. They are still talking about the trip I would love to take them back to Europe some day, but it will never be the same as when they were 18 and 17 respectively, and I was overprotective.

Dues

CONSUL GENERAL

"I'm Goin' to Egypt!"



I couldn't pass up the opportunity! When I found out that Harper College is having a study tour in Egypt, I decided I have to go! I couldn't think of anything else - I love archaeology, especially Egyptology. My professor is conducting the tour. He tells us that things in Egypt are uneasy right now, terrorists have been killing tourists, and if things get to "hot" over there, the trip will be canceled, he will not jeopardize his life or othersæ

I call the travel agent. I want a roommate. I've never travelled alone before, and would like someone to travel with. I tell my friends and family I want to go to Egypt, they say:a

"Egypt - Terrorists!"a

"I'll miss you!âa

"I'll worry about you!â

"It's so dangerous therea- why do you want to go?"

"What if something happens to you?"

The travel agent calls and says she has a roommate!a I hear my heart screaming: "I'm goin' to Egypt!" What sights will I see? The tombs, the pyramids, the hieroglyphics, the columns at Sakkara, that one thousand years later are found in Greecea Willa I see a picture of Osiris, the god of the afterlife, will Ia recognize him? Will I walk through narrow columns shaped likea tall reeds? Will I again see King Tutás mask, that I had seen soa long ago? Will I still be in awe like the first time I glimpsed it? What color will the Nile be? Will it be green or blue-colored like lapis lazuli? What will Egypt smell like, what will

Egypt taste like?

This is a trip I've dreamed about, this is the trip of a lifetime - I will not listen to anyone - I have to follow my heart that screams: "I'm goin' to Egypt!"

And friends tell me now:

"I wish I could go!" a

"I wish I was your roommate" a

"You should get a painting on papyrus, like my friends brought back, it would look great in your office" a

"Could you bring me some lapis lazuli, or something in carnelian?"

"Could you bring me a snow dome with the pyramids inside?"

"I would like a CarTouche!"

"I would like a postcard!"

"I would like a pyramid!"

"Anything with Cleopatra!" a

"Will you keep a diary, like you did in London and Paris, so I can read what you did each day?"

"Will you take pictures? I want to see them!" a

And my heart is screaming: "I'm goin' to Egypt!" a

And my sister hands me an article from the newspaper and the first line is: "Foreigners are asked to leave Egypt." and I can't a get too excited now and I hear my heart still beating, still strong, and whispering softly to me: "I'm goin' to Egypt!" a



Beauty:

When The Other Dancer Is The Self.

by Alice Walker

When I read Annie Dillard's "Living Like Weasels" I marked the margin's with +, -, ?, and !, but when I read "Beauty" I couldn't stop to analyze the details of the writings because I was so totally absorbed in what I was reading.

In the first paragraph, I had to jog my memory - "*I hold my neck stiff against the pressure of her knuckles. . .*" At first I didn't understand the words, which describes a somewhat torturous event. Then it came back to me - pigtales - the feeling of knuckles against your neck, pulling your hair taut.

Describing herself in her Easter Sunday dress, with T-strap patent leather shoes, Hopalong Cassidy, and BB guns - all of these things were part of my childhood too.

Was there a time when I never held my head up? Again I had to go back in time - was it the time when my cousin and I were "goofing around" and a pop bottle hit my front tooth? The tooth turned black, the nerve had died, and I had to go to the dentist. He suggested a cap for my tooth, in fact, 4 of them, one to correct a tooth that had crowded in my mouth since childhood, pushing it out of line and towards the back. He told me that I wouldn't be afraid to smile. "Sometimes we don't smile enough because we're self-conscious of our teeth." Was he right? One small piece of porcelain would give me confidence?

I never heard my grandmother's accent, I never saw my

girlfriend's tooth, like mine, jetting out from the others, even when she confided that she "hated it" a I never heard my friends speech impediment, even when he said: "I talk funny!"

I just heard their words, I saw their smiles, and felt their love. Maybe I just saw the "world in their eyes, too!"





Heaven at 8:00

The article by Kubler-Ross made me think about a lot of things - one of them - heaven. I've read other articles by the author, especially her studies of people who have been brought back to life, after all signs indicated that they were dead. No matter what religious background these people have, they all seem to remember a light at the end of a tunnel, and seeing loved ones that have passed on.

My mother and father divorced when I was a baby. I was raised by my mother, she died when I was 21 years old. I met my father for the first time when I was 24 years old, he passed away 10 years after I met him. They each knew me at different times in my life. I never saw my Mom and Dad together, only in old photographs.

I held on to the strap along the roof of the cab as it rumbled and rattled along the road and finally stopped in front of the restaurant. "This is it!" the cabby said.

"Thanks!" I said as I ungracefully tumbled out of the car. I was at the Marathona

The restaurant looked elegant - low lighting - crisp, white tablecloths, with little votive candles that flickered.

"There'll be three." I said.

"I believe your party's already seated, Miss. Please follow me." I followed the maitre d' through the maze of tables. It was a lively place, people talking, laughing - a comfortable place.

I saw them before they saw me. They were reminiscing, I guessed.

I gave them each a big hug and kiss, while the maitre d' waited patiently, holding the back of the chair, for me to sit down.

"Janice!" Mom said, "You're blonde!"

"Oh yeah, that's been like that for a while. Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes! It looks great! A blonde?"

"Hey, Shorty. How ya doing?"

"Great, Dad!"

"First of all, Janice," Mom interrupted, "I ran into one of the nuns at your old high school. She said she begged you to go to college. And that you did really great on your exams. Why didn't you mention this to me? I didn't know you wanted to go to college?"

"Mom, I couldn't," I said, "You put me through private high school. That was expensive. I wanted to make your life easier. I wanted to start working. I was bored in high school anyway!"

"We could have found a way."

"I know, Mom, that's why I couldn't say anything."

"Hey, Shorty," Dad said, "What's been happening to you?"

"Dad! I've got my own business - typesetting - just like you! Isn't it strange that I was never influenced by you growing up and the first time we met we talked about type! It must be in the genes, Dad. I followed in your footsteps, and didn't even know it!"

"Remember the time I called you up when I was working the night shift at that type house? The job you sent was spec'd all wrong and I decided to fix it for you!"

"What do you mean the time - you saved my life lots of times! I loved getting calls from you - even if they weren't a

always work related"

"Mom, you know that quilt you started and didn't get a chance to finish. A Judy embroidered the rest of the panels and we both quilted it by hand. It was even in a quilt show. We called it "Rose's Roses" after you. In one of my quilt books it says that if you finish a quilt of someone who passed away they look down from heaven and smile on you."

Mom was just smiling.

"Dad, remember the time I heard you had a slight stroke. I immediately called your home, and to my surprise, you answered the phone. I started crying and told you that I loved you, remember? I never told you I loved you before, but I really meant it!"

"I know you did, Shorty! Hey, what ever happened to that sailor? Weren't you going to get married?"

"Dad, that was a long time ago!"

"Janice, what sailor?" Mom asked

"It's nothin' Ma."

"Janice, what's that pin you're wearing?" Mom was trying to decipher what it said

"It's my Phi Theta Kappa pin. I finally went to College!"

"Oh Jan, that's wonderful!" Mom said.

"I knew you could do it." Dad said "Where'd ya get all those smarts?"

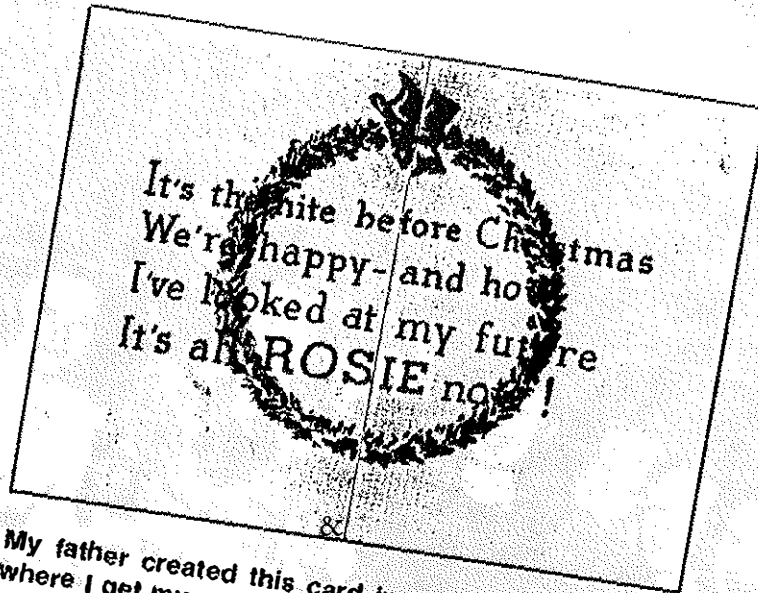
"Obviously, I'm just the product of superior genes!" We all laughed. Just then the waiter came over

"Will there be anything else?"



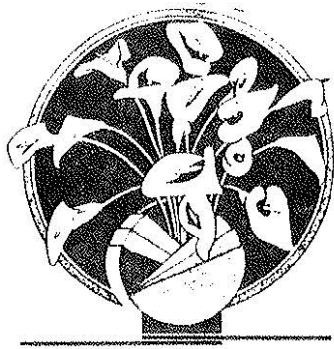
I nodded "no&".
"Was everything satisfactory?" he asked.

"Perfect!" I replied, "It was heaven!" ✨



My father created this card in 1935. Now I know where I get my creative ability from!





The Club Girls



The Club Girls: (from left to right) Anne, Angeline (my Aunt), Rose (my Mom), Helen, Eleanor, Mary (my Aunt), and Mary.

I couldn't have been more than 10 years old, trying to sleep, a crack of light from the kitchen, peaking into my bedroom. The rich smell of coffee filtered into my room. The percolating stopped. I listened for every sound. I'd hear my Mom in the kitchen, the clink of ice and glasses, then she was gone. I listened for laughter, just as I listened to the silence. This was a special night - it was "Club Night" a

Preparations had started over a week ago. Floors scrubbed, furniture polished, doilies washed, stretched and stiffened. The shadow box gleamed, showing off the shiny knick-knacks.

Sweets were carefully chosen at Kresge's Five and Dime candy counter. The sweet-spicy smell of chocolate and nuts. A large metal scoop dug into the bridge mix, noisily dumping the contents onto the metal scale, deftly tilted, after the needle pointed to a 1 lb., spilling the contents into a crisp, white paper bag.

Cashews were also purchased, along with spice drops - for color.

There were no store-bought bakery goods. Cakes were made from scratch. Moist lemon cakes drizzled with orange juice and Waldorf Salad served on glass plates shaped like crystal leaves, with a special circular indentation for the petite, clear coffee cups. All placed atop the delicate lace tablecloth, with napkins that matched. Candles would be lit this night.

Canadian Club highballs with maraschino cherries, stems and all, would be served. It was "Club Night."

I was banished to the kitchen for the evening, only going into the living room when I was told I could say goodnight to the club girls.

Our tiny living room was filled with ladies - beautiful, feminine ladies - lacy, frilly, taffeta, silky, glittery, glimmery, sparklely ladies - wearing jingle-jangle jewelry. They smelled like sweet roses, lilacs, lilies of the valley - spicy, flowery scents. They looked powdery perfect, crimson-lipsticked and rouged.

They giggled and tittered and would say, "Oh, my!" They were ladies. They were the Club Girls.

I tried to keep awake, listening for laughter, but finally drifted off to sleep. I knew that when I grew up I wanted to be a club girl - glittery, glimmery, sparklely, wearing jingle-jangle jewelry.

Every once in a while I meet the 4 remaining club girls for lunch. I always wear a dress and try to wear some jingle-jangle braceleta. Although I never attended a "meeting" I've always considered myself a "Club Girl".



“Walden”

After reading "Walden" I feel as if I have lived on the Pond also. He writes in such detail about the surrounding area, the loons, the hares, the fox and the fishes.

I read about the red and black ants doing combat, with such interest, even though it was such a minuscule part of our world, which sometimes goes unnoticed, but the author gives character to these combatants and even related the date of other battles of ants that were recorded. Is he giving an importance to even the smallest of life around us?

Thoreau has given us the opportunity to explore Walden along with him. While reading about Thoreau's life at Walden, we are also being emerged into a peaceful setting to contemplate on our own lives.

By living a life of simplicity, the basic necessities of food, shelter and clothing become unimportant. We can now focus inward, instead of outward, on our thoughts and dreams.

“Direct your eyes inward, and you will find a thousand regions in your mind yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be expert in home-cosmology.”



Thoreau believes that we can change and adapt to new situations. We don't have to follow the same path, that is well-trodden but can break away and course a new direction.

Why are we still reading "Walden" after 140 years? I think because it is timeless - if it is truthful 140 years ago it will still be true today. Life has not changed that much in 140 years, we can still identify with what the author is saying. Walden pond is timeless. We can identify with nature - it has remained constant and pure, unchanging.

"but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead."

I was so impressed with the girl in class who said she wrote a poem, that I decided to write a poem also. Someone once said: "Write what you know." and "Write from your own experiences." My poem is entitled:

ROAD KILL

I could puke,
I could hurl,
There's another flat, dead squirrel
Laying there on Williams Drive
Moments ago it was alivea

One thing I will never forget,
Is almost rolling over someone's pet.a
There it laid all nice and fluffy,
Was this little dog named "Muffy"?

Sometimes I even get the jitters,
Thinking about some near-miss critters,
Like the time, one foggy night,
When beady eyes met my headlighta

It slowly walked across the road,
And looked just like a rat.
I stared and tried to recognize

A 'coonã



a skunk,a



a cat?



What was this large, nocturnal "thing"
That sauntered 'cross the highway?
With pointed snoot and rat-like tail,
Was this domestic? - NO WAY!

I wish I knew what this thing was,
That looked so very awesomea
Oh my God, I think I know,
That critter was a 'possum.

Afterword

Losses. Loss of parents, loss of an era, loss of children becoming adults, and loss of a tree.

I didn't realize there was an undercurrent running through my stories. These were just things I wanted to write about.

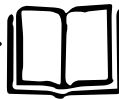
Our thoughts are like fetuses of the psyche. They swim around safely, curled up and protected by our mind - they have not yet been born.

Once our thoughts are "written" they are real. They have life. Our thoughts create new embryos - they are different than others that have ~~preceeded~~^{preceded} them - they are composed of new genetic material.

Some people may think my stories are strange, even "weird". You can say what you want, but just remember, they are my "children", they may not be perfect, or pretty, or smart, but they are my own and I'm glad they were born.

*"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately,
to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could
not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to
die, discover that I had not lived."*

— THOREAU



Evaluation: As a printer and graphics designer, Jan had the skills necessary to make her 'zine professional looking and visually appealing. But what makes her 'zine more valuable are its significant truths, the fresh details precisely rendered, and what everyone in her class came to call "the Jan style," a voice, a language, and an eye on life that makes for delicious, fulfilling reading.

Smoking

by Martin J. Maney
Course: English 101
Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:

Narrate a specific experience in which you were the central figure; experiment with the chronology.

As I finish climbing the second flight of stairs and turn to walk down the hallway to my bedroom, I am breathing only a little harder than before I started. Oh, I can still feel all twenty-eight of the steps in my legs, but it's so good not to be gasping for breath anymore! After I find Bentley's *Writing Efficient Programs*—it was on the dresser, hiding under the novel I had been reading last evening—I am reminded by a glimpse of a crumpled red and white package how I used to pant after climbing those flight of stairs. It's hard to believe that it has been only five days since the end of my old life, since that awful morning...

I had been up late that Saturday evening in mid-February, reading and working on the computer. The chief advantage in programming at home was that I could work on it at any time of day; of course, that was also the chief disadvantage. This had been a long evening, and I had been smoking even more heavily than usual. It was about two o'clock Sunday morning when I finally wheezed up the stairs to bed.

I'm not sure how long I had slept. It may be that I hadn't actually slept at all, as I was tossing and turning fitfully. But it seemed I woke as from a deep sleep, gasping and wheezing as though I were

being strangled! After a few moments that seemed like hours the fit passed, and I became aware of more than my labored breathing. My mouth was dry and tasted more like the bottom of an ashtray than usual. At first I felt warm, almost flushed, but after a few minutes I started to shiver slightly. I got up, put on my robe, and walked to the bathroom at the other end of the hall. After relieving myself and having a sip of water I felt a lot better, and returned to my bed. As I got back into bed and lay down to resume my interrupted slumber I noticed that it was about four o'clock in the morning.

It takes only a moment to relive that scene. I shake my head and go back down the stairs, back to work. A little later I find myself facing a sticky programming problem, and after staring at the screen for a while I get up and walk about the basement. I have often found it helpful to get away from the screen and the keyboard when I can't see my way clear. I speculate that my mind deals with problems differently when it has to look at them in memory rather than through my eyes. In any event, I find a different use for memory this time: as I walk around my customary orbit, I find my left hand starting to rise, as if it held a smoldering cigarette, as if I were raising it to my lips for a puff. Of course, my hand is empty. I haven't held a cigarette for days now, but for a moment I felt it resting lightly between the first two fingers, a little below the knuckles. It was almost as if time had rewound a week and I was once again living my old life...

Yes, I had tried to go back to sleep. As before, when I awoke I wasn't certain that I had actually slept. This time I wasn't having trouble breathing: I'm not sure if there was any one reason for my waking. I felt slightly chilled, yet I was also slightly damp, as though I'd been over-heated under the blankets. Beyond that and this inexplicable wakefulness, I felt nothing but a vague sensation of discomfort, sort of a pale pastel cousin of nausea. I repeated my pilgrimage to the bathroom, and this seemed once again to ease me. On returning to bed I tossed and turned and once again drifted to sleep.

Over the next few hours this pattern repeated again and again. Every time I managed to find sleep, it would last only a short while, then I would find myself awake. By the time I could see the sky beginning to lighten outside the window, I was exhausted from trying to sleep!

About eight or nine o'clock I finally fell asleep and got some rest. I awoke in the early afternoon feeling, if not restored, at least not as if dying might be a pleasant change. I stumbled through what remained of the day in very low gear. Not once did I feel like reaching for the half-full package of cigarettes that I had left sitting on the dresser before going to bed.

Now it's late in the evening, and once more I am climbing the stairs, heading towards my bedroom. I'm moving more slowly this time, but that's just because I'm tired, nearly ready for sleep. As I arrange the small mess on my dresser—the book that I'll sit up reading for a little while, the pen and oddments from my shirt pocket, my wristwatch—I uncover the red and white package again. I pause for a moment, but decide that it's not yet time to toss it in the garbage. Instead, I sneer at the crumpled package, at the tightly-packed tubes of tobacco that formerly I needed. I don't need them anymore, and I guess that's why I'll keep that half-empty package around a little longer. Not because I think I might need it again, but to remind me that I don't.

Evaluation: *Mr. Maney's graceful sentences and precise diction move us easily back and forth between experiences.*

Why Not Go Gentle?

by Katherine Marek
Course: English 101
Instructor: Gilbert Tierney

Assignment:

Write a position paper on a controversial issue. Examine the issue critically, take a position, and develop a reasoned argument in support of your position.

*Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light*
—Dylan Thomas

A skeletal hand clutches my arm with a strength born of desperation. Jaundiced, fever-bright eyes stare pleadingly into mine.

“Please,” the voice is rough-edged, slurred by tranquilizers and painful mouth sores, “you’ve got to help me.”

I gently pry the young man’s fingers from my gown-covered arm with my glove-insulated hand. It’s an effort to keep my gaze steady, my voice calm.

“You know I can’t do that,” I say. I hold onto his hand, hoping he can feel my empathy through the layers of latex. “Ask me for anything else.”

He closes his eyes and collapses away from me. His hand is limp in my grasp. Two tears slide down his cheeks and he whispers, “I want to die, I just want to die.” He is no longer talking to me. I leave the room and continue my rounds.

When the supplemental staffing rotation brings me back to this unit, a month has passed. The young man’s disease has progressed to his brain and ravaged his mind as well as his body. He no longer recognizes his mother. He’s lost control of his bowel and bladder, and nurses must change his diaper. He screams and fights during routine care. He’s pulled out his I.V. lines so often that the staff has placed him in restraints. Tied to his bed, screaming at his tormentors, crying for his mother, he begs for the relief that only death can bring. The relief that is coming with agonizing slowness.

It didn’t have to happen this way. If assisted suicide, euthanasia, were legal, this young man could have died peacefully. He could have died knowing that the woman who stood by his bedside was his mother. He could have died with his arms and legs free of restraint and his dignity intact.

Opponents of assisted suicide believe that people may feel pressured to take this option and spare their families emotional upheaval and financial expense. I believe that the safeguards proposed—terminal illness verified by two doctors, three separate requests, and a test of mental competence—are adequate, and in my experience, the pressure most often goes the other way. Far more people feel pressured to do everything humanly possible in order to keep living when they would rather let go. It is here that we cross the line between prolonging life and prolonging dying.

True, a person bent on suicide could always blow his/her brains out, or turn on the gas and go to sleep. But, leaving aside the mess and the trauma caused to whoever finds the body, that would mean that the person must die alone. Alone and uncomfortable, untouched. That is no way to leave this life.

Most people want to live long and healthy lives. Most people who develop a serious illness want to fight it however they can. But when the fight is clearly lost, there is no shame in admitting defeat. Euthanasia. The dictionary defines it as “Greek for easy or happy death.” In a truly humane world, no death would be prolonged or pain filled. I want that choice for myself. I want that choice for everyone.

Evaluation: *Ms. Marek uses narration and description effectively and powerfully, and her use of language is masterful.*

Le Petit Mort

by Philip A. Moran

Course: Journalism 133—Feature Writing
Instructor: Rhea Dawson

Assignment:

Write an informational feature article using quotations, interviews with experts, and background material.

He is staring at the crisp, white tablecloth, gleaming silverware, and fine china set before him, trying to ignore the tension building in him.

“Relax, just relax,” he keeps repeating. He has been looking forward to this dinner at this 5-star restaurant all month.

Panic begins to rise like a storm-swollen river. It engulfs him just as the waiter catches his eye and begins moving toward him.

“May I take your order, sir?” he asked.

Linguine Alfredo or Dover sole is what he wants to order but the “l’s” and “d’s” are all twisted and tangled in his throat.

“Se-s-s-sal-sal-salisbury steak,” he gasps.

Stuttering: Heartbreak for those afflicted with it. Headache for the medical experts baffled by its causes. Is it psychological, behavioral, or physical? Theories about and treatments for this affliction are

as numerous as the generational, gender, and geographic boundaries it crosses.

Stuttering is mentioned by Laotse in a poem written in China 2500 years ago: “The greatest wisdom seems like stupidity. The greatest eloquence like stuttering.” And while Hollywood chose to ignore the fact Moses had a speech problem, it is widely known that he did. This fact is confirmed in Exodus (Ch. 5, Ver. 10): “and since thou hast spoken to Thy servant, I have more impediment and slowness of tongue.”

Hieroglyphics representing the word “nit nit” denoted stutterers in the 20th Century B.C. Almost every school child knows the story of Demosthenes, the ancient Greek, who, to correct a speech problem, put pebbles in his mouth and orated to the pounding surf.

Stuttering did not disappear with the ancients. Erasmus had a speech problem as did England’s Charles I and Edward VI. Charles Lamb and Charles Darwin stuttered. More recent personalities who stuttered include Arnold Bennet, Somerset Maugham, Lorne Green, Marilyn Monroe, Jack Paar. Certainly, all these individuals made a lasting mark in history despite this impairment.

Lest anyone think stuttering is consigned to the English language, consider that a word for this phenomenon is found in many other languages. For example:

- gagueira (Portuguese)
- haghaglayya (Somalian)d
- stottern (German)
- Stamming (Norwegian)d
- zaikastia (Russian)
- iptogetok (American Eskimo)d
- su noi lap (Vietnamese).d

How do stutterers compete in our competitive world? They must be determined, skillful, and, yes, courageous. They must learn to deal with potentially traumatic situations at every moment of the day ...situations that would test the self-confidence of most people who don’t have this speech difficulty.

Most stutterers restrict their social relationships to groups that accept them. They’ll only deal with small talk or laugh and clown around to hide their impairment.

A stutterer is a good listener.

Fear, frustration...even desperation...accompany the stutterer every time he or she speaks with strangers, sees the change of expression, asks for a meal, or meets with impatience or rudeness.

What is feared?

The social stigma from momentary loss of self-control, the dreaded moment of muteness, spasmodic contortions. One stutterer calls it "le petit mort" (the small death). Another explains it as being as helpless as a ventriloquist's dummy with someone else in charge of his mouth.

Reactions from stutterers are not always so passive. One tale recounts the attitude of an Alaskan gold miner who would watch his listener with great intensity. If he saw the slightest smile, no matter how inadvertent, he would instantly punch the individual in the mouth.

What causes stuttering?

In general, most experts agree a stutter is an interruption in the flow of speech by hesitations, prolongations of sounds, avoidance of words, struggles to speak, and certain blockages sufficient to cause anxiety.

Extensive research shows stutterers are born with a tendency, when placed under stressful conditions, to tense their vocal cord muscles excessively. In normal speech, vocal cords are brought together by several pairs of muscles lightly to touch each other. The person builds up air pressure beneath them by expelling air from the lungs. When the air pressure is great enough, it blows the vocal cords apart. Sound is created. A person speaks.

Simple enough for one with normal speech patterns. Not so simple for the stutterer. The vocal cords lock. Normal process is interrupted. The trick is to keep the vocal cords from locking.

Sir Winston Churchill used such a "trick." He had trouble with the letter "e"—as in England. In his famous speech during WWII when England was severely threatened by a German invasion, he is remembered as saying: "mmmmmmEngland will never surrender." The sustained "m" or humming sound started his vocal cords vibrating allowing him to move smoothly through the dreaded "e"

sound.

Ronald Webster, Professor of Psychology and Director of the Hollins Research Institute, Roanoke, VA, developed a technique to deal with stuttering which he calls "precision fluency shaping."

"Long-term research at the institute has led to a definition of speech skills and instructional methods that have proved effective in stuttering therapy.

"The distorted speech movements of those who stutter are modified through carefully defined, progressive steps into normal, fluent speech. These movements can be readily transferred into everyday speech in social situations," Webster claims.

Based on a random sample of 200 individuals treated at the Institute, a 93% success rate was achieved in returning people to normal fluency.

Despite the great strides made in helping stutterers recognize and correct their affliction, the general public still stereotypes stutterers.

The most radical misconception is stutterers are a bit insane because of marked body or facial contortions. In parts of India, stutterers are viewed as possessed and are shunned.

The most common assumption is the stutterer is extremely nervous and needs only to calm down. This concept springs from the observation that people with normal speech patterns will occasionally exhibit some non-fluency under stress. However, with stutterers, this non-fluency is present under all conditions.

Unfortunately, even today, the entertainment industry fuels the stereotype that stuttering is funny using cartoon characters. Porky Pig, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd are among the best known comical characters with speech problems used by Hollywood to popularize this image.

The misconception that stutterers aren't very bright causes the public to patronize stutterers when dealing with them. Most people who react badly to stutterers are not, for the most part, deliberately unkind. In a sense, they, too, are responding to fear—the fear they cannot cope with an unfamiliar situation. In recognizing this common bond,

both stutterer and listener can work together to overcome situation difficulties.

Indeed, the physically challenged are capturing more of the general public's attention (and admiration) and are accepted for their unique talents and contributions to society.

Given this state of public enlightenment, the stutterer should begin to benefit as well. Though stuttering has been with us for ages, this does not mean that individual cases cannot be resolved nor that stuttering should somehow reduce the stutterer to the level of a second-class citizen. Great steps have been made in improving speech fluency. Even greater strides have been made on the part of the public in accepting persons with this impairment as a viable part of the work force.

The stutter may be a late arrival on the scene of public awareness, but all indications are that this real human need will be addressed so the voices and dreams of stutterers will be heard clearly.

How should one react when meeting a person who has a speech problem? Should one try to help out by providing the word that cannot come out? Offer advice? Look away?

The answer is none of the above.

In most cases, when a stutterer encounters a blockage, don't try to end the word or sentence. The word or phrase you suggest may not be the one the person is struggling with. Then, he or she will have to start all over again.

Be patient. Maintain your interest. Don't try to calm the individual down. This only adds to the stutterer's awareness you're having difficulty with what is being said. Maintain your composure.

Here are some helpful guidelines stutterers should follow to ease the situation:

- Make a habit of always talking slowly and deliberately.
- When you stutter, stutter easily. Don't try to hide the fact that you stutter.
- Don't force your words.
- Try to stop all avoidances, postponement, or substitution habits.
- Analyze any abnormal facial contortions or body movements.
- Notice what your speech muscles are doing when you stutter.
- Always keep the speech sound moving forward. Continue the flow of sound.
- Try to talk firmly with melody and inflection.
- Pay attention to the good, fluent speech you do have.
- Try to talk as much as you can.

Evaluation: *Le Petit Mort* is an excellent example of a feature article because it informs the reader—in adequate depth—about the subject and relates it to present-day.

Witchy Woman

by Elise Muehlhausen
 Course: English 101
 Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Write a stipulative definition of a term that refers to an institution, ideology, or other abstraction. Use a number of definition patterns and much concrete detail.

In my house we celebrate holidays like everyone else. At the end of October, we carve scary faces into pumpkins and light them up in the window. We also give treats to the many strangers that come to our door on that night. At the end of December, we bring a tree into our house and decorate it with strands of popcorn, lights, and stars. In the spring, we decorate eggs and pretend that a rabbit visits our home. And during the middle of summer, we have our friends and family come over for a barbecue.

But I celebrate the holidays differently. You see, if someone were to call me a "Witch," I wouldn't get angry. I am a Witch. No, I don't worship Satan, have green skin and warts, or fly around on a broom! And I am not the deceitful, scheming woman depicted on soap operas, either. Witchcraft,

or Wicca, as it is now called, is not Satan-worship; it is a polytheistic religion that pre-dates Christianity and celebrates nature and the turning of the seasons.

Objects and actions such as Christmas trees, Yule logs, the Easter Bunny, Easter eggs, May-poles, cornucopias, Jack-o-lanterns, trick or treating, and midsummer gatherings that are used to represent many modern holidays are all borrowed from Wicca. They are all representative of Wiccan ideas and traditions. As Christian beliefs spread across Europe, folklore blended with Christian lore, and many old celebrations blended with Christian holidays.

The roots of Wicca are buried deep in history. It was primarily practiced in Northern France, England, and Ireland before the Romans invaded and brought Christianity with them. Christianity soon became the established religion, and Wicca was forced to go underground, passed on in secret from parent to child. The religion was nearly stamped out in the Dark Ages. To be accused as a Witch meant being burnt at the stake. Fortunately, the religion did survive, and is now experiencing a revival.

Unfortunately, there are many myths that surround Wicca. Modern Witches have about five hundred years of bad press to dispel. The biggest myth is that Witches are Satan-worshippers. This just can't be true. Satan is a Christian idea. Since Witches are not Christians, we don't believe in Satan, and we therefore cannot worship him. It is also untrue that Witches have orange hair, green skin, warts, and the ability to fly on broomsticks. And, we don't go around "zapping" people with our magic wands, or "cackling" at the distress of others. These are images portrayed by Hollywood and candy manufacturers during Halloween.

Wiccans do believe in a God and Goddess. We believe that the moon is a representation of the Goddess, and the Sun is a representation of the God. Wiccans are taught a deep respect for nature because it is their belief that all living things are sacred. We also celebrate eight main holidays a year.

They are Samhain (October 31), Imbolc (Feb. 2), Beltane (April 30), and Lughnasadh (Aug. 1). The other four holidays are the Solstices and Equinoxes. Wiccans also believe in reincarnation, and live by one "rule." That is, "Do what thou wilt and let it harm none." A revival is now occurring as many feminists, environmentalists, and unhappy Christians are turning to Wicca because of its gentle, gender-balanced, and nature-friendly attitudes.

So, the next time that you decorate your house for Halloween, or dye Easter eggs, remember where those traditions came from. And, remember that tradition lives on in the religion of Wicca.

Evaluation: *Here's a new way to think about the word "witch."* An accurate way. Elise's essay is enjoyably informative.

Reflections: “Frost at Midnight”

by Brian Ozog

Course: Literature 232—British Literature
Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:

In class write for fifteen minutes analyzing Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s “Frost at Midnight” in light of his other conversation poems.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge has invited us into his winter cottage where the fire is warm, the shadows long, and his son sleeps the sleep of the innocent. It is the perfect setting for meditation and reflection, and that is exactly what he does.

Even though this is classified as a conversation poem, by its structure and verse, it resembles and wants to be something else. Coleridge looks down upon his sleeping child, and slowly images, places, people are all conjured up. In his mind he is speaking to the child, trying to share these images and feelings, but he becomes caught up in a web of memories. He begins to free-fall through his past; just bits and pieces drift by, never being fully explored, but remembered.

He’s brought back to the present, to his child’s rhythmic breathing and innocence. It is then he begins a prayer that the teacher will bequeath to his child memories, images, and good fortune—That “all seasons shall be sweet to thee,” and God will bless and guide him all the days of his life.

Evaluation: *Brian’s intuitive and poetic reflections invite the reader into an appreciation of Coleridge’s poem.*

The Pen Also Rises

by Jimm Polli
Course: English 101
Instructor: Julie Fleenor

Assignment:

Write an essay about the process of writing using several quotations from Ernest Hemingway.

“It was the worst of times; it was English class.” Nah, too repetitive. Let’s see. “It was a dark and stormy night.” No, that’s over-used. It seems as if a huge brick wall has risen up in front of me. No matter how hard I push, I can’t get past how to start this paper. I feel I need a sledge hammer to get through.

Ernest Hemingway compared writing to drilling and blasting away at rock. I would tend to agree. It seems no matter how hard I am pushed, I can’t find that one phrase until I’ve blasted all the rock away. Not unlike digging for gold; somewhere buried in the rock is the gold sentence that will make your story rich. Without that one golden phrase, the story lacks a focus, and a heart. The heart could be idealistic or bitter, but it needs to be there, or I end up with empty words on a piece of paper.

Hemingway also mentioned that when he had trouble writing, all he had to do was tell himself to “write the truest sentence that you know.” The one sentence the rest of the story flows from, the starting point of a river from which the story flows,

gaining speed and strength as it builds upon that one true sentence. I see the true sentence as one that I know and feel to be true to myself. If the words have no meaning to me, the writer, what is to be expected of the readers? If I, the writer, put everything into what I write, it will come through to readers, even if they disagree or just plain old dislike it.

The hardest part is finding that statement, that collection of sounds that rings true in my head and heart. When I am hammering away at a story, poem or essay that doesn’t have a solid starting point, all I do is shake the foundation, getting caught in miles of looping double talk. Tripped up in my own words, pulling down the house of cards, I try to build on top of a teeter-totter. Just like trying to build a castle in a swamp.

Hmm. I am finally onto the second page. Another problem about not having a true sentence is trying to write more than a few sentences before I have run out of things to say about my topic. Also, what is true for one writer may not work for another. In other words, stick with what you know. I like to think I know myself pretty well, so I try to focus on how I would try to focus on how I would try to focus. Whoops, Double talk again.

Okay, back to my paper. “I knew something was wrong when this dame walked into my office.” Maybe not. “Once upon a midnight dreary, while I thought about some stuff.” No, that doesn’t seem to work either. Hey, I know how to start my paper now. “It was the worst of times; it was English class.” Nah, too repetitive. Let’s see.

Well, now, I’ve started, what now. Let’s see, what would Hemingway do in a situation like this? Hmmm. STALL! The fish slowly swam toward the man, and swam away again. The man waited and waited some more. Then he said, forget the fish, and ordered a pizza with no anchovies. No, no, no!

“I love to write,” Hemingway said. “But it has never gotten any easier to do and you can’t expect it to if you keep trying for something better than you can do.” What is he saying here? If you are a

lousy writer, you'll stay that way forever. No, of course not. At least, I hope not. I think what he means is the first time you lay pen to paper, *War and Peace* may not be what you should be aiming for. What happened that afternoon may be a better start, something you know about. Of course, if you have had a very eventful afternoon, maybe Tolstoy should watch out. After I've found my starting point, I work to improve small parts here and there. As the individual parts of the paper improve, so does the work as a whole. As you acquire bits and pieces of what others have done, it can help your own writing. In some cases, lengthen an essay, "Once more into the classroom, dear friends, once more; Or close the door up with our English dead."

When I write it's a combination of everything I have heard, seen, and read, because these things are what make me who and what I am. Hemingway wrote to a friend, "I think you should learn about writing from everybody who has ever written that has anything to teach you." I was a little confused by this comment, so I formed a committee to vote on it. Three-fourths of the committee favor the idea that he was pointing out that you can and should learn from those who have gone before you, by reading and understanding how and why they used the language and punctuation the way they did. One-fourth thought he was trying to cover his butt when he wrote, "from everybody *who has anything to teach you.*" You can learn from everybody; it's just that in some cases, it's what not to do that you learn. Another one-fourth agreed with the man on page two, that a pizza with no anchovies sounds good. The only thing that worries me about all this is how a committee of one had a split vote that came out to one and one-fourth. Oh, well.

"Friends, classmates, countrymen, lend me a pen." Hemingway has good advice for most writers. I say *most writers* because some people won't be able to use his ideas in their writing. Such as, "but the knowledge is what makes the underwater part of the iceberg." Some writers would rather have the whole iceberg above water, visible for all to see. Hemingway chose to let the reader draw out

the meanings of his short stories and novels from the text, bringing a slightly different meaning to everyone who reads it. Now, far be for me to pass judgment on which style is better, but in my own writing, I try to leave the more obvious statements unsaid (i.e., I spent more time on the quotes on Hemingway). Those who wish to show the iceberg all at once are not wrong; someone has to write textbooks.

"Fourscore and a couple pages ago, my forefathers started a paper on Hemingway, now all good things must come to a conclusion paragraph." Hemingway left behind many quotations about his own writing which I feel can be helpful to anyone trying to write, professionally, or for a school paper. The problems he writes about are common for most writers. Learning how he overcame those problems can be helpful to everyone. To learn from the past and those who have gone before us.

Evaluation: *Jimm's voice in the essay is playful and deprecating both of the artificiality of writing a paper in an English class and of his own way of putting the paper together. I especially liked his use of metaphor.*

Scientific Integrity

by Julie Quinlan

Course: Physics

Instructor: Joseph A. Auer, Jr.

Assignment:

Read Dr. Richard Feynman's 1964 commencement address on "Cargo Cult Science." Discuss the principles of scientific integrity, how scientific integrity applies to you as a student, and how it does or does not apply to you outside of school.

Scientific integrity, according to Richard P. Feynman in his book *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!* is a principle of scientific thought that corresponds to a kind of utter honesty. What does this mean? In my opinion, Dr. Feynman is saying that scientific integrity stems from conveying everything and all concerning a system. Conveying is not simply stating what is known but proving it. For example, if one is doing an experiment, all results must be shown, the right and the wrong. An explanation is more concise when all possibilities are portrayed, even wrong theories or assumptions. Dr. Feynman is also saying that scientific integrity is an honesty of doing your own work from start to finish. He exemplified this with the psychology student's rat experiment. She was told to use the given information for part A to test part B. In order actually to see and understand her results, Dr. Feynman was saying that it was necessary for her

to perform part A. Using other's answers to begin your own problem is a "dishonest" way of approaching the problem. Not only are you inappropriately using someone else's answers, but you are cheating yourself out of arriving at your own conclusions.

Scientific integrity applies to me as a student because in all of the various classes offered, different assignments are handed out. Homework problems are designed for me to look at, tackle, and solve. If I were to use another student's homework assignment, learning the material would be impossible. If I were to use an answer from someone else, I am trusting that person to be accurate, when, in actuality, that person could be wrong. I would therefore be learning from the beginning, I go through the steps to figure out the answer. Copying only eliminates the learning process. In the same way, exams are tests of my ability in certain areas of study. Cheating on an exam cheats me out of knowing the material and robs me of scientific integrity. Exams, homework, etc. are offered as a means of learning. They are all a part of an experiment. If I skip over one, I am not solving the complete experiment with scientific integrity.

Another point that Dr. Feynman discusses is the idea of not fooling yourself. He says that skipping over any part, right or wrong, will eventually be proven by the next experimenter. "And, although you may gain some temporary fame and excitement, you will not gain a good reputation as a scientist if you haven't tried to be very careful in this kind of work." In the same way, I, as a student, can make a fool of myself by copying other people's homework because the primary test of one's knowledge of the material is an exam. If I have only copied homework assignments, I will not know how accurately to portray the material on an exam, the true test of one's knowledge. Understandably, my integrity will be questioned.

Similarly, everyday life offers challenges and an outside "education." For example, working a job requires your honesty in completing what is given to you. I work for MetLife as a way to pay my bills

while I attend Harper. If I were to push my responsibilities off onto a coworker, I would not be “honestly” earning my salary. At the same time, I am cheating myself out of learning the various assignments given to me. Completing the multitude of responsibilities would give me more knowledge about the company. The more I do, the longer I am there, the more I will learn.

There will always come a time when you will be put on the spot, and you will have to explain yourself, whether it be an answer, a procedure, etc. You need to be ready because you are not going to be able to read it off of somebody else’s paper. Not only is it cheating the listeners and the person you took it from, but you also cheat yourself. There is so much out in the world to be learned. It can be fun!

Evaluation: Ms. Quinlan successfully explores the interrelationship of the principles of scientific integrity and the role of education. She does so with depth, insight, and clarity.

How I Control My Daily Stress

by *Santiago (Jim) Ranzzoni*

Course: GED Writing Skills
and Literature

Instructor: Linda Nelson

Assignment:

Write a short essay on what you do to cope with the stress that accompanies life in our fast-paced society today.

Our world has many advantages, but one big disadvantage of the fast pace is stress. How do I cope with stress in my life? There are many things that a person can do to master the daily stress generated by the fiercely global market competition, but personally I control my daily stress by accepting myself just as I am, by accepting the world just as it is, and by accepting people just as they are.

I accept myself just as I am. My thoughts create my life. Good thoughts, loving thoughts, and peaceful thoughts create a peaceful life, an enjoyable life, and a happy life. The way I think is the way I am. A long time ago, I planted the seed of love and caring for all living things, the seed of understanding of myself in relation to the things around me, and the seed of compassion for all living things. These basic life principles have brought

abundance of goodness, of peace, of joy, of beauty, and harmony into my life. I practice these principles in my daily business encounters and at home with my loving family.

I accept the world just as it is. I always try to accept things for what they are. I know that I have no power to control many events that are going on in the world, but I have the wisdom to understand how nature works. If I do not understand what something is, I will accept it for what it is. I will see myself in relation to the event itself to see if it makes sense. I will try to see it from different perspectives to understand it in relation to the whole.

I accept people just as they are. I know deep in my heart that each of us has his own mental program about how the world should be. I believe people are what they think about in their lives. We make our world from our perceptions that we receive from the world around us. In other words, we are self-programmed, or conditioned, by our thoughts and environment. Each of us has his own core values, feelings, and beliefs created by experiences and by perceptions. We evaluate the events in our lives through our beliefs, feelings, thoughts, ideas, and notions about ourselves in relation to the world that we believe in. I believe that this is true; therefore, I accept each person just as the person is. Knowing that has helped me to deal with many people all over the world. This understanding, that each one of us is different, has helped me to cope with my daily stress effectively.

These three things: accepting myself just as I am, accepting the world just as it is, and accepting people just as they are have helped me to control the thoughts which control stress in my daily life. Everyday I generate loving thoughts toward every living thing, and I have received in return an abundance of joy, peace, goodness, beauty, and harmony into my life.

Evaluation: *Jim's essay thoughtfully addresses the topic with a personal philosophy. The writing flows smoothly and has a strong organization. I wish I could handle stress this well.*

A Sense of Place

by Heidi Ripley

Course: Literature 105—Introduction to Poetry
Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:
Write a critical analysis of a poem.

The outside world was indeed kicking up a storm. The autumn wind wrestled with the oak door, a wind that yelped a menacing roar of a featureless jungle animal. From the doorway, the man could see the tormenting ocean before him with its shoreline exploding in madness as the current grew stronger. The clouds above hovered together as if their plot was under way, and they were eagerly awaiting the first attack. The solitary man in the abandoned beach house had been discovered and was forced to await his attacker's first move. In a futile attempt to escape, the man lunged from the entrance way toward the porch but was stopped short as the floor beneath him began to sink. He fell back in utter horror from the scene before him and clung to the weathered door frame with knuck-

les as white as freshly-fallen snow. His breathing became haggard as he plotted his next move, but his thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a group of decayed leaves that lashed out with a brutal vengeance towards his own unshielded body. Though the strike proved to be unsuccessful, the attack seemed to wake all of nature surrounding the house from its sleep. With nowhere to run, the man fell to his knees in a desperate plea of surrender. From his mouth came a moan that made even the human heart shudder in fear of the cold isolation that interlaced that cry into the pit of night. From this scene, Robert Frost clearly captures the hidden but powerful fear of facing the world alone that lives within each human being. This ensuing fear is not only brought to life through Frost's vivid imagination, but it is also set free through the poet's effective use of imagery, rime, and theme in "Bereft."

From the opening line of the poem, Frost creates psychological terror largely by projecting an animistic, threatening quality onto the physical surroundings of the isolated speaker. The shore is described as "frothy," suggesting a certain madness is growing, the clouds are "somber," and the wind cries out with a deafening "roar" within the bleak darkness. The day and the summer, with all their sense of fruitful fulfillment, are "past" and no longer available to offer strength to combat his fear, leaving the speaker exposed to the mysteries of a wintry night. The door is "restive," impatient; for it yearns to break free of the speaker's grasp and close itself to escape the evil that awaits outside. The reference to the "sagging" porch only intensifies the mystery of what is enveloping not only the house but also the speaker's soul as well. Moreover, there is even "something sinister" in the sound of the leaves as they coil and strike out with a familiar whirling thrust. It is this description that helps to heighten the fear of the speaker as he realizes that the satanic (snake image) enemies are not organized against him but "blindly" attack. It is as if the man in the house has been discovered, the attack is beginning, and he is exposed in a threatening uni-

verse. This sense of malevolence in the landscape is extended to the house itself, which provides no safe haven. While all of these images may seem melodramatic, they actually heighten the paranoid sense of terror the speaker has worked himself up to.

Robert Frost not only applies artistic care to the imagery in "Bereft," but he also incorporates a powerful and effective use of rime as well. From the earliest attempts that Frost made at articulating his poetic intentions, the one element that took precedence over all others was sound. Yet Frost tried to distinguish his concept of poetic sound from the musicality of other poetry. Throughout "Bereft," the realization of the speaker's vulnerability increases in frantic leaps. Not only is he "in the house alone" but "in his life alone" with "no one left but God." The last line of the poem is not a cry of faith but an agonized sense of absolute bereavement. The strongly-accented "God" in line 14 only half riming with "abroad" in line 16 strikes a discordant, unresolved note, and the emotional emphasis remains on "no one." All the technical elements of the poem assist in this recreation of remembered terror. The riming pattern is narrow but insistent with the first five lines all riming so that the effect is a relentless pursuit. This pursuit is later reinforced by the amount of repetition within the poem including the words *alone* used in lines 13 and 15 and *word* used in lines 13, 15 and 16.

In addition to his end rimes, Robert Frost also includes alliteration within "Bereft." The first instance of this is seen in the first line with *bad* and *heard* and again in line three with the words *what* and *would*. He continues this pattern in line seven with *west* and *were*, in line 11 with *something* and *sinister*, and finally in line 12 with the words *me*, *my*, and *must*. It is the repetition of the consonant sounds in each of these lines that not only harmoniously appeals to the ear but provides a constant, quickening beat to the poem, much like the uncanny pulse of nature that echoes within the speaker's ears.

Robert Frost adds a final touch to his artistic canvas of imagination with his use of a dramatic and

emotional theme. It is in "Bereft" where the reader sees that whether apart or together, men exist as individuals. Utter loneliness and the fear of loneliness are entrenched in the human heart, a loneliness that the speaker must confront in the poem. It is lodged there by man's knowledge of his isolation on a whirling planet balanced precariously in space. The loneliness is anchored by man's awareness that he is no more a weed within the flower garden of nature. There is a continual reaching out of the hand for a warm reassuring clasp. The man within the luminating house, however, feels no companionship from another human being. According to Frost, there is a never-ending search in one's life for warmth and illumination from a spark of light, all to drive in to the pit of night the knowledge that man stands alone. When solitude and dark pour down upon the speaker in "Bereft," though, there is no flash of light to run to and escape the powerful grip of the night. Rather, the speaker remains almost frozen within the doorway, gripping on to the splintering oak for dear life. The man has come to a point in his life where he must face the bitter taste of isolation but seems unable to accept the inevitable. At this moment, the poem's theme expands from "house," through "life," to "God." When the speaker senses his fear of meeting God, his isolation suddenly seems preferable. It is the speaker's realization of his vulnerability, which mounts in terrifying leaps, that pulls the reader into the poem to experience the same agonized sense of bereavement that inflicts the speaker and forces both to face God directly.

Within a broad framework, Robert Frost has dealt with the distinction between desire, responsibility, reality, and the dream. Throughout his artistic career, however, there have been many myths surrounding the poet, including the one of a conservative and optimistic philosopher that he created for himself. Since Frost's death in 1963 and the publication of his official biography, the pendulum has swung from idealization of the poet to disillusionment. The master has, on the one hand, been enshrined by American readers as a kind of folk

philosopher. On the other hand, there are readers who have attacked him for being a spiritual drifter who lacks an intellectual toughness. Both attitudes, however, are misguided in their assessment of the poet.

Robert Frost was concerned with philosophical matters but in a random way. His poems are lonely ponderings on the central problems of existence, torn, as his life was, between affirmation and negation. Frost's primary concern was not to set down an idea but to experiment with tones of voices. It is the variety of sound in Frost's poetry that is his greatest contribution to American literature. By declining music in favor of the sound of the talking voice, Frost ranged in tone from the lyric to the narrative, from the dramatic to the meditative, and from the terrifying to the humorous. In the end, if a reader takes anything at all from Frost's poems, it is likely to be a memorable impression created by the overwhelming presence of nature interlaced between each poetic line upon the page. It is nature that is so powerful: it can press against the window panes of human existence and bring man to the brink of paranoiac insanity, and it is nature who remains in control.

Evaluation: *A naturally-gifted writer, Heidi creates "a memorable impression" in vivid and powerful prose. Her essay is "a journey for the mind" whose destination is discovery.*

Journal Entries

by Rosemarie Ruedi

Course: Literature 241—
Twentieth-Century British and
American Literature
Instructor: Roy Mottla

Assignment:

The students were to keep a daily journal of personal responses to the readings. The responses could take any form and were ungraded.

October 21, 1994

There seems to be a long-standing tradition in literature. Women who stayed were praised. Virgins, all of them, were exalted. Women who strayed were punished.

Cleopatra is a perfect example. She played and strayed and played some more and ended up with an asp on her bodice. Anna Karenina jumped in front of a train. Madame Bovary had the agonizing, disgusting death scene when she took the arsenic. Sister Carrie ended up walking the streets. Tess was deserted by the sanctimonious Angel, Manon Lescaust ends up in New Orleans Bordello. Violetta dies of consumption while sprawled on the floor singing an aria. Carmen gets stabbed outside the bull ring and misses that stunning, final number. Hester Prynne, of course, has to wear the red letter and put up with Pearl. Moll Flanders was shipped off to Virginia. Scarlett O'Hara loses Clark Gable, who doesn't give a damn and didn't want the part. Lolita has to put up with Humbert painting her toenails. We don't know what happens to Nora after she slams the door in *A Doll's House*. Have I missed anybody terribly important?

So it seems to me that Janie is punished for leaving Logan and his whiffy feet. She has to spend the next twenty years walking four paces behind Jody, wearing a head rag—Janie that is. This all kind of makes me wonder about Madonna, Fawn Hall, Gennifer Flowers, the Duchess of York, Rosanne, and Murphy Brown. We can rest easy about Barbara Bush, Janet Reno, and Queen Elizabeth II, who are working hard to attain the virtue level of The Flying Nun, the Singing Nun, Mother Theresa, Polyanna, Goody Two Shoes, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, Maid Marian, Minnie Mouse, Mary Poppins, and is probably wishing she had stayed a virgin like Queen Elizabeth the First.

November 23, 1994

Ernest Hemingway was the undisputed leader of the post-World War I Macho Men. Always off on some exciting adventure, they were dubbed "the Lost Generation" by their wives, who never knew where the hell to find them. This hardy bunch of guys set the behavioral standards for future generations of American males. Known to be "sentimentally obsessed with violence," Ernest and his pals traveled around the world looking for something to kill, or at least maim. "Grace under fire," they shouted as they left a bloody trail from Idaho to Africa. Their destination became the "in" spots for Macho travelers. Spain, France, and Italy are still "in." Bulgaria, Rumania and Czechoslovakia are still out. Venice is in. Helsinki is out. Cuba and Bimini are in. Hilton Head is out. Key West was "in" but has been removed from the list. Fire Island never got in. Michigan is really "in." Rhode Island is really "out." Mt. Kilimanjaro is in. The Blue Ridge are out.

Fishing is "in." Killing frogs is not. Hunting big game is "in." Drowning kittens is "out." Bullfighting is really "in." Shooting cows is just not done. Killing enemy soldiers is, however. Stepping on bugs is not.

Macho names proudly worn by this group include Ernest, of course, Scott, Bret, Jack, Theodore, John, Nick, and Jake. A good name for a bartender is Joe. Non-macho names are Bruce, Aubrey, Donnie, Robert, Dale, and Jaimie. Nigel is suspect.

Bartenders named Joe serve these guys beer, rum, gin, whiskey, bourbon, and shots of tequila. Bartenders named Joe never serve Pink Ladies, Brandy Alexanders, Kalua and cream, or Chablis.

Hemingway and his buddies love women. They really like gypsies, upper-class safari hunters who sleep around, army nurses, Spanish girls in sleeping bags, Spanish girls in caves, Italian girls, French girls, and women named Mary. They don't like P.T.A. women, lunch moms, Christian Science

Reading Room attendants, suburban matrons who wear suits, Aeroflot stewardesses, and any women in Bulgaria, Rumania and Czechoslovakia.

These manly hunters feed on rare steaks, fish, especially shark, deer, moose, buffalo, bear, hearty stews, and hunks of whale blubber. They never eat salad, sorbet, sushi, pop tarts, gummy bears, or jello.

So, we leave Ernest and his Macho Men in their tents, under the vast African sky, after a day of killing and maiming. Piles of flattened beer cans litter the camp. They say a sparse, concise goodnight to each other, avoiding eye contact, and head for the bushes to relieve themselves of the beer. What a group.

Undated Entry

Upward Mobility—the tendency to drive to rise from a lower to a higher economic or social class: "Upward Mobility is an unfortunate drive in one who hopes to be an artist," according to Pauline Kael, as quoted in the Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary.

Upward-mobile people, I have found, can be divided into two categories: those who are ashamed of their pasts, so they never talk about them; or those who are ashamed of their pasts, and never shut up about them. James Joyce, of course, falls into the second category. This fascinating group can be further divided into those who are comfortably assimilated into the higher order and thus have a total sense of belonging, as opposed to those who feel exiled both before and after the upward move has been made. I think that Joyce, again, falls into the latter group.

I suppose upwardly-mobile tendencies are unfortunate in budding artists because they are so damned difficult to explain to the folks back home. I can imagine the senior Mr. Joyce's confusion upon receiving a letter from his son, James.

Journal Entries

Dear Dad,

I am living in poverty here in Trieste with my common-law wife, Nora. She is an uneducated Galway girl with no interest in literature. She used to be a chambermaid in Dublin. Now that we have escaped the banality of Ireland, we plan not to get married and to wander around Europe with our future children. I am planning to earn an inadequate living either teaching or doing clerical work. In my spare time, I plan to write great works of literature. No doubt they will be banned by the priests, maybe even the rabbis. I plan to spend 7-17 years on each book, which I suppose to someone like you does not sound like good economic planning.

I have had some problems with my drinking, but you can understand why I need to forget my troubles. However, if my eye sight stops deteriorating, I should live my life on a social, intellectual, and economic plane far above you and Mom.

Sincerely,
James

Evaluation: All of Ms. Ruedi's journals show a thorough knowledge of the subject, a keen wit, and a highly-original approach to the assignment.

The Waiting Line

by *Mary Ellen Scialabba*
 Course: English 101
 Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:
*Carefully observe an experience which
 leads you to a discovery.*

While most people are at home sleeping, safe and warm in their beds, I am scrunched fatally on a lawn chair, shrouded in a down comforter, in front of Harper College's Building A. It is 4:30 in the morning. I am sitting here at this hour to try and obtain an appointment card for spring class registration one week from now, November 8, 1993. The Biology 160 class at Harper, the main reason for this insane venture, is offered at only one time, with limited seating and has been rumored to fill up quickly; so it is with a sleep-deprived body and a bad attitude that I have come here today.

This view of Harper's campus in the predawn hours of morning offers an entirely new perspective on education for me. In fact, if anyone had tried to tell me seventeen years ago at dear old Conant High School that I would one day be out at this time of the morning in twenty-two degree weather

for a class, I would have asked them what they were smoking. Nevertheless, here I huddle, frozen to my lawn chair, my mind and body frozen into wakefulness by the cold air.

A three quarter moon, masked by a veil of clouds, lurks somewhere in the early morning sky, offering virtually no light to cast any shadows on the college campus. The parking lot and any structure or being beyond one hundred feet of where I sit escape from sight in the dark. The darkness along with the lingering ghostly atmosphere of Halloween sends chills up my already chilled spine.

I am planted fifteen feet or so from the doors to Building A. Immediately to my right, closer to the building, are two women, Kathy and Barbara, who I met earlier in the semester in my chemistry class. We have much in common and have become friends. They each are mothers of three children, two girls and one boy, as am I. We all are in our thirties and have reached a point in our lives where we feel the need to move beyond the trappings of motherhood and homemaker and carve our own niches in life. Our most common thread is the hope of becoming nurses one day.

To Barbara's right is a dental hygiene student who arrived at 1:30 a.m. to claim the honor of being first in line. Like the image of an inner city homeless person, she is wrapped snugly in her blanket and sits with her back against the building's cold brick wall. She studies her note cards by the glare of a flashlight.

We are all four cloaked in some type of blanket and are wearing the necessary layers of clothing to help ward off the effects of the frigid weather. Kathy and I have come equipped with hand warmers and our thermoses are filled with hot coffee and cocoa. We sip our provisions slowly, knowing that the only facilities available are housed within the walls of Building A and at least an hour away from our disposal. We are prepared for our wait.

The line consisted of the four of us from 3:00 to 4:30 a.m., and now at 4:30, about forty more people have joined us. The line has become a long, thick, ever-lengthening snake, whose dark pattern ripples

with every breath and movement of its participants. Most of the people in the line I have seen at one time or another on the campus—nameless faces hurrying off to a class or leisurely chatting in the cafeteria. One of those people is Barbara's tall friend, Joan. She has made her way through most of the pre-clinical nursing requirements and needs only one or two more classes before starting the clinical portion of her nursing instruction. Throughout this semester, Joan has kept Barbara well informed about the content of various classes as well as some interesting instructor character traits which have come in handy. Barbara has passed the "scoop" on to Kathy and me many times.

There are also faces that are not familiar, such as the woman whose place in line is right after me. She is not dressed for the long cold wait, as we are, but is wearing a long, black leather coat and matching high heeled boots. Her hatless head sports a punk hair style that is blonde in the front and brunette in the back. She passes the time by chain smoking, sending swirling white clouds into the air with every exhalation. She endlessly paces the length of pavement between the doors and the front end of Building A to keep her unblanketed body warm. Barbara, Kathy and I have come to regard her as a line-cutter, thanks to a whispered account of last semester's appointment card wait, as told to us by the dental hygiene student. We eye the leather-clad stranger suspiciously as she paces past us.

Overall, the atmosphere is generally pretty friendly though. Throughout the line many people are engaged in lively conversation and all agree, in very colorful language, that this system of registration is in desperate need of change. There is, however, a low level of tension in the air which reveals itself in different ways. One of these is the way Barbara walks down the line and talks with several people she knows and a few that she does not. She is careful to come back every few minutes to make sure that her much-coveted place as third in line is not lost, for she feels she has earned that place through much effort and is not about to forfeit it to

some less-deserving individual. A rumor is spreading through the line that we may have to repeat this scene again next week; each of us may again be fighting the cold, the clock, and each other for an early spot when we register for our classes on November 8. The thought of doing this again is too much for my weary, frozen thoughts to bear, and so I quickly swat the nagging thought away for now. I rise from my perch to stretch my limbs and take a walk down the length of the line.

Scattered throughout the line are slumbering bodies in sleeping bags, their lumpy forms seemingly unaware of the temperature or the noise around them. A boom box belts out the sound of rock and roll music from somewhere near the middle. I am reminded of an earlier time, as a teenager, when I camped out in front of a store in the early morning waiting for concert tickets to go on sale. During my trip down memory lane, I cannot help but marvel at the irony of the two scenes.

We wait another hour and a half before the light of daybreak begins to present itself. Several card games are underway throughout the line. The players look bored or perhaps distracted as they mechanically play their dealt hands. The line, which by this time has extended itself into the parking lot, has become more rigid now. There are still the lively conversations mingled with rock music but the people no longer stray from their position in line. Most of the sleepers are awake and upright, anxiously awaiting some signal from the front of the line that the building doors are opening. The card games, the conversations, the music and the waiting go on forever it seems. When the doors do open, at 6:00 a.m., conversations are halted mid-sentence, belongings are hastily gathered up, and everyone's attention is focused on keeping their place in line during the movement toward the building. The crowd is led into the building by a security guard, who looks tired and bored by the whole scenario, as if he has seen it many times before. We file down to the cafeteria and reposition our line there, weaving in and out of roped aisles. Everyone once again settles in for yet another wait and her turn to finally

accomplish what she came for.

I look around at the faces, able to see them better in the fluorescent light and their closer proximity. I notice a woman I had not seen earlier outside and I am amazed to see that she has a small child with her. He is clad in a blanket sleeper and is curled up in his mother's lap, looking as if he has just awoken. My first feeling is one of near shock that she had a small child outside in the cold all that time. My shock quickly turns to anger at Harper for forcing this woman to make the choice of either pulling her young child from his warm, protected slumber in order for her to obtain an early registration appointment, or letting him sleep peacefully and run the risk of her not getting into the class she needs. At the same time, I cannot help but feel admiration for her determination in the pursuit of her goals.

As I continue to study the rest of the faces, I begin to see them all in an entirely new light. I see us as allies of sorts, doing battle with the "system" while abiding by the very rules it sets before us. Will my allies remember the line this morning as I do? Will their bodies shiver as does mine when they think of it? Will they remember the tension that buzzed through the line like the low hum of a high voltage power line?—Or will they perhaps remember a certain warmth born of some vague unity we felt in overcoming the elements in quest of our goals. This is a tough bunch of people. We are intent on our goal and are ready to do what is necessary to achieve it, even if it means enduring the torture of the cold enemy to do so.

Evaluation: *Vivid imagery reveals an unexpected view of Harper's campus and an experience that illuminates the writer's determination.*

Journal Entries

by Jody Shipka

Course: Literature 115—Introduction to Fiction
Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:

*In a journal, respond to specific, assigned prompts.
(See specific prompts which accompany
specific journal entries.)*

Journal One

What is your reaction to the first day of class?

January 20, 1994

I don't remember literature classes being like this. True, it seems the typical math class has grown to this size in recent semesters, but the literature classes have somehow remained small. This is what I am thinking as I walk into the room this first day.

The room is filled. Students filling the rows and lining the walls. Only one small chair left unoccupied, save that of the teacher's. A sea of students is what we are, and I don't like learning this way. And then there is the aggravation of not being able to see the chalkboard (not having been one of those who arrived first and were able to secure a decent seat) and the added fear that, with a class so large, one might never have a chance to share her thoughts or to ask her questions. Is this really Harper?

The teacher has not arrived yet, and this one small hope grows: perhaps he will be so tough, his syllabus so rigorous, that everyone, save myself and twenty or twenty-five others, will drop after this first class.

Harper has changed. This is what I think as I sit here, in the crummiest seat in the room, two or three feet from the blackboard. Perhaps it won't be so bad, after all, to move on. So often I had wondered how I would adjust to a (larger) four year college. For surely, I have been spoiled by the quality of Harper's classes and the individualized attention I had been used to receiving.

Sitting here though, I don't feel so lucky anymore. Tuition just went up and it seems the class-size followed suit. The truth is, I am anxious about learning this way. If I don't participate in my learning, I know I will grow bored, restless. The teacher arrives and my jaw starts to ache the way it always does when I get tense. He is making the class promise to be far too interesting for me to hope that even a third of the class might decide to drop.

Journal Two

After considering Poe's short story,
"The Cast of Amontillado," do you feel that
Montresor successfully took his revenge upon
Fortunato? Why or why not?

January 23, 1994

On a literal, factual level, I do believe that Montresor did take his revenge on Fortunato. If we are to assume that the narrator (Montresor) is credible in his retelling of the event, then he (Montresor) successfully accomplished what he had planned to do.

At the open of the story, the narrator vows to take his revenge without allowing Fortunato to know of his great anger: "It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued...to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation" (484).

Fortunato did not sense the danger he was in when he followed Montresor to the cellar. This might be explained in one of two ways. Perhaps the only reason Fortunato was such a willing victim was because he was drunk: "He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication" (486). Or perhaps Montresor was, as he would like the reader to indeed, so clever, so smooth, that he would have been able to successfully deceive his victim, drunk or not, by way of his constant demonstrations of good will—with his repeated warnings that the cellar was much too damp not to be a health risk.

Again, and I must stress this—if we are to rely solely on the narrator's account of things, he was ultimately able to lure Fortunato into the niche, chain him there, and build the wall around him. The fact that Montresor was able to both trick and trap his victim leads me to believe that he did, in fact, obtain his revenge.

I have prefaced a lot of my comments with the words *if we are to trust the narrator*, and I say this

because I do not believe that his was an objective, or for that matter, sane, point of view.

At times, I got the sense that this was all his fantasy. At times, I wondered if everything he claimed had happened really did.

So, it seems that in order to finally determine whether or not the revenge successfully took place, one would have to determine first if the narrator is telling the truth completely, not telling the truth at all, or if he is only telling us partial truths.

For the reasons I will mention below, I have the tendency not to find the narrator's account of things truthful:

The story opens with the narrator's vague statement, "The *thousand of injuries* of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon *insult*, I vowed revenge." It was not clear to me at this point, not was it ever made clear to me, what that terrible insult was which had Montresor so angry. Here and there, the reader might be offered a few sparse clues, like the one found on 486 when Montresor says to Fortunato, "You are rich, respected, admitted, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter." Additionally, Montresor often makes comments that have to do with Fortunato's wealth: his "rich" laugh (489); and the Italian's ability to "practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires" (485); all of which leads me to wonder if the insult might have had something to do with Fortunato's attempt (or success) at trying to swindle him.

Yet the absence of mention of a specific insult encourages me to believe that Montresor might have been angry over nothing. Could it be the case that the thing he was so angry about might have been only imagined or at best, greatly exaggerated?

Secondly, the narrator's only description of Fortunato is of a man wearing a cone shaped hat and bells, and a colorful "tight fitting parti-striped dress" (485). While his outfit can be accounted for literally by the fact that the story takes place during the carnival season, I wondered if he was dressed as a dupe, as the idiot clown, only because he was seen

by the distorted mind of Montresor.

Lastly, and most importantly, I strongly questioned the narrator's reliability when, at the end of the story, he begins to hear the cries and moans in the cellar. Truthfully, I wondered who was *really* screaming. Montresor claims that the cries were not of a drunken man, yet we know that his victim was, in fact, drunk. Could there have been two men screaming in the cellar? Before Montresor places the final stone in the wall he hears a low laugh which he says, "erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato" (489). Could this voice that sounded so unlike Fortunato's have been Montresor's own?

Again, the details, taken on the most literal level, appear to support the position that Montresor successfully exacted revenge on Fortunato. He never let on about his anger, and he did bury him in the wall. But on a deeper, more psychological level, one might be wise to question those things which the narrator tells us and ask, *did his revenge drive him out of his mind?* For in his own words, "a wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser" (484). If one believes that a sane and truthful man is telling the story then, yes, the revenge was a success. But if one believes that the revenge functioned only to drive the narrator out of his mind (and thus, harm was suffered him) then one must admit that the revenge ultimately failed.

Journal Three

Can "Ordeal By Cheque" by Wether Grue be considered fiction?

January 20, 1994

I have begun my response to this question three times. Each time I write a line, I change my response. At first, I thought, "No, this is certainly not fiction! To label this as fiction is to mistake a pile of trees and nails for a house!" Then, I would think about this and I would think, "Well, maybe it is fiction. It tells a story, there is a sequence of events, the class responded to it strongly with many diverse interpretations—therefore—yes! Yes, it must be fiction after all! And then I go back to thinking I am, again, mistaken.

Bones. Bones. That is what I think this is. Slippery thing! I feel as though Grue gave us bones and from those thin bones we had to decide for ourselves what the complete person once looked like. *We* made the shape, and *we* gave the eyes their color. *We*, not Grue, seemed to be supplying the real narrative. So, again, I ask: Is this fiction? Is this what I have come to identify as that? The class was wild! Each of us so affected: deducing this, supporting that, constructing motives, alibis—the discussion seemed to go on and on. And Grue only gave us the bones.

When I was handed this piece, the first thing I thought was, "You can do this!" (a light going on). And then the second thing I thought was, "Wow, I wish I could witness this sort of involvement after someone has read something of mine." The last thing I thought was, "Hey, could *I* do this?"

But this can't be *fiction!* (This is what I'm back to again.) We didn't have enough. We didn't know who Tony or Flossie or the others were. But then again, we were so involved! We were frustrated—each of us wanting to convince the others that our interpretation was the right one. Could this be fiction after all?

But can point of view be supplied only by a series of cheques? I suppose that the cheques might have served the same purpose as a fly on the wall point of view.... Perhaps my frustration has to do with my need to group, to sort—to say, “this is this and since this is nothing like this, it must be that.” I have not been shown that this sort of thing can be considered fiction, therefore, to my mind, I must not allow it to be.

Does this piece supply us with characterization? Do we ever once see Sr. or Jr. go through any changes? Can I say that I really know anything about them other than that they are rich? That they were born; that they die? And are these things enough? Oh Grue, slippery one, with your bones, only with your bones and your shadows and nothing more. For the life of me I can’t do it. I cannot decide whether to put this piece into the box I call fiction or in the box I call something-other-than-fiction!

Again, I make the same argument on the basis of conflict. (Meanwhile, I fly through the various levels of reading—back and forth—back and forth.) Do I perceive a clash of forces? No. I don’t think I do. (This is a puzzle, and I can’t make all the pieces fit in the way I have been trained to!)

Am I given examples of cause and effect? Or am I only supplying, imagining, them? Sr. buys a car. Sr. pays for car repairs a few days later. Sure, this seems to be an example of cause and effect, but then there are those other ambiguous cheques, like those made out of Flossie, to Daisy and to Tony. What of those? Like a puzzle, I am lost and there is no clue to help me figure out who these people are and what effect they have (or have not) on the father or the son.

Unity? Is there a singleness of time or place or action that focuses a reader’s attention? Is that quality here? My attention was focused, but when I think of unity, I think of reading about someone washing dishes or walking up a flight of stairs and coming to some understanding. (This piece won’t fit.)

I want to say, finally, that this is fiction because I saw the effect that it had on the class and because it made us want to know what happened. The effect this piece had on me was the effect good fiction always has on me. On the other, ever-present hand, it is hard for me to call this fiction, because I don’t feel the characters were very developed, and I can’t shake the idea that it was us, each of us, and not Grue, who were giving the bones their real meat.

I think about my own checkbook now, Mr. Grue, and I imagine the stories it could tell. Is this fiction, is this paper fiction? Or does it only become so once photocopied and passed about to a room full of curious strangers?

Journal Six

With regard to the stories,
“The Jilting of Granny Weatherall,” by Katherine Anne Porter, and *“Miss Brill,”* by Katherine Mansfield, do you feel that either woman should be held responsible for what happened to her in the end? Why or why not?

January 31, 1994

Miss Brill and Granny Weatherall are both characters who have avoided certain aspects of their own reality and are forced, eventually, and however painfully, to confront their own “truths.” While Brill suffered from the inability to see her physical self as it appeared to others, Weatherall suffered from having, long ago, blocked and denied her life’s great passion. Comparing the situations of the two women, there is no question in my mind, that Weatherall suffered the most as she confronted her truth.

If one were able to gather together every person who now lives (or who has ever been content to live) in a world devoid of reality, it seems to me that all these people could generally be split into two groups: Those who should know better and those who truly don’t. There are those who can survive safely wrapped inside their ignorance, and then there are those whom one expects much more

from. I expected more from Weatherall than I ever did from Brill.

Comparing the two, Weatherall seems the more complex, more real character. Brill, in contrast to Granny, seems more the caricature—artificial, shallow, foolish, pitiable.

This is not to say that Brill deserved the pain she found at the story's end. It's hard not to feel for her, for her embarrassment. But I don't think she could have been any other way. She lives, almost completely, in a private world, and of her own making. Inside that isolation, her mind was free to devise its own truth. Left alone, she might have always saw herself as young and beautiful. Weatherall, on the other hand, "should have known better." There were times her reality surfaced, but she pushed it quickly away.

I will hesitate to say that Brill was a static character, because I do believe that her experience—her awakening—was a dynamic one. Yet, I am not convinced that she was changed by it. I got the sense that Brill would bounce back. Let alone, she would dream herself young and desirable and stylish once more. Some will argue that because the story ends the way it does, she had been radically and forever changed. I don't agree. I suspect that Brill might often have had days like the one Mansfield describes. Her very language hints at this: "On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey cake... She hurried home the *almond Sundays* and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way" (91). Unless Brill was constantly made aware of her age, her foolish style, her isolation, etc., I believe she was resilient enough to slip back into the safety of fantasy time and time again.

Weatherall, as I said before, was truly the more tragic character. I felt that she could have experienced a different life (or death, as the case was) if only she had confronted her own truths when (or soon after) they occurred instead of pushing them down and away each time they surfaced. Because she learned to focus so much on the doing of things rather than the thinking about and accepting of things, it seems that she should be held more

responsible for her situation. Each time the truth surfaced, she would busy herself, thus, blocking the emotions with labor. Similarly, by making things neat, by "tucking in the edges orderly" (491), she was able to avoid her real feelings. The extreme importance she places upon hard work is nowhere more evident than where she speaks of seeing her late husband again:

Why he couldn't possibly recognize her. She had fenced in a hundred acres once, digging the post holes herself and clamping the wires with just a negro boy to help. *That* changed a woman. John would be looking for a woman with the peaked Spanish comb in her hair and the painted fan. Diggin posts changed a woman. (492)

Never does she admit that losing George or losing Hapsy could be the event that changed her. She can't see that it was the pain and disappointment of loss, and not the hard work, that brought the Spanish comb from her hair and the playful painted fan from her hand. As she dies, Weatherall thinks only of the losses, finally having to confront them after all effort spent at pushing them away.

Weatherall knows. She touches upon understanding, but as it becomes too real, too messy, she does one of two things: she either rationalizes the pain or she busies herself in order not to have to think about it:

The pillow rose...and pressed against her heart and the memory was being squeezed out... and it would smother her if she tried to hold it...such a green day with no threats in it. But he had not come, just the same... He never harmed me but in that...and what if he did? There was the day...the bright field where everything was planted so carefully in orderly rows...For sixty years she prayed against remembering him...[she] was trying to rest a minute. Wounded vanity...Don't let your wounded vanity get the upper hand of you. Plenty of girls are jilted. (493)

Both Brill and Weatherall have bouts with reality, but, ultimately, I believe it is Weatherall who is

most changed by her experience. I think she was always aware of her deathbed naggings. I think the feelings came up continually on their own, only to be constantly pushed away. I don't think Brill felt bad unless someone else was there to make her feel that way.

Put another way, Brill seemed most able to live her fantasy life when she was alone, whereas Weatherall couldn't. Brill might have survived perfectly, her illusions of self unharmed, if not for the occasional interaction with others, whereas for Weatherall, the truth would surface no matter if she was alone or in the company of others. Again, Weatherall should have known better.

Journal Nineteen 1/2

In this optional journal entry, I wanted to express my frustration at trying to explicate and write about literature.

April 4, 1994

It is so easy to run the risk of rewriting a character, a theme, or a tone of a piece of writing when you attempt to explicate it. Oftentimes, I must stop myself and ask: Does the story, as is, fit my theory or have I allowed myself to change it just enough so that it continues to fit my theory? Many times, I will feel that I am onto something—perhaps, I think, I have picked up on something no one else has: a certain tone, a meaning, a metaphor, and I will begin to write on this, only to find that once I return to the book, the text seems less willing to cooperate with me. I get angry then, impatient and perhaps I take it out on the author of the text: *If only they had been more thorough...*! Yet, I know it is me. In the end, it is I who has not been successful at pulling the whole of it into this neat and perfect round ball; I find the text suddenly changed from what I wanted it—no—what I *needed* it to be. For there always seems to be some stray end here or there, hanging down, after all my effort to shape it, to smooth it. Damn it. Something always gets away. Doesn't fit. Often times, when this happens, I feel

the book has personally let me down; perhaps I even begin to like it a little less.

Optional Journal

Again, I wanted to respond to a short story, Tobias Wolff's "Say Yes."

April 21, 1994

To my mind, there are two sorts of writers. I imagine that each type holds a hand of cards. There are those writers—Carver, T. Wolff, F. O'Connor, Robison—whom, as it seems to me, need only lay down their hand, fanning it out beautifully against the table and say, "Look, here it is." And the cards lie there, just for the reader, and they are beautiful and they are perfect, so perfect, that your eyes stay upon them, admiring their own shape. Then there are the others: Virginia Woolf, Chekov, Camus, Hemingway. These authors too have the cards, yet instead of simply placing the cards down in a fan, they have arranged this one here and this one there, and on and on.

And this is not to say that I consider one sort of writer to be better than the other—rather—it seems that just the act of reading their work is enough. I don't want to understand their strategy; I only want to experience the shape of the "moment" they have written of. They offer this to me, and this is enough. (Ironically, I had always wanted to have the opportunity to discuss Carver's work in a classroom, yet when I found myself in that very position, I became quite hostile at all the teacher had to say about his technique....) You see, I don't want to know how they do it; I only want to read it—to see it—again and again.

As for the other writers, I feel more inclined to ask myself (with regard to their work) both how and why. I feel a certain benefit in discussing their work with others.

And so, as I read "Say Yes" again, I think of these two things: first, as always, I see the bowl. I see the bowl moving between Ann's hands, every now and then, catching the light and offering back a glare, a

Journal Entries

spark, and then its gone. I think of a ring I wear and how sometimes, at just the right moment, perhaps it happens as I am driving, and suddenly the sun hits the ring just the right angle and makes it shine. And I will remember then what had made me want it so badly.

The second thing I think of is the last scene. Ann's husband comes in and hears her in the bathroom, bottles clinking together offering the reader an image, a sound that is, at once, both immediate and arbitrary. The sound is not of her action so much as of her existence. The sound is Ann; it is not the sound of the plot advancing. It is my opinion that almost any sound could have served the purpose, so long as it represents some motion beyond the door.

Evaluation: *Honest, intelligent, speculative reflection characterizes this writer's dialogue with herself.*

A Matter of Time

by Susan Shless

Course: English 102

Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Think about "where you were" both emotionally and intellectually at the beginning of the semester. Examine your situation in the context of entering a literature class.

I have so little time
time just to think.
The light doesn't last
and the air changes its smell,
reminding me of my roles.
Such soft pretty scents
tell me I am a man's woman.
A dirty diaper pail says,
"Mommy, I have needs."
The wonderful aroma of a beef brisket,
covered with onions and mushrooms and
baking in the oven for hours,
Warms my heart to think—
I have family.

I have a thought
but it is quickly trampled on by another
not always mine though—
Picked up on the radio or television
I try to feel what others feel
to think what they might be thinking.

Thoughts are, just as the wind shifts,
Not close enough to grasp;
Not the same, as my eyes gaze about
Changing always, to fit the next scene.
Scenes the future paints for me.
I'll think not what I want now
But instead what fits into—what is to be.

I am hopeful
Open minded, yet I'm anxious
Maybe that
is how the thoughts scatter!
Should I close my eyes?
I can make my thoughts do anything
I can let them take me anywhere.
I need share them with no one.
They're mine!
Not to be violated
not to be tainted
All my own—my thoughts are.

A Matter of Time

I want to read
I need to learn more.
I can cook, I can stitch
My beautiful garden of purple and green
But now to creep
To crawl deep into another's thoughts
To study the nature of this thinking
To see how much he doesn't say
To study and listen to the silence of his words.

How deep can I go?
My thoughts beg to interfere,
opinions waving like neon signs.
I want to tell the author
"I agree" or "Disagree"
No need
He hopes I would.

Evaluation: In this well-crafted and sensitively-written poem, Susan depicts well her daily, emotional, intellectual, and hopeful lives. Her phrasing and use of the familiar are two aspects of this poem I particularly admire.

Purple Revenge

by Carrie Simoneit

Course: Literature 224—Women in Literature
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

This poem is taken from Carrie's final creative project required for the class. For that project she wrote a collection of poetry and short stories inspired by many of the writers whose literary works we read in the course.

When I read "The Centaur," by May Swenson, reprinted in the book, *In Her Own Image*, I was struck by the girl in the poem because I could relate to her perfectly. I immediately recalled when I was a child and was not allowed to do some of the things I longed to do, simply because they were not considered "ladylike." Not only did this poem bring back memories for me, but it also inspired me to write "Purple Revenge," which is about all those times I did the "wrong" things.

Purple Revenge

To go against our mother's wishes
we'd go to the bushes in the backyard
and pick blackberries without our shoes on.
Our bare feet let the ripened color seep
between our toes,
licking every opened pore.
With each squishy step we took
We'd hear her voice,
and the whir of the spanking paddle.
But the hue that our toes would turn
was worth the reproach.
The clouded shades of purple,
bruising up to our ankles
would stay for days,
the paddle's sting would fade in hours.
Revenge is purple and ripe
we'd say as we went to pick blackberries
against our mother's wishes.

Evaluation: *This is a wonderful poem! It not only evokes the sense of the Swenson piece that inspired Carrie, it recreates a world of childlike defiance and innocence. I am impressed with the pacing, the tone, the syntax and the imagery.*

Children and Time

by Sari Sprenger

Course: CCA 101

Instructor: Dr. Carol Neuhauser

Assignment:

Write your philosophy of early childhood education using known theorists. Express your opinion of basic values.

My philosophy of early childhood education revolves around time. In today's society, time is very precious, and people will go to extremes in order to shorten the time it takes to do something. Today's technological advancements are proof of this in that there's a greater demand for products that are easy and save time.

One area where we do not benefit from shortening time is when it comes to families—especially children. Children demand time and rightfully so. They need the time to be raised in a loving, stable environment. Clothing, food, and shelter are just the basics.

Montessori's approach to education consists of age-appropriate material and the belief that it is the

adult's responsibility to take the time to provide it. Montessori goes to an extreme by giving the children great lengths of time to complete a task properly.

Piaget believes that the teacher should take the time to promote thinking by exposing the children to new ideas. The teacher should question the children while being open to their questions. Children learn from experience, and both mental and physical activity are important for their development.

Howard Gardner's theory of different ways of learning sums up most childhood philosophers' and educators' idea that the child should be recognized as an individual. The teacher needs to take the time to assess how each child learns best and be sure to plan a curriculum that focuses on those areas.

Children are the most ultimate commitment. You can back out of anything else by getting a new job, house, or even a divorce. There are exceptions when people do back out of parenthood, and those people probably shouldn't have had children in the first place. Remember, it takes one night to make a baby but a lifetime to be a parent.

Evaluation: What led me to submit Sari's paper was that the content illustrated that values are the foundation of a philosophy of early childhood education. She incorporated major concepts of leading theorists and her values of parental planning, commitment and time.

Remembrance

by Karen Stroehmann

Course: English 101

Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Write a personal experience essay which focuses on an incident which helped you change or grow.

Include much concrete detail.

It was in late winter of 1945 during the early evening hours. The black window shades in the kitchen were already rolled down so the light would not escape. Suddenly, the wailing sounds of the sirens pierced the air. It was all too familiar. Even a small child knew what it meant—another air raid. My mom dropped her mending from her lap, rushed to get our coats and hats, and dressed us in a hurry. She grabbed the shoulder purse which she draped diagonally across her chest, and we were out the door.

The evening air was crisp and cool, and it was pitch-dark outside. All the street lanterns were unlit. Mom held me by one hand and my older sister by the other as we ran down the street toward the underground bomb shelter. Since my short legs could not keep up with Rita's and Mom's steps, I was pulled most of the way. In the distance, I could hear the roar of the approaching fighter planes, and suddenly from somewhere came the sound of an explosion. Was it a giant firecracker? Mom tried to calm us, but I heard fear in her voice too. She ran

even faster now. We reached the railroad underpass; we had just a short distance to go. I prayed silently, "*Lieber Gott, Beschütze uns!*" Then we heard another explosion. This time it was even closer. It lit the sky for a second. Then darkness fell again. We were almost there. As we neared the last street to be crossed, people were rushing from all directions. Finally, we entered the shelter and stumbled down a few stairs through big double doors.

Once inside, we were directed by a tall man in uniform to a back corner. The dim lights, coming from two or three flickering oil lamps hanging on posts, cast huge shadows on the walls and the low hanging ceiling. Mom lifted me up and carried me while my sister clung to her coat. Metal bunk beds lined the back walls of the large room. Not covered by sheets, the mattress material felt rough to the skin. The air was stale and musty, the atmosphere somber and grim. Voices were hushed. We heard only the sound of a crying baby. I can't remember how much time had passed when a sudden rumble brought us all to our feet. People held their breaths as they anxiously waited for something else to happen. But nothing did.

Waiting, waiting, waiting. Time passed slowly. Then came an unexpected announcement from one of the men in uniform: "*Achtung, Achtung! Eine Ansage. Eine Bombe hat das Gebäude nebenan getroffen. Sie müssen alle den Bunker verlassen. Bitte, bleiben Sie ruhig. Keine Panik.*" The news about the burning building next door hit hard. All of a sudden, there was so much noise. People were pushing toward the exit. Everybody wanted to be out first. Mom tried to keep us both close to her. I saw nothing but darkness and felt other people's coats rubbing my cheeks. Mom picked me up again.

Once outside, we were engulfed by suffocating smoke. The air around us glowed, and the sky rained sparks and ashes. In the near distance toward the river, a freight train had caught fire. We were all directed down a street that ran opposite from where we lived. The railroad underpass had been blocked so we could not go home. So we walked. We walked for a long time, I remember. We walked

Remembrance

all the way to my mother's cousin's house where we found shelter for the remainder of the night. We had survived another air raid.

This childhood memory stands apart from others. I was not quite four years old when I learned that the world is not a safe and secure place in which to live. These many years later, as I ponder my protective and sometimes questioning nature, I remember a late winter evening in 1945.

Evaluation; *This narrator's remembered childhood experience understandably added a very serious component to her adult nature.*

Blank Books

by Heather Tollerson

Course: English 101–Honors

Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment:

Respond to Carol Bly's argumentative essay on American education, "Growing Up Expressive."

Use your own experiences and reasoning to illustrate and support your views.

The world is your exercise book,
the pages on which you do your sums.
It is not reality, though you can express reality
there if you wish... You are also free to write nonsense,
or lies, or to tear the pages.

RICHARD BACH, *The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*

A typical scene from my elementary school education...

It is 1985 and I am enduring a fourth-grade science lecture, a supposedly "interactive discussion." The topic is biology (we had covered astronomy and zoology the week before). My teacher has just informed the class that "bio" means life and any "logy" just means the study of something or other. He mentions ecosystems and food chains in a breezy way, as if they were topics on freeway signs being passed at seventy miles per hour. He adds quickly that we couldn't possibly be expected to

understand such *advanced* terms until we reach that nebulous realm he often refers to as "HIGHER EDUCATION," and tells us not to fret.

At this point several children have already caught that highly-contagious educational disease known simply as The Yawns. Shuffling feet confide in the dusty floor, tap quiet rhythms.

He goes on to explain that all life was made up of these tiny, tiny things called cells, and that these cells had all sorts of stuff in them, even *more* tiny than the cells themselves.

A daring girl asks, *without* raising her hand, "Are cells *alive*? I mean, do they like *talk* and stuff?" My teacher responds: "Jill, did I call on you? Is it interruption time? Do you want your name on the board for the *second* day in a row? Of *course* cells don't talk!" He drones through the suppressed giggles, while Jill visibly wilts in her seat, uncomfortable for the rest of the day.

The song bird outside is suddenly noticeable, as is the incessant whirring of the fan. Recess is at 10:30, only thirty-five minutes to go! Boys with footballs hidden on their laps squirm in their seats, hypnotized by the revolutions of the thin red second hand. We stare longingly out the window and wonder how our class hamster must feel, locked up all day, left to contemplate the same view, fleeing everything on his wheel, getting nowhere.

I listen idly and become fascinated by the idea of a minute world, just as I am staggered by the immensity of the universe. I had just finished a book by Madeline L'Engle called *A Wrinkle in Time*, so I knew a great deal more than what he was revealing about cells, but I do have a question, and in the fall he *had* told the class that he encouraged questions, so I raise my hand (I wasn't about to get on his bad side). He nods in my direction and I say, "About the stuff inside the cell—I know there are these things called mitochondria and that they are 'The Power Houses of The Cell,' but I don't get that. What do they run on?"

Palpable silence...papers are rearranged. The fan is noisy now.

He stares at me for a moment, then says icily, “See me after class, Heather. I’m tired of you trying to confuse the rest of the class. We’ll have to arrange a conference.” My stomach twists, and I want to cry, but don’t. I put my head down. He snaps, “Sit up.”

Now he’s telling us to get our math books out; it’s time for some exercises.

At birth, a child’s mind is a blank book: empty pages yearning to be filled. Every day another line is written, sometimes an entire chapter, and revision of the text is nearly impossible. From the first moments of self awareness, our society instructs its children in the futility of philosophy, the insanity of abstract ideas. By the time they enter school, most children have a good idea what will be expected of them, and they all want to be accepted. They will struggle to stay in the lines, never color the sky green or the earth purple, and only talk about things that other children talk about. They will learn some nice, abridged, *explainable* history. They will learn how to add two and two, and how to form these symbols for sounds into words, sentences, and paragraphs. They will not, however, learn to form educated opinions, to question the painful and joyous realities of life, to revel in wonder, or to search for truth.

A stimulating education is vital to the intellectual and spiritual development of all children. Carol Bly, in her essay “Growing Up Expressive,” talks in depth about the results of an ordinary public school education. It trains people to be problem solvers, “however, not mystics” (201). It teaches people to ignore anything that does not appear to have an immediate solution, narrowly focusing only on short-term solvable problems. In short, it creates a society of simpletons: “One feeds the small ego confidence by setting before it dozens and dozens of very simple situations” (Bly 202). The average education teaches the value of local government, and that being a good citizen means nothing more than staying “in cheerful places, devot[ing] some time to local government and civic work, and

‘win[ning] the little ones’ (Bly 202–203). Our sixth-grade teachers encourage children to learn the inner workings of their township or county, where the most volatile issues they may confront are property taxes and dress codes, while steering “all interest in national and international government to one side” (Bly 202). There are no immediate solutions for famines in Africa, or plagues in India, but are these issues unworthy of consideration? Shouldn’t children be taught the value of human life? Because there are no easy explanations, should children be sheltered from them? Shouldn’t every child know the atrocities of The Holocaust? Yes, it’s true we have conflicting theories and no proof as to the origin of time and space, but doesn’t that make for fascinating discussion? Shouldn’t children be aware of the immensity of the universe: “Love, death, the cruelty of power and time’s curve past the stars are what children want to look at” (Bly 201), and it’s most certainly what they *deserve* to be exposed to.

Bly makes a strong case for encouraging creativity in children’s school work, specifically art and writing. A child whose art depicts violence or negativity is usually given a queer expression and some intentionally positive remark having nothing to do with the theme of their piece. Then the child next to the expressive one, with the neat, predictable drawing of a house with a tree and one flower is rewarded with smiles and genuine approval; nothing in that drawing is threatening to the establishment. Children’s writing is constantly used as a way of teaching grammar, instead of a way to make “imaginative inquir[ies]” (Bly 205). A teacher quickly kills any interest a student may have in writing by constantly criticizing his or her spelling, syntax, adjective agreement, and verb conjugation: “An English teacher can spend every class hour on adjectives used as adverbs: it is meat and potatoes to a nag” (Bly 204). The child is graded on his or her knowledge of standard English convention, not the content, never the theme. No one cares if it is exciting or moving, no one looks for the idea the child is trying to express: “Now if this happens every time a child hands in fiction or a poem, the child will

realize by the time he [or she] reaches twelfth grade that meaning or feelings are not worth anything, that ‘mechanics’ (note the term) are all that matter” (Bly 204).

Problem solving is not, of course, an evil—it is a necessity. The obstacle comes in trying to find the center of balance, the way to cultivate both areas of potential in the human mind and spirit: “So our difficulty, in trying to educate adults so they will be balanced but enthusiastic, is to keep both streams going—the problem solving, which seems to be the mental genius of our species, and the fearless contemplation of gigantic things, the spiritual genius of our species” (Bly 202).

We should, as a society, strive for the kind of education that does not leave children yawning in their seats and feeling depressed. Our children need a lively, interactive education—one that will not squash their childhood wonder, but refine it with logic and love. We need to give them a yearning to make things right in the world, a universal compassion for all people. All questions should be answered, regardless of the level, and no truths withheld, for “children are going to lay their wild stuff in front of adults (hoping for comment of some kind, praise if possible) until the sands of life are run, so we had better try to be good at responding to them. And unless we want to raise drones suitable only for conveyor-belt shifts, we had better be at least half as enthusiastic as when they tell us, Mama, I got the mowing finished” (Bly 206).

Works Cited

Bly, Carol. “Growing Up Expressive” *Eight Modern Essayists*. Ed. William Smart. New York: St. Martin’s 1990. 201-208

Evaluation: A lively incident brings to life the author’s plea for educating the whole person. The language sparkles. The voice rings with sincerity and passion.

Questions of the Child: A Response to William Blake's "The Tiger"

by Robert Caleb Tomanek
Course: English 102—Honors
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:

Write a creative response to William Blake's "The Lamb" and "The Tiger" in which you express feelings and ideas the poetry has conveyed to you. (Rob has written a questioning prayer in imitation of the prayers in the two poems.)

How could You, my Good Father, how could you make me a brother to the Tiger? How could it be, my wise, Good Father? How could it be that the Lamb is brother to the Tiger? Since everything was made by You, and since the Lamb and the Tiger and I are Your children, wouldn't that mean that the Lamb and the Tiger are my brothers? Why did You make me a brother to the Tiger? Why did You make me a brother to the Lamb? Did I do something wonderful to be in the family of the Lamb? Did I do something horrible to be related to the Tiger? Tell me please, my Good Father, because I need to know!

And if I am a brother to the Tiger and the Lamb, will I grow up to be like the Tiger or the Lamb? Will I grow up to be kind and gentle, as is the Gentlest Lamb I know? Will I help others, will I never do bad things, and will I be a friend to everyone I meet? Or will I be cunning and cruel, as is the Great Tiger whom I fear? Will I take whatever I want, without remorse for those I hurt? Will I cause such pain that my name will be the same as the name of the Tiger? Or, someday, will I grow up to be like the Lamb and the Tiger? Will I be as kind as the Lamb, but at the same time, as devious as the Tiger? What will I be like when I am a grown-up?

And how could You, my Good Father? You who made the trees, the green fields, the blue skies; You who made the Lamb. How could You, my Good Father? How could You make the Tiger? How could You make the darkest night? How could You make the fiercest fright? How could You, my Good Father?

From It comes the most dreadful roar. Rows of yellowish-white teeth, pointed like sabers, increase my fear of the Tiger. I don't understand how You, so good, so strong, so wise, You who created the Gentlest Lamb, I don't understand how You could create the Tiger, a Beast of pure dread, a Beast of pure terror. How could You create the Tiger, my Good Father?

Was there some reason that You made the Tiger? Was there some reason that You made the Great Tiger as well as the Gentlest Lamb? Why did You

make something that is just as beautiful as the Lamb but is far more destructive than the Lamb could ever be? It is beautiful in its fiery orange fur and its black stripes, its strength and speed are like nothing else on this world, and its mind is as smart as Your mind, my Good Father, but why did You create Him as a Ferocious Tiger? Why couldn't you have made Him as kind and gentle as his brother, the Lamb?

Perhaps You couldn't have made all that which is good in the world without making that which is harmful to us as well. Perhaps You couldn't have made the day without the night. Perhaps You couldn't have made the trees without the stones. Perhaps You couldn't have made the Lamb without the Tiger. The Tiger is beautiful in its own right, indeed, but how could You, My Good Father, make the ferocious and dreadful Tiger?

Evaluation: Rob's imaginative, insightful prayer explores in rich detail the inscrutable, paradoxal Creator of the Lamb and the Tiger. In so doing, he reveals how well he understands the details and themes of each poem.

Color and the Psyche: The Psychological Use of Color in *Wide Sargasso Sea*

by Amy L. Tomaszewski

Course: Literature 224—Women in Literature
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Explore a point of comparison between two novels we have read. Use secondary sources to expand and build upon your own insights.

Jean Rhys, in her book *Wide Sargasso Sea*, uses color extensively to develop the physical landscape, to describe the culture and the people, and most significantly to define the psychological mindsets of the main characters. Color contrasts, in particular, lead the reader away from the physical and rational boundaries of the written word and into a higher plane of emotional response, be it negative or positive, conscious or unconscious. As Diane Ackerman writes in *Natural History of the Senses*, “color doesn’t occur in the world, but in the mind” (254). The act of seeing is a complicated series of physical transactions: the eye gathers light, an image appears on our retina, but then the brain must interpret this image. Past experiences, present mindset, inherent personality and the context of the image itself determine how we perceive it; when color is involved, more often than not an emotional response is triggered. So it is with us, as readers, and also with the main characters of *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Antoinette and Rochester.

A child learns how to see by distinguishing the contrasts of brightness or darkness, the childhoods of Antoinette and Rochester contrast each other. Antoinette grows up amongst the extravagant color of the West Indies, where the octopus orchid is a “bell-shaped mass of white, mauve, deep purples, wonderful to see” (Rhys 19), the pool is “a bright sparkling green [with] blue and white and striped red [pebbles]” (23), and the blacks call her a “white cockroach” (23) because of her poverty as well as her slave-owning legacy. Strong light—because of the West Indies’ proximity to the equator—intensifies the colors surrounding young Antoinette. This intensity of color parallels the tensions in the culture, especially in the vehement hatred of the blacks toward the former slave-holders and the violent destruction of Coulibri. (Later we see a similar congruity between the vividness of the landscape and the tumultuous honeymoon of Antoinette and Rochester.) The effect this color saturation has on the development of Antoinette’s psyche perhaps leads to her surrender to Rochester at the book’s end. Colors, writes author Clarissa Pinkola Estes in

her book *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, have both a life nature and a death nature (Estes 102). Red, for instance (Antoinette writes her name in “fire-red” [Rhys 53]), is the symbol of competition, desire, and vigor. Yet it can also over-stimulate. Red is also the color of rage, of aggression, and is associated with the planet Mars and thus Ares, the god of war. In contemporary “pop” psychology, moderation is typically the prescribed goal in all things (Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, and Jimi Hendrix being noted dissenters). Indeed, Antoinette was at her happiest when she was at the convent, where everything was “light and dark, sun and shadow” (Rhys 57): brightness and darkness co-exist and balance one another. Over indulgence tends to lead to self-destruction. Similarly, an “overdose” of color might have the same effect:

So what happens to women when their vibrant psychic colors are mushed all together? What happens when you mix scarlet, sapphire, and topaz all together? Artists know. When you stir vibrant colors together, you get a color called mud. Not mud that is fertile, but mud that is sterile, colorless, strangely dead, that does not emit light. When painters make mud on the canvas they must begin all over again. (Estes 251)

Rhys uses extreme color in Part One of *Wide Sargasso Sea* to help portray the landscape in which young Antoinette’s psyche is developed. “Large and beautiful as that garden in the Bible” (Rhys 19) that landscape may be, but as for fertile we find at the conclusion that it is not.

We do not see the childhood of Antoinette’s bridegroom, Rochester, in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, but we do glimpse the contrasts between his culture and Antoinette’s by not only references he makes to his homeland but also his response to hers. “It was all very brightly coloured, very strange, but it meant nothing to me” (76) Rochester describes his first impression of Antoinette’s West Indian culture. The scenery, the dresses and jewelry, and even skin color of the islanders overwhelm him even as the heat affects him physically. “What an extreme

green” (69) he says when he first sees Antoinette’s mountainous island home, and eventually grows to hate this island, and the “sunsets of whatever colour, [and] its beauty and its magic and the secret I would never know” (172). He yearns for the “English summer...so cool, so grey” (164). Interestingly, Antoinette pictures England much the same way, but with a decidedly different emotional response: “Is it true, she said, that England is like a dream? Because one of my friends who married an Englishman wrote and told me so. She said this place London is like a cold, dark dream sometimes. I want to wake up” (80). Rochester also feels that he is in a dream—that Antoinette’s culture is “magic” (172). He is angered by the loss of equilibrium he feels when confronted with extreme cultural differences. One of the most striking examples early in his marriage occurs when Christophine offers him a cup of coffee, which she refers to as “bull’s blood” (85). He is offended and responds by verbally condemning Christophine, not to her face but to Antoinette. Again we picture the color red, in the bull’s blood coffee and in Rochester’s anger, which William Butler Yeats called the color of magic in every country, and indeed was used by Christophine in her role as *obeah*. A few pages later Antoinette warns Rochester about the poisonous ant that “is very small but bright red so you will be able to see it easily if you look” (87). Rochester reacts to the inescapable intensity of color in this new culture defensively, angrily. He is frustrated that the vibrantly colored culture into which he came does not submit to his cool, gray, English rationality. Finally, his discontent is channeled into the destruction of Antoinette, which culminates when Rochester takes her back to England:

England, rosy pink in the geography book map, but on the page opposite the words are closely crowded, heavy looking. Exports, coal, iron, wool...Cool green leaves in the short cool summer. Summer. There are fields of corn like sugar-cane fields, but gold color and not so tall. After summer the trees are bare, then winter and snow. (111)

He wins in the game of color psychology. Rochester forces Antoinette to submit to his cool, logical—and gray—mental (and later, when they return to England, physical) landscape, thereby driving her to madness.

The distinctly discordant color backgrounds of Antoinette and Rochester—which differ not only physically, but emotionally, historically, and culturally as well—do not necessarily mandate an inharmonious future together. However, in both characters we find an emotional immaturity in their responses to these varying “colors” originating from the lack of color balance in their respective childhoods. Rhys gives Rochester a background of color deprivation. We see this in the cold, gray images of his English homeland, his frigid relationships with his father and brother (“You had no love for me at all” [162]), his coolly rational dismissal of the painted, magical tropic culture. “All the mad conflicting emotions had gone and left me wearied and empty,” he finally remarks, “Sane” (172). His ability to disengage himself from emotion and then complete the destruction of Antoinette’s sanity illustrates his own diseased psyche. In contrast, Antoinette suffers from color saturation. She has seen too much: violent hatred displayed both physically and verbally, the madness of her mother (both are often symbolized by the color red—see above). As Rochester has learned to see but variations of gray, so Antoinette knows only the effulgent and mercurial properties of pigment. She suffers from over-stimulation in this respect, and thus her psyche is weakened to the point of her own madness.

Ironically, while Rochester may have physically “won” a contest of wills between the passion of Antoinette and his own rationality, by taking Antoinette back to the “winter and snow” (111) of England, Antoinette in effect maintains the intensity of her tropic background in her madness (as did her mother perhaps rebel against the analytical Mr. Mason). Rhys exhibits this intensity in Part Three, when Antoinette is wholly mad and hidden in Rochester’s attic, in England. Once again, color

impressions reflect the psychological passion that Antoinette still possesses:

‘Time has no meaning. But something you can touch and hold like my red dress, that has a meaning. Where is it?’

She jerked her head towards the press and the corners of her mouth turned down. As soon as I turned the key I saw it hanging, the color of fire and sunset. The colour of flamboyant flowers. ‘If you are buried under a flamboyant tree,’ I said, ‘your soul is lifted up when it flowers. Everyone wants that.’

She shook her head but she did not move or touch me.

The scent that came from the dress was very faint at first, then it grew stronger. The smell of vetivert and frangipanni, of cinnamon and dust and lime trees when they are flowering. The smell of sun and the smell of the rain. (185)

Here Antoinette’s irrationality—still encompassing images of vibrant color—is juxtaposed against the sane, rational, gray atmosphere in which she is imprisoned. Yes, Rochester has brought Antoinette to England, hidden her in his cold, lonely English attic, and returned to the color-deprived landscape where he feels at home. Nevertheless, Antoinette, through her madness, found a place in her soul where her color-saturated personality can survive her physical surroundings.

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- Ackerman, Diane. *A Natural History of the Senses*. New York: Random House, 1990.
Estes, Clarissa Pinkola. *Women Who Run With the Wolves*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.
Rhys, Jean. *Wide Sargasso Sea*. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1982.

Evaluation: *Amy uses two intriguing and unusual sources to substantiate and broaden her excellent perceptions of color and its effect on character, motivation, and setting.*

Mission Improbable: The First Assignment

by Robert Van Buskirk
Course: Interior Design 105
Instructor: Diane Batzkall

Assignment:
Write a poem, play or song about the trials and tribulations interior designers experience with clients. Perform your creation in class.

Monday night, the call came in,
My first big design job was about to begin.
Finally, with me at wit's end, a client had called;
I trembled as I answered, but I was full of resolve.
My dream job, it seemed, was now to be true,
I was sure an assignment was about to come
through.

All those grueling hours spent learning my craft,
Now but a memory I thought with a laugh.
Oh, the hours I've spent earning a degree
Were now to pay off I imagined with glee.
This call I just knew had to be the one,
That would jump-start my career with a job to be
done.

With anticipation I picked up and listened,
The perspiration on my brow beginning to glisten.
"Yes! I'm here," I shouted into the line,
"I'm here, I'm qualified, and ready to design!"
"Come to my house," said the voice on the
phone,
"Make sure you're not followed, and please come
alone."
"I think out of all you're the designer I can use,
And I have an offer I know you can't refuse."

Did I think it was odd as I climbed in my car to
go,
A voice who knew me, but whom I didn't
know?
All I thought about was getting the work,
And I didn't care if the job had its quirks.
So into my car, and off I sped,
With little dollar signs dancing in my head.

I pulled up in front of a big, lavish home,
Like the one I dreamed someday to own.
I checked the address, and yes, this was the one;
Oh, to redecorate this huge house was going to be
fun.
And when this profitable project had come to an
end,

Mission Impossible: The First Assignment

My first clients were sure to refer me to all their rich friends.

I rang the front doorbell with much trepidation,
"I'm sorry," said the maid, "they're on a vacation."

"But they did leave with me explicit instructions,
On what you're to do and how it should function."

So I followed her as she led the way,
But it wasn't in the house we were going to stay.

Out in the backyard is where the maid took me,
And there I first saw what the job was to be.

Curled on a pillow lay a French poodle, old and fat,

She eyed me suspiciously as though I were a cat.

"You are to build Fifi her dream house," the maid turned to say,

"And for this her owners will handsomely pay."

Did I humbly accept this unusual task?
Or let pride stand in my way? you may want to ask.

I took the money and kept my mouth shut,
And I built a fabulous new house for that darned mutt.

And now I am known to people far and wide,
As the designer who'll design for your pampered canine.

Evaluation: *Robert has written a humorous account of landing one's first design job.*

Bookmark Café Design Concept

by Paula Vicinus

Course: Interior Design 203

Instructor: Diane Batzkall

Assignment:

Create a restaurant design concept and then design the restaurant. Students were given a space in a thirty-story downtown building. It was mixed use: first floor retail and restaurant; middle floors, offices; upper floors, apartments.

Sitting in a big comfortable chair by a roaring fire. Reading in a library with warm-toned paneling, worn leather, and richly fabricked furniture with shelves of wonderful books. I used these two emotional images to aid me in the conceptual process of the *Bookmark Café*.

Located in a hectic financial district, such a café would work well. The later afternoon through evening hours will encourage intellectual business people and their clients, business associates, spouses and friends to come in and relax and unwind in a warm, intimate atmosphere. They may come in for a quick glass of wine and pâté by the fire before going to dinner or the theatre or maybe nestle up with a book from the wall libraries, sip on a cup of flavored coffee or tea, and nibble on homemade pastry. An enjoyable evening may be had by all in ways that will match almost every desire.

To achieve this inviting setting I chose to do a variety of different and interesting spaces within the Café. First, two flueless fireplaces (one is

2-sided) were added for ambiance. The walls have handsome custom built shelves with a large selection of novels, classics, and informative and humorous books. Deep, rich jewel tones were used in the fabrics and wallcoverings. Leather wing chairs sit by the fireplace. Dark grained wood tables and chairs fill the space.

Two very intimate settings were used on each side of the large fireplace. In the three window areas I designed built-in window seats with portable tables to accommodate 2 to 8 in a very comfortable and relaxing setting (one includes a 2nd fireplace). A small bar area is provided for a casual glass of wine while waiting for full service. Tables for 2, 4 or 6 are readily available for customers to take advantage of the chef's small but glorious menu.

The menu will include an array of appetizers, such as baked brie in white wine with french bread, fresh fruit, cheese and cracker tray, various pâtés, crabfilled pastry puffs, just to name a few. Homemade desserts and pastries made fresh daily to finish off the evening soon will be the talk of the town. A simple but elegant menu will complement the surroundings.

All ADA requirements are satisfied; large aisles and handicapped-accessible tables for 2, 4 or 6 will not detract from the whole design concept.

Strategically placed service areas will not disturb the desired atmosphere, but will remain accessible and functional to aid in proper service to the clientele.

After many hours of interviewing the proprietor, I believe all requirements will be met in a very pleasing yet marketable fashion. All who visit the *Bookmark Café* will relax in this warm environment and succumb to good food and drink, feeling themselves in a "home away from home."

Evaluation: The design concept is well developed. One can understand who the clients are, who will visit the restaurant, what they'll eat and what the restaurant looks like. All elements work together.

Broken Dishes

by *Hung-Ling Wan*
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Write a personal experience essay which focuses on an incident which helped you change or grow. Include plenty of concrete detail.

It was a hot, muggy night in June. I was especially tired after working all day inventorying books. I drove down the familiar tree-lined street of single family homes and two-flat apartment buildings. I spotted a space, parked the car, and noticed that the lights were on in the apartment. I was not looking forward to going back to my two-bedroom apartment where the air conditioner had decided to go on strike. "Mom must be home," I thought to myself as I wearily trod up the stairs. I opened the door and was assailed by an engulfing dense heat. Noticing that all the windows were tightly shut, I felt annoyed at my mother for leaving every damned light on in the house.

I could hardly breathe in the room and proceeded to open every single window to let some breeze in. I shut off the excess lights and heard the phone ring loudly.

Annoyed, I answered it. "Yeah?" I asked, none too friendly. I heard a grunt, and it was unmistakably my father.

"Why do you answer your phone with YAK?" he asked me.

"Nothing Dad...just tired," I sighed. I didn't feel like arguing with him again. My father began to speak to me rapidly in Chinese. He told me that he wanted me to go pick up something for him from the bar supply store. As I was talking to him, the corner of my eye caught three large, black garbage bags lined up neatly along the wall.

I told him I would do it even though I did not want to. Saying no to my father was like breaking the ancient Chinese law of being a dutiful daughter.

"Where's your mother?" he asked. "I don't know," I told him.

"Oh" was all he had to say, and he hung up. I looked over at the three bags and began to grow curious. They hadn't been there this morning, I told myself. There was no way that we could accumulate three bags of garbage in one day, unless my mother had decided to go on a cleaning spree, which I highly doubted. Mother hadn't been feeling well lately. She was going through another of her "spells."

I walked over to the bags and opened the first one. It was filled with my mother's black clothes, leather goods, an assortment of make-up bottles, and some torn photographs. Mom's spell was beginning to get worse and I felt anger rising up in me. I opened up the second bag, and to my rage I found it filled with dishes, "my" dishes that I had received as housewarming presents from my best friends. All that was left of my pretty, floral print dishes were shards of broken china along with all the steel utensils we owned. I didn't bother to look in the third bag. I flung open the kitchen cabinets as I stormed into the kitchen. All my mother had left in the cabinets were plastic cups and dishes. As I opened each and every drawer, I grew angrier and angrier at my mother's craziness.

I heard the front door open and knew it was my mother. "MOM!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

She came into the kitchen and looked at me with wide, innocent eyes and her hair all pulled back in a ponytail. She was dressed from head to toe in hot pink. My eyes hurt to look at her. She was clutching her plastic cigarette holder in one hand, a lighter in the other, and she looked like a little child lost with her vacant, fathomless eyes. It was amazing what mental illness could do to a person.

"1..., 2..., 3..., 4...", I began to count mentally, trying to calm myself down. Taking a deep breath, I asked her, "What is the meaning of throwing everything away?"

My body was trembling so hard that I dug my nails into my palms to control it. She looked at me as if I were stupid and walked over to the bags. "I throw away because these things are danger...glass break and cut you make ugly scar, and these fork and knives give cancer!" she said in her broken, Chinese-accented English. I took another deep breath. There was no use in trying to reason with her when she was like this.

"What about the leather clothes, make-up, and pictures?" I asked again. Her eyes widened as if I had said something crazy. She drew out a cigarette and lit it, inhaling deeply as she nervously tugged at her lower lip with her right hand.

"Black no goo! Leather from dead animals, and make-up make you grow old faster," she explained as if it were completely logical. I watched her carefully as she proceeded to make herself a cup of coffee and sugared it liberally. I remembered the doctor had said too much caffeine wasn't good for her, so I made a mental note to buy decaffeinated coffee next time.

"And the pictures," I asked, my voice rising a notch. She just shrugged.

"Ugly pictures," was all she had to say. I looked at her hard.

"Mom, did you take your medicine today?" I asked her as calmly as I could. She turned and gazed me an icy stare.

"I'm not crazy! I don't need take medicine. I think you crazy so you take medicine. You and your father bother me so much!" she spat in a dis-

gusted voice. She turned back to her coffee, lit another cigarette, and ignored me.

I held my tongue. No use in arguing with my mother. It was pointless. Eighteen years of yelling and hysterics didn't help anymore. I sighed, wishing I could just shake her hard to make her realize what was happening to her.

I went to call my father. Dialing, I noticed the deep imprint of my nails that I had dug into my palms.

"Dad?" I asked tentatively,

"How come you're still at home? I told you that I need those things tonight! Right away and I don't have time to go get them myself!" he yelled at me angrily.

"Dad... Mom is sick again; she threw all her things and my dishes in the garbage." I hoped that he would give me advice or a pep talk. I heard his familiar deep sigh and knew right away how stupid I was to think that he would help me deal with my mother.

My father couldn't take her "sickness" anymore, so he had divorced her and started a new family. I felt anger rising against him, and I wanted to shout at him. How unfair it was that I was stuck with all the responsibilities. He was quiet for a while and sighed again, "I'm very busy now. I'll go get the stuff; you stay home and take care of your Mother." He hung up abruptly; in sixteen years he hadn't changed one bit.

I fought back the tears of frustration and bitterness that welled up within me. Sixteen years of crying never helped me. "I have to deal with this," I told myself and sat down. I began to go through the three garbage bags. I took the clothes out one by one, and began to fold them neatly. I fished out torn, jagged pieces of pictures that I would tape back together later. I tried in vain to look for dishes of mine that weren't completely shattered; I came up empty. "Mom would want her things after she was well again," I thought to myself. She would feel silly, ashamed, and guilty of what she had done. She had no idea what was happening to her, so it wasn't her fault really. I couldn't understand why

Broken Dishes

my mother had these problems. All I knew was that when she was well, she was completely fine and normal. Only now and then she would turn into a complete stranger right before my eyes.

I finally figured out that I could never depend on my father for anything. Today was his test. He had failed miserably. As I took out all the other things, I resolved to take Mom to go see the doctor the next morning. I laughed to myself, sharing with no one my private little joke. "Even when sick Mom sure was smart, breaking the dishes before throwing them away so I could not take them back."

Evaluation: *Hung-Ling Wan poignantly reveals the stresses and conflicts of one whose parents are unavailable to her as she moves into adulthood.*

The Secret

by Wei M. Weerts

Course: English as a Second Language
Organizational Skills for Writing
Instructor: Kathy Sicklesteel

Assignment:

Choose a personal event that was painful, terrifying, rewarding, moving, or meaningful for you and write a narrative. Include a thesis statement in which what the event meant to you is clear. Use a distinct context, logical organization, consistent point of view, and well-chosen details.

I never learned how to keep other people's secrets until I was eight. That was when I lived in a crowded apartment building on the outskirts of a large city in northern China about twenty years ago. There were thirty families living on our floor. Each family only had one or two rooms. We had to share one big bathroom and the cooking area. The hallway was crowded like a can of sardines because the families stored some boxes and their bicycles there. In the cooking area, we each had a tiny closet to keep salt, soy sauce and other ingredients for cooking. Because we lived so close to each other, almost everyone knew the other families' stories and secrets. The cooking area was a place to exchange

any information that was happening in our community. In such living conditions, I enjoyed listening and swapping information with anyone who was living on the same floor. For many years, I have thought of one family who lived on my floor. If I saw them today, I would tell them how sorry I am a thousand times over.

This family was called "the paralyzed family," because the father was paralyzed from a car accident ten years before. He could only lie on the bed. His wife was half Chinese and half Japanese. They had two boys. In those years, the only job she could get was as a street cleaner. We all knew that she would not make enough money for the family, but their food was much better than the other families'. All of us could only buy rice once a month with ration coupons, and that rice lasted a week. The next weeks we ate corn flour and brown rice. However, the paralyzed family had rice each day of the month. Everyone wondered how they could do this, but no one knew their secret until one day.

At that time I got the chicken pox, so I stayed at home alone while I was sick. One morning after all the kids went to school and the parents went to work, I was really bored. I tried to find someone to talk with in the cooking area. But what I saw! There, the paralyzed man's wife and a stranger were kissing. From my understanding, I never thought that a mother could kiss a strange man. I was shocked, and I sneaked back to my room. All that morning I was so nervous. I could not read my books and listen to my favorite radio stories. That afternoon a nurse who lived on the same floor came by to see if I was all right. To feel relief, I told her that I had seen a strange thing in the morning. She kept asking me what it was. So I told her the whole story. After she knew what had happened, the nurse just reminded me not to tell the other people. But two days later, I heard the paralyzed man's wife had been sent to a criticism meeting. Then the people found out the man she had kissed was her husband's brother, a rice farmer.

Ten days after the criticism meeting at dinner time, we all heard terrible screaming and crying

The Secret

from the family's room. The wife's department manager had come to their room to tell her not to report to work the next day. The paralyzed man found out the truth about his wife. That night I didn't want to go out of our room, even to the bathroom. I was so frightened that I might meet someone from that poor family. Several days later, the family moved out without telling anyone in the building. Someone said they had moved to a small village.

No matter how long ago this happened, I'll never forget the horrible voices that came from their room during that night. I didn't mean to hurt them by talking about them. But, in fact, I hurt them badly. After that, I have never talked about people behind their backs. When my friends gossip about someone we know, I just keep my mouth shut.

Evaluation: Beginning with her compelling introduction, Wei skillfully relates her childhood story revealing a faraway, and for many of us, an unfamiliar culture. Her narrative clearly shows the painful consequences of sharing her secret.

A Soldier's Journey to Recovery

by Diana Welles
Course: English 102
Instructor: Roy Mottla

Assignment:
Write a literary research paper.

Thesis: Without focusing on the symbolism which pervades Ernest Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River," it is impossible to settle on the author's intended meaning. As a result, interpretation of this story has been the subject of continued controversy since it was first published. A thorough study of the symbolism reveals that the proper interpretation is that Nick is suffering from the emotional effects of his war experience.

- I. "Big Two-Hearted River" has been the subject of many different interpretations.
 - A. For many years, the critics thought it was an uneventful fishing story.
 - B. Malcolm Cowley and Philip Young first suggested that it was about Nick's struggle to deal with war trauma.
- II. What are some of the other interpretations?
 - A. Kenneth Lynn argues that the struggle Nick faces results from a childhood

- wound.
 - B. Robert Lamb and B.J. Smith interpret the story as a metaphor about writing.
 - C. Stephen Miko believes the story is not about anything but the joy of achieving competence in the art of writing.
- III. The opening scene establishes the war background against which the story takes place, and Nick's instability is revealed.
 - A. Seney is burned to the ground, bringing to mind war images.
 - B. The river represents a contrasting stability for Nick.
 - C. Nick, like the trout, is swimming against the current, fighting to keep control of his emotions.
- IV. Nick escapes turmoil, leaving his worried behind him.
 - A. Nick's climb symbolizes his escape.
 - B. His goal is elusive, like the far-off hills.
- V. Nick finds peace of mind among the trees and in his camp.
 - A. The trees are described as "islands."
 - B. The trees that he sleeps and camps among are symbolically resilient jack pines.
 - C. Nick's refuge from his troubles is represented by his camp.
 1. There is security in his "clean, well-lighted" tent.
 2. Light symbolizes the safety of his refuge.
 - D. The coffee-communion with Hopkins gives Nick strength to continue with his journey.
- VI. Nick ventures into his own conscience when he enters the river.
 - A. Nick feels his control threatened when he steps into the river.
 - B. Fishing is a ritual and something sacred.
 1. The fishing ritual is an act of reassuring himself.
 2. Nick reaffirms the sacredness of life.
 - C. Fish are symbols of the life Nick is trying to regain.

- D. Nick nearly suffers a mental collapse when he fights to catch a large trout.
 - 1. He ventures into deeper emotions in deeper currents.
 - 2. He gains experience here, where he learns his limits.
 - 3. Nick's recovery from the trauma is symbolized by his return to fishing.
- VII. The swamp symbolizes those areas of his conscience he is not yet strong enough to explore.
 - A. Nick realizes he is not ready to confront certain aspects of his war experiences.
 - B. Nick delays, for the present, venturing farther down the road to recovery.

On the surface, Ernest Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" simply depicts a young man alone, on a satisfying trout fishing trip in the Michigan wilderness. Nick Adams disembarks from a train at Seney, a small town which he now finds has burned to the ground some time ago. He hikes up into the hills where he makes his camp between two jack pines. There he sets up his tent, cooks dinner and sleeps. The next day, after making breakfast, he trout fishes in the river. He catches, then releases a small fish, then loses a huge trout and finally catches two fish of good size. He avoids fishing in the swamp down the river and returns to camp. On the surface, very little happens in this story, and Nick's thoughts are almost entirely consumed by his immediate activity. Without focusing on the depth of the symbolism which pervades this story, it is impossible to settle on the author's intended meaning. As a result, the interpretation of this story has been the subject of continued controversy since it was first published. A thorough study of the symbolism points to the correct interpretation—that Nick is fighting an internal struggle resulting from his war experience.

During Hemingway's lifetime and since his passing, many critics have put forth varying interpretations of the meaning Hemingway intended for this story. The story was first published in 1925 as the

last in the collection of 15 Nick Adams stories entitled *In Our Time*. For some time, many viewed it as simply a pleasant story about fishing. They interpreted the level of detail about the sport of fishing and the style of writing to reflect the author's fascination for and love of the wilderness and fishing. Malcolm Cowley, in *The Portable Hemingway* (1944), was the first to propose that the story was about the effect of the war on Nick Adams. His "war-wound" thesis explained Nick's mechanical behavior. This interpretation was picked up and more fully developed by Philip Young in his book *Ernest Hemingway* (1952). The interpretation is that Nick is suffering from something akin to what we now call post-traumatic stress syndrome. It is this struggle, psychological in nature, that explains both his behavior and the fact that he engages in little mental activity in the story. Carlos Baker supports this idea as a "probably legitimate guess" (126-7) and analyzes, like Cowley, the ritual inherent in the story.

Since these interpretations were published, several other critics have suggested different meanings in the story. Kenneth Lynn suggests that Hemingway intentionally led Cowley astray on the interpretation through private communications. Hemingway had written to Cowley, explaining that the story was "about a man who was home from the war and that he, the author, was still hurt in that story" (107). In *A Moveable Feast*, published in 1965, he reaffirms his intended meaning. Lynn believes that Nick suffers not from war trauma, but from a troubled relationship with his mother. He doubts that "judging by what can be observed by Nick's behavior, that panic is the feeling that he is fending off" (104). Robert Paul Lamb rejects both the Cowley/Young and the Lynn interpretations, and argues that the story is really about the art of writing. Fishing is a metaphor for writing, he says, and Hemingway and Nick the writer are both struggling to achieve the ideal of their art (178). While B.J. Smith agrees with Lamb's theory, he does not challenge the war-wound theory, but argues that on another metaphoric level "it is also the portrait of

an artist as a young man with no mention of the art in it" (132). Stephen Miko believes that those who uphold the war-wound theory have fallen victim to "the biggest biographical fallacy: filling in what a piece of fiction means....by reference to what you 'know' about its author" (504). He holds that the story is simply an appreciation of professional competence. He writes, "We don't have to be fishermen or psychoanalysts to celebrate with him [Hemingway]" (522). What Miko and the others who reject the war interpretation fail to acknowledge is that the symbolism is too powerful for any interpretation other than the war-wound interpretation.

Nick's fragile state is revealed in the opening scene, a scene full of symbolism which echoes the destruction of war. Nick steps off the train, and the town he expected to find there had been burned to the ground. The surrounding countryside is charred with only stumps where trees had stood. "There was no town, nothing but the rails and the burned over country.... Even the surface had been burned off the ground" (163). This opening scene of utter destruction and desolation conjures up images of a war-torn city. Carlos Baker writes, "One probably legitimate guess on the background of the [opening scene] is that Nick is in fact a returned war-veteran, going fishing for both fun and therapeutic purposes" and that it is "the area of destruction Nick must pass through in order to reach the high rolling pine plain where the exorcism is to take place" (127).

Left alone in the midst of this devastation, Nick immediately seeks the river. This can be interpreted as has been by many critics as a need for reassurance. "The river was there" (163). The river represents to Nick and to the reader a constant in a chaotic, war-torn world created by man. The bridge is also there, and Joseph Flora notes, the fire has not destroyed everything man-made. Nick, he explains, "reaffirms the conviction that started him on this journey; he has to build his life on what is there, not on what is not" (149).

The psychological struggle Nick is suffering

through is symbolized by the trout he sees in the river. Nick looks into the river "and watches the trout keeping themselves steady in the current with wavering fins. As he watches them they change their positions by quick angles, only to hold steady in their fast water again" (163). Nick, like the trout, is struggling to hold himself steady in the current of life. Just as the trout must fight against the current, and the slightest wrong move could cause the trout to lose control of its position, so too must Nick be cautious lest he lose control over his state of mind. Nick's heart tightened when the trout moved, and "He felt all the old feeling" (164). Nick fears the sense of unsteadiness he is feeling. He does not know if he can hold himself mentally intact.

Nick's journey from the burned town to the river symbolizes his search for peace and wholeness. He has come to this place to escape from worry—"he felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs" and he knows that "it could not all be burned" (164). Hemingway has put Seney, a real Michigan town on a flat site, on a hillside which Nick must climb. Nick must carry his heavy pack on a spiritual climb uphill, "up and away from desolation and disappointment" (S. Baker, 157). As Nick climbs higher, his goal is always far off in the distance, symbolized by the "far blue hills...of the height of land" (164). Like his quest for peace of mind, the hills are far away and almost not there. The blue of the hills suggests something heaven-like, a place where all suffering ends. The color is especially notable, given the lack of color throughout the story. It is difficult not to interpret the climb as symbolic of his search for a refuge from the mental devastation he has suffered.

Nick is calm and at peace among the "islands" of pine trees in the hills. These islands symbolize that peace of mind he seeks, for it is where he is able to nap after his long hike, and it is under two jack pine trees that he sets up his camp. These lie between the sinister burned town at the opening of the story, and the swamp at the end of the story which provokes fear in Nick. It seems to be here at camp that

Nick feels safe and secure, a place where he can avoid thinking.

This sense of security continues later among the pines where Nick sets up camp. Interestingly, Hemingway has carefully described the trees not just as pines, but as jack pines. Susan Schmidt brings the meaning of this to light in her study of ecological images in "Big Two-Hearted River." She notes that jack pine is the first type of tree to grow on burned land after a fire has killed all the trees there, the first to grow in the natural process of forest recovery. The forest where Nick naps is clear of under brush and together with the tall trees is evidence of an earlier fire from which the forest has already recovered. This type of renewal is what Nick is seeking. Clearly, Hemingway must have been familiar with forest succession, for to have chosen this particular type of tree to describe a place where Nick finds comfort and peace of mind is too great a coincidence to be accepted as such. In her study, Schmidt notes that Nick's emotional recovery mirrors the stages of forest succession. By the river (Nick's destination both literally and figuratively) the fire scar has disappeared and "the living [deciduous] trees are emblems of his returning vitality" (144).

Nick finds what he was seeking, a degree of inner tranquility, when he has placed some distance between himself and the fire-scarred countryside which reminds one of war-ravaged places. Here he finds a sense of security. This is, Carlos Baker notes, his "clean, well-lighted place" where he can escape disturbing memories not so different from the "nada" theme in Hemingway's other works (125-127). No light is required for him to nap or to sleep at night when he crawls into his "mysterious and home-like" tent. "He was settled. Nothing could touch him ... He was there, in the good place. He was in his home where he had made it" (167). His island-camp is his place of refuge, and the river will test his emotional strength. Symbolism of light and dark is also evident: Inside the tent all is light; outside it is evening.

It is the camp where Nick's mind starts working

at length, but he recalls memories of good times he had on the Black River long ago with his fishing buddy, Hopkins. This is the only memory of the past that he allows himself. The entire coffee-making scene is a symbolic meaning of the scene. It is a communion with the spirit of Hopkins, a friend and type of hero to Nick. The Christian overtones are many, and Stewart sees the coffee-communion as a "means of diverting and stilling his mind; it is also a means of imbibing strength" (196). He argues that the coffee is bitter because Nick decides this communion is "sentimental dependence" (196) and that he cannot be saved this way, but must discover for himself his own salvation. Nick is trying to do this on this trip, but he will not know if he has succeeded until he tests himself on the river. The communion, Stewart argues, does point Nick in the right direction—"toward the self-sufficiency he must strive to attain" (196). Nick's journey is a ritualistic immersion into self and nature, the very creations of God, so it is quite appropriate that Christian allusions appear in this story.

It has been said that Part I sets the stage for the fishing action that takes place in Part II. On a psychological level, Part I establishes Nick's state of mind, and Part II is where he confronts his fears. In Part II, Nick ventures into his own conscience, symbolized by the river. This is what Nick has come for. "He was excited to be near it" (174). He is a man trying to escape the threats of civilization and memories of destructive experiences, but he is at the same time testing himself and his abilities. Sheridan Baker argues that Nick's entering the river is a "venture into...his own past, into other attempts to find and catch things there, an adventure both inviting and fearful" (152). Fishing, as Sheridan Baker notes, becomes ritualistic and symbolizes an attempt to achieve something greater (153).

Nick feels his delicate balance of control threatened when he enters the river. The moment Nick steps into the stream is a powerful done: "He stepped into the stream. It was a shock. His trousers clung tight to his legs. His shoes felt the

gravel. The water was a rising cold shock” (175). It is clear that Nick is not at all comfortable for several reasons. The current is described as “rushing”; until now Nick has been very careful to not rush anything he does, including his thoughts. Every step he has taken is measured action. Flora notes that Nick cannot control events as he had been able to do on his journey here. He cannot go against the current, and when a grasshopper is pulled under water, he is reminded of his vulnerability (168).

The instability of Nick’s mental state and his struggle is revealed by the events which occur in the river. It is evident that there is much more going on here than just fishing. As throughout the story, there is a sense of ritual in this scene. It was Malcolm Cowley, Carols Baker notes, who first suggested that “the whole fishing expedition... might be regarded as an incantation, a spell to banish evil spirits” (126). Baker himself suggest that “the whole of the fishing is conducted according to the ritualistic codes of fair play” (126). Nick is careful to wet his hands before touching the small trout he first catches, so that he does not damage the fish’s protective coating. Flora points out that Nick’s reference to seeing countless dead fish is symbolic of the horrors he has witnessed in the War, and he reaffirms the sacredness of life with his careful treatment of the fish (169).

Nicks’ attempts to hook the trout signal a greater battle for control. The fish themselves are symbols here, a role they frequently play in many types of literature. Hemingway describes the trout and fishing rod as always full of life. It is a “now living rod” (175); “the rod came alive” (176); “the rod bending alive,...pumping alive,...the big trout, alive” (178). Schmidt notes that fish have symbolized life, all the way back to ancient folk tales. They represent a gift, a wish, or wisdom, which they may grant a fisherman by allowing themselves to be caught. She quotes Jessie Weston in *From Ritual to Romance*, who links the “healing power of fish with the deities who ‘lead men back from shadows of death to life’” (144). And, as Carlos Baker notes, when Nick puts a grasshopper on a hook he spits

tobacco juice on it, as if for good luck (126). This underscores the symbolic value of the fish as a gift or a wish.

Nick is struggling to maintain the fragile balance of his emotions but tests himself in the deeper parts of the river. This challenge is symbolized by the fishing in the areas of the river where the current is fast and deep. Nick accepts the challenge when he decides to fish for big trout in the deep parts of the river. Nick’s psychological state at this point is clear: “Now the water deepened up his thighs sharp and coldly. Ahead was the smooth dammed-back flood of water above the logs. The water was smooth and dark; on the left, the lower edge of the meadow; on the right the swamp” (176). His “flood” of emotions is being held in check, just as the deep water is dammed back above the logs. Here, he hooks a huge trout. This is clearly the peak of action in the story, and symbolically, the point where Nick’s emotional state is closest to breaking. Nick feels “the moment when the strain was too great; the hardness to tight...all spring left the line and it became dry and hard. Then it went slack” (177). The challenge of it has been too great, and Nick must rest after this. “He felt vaguely, a little sick” (177). Sheridan Baker suggests that Nick has caught here “a disconcerting idea” (152). Nick has learned the limit to what he can handle. Flora sees the event as “a baptism into experience” (170) suggested by the “water running down his trousers and out of his shoes” (171). Nick needs to slow things down, put things in perspective, and regain control. “He did not want to rush his sensations any” (177). Nick resumes his fishing, and here the symbol of the uprooted elm tree is significant in more than the obvious way. Not only does it symbolize how Nick nearly lost control, was nearly uprooted, but it is significant that this is where he chooses to resume fishing on the river bank. Nick has recovered and this moment represents his acceptance of the challenges of the world, according to Flora (172).

Nick realizes that he has come far enough this day in his psychological journey, and he is not yet

prepared to explore the darker areas of his conscience. These areas are symbolized by the swamp. The swamp is described in a clearly ominous manner: "the river narrowed and went into a swamp. The river became smooth and deep...[the swamp] looked solid with cedar trees...You could not crash through" (179-180). Nick immediately feels the need to divert his thoughts: "He wished he had brought something to read...He did not feel like going on into the swamp" (180). Just before the river enters the swamp, there is a big cedar slanted across it, creating a sense of chaos, that things are in disorder. So, too, will be Nick's state of mind if he takes on the greater challenges presented by the swamp. His psychological condition is still too fragile to handle the emotional trauma symbolized by the swamp: "in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic ... Nick did not want it" (180). Carlos Baker suggests that "For now, on his island between sinister [burned ground near Seney] and sinister [swamp], Nick wants to keep his fishing tender and if possible comic" (127). That fishing the swamp would be "a tragic adventure.... There were plenty of days coming when he could fish the swamp" (180) confirms that Nick feels he is on the road to recovery from the trauma he has suffered. But while he will manage successfully, he is well aware that he cannot rush the recovery process (S. Baker, 153). The "exorcism," as Carlos Baker calls it, has taken place, but not completely. Nick must face the swamp on another day.

The greater meaning of this story can, therefore, be deciphered through a close study of the symbolism throughout. Nick's psychological journey takes him from one dark place, symbolized by the burned town, to another symbolic place, the swamp—from devastation to the unknown. But between these two places he is challenged to face the truth that life cannot be fully controlled—that chaos exists in the world. He successfully catches two trout, symbolizing acceptance. Here he has begun the recovery process, but he avoids the swamp until another day. When he accepts the challenge of fishing in the swamp, he will be completing

his journey. The title "Big Two-Hearted River" serves to underscore the symbolism of the story. "The river has two hearts, the active stream and the dark swamp it leads to, the good and the evil. Experience with blackness is good, the ultimate test of worth" (S. Baker, 154). The devastation of the burned town, the Christian allusions, and the powerful symbolism of the river and swamp all support the war-wound interpretation of this story. This is nothing less than a life and death struggle to recover from psychological devastation. Those who would interpret "Big Two-Hearted River" differently fail to understand the depth of its powerful symbolism.

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Evaluation: *Ms. Welles chooses an appropriate subject for her study (Hemingway's symbolism), focuses it carefully, and provides an illuminating commentary on the text. Her research is both selective and extensive, and her paper includes a number of personal interpretations.*

“In Every Task, the Most Important Thing Is the Beginning” (Plato)

by Patty Werber

Course: Introduction to
Early Childhood Education
Instructor: Meenakshi Mohan

Assignment:

*Students were asked to analyze Plato's
comment that in every task beginning is
the most important thing.*

Through the centuries and around the world, philosophers and educators have influenced the shape of the most important part of education, the beginning.

John Locke (1632-1714) theorized the concept of *tabula rasa*, the belief that a child is born with a clean slate upon which experiences are written from the very beginning. Parents, society, education, and the world affect the condition of each child's slate. Locke's theory points to the effect of the environment of learning. He believed that the purpose of education was to make man a reasoning creature.

Over one hundred years ago, Friedrich Wilhelm Froebel's resolution that early education should be pleasant was the beginning of a system of education for young children. He is known to us as the "Father of Kindergarten." Froebel developed the first educational toys, which he termed "gifts." With those gifts, Froebel taught, "Orderly doing leads to orderly thinking."

Maria Montessori (1870-1952) believed that any task could be reduced to a series of small steps, making the first step the most important one. The Montessori concept of believing that education begins at birth, with the early years being the most important, reflects Plato's own words.

Sigmund Freud, Erik Erikson, and Jean Piaget all recognized the importance of the beginning stages of development. They believed that if our needs are not satisfied right from the beginning, the effects stay with us for the rest of our lives.

The theory that made a profound impression on me is that of Albert Bandura. He believed that children acquire most of their social concepts—the rules by which they live—from models whom they observe in the course of daily life, particularly parents, caregivers, teachers, and peers.

Think about it. Each and every one of us carries a significant responsibility every time we have contact with a child, regardless of how slight. Our behavior, good and bad, is being written on their precious and clean slates right from the beginning.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn himself and others. Think about that the next time you demean a child with name calling. History might repeat itself. When you are old, that same child might be doing the name calling, only you will be named.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight. Consider how every act of violence a child experiences in real life and sees on television teaches him to solve problems with his fists instead of his words.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy. The seemingly innocent acts of doing things for a child that he wants to do himself is a form of ridicule. It says, "I can do it better and faster than you can."

If, from the beginning, a child lives with shame, he learns to feel guilty. Guilt kills. Perhaps it should be a crime to punish a bed wetter, or to tell a child it's bad to get dirty when playing.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient. Patience is a powerful resource.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence. Each time a child is allowed to initiate his own actions, he experiences success. Success builds self-esteem.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with fairness, he learns justice. He learns justice for all.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with security, he learns to have faith. His faith will grow in hope, charity, and love.

If, from the beginning, a child lives with acceptance and friendship, he learns to find love in the world. To be loved and accepted is a basic need that no amount of air, water, food, shelter, or clothing could supply. Every child learns how to love and be loved from the very beginning of life. Children learn it by what they live.

There is a song about a young son who came to his father and said, "Dad, I want to be just like you." The father prays a song, singing, "Lord, I want to be just like you, because he wants to be just like me." The father clearly understands how children learn.

Evaluation: Early childhood is an important period in a person's life. If a child has a happy beginning, he or she would have a happy fulfilling life. Patty has justified this concept by bringing in the philosophies of different educators.

What Is Good Writing? The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

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.

Julie Fleenor

I want to hear the writer's voice. I like vivid writing which convinces me that beneath syntax, semicolons, and transitions beats a heart and that this heart is connected to a brain which thinks. I want to see the writer wrestling with thinking and writing. I want to see discovery. Can every writer do this? Yes. Will every writer do this? Maybe. But when good writing does occur, it is an incarnation wonderful to behold.

Barbara Hickey

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

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.

Joseph Sternberg

I like writing shaped for a specific audience and powered by a well-delineated persona. I like economical writing. I like writing infused with fresh, vivid words and graceful sentences. I like details and clear purpose.

Harper Students on Writing

Emily Adams

I was always afraid of the writing process until I took the English classes at Harper. I have learned to relax and just let my thoughts flow onto the paper. Since my writing was a research assignment for a psychology course and I was personally interested in the subject, I used the skills I learned and my eagerness to learn more about my subject to make my paper understandable and interesting.

Mario Bartoletti

Some advice for writers: The adverb always follows the verb, never ever use two repetitive redundancies twice, and invariably eschew obfuscation. Remember, it isn't reality that is important, it is how you perceive things, and if you can't say something nice say something surrealistic.

Jennifer Renee Brabec

Writing a nature journal for 16 weeks not only opened up my mind about the beauty of nature I observed around me each week, but opened up my mind more to the sheer beauty of life. Watching, listening, touching the earth and the trees. Feeling a part of it all. Noticing the changes in every tree as summer progressed in to autumn, as autumn progressed to early winter. Each visit led to new discoveries and noticing how some things remain the same. My knowledge grew, not to mention my

awareness, love and respect for nature. Through my writings, I could sit back at home and enjoy the experiences I had and recall the days I was out writing the inspirational entries. Even now, I pull out my nature journal just to relax in the beauty of nature through the beauty of writing.

Liz Carr

Writing is expression and examination and it is precious. I value writing because it forces me to analyze my thoughts, and, sometimes, think more deeply. Writing allows me to organize my ideas and experiences in a tangible, retrievable form. It helps me to process and remember and uncover truths that I wouldn't have sought without a pen in my hand and blank paper staring back at me.

Alisa Esposito

Writing has always been a therapeutic process for me. It is a way to clarify thoughts, solidify ideas, answer questions and discover truths and values. My writing is only for myself as it moves onto the paper because I am absorbed in the feeling and the words. However, the polished piece is meant to be related to. I read to learn not facts and information but the wisdom and reflection of the writer. The writer's individual curve and twist is the importance in the work for it throws open a window through which the reader can view the world more clearly.

Tina M. Herman

Because writing is very difficult for me, I become easily distracted. While writing I have found myself on the phone with my mother, staring contemplatively at my hand or cleaning my closet. I have wondered if my writing ritual is somehow necessary for me to get my work done. What a scary thought.

Christine Gernady

When writing an essay, I try to keep a few points in mind. I try to visualize the reader reviewing my essay. Lively words, eye-catching fonts, and an organized report form keep the essay from being dull. I try to use a variety of sources and, to make the essay easy to understand, examples from everyday life.

Joseph L. Hazelton

Writing requires patience. Finding the words that say what you want to say takes time. But when you find those words, there is a sense of victory.

Geoff Kane

I feel revision is the most important aspect to writing well. Nobody can sit down and whip up a perfect paper on the first try (or at least I can't). It is the meticulous act of redrafting that produces a well written paper.

Janice Lee Loster

I'm not a writer. I'm a recorder of thoughts. When I begin to write I look deep inside of myself. I transfer these images on paper and I try to be as truthful as possible. Your work must be honest. My advice to people who want to write can be taken from a gym shoe ad: "Just do it." Write. I used to think that I had nothing to say, but once I start writing I can't stop. Write. You will discover a rewarding, satisfying, creative process of expression that is unique. It is an expression of you. Write.

Elise Muehlhausen

Words have always been a part of me. My first passionate love was, and still is, reading. Writing is my secret love. I have always written, but no one ever knew. My composition class gave me an opportunity to try my years of private expression on someone else's ears.

Brian Ozog

I believe that this piece of writing is very representative of the high standards of learning that Dr. Hickey promotes in her classroom. By urging students to go beyond the obvious, by questioning and exploring not only the work of the authors themselves but to question and explore the feelings and ideas such works induce in the individual student, she makes the responses that you, the reader, see here possible. The lessons and experiences I take from her classroom I will carry with me for life.

Julie Quinlan

Writing is a useful way to describe a process, express a thought, relay an idea, or paint a picture. Everyone has her own style of writing which makes her unique. Using the appropriate verbiage and an easy to follow structure allows for good writing. The writing process is important to me because it is an essential means of communication.

Heidi Ripley

The act of writing is more than just putting pen to paper. It is an escape for the writer's deepest emotions that long to break through the barriers of the spoken word. It is a voice for the soul that demands to be heard. More important, it is a journey for the mind; the paper is the map and the pen is its guide.

Rosemarie Ruedi

I usually begin an assignment by finding a novel approach to the topic. At the moment I am studying Emily Dickinson, who is known for her tenacious virginity as well as her poetry. I might title my journal entry, "Sexual Innuendoes in the Poetry of Emily Dickinson." I would then make a list of possibilities, starting with her rather suggestive last name. Reading through her poems, I would make a list of marginally naughty first lines. The following is my list of "working examples".

"Wild Nights—Wild Nights!"

"He fumbles at your Soul"

"If you were coming in the Fall"

"I had been hungry, all the Years—"

"I like to see it lap the Miles"—not too sure about this one

"I cannot live with you"

"A narrow Fellow in the Grass"—basic snake as phallic symbol

"A little Madness in the Spring"

"To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee"

Now, having a working list that fits my category, I take off with it to see what will happen. Sometimes it works.

Susan Shless

All my life I've enjoyed writing. It seemed to be a source of strength for me. It has always been very important for me to be understood. Through writing, I have been able to express my feelings, thoughts, and opinions. It has proven to be extremely comforting and a real relief at times.

Thanks to Ms. Nancy Davis, my English 102 instructor at Harper, I have come to realize that writing is a true privilege. In a matter of weeks, Ms.

Davis had turned writing into a pleasurable adventure. As I learned to analyze a story for its several possible hidden messages, I discovered ways to design my own writings with more color, meaning, clarity, and creativity.

With the encouragement of Ms. Davis, who truly loves to teach, and my great desire to be heard, I will write!

Robert Caleb Tomanek

I lack the fear of writing that other may have. If I have an idea that I want to write down, I write it down. If it is good, then I call it my own; if it is not, then I give it to the wastebasket. When I write, I grab whatever magic is flowing around in my mind, and I inscribe it onto a piece of paper. That's it! Maybe I like to create new things; maybe I like to have other people read whatever I write.

Or, maybe I think that it is fun!

Hung-Ling Wan

Writing is one piece of a puzzle, and my life is an unfinished puzzle. Writing is one of the many useful pieces I need to complete the picture. As my puzzle takes shape I begin to understand why each piece locks so firmly to solve my puzzle.

Wei Weerts

I think writing recalls my life experiences even though sometimes they are sad. English is my second language. When I write English, I have some difficulty using correct grammar and choosing proper vocabulary. But I feel writing has one aspect common in all languages, which is how to organize papers. I find good writers all have similar writing experiences. They know how to catch the reader's attention, and through the words, they can tell readers what they think about the world.

Harper Students on Writing

Diana Welles

Writing allows me to express my creativity, and to share my ideas with those who also appreciate great literature. Although I agonized over the writing of my research paper “A Soldier’s Journey to Recovery,” the discipline I learned in the process will serve me well in future assignments. I would like to thank Roy Mottla whose love of literature and enthusiasm for teaching are an inspiration to his students.

Patty Werber

My writing is a reflection of an inspiration. To me, the message from a simple poem like “Children Learn What They Live,” is like God’s love. It’s fresh like spring, and I want to pass it on.



To the Students ... An Encouragement

— by Roy Mottla —

Let me begin by telling you of my last serious attempt at writing poetry. I was an undergraduate at the time, recently married and living in an apartment complex outside of Boston. I saw myself as being under the influence of Robert Lowell, Delmore Schwartz and some other poets of the day, and the poem began with the line “love-lust on a scorched summer night.” I remember no more about it, but I do recall being initially pleased by that opening line. Secretly, I hoped that Delmore Schwartz would be pleased, too. It wasn’t long, however, before the words puffed up and burst into a shower of horse feathers right before my eyes. I instantly proclaimed myself a critic of unwavering standards and consigned the draft to the trash can. Since then, my writing has been mostly academic, professional, relating to my work here at Harper, and personal. Presently, I seek no larger audience for my writing than the immediate, intended one. And yet my writing is immensely important to me because the writing process is one of the most humanizing activities that I know of.

By humanizing I don’t mean that writing makes us better people. I used to believe that, especially of literature, but I am not sure that I do anymore. I mean that writing enlivens us to our total humanity,

thus repairing the head-heart dichotomy of Western logic. John Trimble, author of a writing text that I have used in my composition courses, says the best writers are those who “think passionately,” those who have best achieved a unified self through their writings. And even if this unified self evades us in much of our writing, the process certainly quickens all of our senses. It makes us think sharply and precisely about our subject, our audience, and our influences. It demands that we freshen our language, air out our stale thoughts, and make our minds presentable for the company of our readers.

Writing also connects us with others that we have known, loved, respected, and admired, both living and dead. It is the least lonely of activities. When writing, we are always in the presence of numerous influences, both felt and unfelt. All those whose words and thoughts we know have formed us are present to guide us, as well as those subtler influences that seep in silently, unannounced, like good friends to whom our doors are always unlatched. And the reader is there, too, sometimes a sterner presence, but a companion still, urging us desperately to make it all worth his while. When I write, it is always in the company of one of my former teachers, pointing to various parts of my text and saying “make it clear here.” I greet him and thank him.

Writers are aware of these human connections and of the mysterious powers that writing holds. While writing his first great sonnet, Keats was able to see Homer’s deep brow, hear Chapman’s bold voice, and feel the excitement of Balboa—never mind that he called him Cortez—in mid-discovery of a new world. The wonder of this commingling of selves he could express only paradoxically, through a silence wild. Some of you published in this anthology have made similar journeys and engaged in similar meetings. Diana Welles enters into Hemingway’s world, gets to know his characters, and then engages his critics in literary debate. Liz Carr recalls a moment when she lost a friend, and reopens old wounds to heal them. Rosemarie Ruedi

steps almost completely outside of herself to step inside the mind of James Joyce writing to his parents, yet she retains in the process her own personal wit. She is both Ruedi and Joyce simultaneously. All of these are passionate thinkers. Were they from birth? I doubt it. They have learned how to integrate their thoughts and their emotions, how to make us experience what they are experiencing, and they have learned it, to a great extent, through a lifetime of writing.

Of course, the process is not without its frustrations. Aside from deadline pressures and worries about our work not being good enough, there is always the concern that we may expose a part of ourselves that we would rather keep under wraps. I fear, for example, that despite numerous deflations this piece may still contain an excess of gas. I also fear that all of my best efforts may only be mutterings into a deep well. But I console myself that others have had these fears and that they continued writing. Years after his awareness that words, indeed, may “fork no lighting,” Dylan Thomas was still writing poetry, and at his untimely death he left behind unfinished works still in process. Fears, worries, and frustrations need not prevent us from writing.

My point, I hope not over-made by now, is that I encourage all of you who have written for this anthology, and all who may read in it, to continue writing. The process itself is invaluable, and if your words happen to please or interest a reader or two, so much the better. I think you will discover in your writing, as so many of the rest of us have, that it creates possibilities unimagined in any other human activity. I know that I intend to continue with my writing. I may even attempt another poem. After all, I feel a weakening of my critical eye.

Alternate Table of Contents

Adult Education		Humanities	
Santiago Ranzzoni	108	Steve Gallagher	28
Art		Interior Design	
Adam Frankel	27	Joyce Leddy	62
Early Childhood Development		Gail Kottke	58
Sari Sprenger	128	Robert Van Buskirk	139
Patty Werber	154	Paula Vicinus	141
English as a Second Language		Journalism	
Wei Weerts	145	Philip Moran	98
English Composition		Literature	
Mario Bartoletti (Narrative)	8	Kurt Keifer (Poetry)	51
Marina Blasi (Persuasion)	11 d	Brian Ozog (British Literature)	103
Dean Bushek (Memoir)	17	Rosemarie Ruedi (Modern British and American Literature)	112
Liz Carr (Character Sketch)	20	Heidi Ripley (Poetry)	109
Alisa Esposito (Argument)	25	Jody Shipka (Fiction)	118
Joseph Hazelton (Argument)	37	Carrie Simoneit (Women in Literature)	127
Geoff Kane (Profile)	46	Amy Tomaszewski (Women in Literature)	136
Sherry Kenny (Self-Evaluation)	54	Philosophy	
Kathy Kleiva (Personal Experience)	56	Jennifer Brabec (Journal)	15
Shirley Kurnick (Memoir)	59	Jennifer Drew-Steiner (Exam)	24
Jan Loster (A Portfolio of Personal Writing)	65	Tina Herman (Review Essay)	40
Martin Maney (Narration)	94	Physics	
Katherine Marek (Argument)	96	David Katz	49
Muehlhausen (Definition)	101	James Lee	63
Jimm Polli (The Writing Process)	104	Julie Quinlan	106
Mary Ellen Scialabba (Personal Experience)	115	Psychology	
Susan Shless (Self-Evaluation)	125	Emily Adams	1
Karen Stroehmann (Personal Experience)	129	Reading	
Heather Tollerson (Analysis)	131	Nicole Anatolitis, Tina Anatolitis, Lynn Gasier, Anna Inocencio	7
Robert Tomanek (Creative Literary Response)	134	Secretarial Science	
Hung-Ling Wan (Personal Experience)	142	Christine Gernady	34
Diana Welles (Literary Research Paper)	147		

FACULTY

Joseph Auer	Meenakshi Mohan
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