

The Harper Anthology

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The
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of Academic Writing

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William Rainey Harper College

Foreword

Do we know something until we name it, write about it, and then offer it to an audience? Many of the writers in this eighth issue of *The Harper Anthology* think not. They write about personal changes and crises, a great-grandmother who returns after her death to check on a great-grandson, a young woman who makes the decision to abort a child, and a sister who plays the music of the Beatles to bring a beloved brother out of his coma. There are also the simple, the everyday pleasures of life, an appreciation of bees, a trip to the mountains, a cherished car, a lost friend, a story of puppets and physics, and, yes, the soils of Illinois.

But there is more than the recording of personal experiences. The student writing in this issue is testament to the teaching and learning at Harper College and the relationships between instructors and students. For no essay or assignment may be submitted to this anthology without first being a class assignment and without being submitted by the instructor. And no writing can ring with honesty and clarity without the necessary trust between teacher and student, the trust the writer has that the teacher wants to hear what is being said. That interaction between teacher and student is the heart of good education. This issue of *The Harper Anthology* bears witness to that relationship, that trust, and that learning.

The student work in these pages represent courses in 17 departments or programs, Adult Education Development, Chemistry, English, English as a Second Language, Foreign Languages, History, the Honors Program, Humanities, Interior Design, Journalism, Literature, Philosophy, Physics, Plant Science Technology, Reading, Secretarial Science, and Sign Language.

Preceding each selection is the instructor's description of the assignment, followed by the instructor's evaluation. At the end of the anthology, the members of the Selection Committee describe their criteria for good writing, selected students reflect on the importance of their own writing, and an instructor, Professor Gil Tierney, explains the negotiation that takes place between the reader and the text.

Foreword

Thanks to the faculty members of the *Harper Anthology* Selection Committee for all their efforts in producing this eighth issue: Dan Anderson, Nancy Davis, Jack Dodds, Barbara Hickey, Xilao Li, Peter Sherer, and Joseph Sternberg. Special thanks once again to Michael Knudsen from the Harper Graphics Department, to Anne Frost and Deanna Torres, Harper Publications, and to Peter Gart and the entire Print Shop for all their production assistance. To our Harper faculty and our student contributors a salute.

And, finally, our gratitude goes to Harley Chapman, Dean of the Liberal Arts Division, and Pam Toomey, Liberal Arts Division Administrative Assistant, for support of the anthology and our fall reading.

We are pleased to present the 1996 anthology to you. We believe there is much to enjoy and to emulate within these pages, and we look forward to the ninth issue of the anthology in 1997.

Julie Fleenor

Chair, *Harper Anthology* Selection Committee

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A Girl's Worst Nightmare

Anonymous
Course: English 098
Instructor: Judy A. Kulchawik

Assignment:
*Write a narrative essay based on
personal experience.*

On January 10, 1995, my Mom woke me early to get ready to leave. I went downstairs to wake up my boyfriend Scott from his deep sleep. Then I went upstairs to slip into my sweatpants and shirt. While I was waiting for everyone to get ready, I was thinking—should I, shouldn't I, is it what I want, what will happen, will it hurt, will I be awake? Does Scott even agree? I was so nervous I felt like there were butterflies in my stomach. It was time to leave. While I was feeling pain in my stomach, I didn't want to go. I was waiting for this day to come, but now I just wanted to forget it.

It was so quiet on the ride there. We got there 45 minutes later. I was so scared I thought someone was going to come around the corner and shoot me. About two weeks before that, a doctor got shot for doing this. I signed in and sat down while looking around me. I saw two girls sitting under the sign-in sheet in chairs talking quietly. Then a lady all by herself. I felt so bad for her. I wondered why no one was with her. Then a guy and girl came walking in. She had a sad look on her face. She was short and thin and looked very fragile. Her boyfriend looked big, with long black hair slicked back in a ponytail. They signed in and sat down in the corner. I was trying to watch TV. I was not interested because there was a security guard that kept talking loudly while eating. He was a big man and scared me. I grabbed my boyfriend's hand.

Later, a woman came in by herself too. Why was she by herself? She had a wedding band on her hand. I was beginning to think maybe she was abused or raped so that she then did not need or want her husband here.

I was called into a room where they drilled me with questions. Will you still be doing this after the operation is done? Then I was asked if I had any questions. "Will I be awake?" I wanted to know. I did not want to know what they were going to do to me. She drew some blood from my finger and put it in this spinning thing. The spinning thing was to show if I had problems. I sat outside by myself in the hallway. I wanted to go back to my boyfriend. I thought that I really never asked him how he felt.

He looked scared out there by himself.

They took me down a hallway with no windows and white walls and handed me a pink robe. I said, "I don't know how to put this on." One of the women stared at me. I went to the washroom. I was trying to put the robe on, but it would not go on, so I asked for a new one. I don't remember the bathroom. I was so nervous. The time was coming so near. The nurse also asked me to go to the washroom. I didn't understand why, but I guess I had to anyway. While I was waiting to go in, I talked to other women. They told me their stories. I felt so bad. One was raped.

Then, as we were all talking, the door opened. As the girl came out of the room, she looked sleepy and was hanging over her knees. The woman next to me said it was her turn. Butterflies were in my stomach. I had had them for a week or so. I felt like I was going to throw up.

About 15 minutes later, a girl came out of the room. It was my turn. The woman before me told me it was not bad. When I got in, a nurse told me to lie on the bed and spread my legs, to put them in the holders. She first put a needle into my arm. I screamed when she did that. Next, she put some medicine in my arm. Finally, I saw the doctor come in and ask, "How far along?" I was out like a light. The next thing that I remember is some lady telling me what the medicine was for. She talked so quietly. I didn't hear her. I got up and changed into my warm, homely clothes. I walked down the white-walled hallway.

I was ready to go home but scared to leave, for someone might shoot me for what I had just done. I forgot my coat, so my Mom went into the room to get it. I just went to my boyfriend and hugged him. I do not remember the drive home. I was asleep. When I got home, I went to sleep. I woke up later and asked my mom where my boyfriend was, and she said at home. I wondered why he was at home and not with me, holding me. I kept thinking, why? doesn't he love me? I later asked my Mom why he was not there, and she said she had sent him home. I was mad at her, but I was too

tired to argue with her. Later, he came over to be with me, and we watched TV.

Since that day, I still think about it, and I feel that pain in my stomach and want to go hide in my room. I have learned so much from that day. I talked to my friends about it so they won't make the same mistake I made. They understand why I did it and agree with my decision. They said they would make the same choice. I look back and think it was the best thing for me.

I do think very differently about sex now. I believe that everyone should wait until marriage. I tell my friends to either get on the pill or don't spread your legs.

Evaluation: *The straightforward honesty of this narrative as well as its emotional impact make this one of the most chilling and memorable essays I have ever read. I admire very much this student's courage and compassion in sharing this valuable story.*

Beethoven

by William S. Beisiegel, Jr.

Course: Humanities 102

Instructor: Joanne B. Koch

Assignment:

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

Introduction

To begin with, I would like to give a brief history of my experiences with “classical” music. At a young age, probably some time in grade school, my brother, sister and I received a *Peter and the Wolf* record and book set for Christmas, which I loved to listen to while following along reading the book. I would let the pictures inspire my imagination. I always thought that this was just another record/book for children and only realized while at the bookstore recently that it was done by Prokofiev. I wish that I had that set today. Around the same time, I saw a film on a musician/composer who had gone deaf but continued to compose music. Only after reading about Beethoven and seeing the film in class did I make the connection. (I believe that it might have actually been the same film, as it did seem old enough.) It did make a distinct impression on me at that young age—I was impressed enough with someone who was musically inclined, as I was not, but I was especially impressed that this man had gone deaf and was still composing!

I can remember liking “classical” music as a child and in my teens without really being acutely aware of titles or composers and despite the fact that it was not a staple of entertainment in our house. Then, in my late teens, mostly through films such as *A Clockwork Orange*, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and *The Killing Fields*, I began to appreciate this type of music and remember who the composers were and the title of the pieces—and I began to seek them out. I enjoy the soundtrack from the film *A Clockwork Orange* very much, and my brother and I, as well as some of our closer friends, went through a stage where we listened to it repeatedly, while others could not understand why. (It’s a cult film!)

The next step in my experience with “classical” music (actually classical!) was aboard a plane, over the Atlantic ocean on my way to London (my first trip to Europe!), and they had Mozart’s “Eine Kleine Nachtmusik” on the in-flight music program. I was drinking white wine and listening for this selection to come around again and again. I must have listened to it a dozen times, never tiring of it. Up to this

point, my experiences had been almost purely pleasurable, without much reflection or contemplation.

Many years later, after my grandmother's death, and after having moved to Florida to get away for a while, I heard a review on National Public Radio of a series of re-releases of works commissioned during World War II by the NBC radio network, in which NBC brought in many distinguished musicians and conductors to record with the NBC Radio Orchestra. The review that I heard was of a re-released disc containing two works by Beethoven, both conducted by Arturo Toscanini: the Violin Concerto (his only concerto for violin!?), Op. 61, played by Jascha Heifetz (who was Lithuanian like my maternal grandparents), and the Piano Concerto No. 3 played by Artur Schnabel. When I heard excerpts from this disc, and heard about how Toscanini was ill at the time (they were recorded in 1940, but broadcast in 1944), I was determined to complete the project. I felt that the recording must be an impassioned work, and after listening to it, I saw why Toscanini felt so strongly about it. I would listen to this piece many times over the next months, after my grandmother's death. She had been my foundation, and I felt cut adrift in a void. These pieces became one of the themes for my struggle with what to do with my life in light of this great loss and filled me with the courage and hope to make inevitable changes. I grew into a better person during this time of solitary contemplation, resolved my inner turmoil, and decided that I must face my life straight on and return home to finish my education, all with this disc playing in the background. The connections to Beethoven's themes and ideas are clear to me only now.

When I began this project, I wanted to do two things: get into a bit of the technical aspects of his music and experience it played live by the Chicago Symphony at Orchestra Hall. Although I attempted to achieve both of these goals, in the end I failed to achieve either. When I attempted to investigate the technical aspects of his music, I found that the vast amount of information in this area is too tech-

nical for me to understand. When I tried to go to the Chicago Symphony, I found that the most desirable performances to me, the symphonic performances, were sold out. In order to receive the student discount, one must wait until 5:00 pm on the night of the concert to purchase one's ticket. I simply cannot afford to pay top price for a performance at this point in my life—I can barely afford a disc once in a while.

I would have felt much more compelled to see any kind of performance if I had never seen one before, but since I had (the world-renowned Leontovych String Quartet, right here at Harper—thank you Cultural Arts Committee), I resolved to just concentrate on the music.

Entry #1

My first activity for this project was listening to a tape called: *Ludwig van Beethoven: David Randolph Discusses the Composer's Life with Musical Examples*, which I found insightful. The tape began with the beginning movement of the 5th Symphony, describing it as "The Declaration of Independence set to music," which made me realize that the two came about at about the same time, and no doubt out of much the same context—"men's struggle for freedom." Beethoven believed strongly in the idea that "musicians were not servants," and that "Men could, through talent like Beethoven, or work, earn what they wanted." He also composed believing that "music is not just for the background of conversations in elegant salons, but should be listened to respectfully in concert halls, because it expressed the rights of all men." I had also never known that during W.W. II, the Allies used the first four notes as a musical representation for victory and played it on the radio before and after news reports.

Although unlike Mozart in that "much of his music is sad," like him "his father tried to make money off of him as a child prodigy." The fact that "Beethoven envied happy families" sheds light on the differences between Beethoven and Mozart as children: Mozart was precocious and gifted enough

to handle the stress and demands of performing while Beethoven had a gentle, peaceful, and contemplative side and as a child pleased himself rather than his father and others. Later in life, after moving beyond his father's shadow, he would through his ability to improvise express his proud, restless hot-tempered nature, described as a "storm burst forth on the piano keys" by David Randolph. Beethoven and Mozart were both strongly affected by the loss of their fathers, but to me, this loss seemed to free Beethoven while Mozart, though still very creative, was constrained. The music improved while each seemed to have been affected in the way they required. Beethoven's tender side is exemplified by the "Moonlight Sontana," "said to have been written for the girl he loved." Randolph notes that Beethoven's lighter side came from spending virtually his whole life in Vienna, a city that loved fun and gaiety. We are advised to look for the fun in his movements called the Scherzo, or joke.

I found the tape effective. It gave a broad sampling of the composer's work while enlightening me to some things about his life which I had not found elsewhere, as well as confirming what we had discussed in class. Of special interest to me was his opera *Fidelio*, referred to in *BEETHOVEN: The Man and the Artist, As Revealed in His Own Words*, (compiled by Friedrich Kerst and translated and edited by Henry Edward Krehbiel). This book holds that *Fidelio* was Beethoven's favorite work and in his own eyes his greatest accomplishment. David Randolph mentions the aria, sung by the main character, in which the word *freiheit* (freedom in German), is repeated many times. Freedom is described as "a magic word for Beethoven." Randolph mentions the "Emperor Concerto" as an example of "the dramatic effect when he has the piano play *against* the orchestra," with this used as an example of one of the five piano concertos.

Other works which Randolph discusses are the "Minuet in G," known for its "graceful style of the royal courts;" "Für Elise," written for a little girl who was a student of Beethoven's. (Later I would

read of this that it was written for a quite different Elise, an unrequited love of Beethoven's, though possibly this is confused with the "Moonlight Sontana.") The "Symphony No. 6—Pastoral" is known for its depiction of the waxing and waning of a storm followed by the emergence of the sun. The "Symphony No. 3—Eroica" was originally written to celebrate Napoleon's rise as the people's choice but rededicated "To the memory of a great man" after he declared himself *emperor*. The "Archduke Trio" is a famous march that he wrote for his friend for its extremely large closing chorus of men and women and "Symphony No. 7" for its theme of courage.

I was able to listen to almost all of these, except *Fidelio* and "Minuet in G," and finally decided to concentrate on two pieces which always stir intense emotions and thoughts in me and which I have heard many times but never realized that they were composed by Beethoven: "Für Elise," and the "Moonlight Sontana," one of two of the "Fantasia" sontanans.

Entry #2

As mentioned above, the composition "Für Elise" was said to have been written for a little girl, and upon listening to this piece, I decided to concentrate on this while listening. I went through an intense flood of emotions, including a sort of simultaneous sadness and happiness, I think based on the idea of innocence, in combination with the beauty and at times torture of life. I associate this intense combination of feelings to a sort of bitter-sweet balance that in turn I associate with the main theme of this work. The melody seems to teeter on a high wire, close to falling on either side while running a few steps, stopping, stepping backwards, and moving forward again but remaining balanced in the end. The effects of tempo and melody seeming to invert themselves and then invert back again. I reflected on my childhood, and in particular the sources of my childhood happiness, thinking of the best days, Christmases, visits to my grandparents' house, eating dinners at midday with my entire

family, which was much larger in those days. More important to me than the thoughts and memories triggered is the arousal of what I can only describe as feeling and emotions that I haven't felt since childhood, buried since then, which only arise again while listening to passionate music such as this piece.

What is stimulated in me is a sort of Proustian stream-of-consciousness, a pouring out of memories and feelings, with the memories stimulating feelings hard to describe in words. It is difficult to keep track of them by taking notes, since they come so fast and are so powerful that they consume all of my attention and energies. The memories flood into my mind as the music plays, including ideas from my childhood that are difficult to understand. There are thoughts of how I used to look out of the window at the moving trees and ask my father what makes them move and of how I used to eat all of my vegetables because I didn't want to waste them, see them thrown in the garbage, which would make *them* feel bad and me also. It is the remembrance of these things which gives me pleasure and a sense of relief, like a snake shedding its skin while remembering the feeling of that shedding and that growth.

Maybe it is this type of innocence that Beethoven sensed in Elise, as well as his nephew Karl. He tried to protect Karl from the world, spoiling him in the process, but perhaps Karl's poignant spoiled innocence also inspired him to write this piece. I think that he has captured a certain innocence in this piece, in its at once simple structure, intense feeling, and the short duration of the piece which might represent the all too short innocent childhood that he himself had, as well as his possible view that *all* childhood is too short. But I do not want to imply too much about Beethoven's motivations, although it is said by Kerst and Krehbiel that he was inspired to write much of his work by his students, because we should be very careful not to interpret too much into or about someone's work.

I want to say a word about choosing these pieces to listen to. I borrowed a copy of a compilation of

works by many composers, something like the ones advertised on TV, which contain versions of both of these works. The quality of these works is far inferior to the versions done by a reputable performer, producing a work which must stand on its own and compete (as during the Renaissance) in the marketplace for its right to exist, and therefore also among those quite qualified to judge quality. The recording by Alfred Brendel was far superior to the compilation version, especially in terms of tempo—expressing far more feeling—and recording quality. I watched a TV show called “Orchestra!” (on Showtime cable channel), with Dudley Moore and Sir Georg Solti, in which the two discussed how to play “Für Elise.” They said that every piano student has to learn to play this, and each of them have to play it many, many times, so that he is almost sick of playing or hearing it. Both agreed that a truly inspired rendering of this piece could still delight them, and I think that Brendel's version is the inspired version of the two, a rendering that would probably satisfy Moore and Solti.

It more than satisfied me.

Entry #3

The third piece that I chose to listen to, as mentioned above, was the “Sonata No. 14, Op. 27/2—‘Moonlight’,” performed by Alfred Brendel, recorded in 1972. The word sonata denotes an instrumental piece for piano, typically consisting of three or four movements, the normal scheme of the movements being Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo (or Minuet), and Allegro. This definition comes from the *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, which curiously enough also mentions the “‘Moonlight’ Sonata” as an exception, consisting of Adagio (Adagio sostenuto—meaning a comfortable, easy tempo, but slackened), Scherzo (actually Allegretto—meaning a tempo between Allegro and Andante, or a ‘small Allegro’), and Presto (meaning a very quick tempo—quicker than Allegro).

Beethoven deliberately designated both parts of the Sonata Op. 27—“quasi una fantasia,” but in his

liner notes, Brendel isn't able to put his finger on the fantastic element in this piece, although he does mention the unusual form of the first movement:

Which, though containing exposition and development, contradicts sonata principles by an exposition that modulates freely and a development that stays in tonic key. Thematicism hardly exists, for it is only the initial dotted motive of the first idea that remains stable. We are faced with an example of 'infinite melody'.

I think that if there is a fantastic element to the piece, it lies in the first movement, in the sense noted by Brendel. I would add that the beautifully simple repetition of the opening motif with the slight variation which produces the "infinite" aspect of the melody, in combination with the deft execution of the "slackened" tempo called for in the designation of the movement (*Adagio sostenuto*), provides the impact not only of fantasy but of melancholy, longing, and again the bittersweet quality of simultaneous sadness and happiness. Surely, the responsibility to execute the "slackened tempo," and thus a part of the creation of part of the fantastic element, depends upon the musician.

The first movement ends with the introduction of chords which prepare us for the second movement, but at the very end, as played by Brendel, there is a further slackening of tempo and a brief, strategic, contemplative pause which distinguishes it from the next two movements.

The second movement begins noticeably louder than the first, and at the faster tempo called for by Beethoven (*Scherzo/Allegretto*). Brendel describes this movement as having "puzzled many; even its right of existence has been called into question." He even says that it is tempting to imagine the *Presto* next. But upon further reflection, he decides that the work would be far too somber this way. Indeed, the movement is upbeat in mood, although "Never would Beethoven send the listener away without a consolatory contrast!" and he describes an apt metaphor, from Liszt, of "a flower between two abysses."

The third movement emerges from the second. There is no silence between them, only a jolt of very fast playing—up the keyboard, with a trilling of notes and the fast pace mentioned in the book *Beethoven on Beethoven: Playing His Piano Music His Way* by William S. Newman. I don't know why Brendel doesn't mention it, but I notice in this movement, in one of the two themes repeated here, a variation of one of the major themes in Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik."

Beethoven sets Mozart's theme in a different key, only really hinting at it, for it is not sustained. The effect diminishes the happy beauty of Mozart's piece and through the key change and the much faster tempo of the *Presto* designation, adds an intense sense of urgency to the obvious connection of "Nachtmusik." Where Mozart wrote the original in a spirit of bubbly fun and it later became known as a perfectly written piece of music, Beethoven's idea of night as expressed in his "Moonlight Sonata" is intended to be somber and reflective. This is especially true considering that he wrote this piece for the girl he loved, but his love was ultimately unrequited. The woman, Giulietta Guicciardi, was a young student of his, described by David Randolph as a "coquettish beauty, uninterested in and unsuitable for a composer who was slowly going deaf."

It is painful to think that some of the most beautiful and intensely affecting music in the world was inspired by such sorrow and loss, although it seems that from our study of the humanities, this is often the case, from Van Gogh to Tchaikovsky, and Chopin to Beethoven.

Whether inspired by a difficult life or the lack of success with their work in their lifetimes, artists give more than they receive.

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Evaluation: *This paper shows the student's intense involvement with the works of Beethoven. Mr. Beisiegel put the great composer in historical context and was most successful in describing the personal impact of these musical compositions on his own life.*

Bee Smart

by Neil Bucalo
 Course: English 101
 Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:
*Teach us a subject you know well.
 If useful, develop the subject with an analogy.*

Standing on a roof on one of the hottest days of August, I was resting from the work at hand. I had been putting on shingles for many hours now. As I stood, preparing myself to start roofing again, I felt something on my neck. Thinking that it was a bug, I reached up and scratched. To my surprise, I had trapped a bee and he stung me. The stinging sensation in my neck and the sight of the bee flying away was ample evidence of what had occurred. The initial stinging pain was not even relieved with ice. The sting puffed up similar to a large bite or cut, and I was still feeling a very itchy sensation many days later. Being stung is not a pleasant experience that I would like to repeat. However, the event raised the question about what bees actually are.

A bee is any of a large number of broad-bodied, four-winged, hairy insects that gather pollen and nectar. Most people are afraid of bees because they sting, but they wonder what the purpose of a bee is and think that the bee is not very smart. Bees, though, are actually one of the smartest insects and do not sting unless they are trapped or hurt. A common bee's intelligence is greater than a computer, has many human-like characteristics, and is intelligent in science, practicality and organization.

One of the most powerful computers on earth today has the processing speed of sixteen gigaflops. In other words, such a computer can perform sixteen billion simple arithmetic operations, such as adding two numbers, each second. However, all the electrical and chemical events taking place in a common bee's brain shows, according to *Awake* magazine, that the minute honey bee performs the equivalent of ten trillion operations per second.

Not only does the bee think faster than a computer, a bee consumes a lot less power than a computer. In order to understand how much power a bee uses, consider a single one-hundred-watt light bulb. Over ten million bee brains can operate on the same amount of power that the light bulb consumes. The best and most efficient computer uses hundreds of millions of times more energy to perform the equivalent number of operations as the bee. Computers have limited abilities compared to the common bee.

Bees have many human-like qualities such as seeing color, smelling, flying, walking, and maintaining their balance. They are able to travel far distances, locate nectar, and then return to the hive and communicate directions to the other bees. When a bee finds a new source of nectar, it returns to the hive to share the news by means of a dance. According to *Awake* magazine from late 1981, "The speed of the dance and its pattern (whether a circle or a figure eight), as well as the amount of abdomen wagging done by the dancing bee, informs other bees of the distance to the nectar source. The direction to the nectar relative to the sun is indicated by the dance as well." The other bees use the directions to

locate the flower in which nectar is obtained from.

The bee is also very smart in science. In chemistry, the bee adds special enzymes to the nectar in order to make honey. They prepare special food for their young, such as royal jelly and beebread, and manufacture beeswax to build and repair the hive. The hive is skillfully constructed, intricately and perfectly engineered. The best shape used for structural support and strength is the hexagon. The *New York Times* states that engineers and product designers have realized that configuring even a very thin material into a six-sided honeycomb pattern makes it much stronger than it would be in some other shape. While the wax walls of these cells are a mere one-eightieth of an inch thick, they are extremely strong, bearing some thirty times their weight. At the end of each little cell or cubicle, the end is not just flat to connect to another cell. Rather, the end is created at an angle in order to add more support and better linking abilities. Science is not the only area bees are smart in.

Bees are also good housekeepers, because they recognize and repel intruders to protect their home and regularly remove garbage from the hive. The climate of the hive is controlled by either clustering together for warmth or by fanning in fresh air and sprinkling water to cool down. Bees are perceptive enough to recognize overcrowding of the hive, knowing that some must leave. They decide in a diplomatic and political fashion, looking at several prospective sites and voting on the one they like best. First, a new queen is raised for the old hive, and the old queen and many of the workers swarm to establish a new colony somewhere else. Then, scouts from the new swarm are sent out in all directions to investigate sites for a new home, possibly in a hollow in a tree or a crack in a wall. When they return, they show where the location of these new sites are by dancing the same way they would dance to indicate the location of a flower. Scouts that have found good sites dance very enthusiastically, stimulating other bees to have a look. Fewer bees pay attention to the scouts that have found less desirable sites because they do not dance as long or

as enthusiastically. Progressively, the bees narrow down their choices to a few sites, and, finally, to just one, as eager dances by follow-up scouts entice more and more support for the best location. The whole process may take five days, after which, with unanimous agreement, the swarm is led to its new home.

Three types of bees live in the hive: the queen bee, worker bees, and drone bees. The queen bee is the leader of the hive, the drone bees are the mates of the queen, and the workers do all the gathering of pollen and nectar. Interestingly so, the drone bees do not have stingers, but the workers do. After the queen lays eggs in the cells, the eggs hatch. If the eggs are fertilized, the bees become worker bees, and if the eggs are not fertilized, the bees become drones. Just like squirrels put nuts in a tree for food in the winter, bees do the same. The bees store up nectar and honey in the hive in order to survive the winter. If food starts to run low before winter is over, the swarm will let the drone bees starve to death in order to save the lives of the rest of the bees.

Although bees are insects that live in almost every part of the earth, most people take them for granted. Bees are the only insects that produce food eaten by man. Without the bee, many fruits and vegetables would die because the flower was not fertilized. Just because bees sting does not mean that bees are a useless insect. Bees are extremely intelligent, efficient, and proficient in all they do, carrying out all of the foregoing miraculous things without assistance. They function independently, without the need of programmers, engineers, and technicians that computers rely on. The simple bee does not really “know” all of this, for it does not have a degree in engineering. Yet, daily it goes about its work with its instinctive wisdom.

Evaluation: *A clever, extended analogy evlivenes this essay which teaches us much new about a familiar insect—the bee.*

Elvis Has Left the Building

by Bryan Bush

Course: English 101

Instructor: Trygve Thoreson

Assignment:

Take a personal experience and use that as the starting point for an essay that addresses one side or the other of an issue that you feel is important or intriguing

As soon as I came through the door that afternoon, I knew something was wrong. Instead of the familiar sight of my mom relaxing on the couch watching TV, her housework done for the day, I was greeted by an empty couch and a black TV screen. It was overpoweringly quiet, the kind of quiet that is so out of place that you instinctively know that something is terribly wrong.

I began to look around the house to see where Mom was, hoping to find out just what was going on. I saw the door to my parents' bedroom open and entered quietly, so as not to disturb her in the event that she merely wasn't feeling well or had decided to take a nap.

Sure enough, Mom was lying on the bed, but she wasn't sleeping. Having heard me come in, she sat up and motioned that I should come and sit down next to her. Anytime a parent does that, a kid knows immediately that he or she is about to receive some particularly upsetting news. As I drew closer, my dread growing by the second, I prepared myself for the worst. Quietly, in a voice choked with emotion, Mom confirmed my worst suspicions. That morning, she had lost an old and beloved friend, one that was very near and dear to her heart. Elvis was dead.

He didn't stay that way for long, though. You see, a funny thing happened to Elvis on his way to the pearly gates. People began to see him—a lot. A Burger King in Kalamazoo, Michigan, provided the unlikely setting for the first "Elvis sighting." The next report had Elvis working as a bag boy in a supermarket in Sacramento, California. Soon, Elvis sightings outnumbered encounters with UFOs, Bigfoot, and the Loch Ness Monster combined.

There is actually a pretty simple, if not completely rational reason for this. Very few performers ever form the kind of emotional bond with their audience that Elvis Presley had with his. A certain segment of that audience was unable or unwilling to accept his death. This was their icon, their friend of many years, who had, in many cases, provided the soundtrack to their lives. An exploitative media

eagerly provides these people with hope that their hero isn't really dead: hope that appears in the form of "startling new evidence," hope guaranteed to sell millions of papers and draw millions of viewers. As long as these two groups, the trash journalists and the grief-stricken fans, continue to feed off of each other, the "Elvis is alive" stories simply will not go away.

The easiest way to dismiss these stories would be to write them off as simple cases of mistaken identity. After all, there are so many Elvis impersonators-at-large that to become one is now a valid career choice. But these stories refuse to die so easily; to argue against them using facts is useless. These people are adamant in their conviction that it is Elvis, the one and only, that they saw. Any fool, they insist, would know the difference between "the King" and a mere imitation.

All the facts point to the conclusion that Elvis Presley died on August 16, 1977. However, as is always the case with cover-up theories, facts mean very little. An autopsy performed that night listed the official cause of death as a heart attack. The following day, Elvis was laid in state at Graceland, his Memphis mansion. That day, an estimated 20,000 people filed through to pay their final respects, 20,000 people who actually saw Elvis's dead body first-hand.

One particularly opportunistic mourner, a distant relative of Presley's named Bobby Mann, took full advantage of the open casket. Either by dumb luck, great foresight, questionable taste or just sheer greed, Mann had a camera in his possession at Graceland that day and managed to snap a picture of Elvis in his coffin. The infamous photo graced the cover of the *National Enquirer* on September 6. I'm not mentioning this to establish credibility; I'm quite aware that the *Enquirer* is not exactly known as a bastion of journalistic integrity. This is mentioned only to point out that the photo does exist as a piece of physical evidence, the authenticity of which Mann has since attested to over and over.

Nonsense, say the cover-up believers. They claim that the picture was fake. They claim that the

autopsy was fake. Most importantly, they claim that the body in the coffin was fake, a wax doppelgänger. Elvis Presley, they claim, faked his own death to get out of the public eye, and no amount of factual or physical evidence, it seems, will ever satisfy them.

Wake up and smell the fried peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches people. If he had really wanted to accomplish this, it could have been done very easily. He certainly had more than enough money at his disposal to buy as much isolation as he could have wanted. But there is a deeper, much simpler reason that I know, without a doubt, that Elvis is really dead. And the ironic thing is, it's the exact same reason that these other people so desperately want to believe that he's alive: that emotional bond with his audience. If these folks loved the man so much, they would realize that a simple glance at his character proves that he must be dead, for he would never participate in such a hoax.

Volume upon volume has been written about Elvis Presley since his death, and some of the material has not been very flattering. But whatever Presley's personal shortcomings may have been, they never extended to his fans. Tales of his generosity toward his fans are many and well documented. Although he frequently donated large amounts to literally hundreds of charities, he had a special soft spot for fans down on their luck, often giving them cars, cash, or jewelry despite their being total strangers to him. He gave his time freely as well, giving or appearing at benefit concerts and writing to or calling on gravely ill fans. Although these simple acts may not seem like much, they meant more than words can express to not only the recipients and to Presley.

One particularly telling example of Elvis's relationship with his fans can be found in a story told by Gerald Peters, who was Presley's limo driver for a time. The first time that Peters drove for Presley, a mob of fans began to chase the car. Peters executed a series of maneuvers that enabled him to quickly ditch the star-struck pursuers. However, instead of the praise or thanks that he expected, he received a

reprimand from his passenger. "Never do that again." Fans were never to be avoided, Elvis told him. The proper procedure, he explained, was to simply continue forward as if unobserved (Albert Goldman, *Elvis*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981, 585).

These are not the actions of a man who wanted to escape or flee from his public. This was not a man who wanted to get out of the spotlight. It's obvious that he not only loved and adored his fans as much as they did him, but that he needed and, in fact, thrived on his relationship with them. The fans were his very life-blood; it is completely unthinkable that he would violate their trust or actually sever his connection to them by perpetuating such a fraud.

So, when does the nonsense end? Will Elvis ever really be allowed to be dead? Probably not until it's good business for him to be dead. There are signs that there is some hope, though. A couple of weeks ago, as I stood in line at the supermarket waiting to get through the checkout, I did my requisite scan of the tabloids lining the racks next to the register. As usual, I was just hoping to see a ridiculous headline, "Boy raised by turtles" or something, just to provide a little diversion and maybe a giggle as I waited.

What I saw instead raised my spirits and gave me a glimmer of hope. "Maybe," I thought, "just maybe, people are finally starting to come around."

The *Globe*, a tabloid which once offered a one-million-dollar reward for indisputable proof that Elvis was still alive, has instead finally come across indisputable proof that he is really and truly dead.

"Elvis," the *Globe's* headline announced, "is haunting his boyhood home."

Evaluation: *I like the cleverness and stylistic facility of Bryan's prose here. And the opening and closing anecdotes are, I think, effective and appropriate to the author's purpose.*

Traces

by Antonio D. Campos
Course: Reading 099
Instructor: Judy A. Kulchawik

Assignment:
*Write a poem inspired by your reading of
Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Sympathy"
and "We Wear the Mask."*

Preface to "Traces"

The poems and books we read in class and hearing Maya Angelou speak helped me with my perspective of what others might see versus what we are feeling. Like a caged bird, we are trapped, lonely, and not able to let our hearts and souls speak.

Antonio D. Campos

You let me lie.
You see me caged.
You see me torn and lonely, dazed.

A raging touch I urge to find
Leaving you all color blind.

This rush blinds you
and cages me.
This bird I am,
no wings to flee.

Your grip—like claws—
I breathe for air.
You leave me scars to trace behind.

A cry for love—
You're left unblind.

Evaluation: *Tony took images from Paul Laurence Dunbar, who served as an inspiration for Maya Angelou's memoir, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, and made them his.*

Die Mutter Stirbt

(The Mother Dies)

by Betty Ann Dailey
Course: German 210
Instructor: Renate von Keudell

Assignment:
*Write in German about a significant
event in your life*

Die Mutter Stirbt

Der Totenzug zieht schweigend
Durch Haine und Blumengärten.
Dornige Leiden lösen sich auf
Als wir die Trauer erwarten.

Langsam vergeht die Zeit.
Vom samtartigen Schlaf, sie aufwacht
Und hört die Vergangenheit
Im kommenden Dunkel der Nacht.

Der Totenzug rennt über Schatten der Sünde,
Und gleitet durch Schleier
Vom Nebel der vergessenen Liebe.
Ein Schrei des Vögleins stört den stillen Weiher.

Sie drückt die Freude jetzt
Von ihrem verschwindenden Leben.
Die geistliche Fahrt kommt dann zuletzt
Wenn Schmerzen der Seele schliesslich vergehen.

The Mother Dies

The train of death pulls silently
through groves and flower gardens.
Thorny sufferings dissipate
as we await the black mourning.

The time passes slowly.
From velvet sleep, she wakes
and hears the past
in the coming darkness of the night.

The train of death runs over shadows of sin
and glides through veils
of love-forgotten mist.
The cry of a bird disturbs a still pond.

She presses the joy now
from her disappearing life.
The spiritual journey comes at last,
when the soul's pain is finally released.

Evaluation: *The end of life is described as a transition from the pain and problems of life
to the spiritual peace of eternity.*

Puppet Park: Adventures in Physics

by Joyce Edwards

Course: Physics 121

Instructor: Joseph A. Auer, Jr.

Assignment:

Assume the role of a PHY 121 instructor. Develop and solve three appropriate exam problems for specific principles. Discuss: 1) why they are appropriate; 2) what the solutions should look like; 3) the objectives of a freshman physics course; 4) the purpose of exams relative to these objectives; and 5) the goals of the specific problems you developed. Conclude by discussing what PHY 121 contributes or does not contribute to your education and your career objectives.

Puppet Park has fallen into disarray. It was once a premier amusement park, built back in the 1950s when life was simpler. Fun was roller coaster and real spook houses. Thrown in were carnival games and cotton candy.

Puppet Park grew through the 1960s and 1970s into the greatest amusement park in the country. But then came the 1980s and the beginning of the computerization of America. No longer did puppets want a roller coaster. No, they wanted a high speed coaster which could turn three hundred and

sixty degrees! They wanted video games! They wanted to go into outer space! A mere roller coaster was not enough to keep the puppets satisfied.

As the 1980s marched on, Puppet Park became a dying thing of the past.

Tuitti was the present owner of the park. She loved it and was determined to make the park what it once was; but how she was going to do this was still a mystery to everyone. She knew she needed to be on the cutting edge of technology, so she was meeting with her attorney, Fruitti, to go over some ideas.

“Let’s put in a bungee jump,” exclaimed Tuitti.

“No, Tuitti, the liability would be too expensive. Anyway, it’s already been done. I thought you wanted to be on the cutting edge.”

“Okay, what about a House of Terror! It would be a maze with monsters jumping out, bodies hanging from the ceiling, totally dark, and puppets would have to find their way out”, said Tuitti.

“Once again, as your legal adviser, I would have to say no to that idea too!” Fruitti said with a look of disgust.

“What you need is a physicist!” Fruitti said.

“A whaticist?” Tuitti asked.

“A physicist, someone who has studied physics, the science of how things work in the universe.”

“Well, how are we going to find a physicist?”

“I just happen to know a physicist. All you need to do is to think up some ideas and then the physicist will put them into a working plan. And, remember, you should make the basic concepts so easy that anyone can understand them. Even a dumb puppet like yourself should be able to get the main workings of the ride,” explained Fruitti.

“Who is the physicist?”

“It’s Captain Physics, an old classmate of mine. I’ll call him today and tell him what we are proposing. So, I want you to go to work and come up with some ideas,” Fruitti said.

That night, Tuitti racked her little puppet brain trying to come up with some new rides for the park. She knew she would have to be very creative.

As she sat there, her mind went blank. She decided to go to the bookstore and buy a book on physics to see if she could come up with some ideas.

Upon her return home from the bookstore, Tuitti sat down at her desk and opened the physics book.

Wow, she thought. This all looks like Greek to me! even though she didn't know what Greek looked like.

She came upon something about centipedes. She always thought that centipedes were cute furry things, so she wrote that down on her list to tell Captain Physics that she wanted a ride with a centipede.

Next, she came to another chapter about gravity. She knew that what goes up must come down and she thought that that was because of something called gravity, so that went on her list too! She kept on thumbing through the book to find at least one more idea. It was late and her little puppet eyes could barely stay open.

This physics stuff is sure difficult to understand, she thought to herself, but I have to find at least one more idea.

Finally she came to a part about orbiting. She had just seen the film *Apollo 13* and knew that the spaceship had orbited around the moon to get back home. That was a very exciting part of the movie, so she felt that it could be an exciting ride.

It was midnight by the time Tuitti closed the book and went to bed.

In the morning, Tuitti jumped out of bed, washed her puppet face, ate her cereal, and dashed to Puppet Park. She wanted to be ready when Captain Physics came.

As she sat at her desk she realized that she didn't have any names for the new rides. She took out some crayons and started to doodle.

What can I call these rides?

Well let me see. My first ride is about a centipede. But I think it has to do with a force and not the cute little furry animal, so I can't call it a centipede. So I will call it Going in Circles.

Tuitti continued to the next ride. She wanted to do it about gravitational force. She liked the Star Wars series and thought that a good name would be May the Force Be With You. She had already thought of a great name for orbital motion. That would be called Ring Around Uranus.

At ten o'clock Captain Physics arrived. Tuitti was nervous. She didn't know anything about physics, and she thought that she would not be able to understand what Captain Physics would be talking about.

"Hello Tuitti, I'm Captain Physics at your service," he said with a smile.

Tuitti felt a little more comfortable, because Captain Physics was so friendly, not anything that she was afraid he would be like.

"Fruitti has told me that you want to help design some new rides for Puppet Park. Have you come up with some ideas?" he asked.

"Yes, I have, and I wrote them down so you could see what I had in mind."

Tuitti handed Captain Physics an outline for the three new rides for Puppet Park. Captain Physics pondered them and took out pencil and paper, a calculator, rulers, a compass, and three books. He opened what Tuitti thought was a brief case but turned out to be a laptop computer.

This guy must be really smart, thought Tuitti.

Captain Physics worked for an hour in silence while Tuitti daydreamed about what the rides would look like. She was thinking of what colors each ride would be and how to design the logos. She was getting very excited about the project.

Captain Physics was finished.

"Okay Tuitti, here's what I have come up with. Since you haven't had any experience with the world of physics, I am going to start you off with simple explanations to very complicated concepts."

"The first ride will be designed using the concept of centripetal acceleration. In the simplest terms, centripetal acceleration means, when an object moves in a circle, a force must be directed towards the center of the circle or else the object will just fly off and not go in a circle. We call that tangent to the

path that the circle is going in, which is not important right now. For your second ride we need to use the Universal Law of Gravitation. Every object in the universe has an attraction to other objects directly proportional to the products of their masses. And, finally, for your third ride we will use the concept orbital motion which deals with gravity and the radius of the satellite to the object it is traveling around."

"I always thought that physics was so hard to understand, but Captain Physics, you have that ability to make the complicated easy to understand. That's a sign of a good teacher," Tuitti exclaimed.

"Thank you Tuitti." I am very dedicated to teaching science to my students. I want more students to become interested in the science field. I feel that it is more important to be able to help the slowest student understand the material. So, I start my freshman students on concepts that are simpler for them to visualize. Then I go into more of the mathematical explanation of how to go about solving the concepts. By using a stair-step method, my students can build on their knowledge. I try to keep it simple. In that way, my students have a good foundation to build on when we get to the more complicated concepts."

"Captain Physics, I always thought that I could never understand physics, but you have made it easy! Your students are very lucky to have a teacher who knows how to take a difficult subject and translate it to their level. As my mother always says, you have to crawl before you can walk," Tuitti said.

The next day Tuitti met with a construction crew. They took the plans that Captain Physics drew up and started construction on the new rides.

Everybody was very impressed with the new rides. Puppet Park was once again the greatest park in America. And it was all thanks to Captain Physics!

The End

Afterword

This story was written in a format that even a child could grasp the concepts. I feel that complicated concepts can be explained in an understandable language.

I have been in the health care industry for the last twenty years as an ultrasound technologist and have learned to explain the concept in layman terms so that my patients will understand. Most people have no concept of how the human body works. I have found that when something is explained in very technical terms, people will feel that they can never understand what I am talking about. If the goal is to get more students interested in the scientific field, more emphasis should be placed on making the complicated simple. Then a student can build on the information.

I am applying to chiropractor school, and physics is an entrance requirement. It is important to know how the body moves when doing manipulations. X-ray physics is also an important part of my education.

Puppet Park New Rides

Going In Circles

This ride consists of a hollow sphere which looks like a meteorite. It is connected to a steel tower by a stable bar with a length of 15 meters and travels in a horizontal circle. The sphere can hold four people with a combined centripetal force of the sphere and the riders is 682N. The weight of the riders can not exceed 300 kg. What is the greatest speed the ride can go?

$$\text{Let: } F_c = m a_c = mv^2 / r, \quad v^2 = F_c \cdot r / m, \quad v = (F_c r / m)^{0.5}$$

$$\text{Let: } F_c = \text{centripetal force, } r = \text{radius, } m = \text{mass, } v = \text{speed}$$

$$v = [(682)(15\text{m})/300 \text{ kg}]^{0.5} \quad v = 5.8 \text{ m/s}$$

The greatest speed in which the ride could travel would be 5.8 m/s.

May The Force Be With You

The rider is in the Death Star which is 1.0×10^4 meters from the surface of the Earth. The Death Star weighs 300. kg. What is the magnitude of the gravitational force between the Earth and the Death Star?

$$\text{Let: } F = \text{force, } M_e = \text{mass of the Earth } (5.98 \times 10^{24} \text{ kg}),$$

$$M_d = \text{mass of the Death Star, } r_d = \text{distance of}$$

$$\text{Death Star from the surface of the Earth, } G =$$

$$\text{universal gravitational constant, } r_e = \text{radius of}$$

$$\text{Earth } = 6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m}$$

$$F = G (M_e M_d) / (r_e + r_d)^2$$

$$F = 6.67 \times 10^{-11} \text{ N} \cdot \text{m}^2 / \text{kg}^2 (5.98 \times 10^{24} \text{ kg} \cdot 300 \text{ kg}) /$$

$$(6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m} + 1.0 \times 10^4 \text{ m})^2$$

$$F = 2.9 \times 10^3 \text{ N}$$

The magnitude of the gravitational force between Earth and Death Star would be $2.9 \times 10^3 \text{ N}$

Ring Around Uranus

You are in a 300 kg satellite circling the planet Uranus. Uranus's gravity is 1.17 times that of Earth's. Its mass is 14.5 times greater than Earth's and its radius is 4.10 times that of Earth's. If the satellite is orbiting at an altitude of 1,000 km, how fast will it be going?

$$\text{Let: } G = \text{universal gravitation constant, } v = \text{speed, } r = \text{radius}$$

$$\text{Let: } \text{Uranus mass} = M_u = 5.98 \times 10^{24} \text{ kg} \cdot 14.5 = 8.67 \times 10^{25} \text{ kg}$$

$$\text{Uranus radius} = r_u = 6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m} \cdot 4.10 = 2.62 \times 10^7 \text{ m}$$

$$\text{Mass of satellite} = M_s = 300. \text{ kg}$$

$$\text{To have an orbit } F_{\text{centripetal}} = F_{\text{gravitation}}$$

$$M_s v^2 / r = G (M_u M_s) / r^2 \text{ solving for } v = [(G)(M_u) / r]^{0.5}$$

$$\sqrt{6.67 \times 10^{-11} \text{ N} \cdot \text{m}^2 / \text{kg}^2 [(8.67 \times 10^{25} \text{ kg}) / (2.62 \times 10^7 \text{ m} + 1.0 \times 10^6 \text{ m})]}$$

The satellite will be traveling at a speed of $1.4 \times 10^4 \text{ m/s}$

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Evaluation: *This report is a bold leap of creativity—too often missing in our society's intellectual development—for a rather formalistic assignment. The scenario is well structured, enlightening, easy to understand, and relevant. While there is room for debate on Joyce's discussion of "introductory course" and "layman" when applied to a course like PHY 121, her concluding remarks present poignant and significant issues for which all educators should develop an increased sensitivity.*

Term Paper in Philosophy

by Alisa Esposito

Course: Philosophy 170
Instructor: Jerome A. Stone

Assignment:

Compare and contrast two major environmental thinkers and evaluate them.

David Ehrenfeld focuses on the dangers of humanism throughout his book, *The Arrogance of Humanism*. He makes clear that humanism is focused completely on abuse of all that does not belong within the group *Homo Sapiens*, rather than a simple belief in a philanthropist doctrine whose main concern is a selfless interest in the welfare of neighbors. He suggests that humanism is, in fact, a religion, an organized affair to which much of the whole world population unknowingly belongs. He suggests that we examine the principles of humanism, for we would find that it casts a black shadow which cloaks our every move and is at the foundation of our exploitation of the Earth's dwindling resources, as well as our overwhelming disrespect for the other life forms inhabiting the globe. Ehrenfeld proposes that we move "beyond human-

ism" in his final chapter and shares his ideas about how this can be done.

A religious group can be described as an organization focused on the upholding of faith and worship of a god or belief system of agreed-upon central importance. Ehrenfeld asks the question, "Is humanism a religion?" He points out that members of the humanist faith "eat, sleep, work, and play according to its central doctrine; they recite the rosary of humanism as they make their most important plans; and they receive the last rites of humanism as they try to avoid dying" (4). Religious beliefs require full attention of mind and spirit all life long; in a world of shape shifting and uncertainty, religious beliefs are our only solid handhold. While for a few individuals religion is as much a part of life as being awake, the majority of people are religiously or spiritually alive only on a few designated days through the year. The primary focus in the lives of most is the "supreme faith in human reason—its ability to confront and solve the many problems that humans face, [and] to rearrange ... the world of Nature and the affairs of men and women so that human life will prosper" (5). According to David Ehrenfeld, we all worship under the humanist faith and ultimately address our prayers to ourselves.

Humanism is principally concerned with the intellect and power potential of humankind. The abilities and endeavors of our species are viewed as limitless; a future with boundless possibilities stretches elusively over a vast and winding horizon. And every new building, dam, or Wal-Mart that is built is a monument to human innovation and a delicious stroke to our collective ego. Pave the prairie! Fill the wetlands! Pluck the trees at their roots! And listen to the crowds whisper in astonishment and admiration as the latest strip mall is prepared for its grand opening day. Are strip malls and apartment complexes enough to sustain a thriving culture or healthy population? Ehrenfeld believes that even today, "when the suspicion of limits has become certainty, the great bulk of educated people still believe that there is no trap we

cannot puzzle our way out of as surely and noisily as we blundered into it" (12). If we only lightly skimmed over our history with an honest and courageous eye we could not help but see the error in this logic. This is the primary problem with the humanist belief. We have entirely too much faith in ourselves.

Moving "beyond humanism" is an absolute necessity for life to continue on this planet because, as Ehrenfeld discusses, "there is little or no chance that humanists will be able to 'engineer' a future" (236). He points out that much of the world's non-renewable resources have been used up. In 1978, when *The Arrogance of Humanism* was written, Ehrenfeld described the world population as "pushing toward five billion;" today it is pushing towards six. People all over the earth cut down or burn forests for short term agriculture, starve in streets and deserts, and struggle for existence in a global market society without one measly penny in hand while "economists debate whether Malthus was right" (237). And the non-humanists cry out in pain for the entirety of the world. They hold their heads in hand and whimper, "What can ... be ... done ... ?" Ehrenfeld believes that individuals are becoming increasingly egocentric and he does not hold out any great hope for the future of humanity; I presume this is because he has studied the past. He believes that the fall of humanism and a move toward a more sustainable future will only come with a great economic depression that would:

result in the collapse of the global trade in fantastic weapons, the collapse of massive schemes to rearrange the earth, the collapse of destructive export agriculture, and the re-establishment of national and regional economic systems on a small scale and independent of any 'large' system. (259-60)

He believes that with the collapse of these systems the human spirit might be freed and felt by a world of individuals liberated from the steady buzzing drone of consumption, convenience and the "fetters

of self-adulation." With a true awareness of being, the limits of humanism would be recognized and the "human spirit" would restore and lift to a true understanding of universal creation and interconnection.

The Upshot—Leopold

Aldo Leopold writes on behalf of nature from a humanistic point of view in *A Sand County Almanac*. He emphasizes the importance of accurate perception and a healthy understanding of the natural world. The mechanization of nature is discussed in regards to our use of it in sport and recreation. Leopold also believes that wilderness holds a priceless educational value and should be observed with a heartfelt, scholarly "humility."

Perception and understanding of nature do not come from taking a drive through the country. Leopold believes that if what you seek from nature can only be found on a golf course or hotel lawn, then "it is better to stay home." Most of society perceives the world as great wealth of endless resources: miles of forests, acres of healthy black soil, clean air and water, and abundant wildlife. We assign degrees of importance and worth to the natural world in accordance to our interest in and need of them. Desert land is less valuable than prime agricultural land or coastal land, and some plants and animals are viewed as "worthless." But Leopold believes that the value of what we find in nature is "not a matter of ciphers"; its value can only be felt in the individual.

Wilderness is invaded by city folks at the end of every hectic work week. They carry with them a load of "gadgets" and a mechanistic world view: "Gadgets fill the pockets, they dangle from neck and belt. The overflow fills the auto-trunk, and also the trailer" (180). Duck and deer hunters wage a war with gadgets on their victims, for the test of skill is unimportant. Leopold believes that the introduction of technology and mechanization into wilderness destroys or cheapens the value of the outdoor experience. He says that factory-made

gadgets used in the hunting of life in the wild “depersonalize one of the essentially personal elements in outdoor sports” (183). Leopold suggests that areas of wilderness be set aside free of mechanization and artificialization so that they may be there for those few who feel a need of them.

In discussing the values of wilderness, Leopold asserts that a substantial importance lies in the educational value of wild areas. No future prairie can be restored without a similar living model to utilize as a guide. There is no telling what the wilderness will teach to researchers in the coming years, but Leopold suggests that what we learn from wildlife will invariably teach us something about ourselves: “ecology is now teaching us to search in animal populations for analogies to our own problem. By learning how some small part of the biota ticks, we can guess how the mechanism ticks” (187). If the world’s large wilderness areas are whittled to tiny plots of land, our understanding of biological ecosystems will be impossible, if it isn’t already. We must preserve large areas of wilderness and enter the forest only with “intellectual humility,” for these wilderness holds a boundless wisdom that our brains are only beginning to understand.

Humanism and Wilderness

Humanism is not viewed as an independent belief system because it has no formally declared principles. There are no institutions that are focused on promoting a humanist vision. Humanism is viewed as an underlying life theme, one which is concerned with the welfare of humanity all over the earth. It is a movement of benevolence and caring and is generally smiled upon. It is desirable to hold humanist values. That is what I thought until I read David Ehrenfeld’s book. Now I have a label for individuals and organizations that indulge in unmitigated greed and thoughtless unconcern for wildlife and nature.

Humankind has traveled quite a distance since our ancestors diverged into primate evolution sometime in the Oligocene epoch, roughly 38 mil-

lion years ago. The timescale is immense and cannot be comprehended, even by the most frequently published paleontologist and certainly not by the average humanist. David Brower, conservationist, was quoted in a film of environmental significance recently. He suggests that we:

compare the six days of Genesis to the four billion years of geologic time. On this scale one day equals about six hundred and sixty-six million years. All day Monday until Tuesday noon, creation was busy getting the Earth going. Life began on Tuesday noon ...t. At four p.m. Saturday the big reptiles came; five hours later when the redwoods appeared there were no more big reptiles. At three minutes before midnight, man appeared. One quarter of a second before midnight Christ arrived. At 1/40 of a second before midnight, the industrial revolution began. We are surrounded by people who believe that what we have been doing for 1/40 of a second can go on indefinitely. They are considered normal. But they are stark, raving, mad.

This is the ultimate in understanding. Imagine standing over some magnificent canyon on a clear night with lung full of crisp air, an eye full of stars, and the geologic timescale on your mind. Does anything matter but the swelling of life and time in your heart? Present-day humanists sparked from the same use that the first amphibians hopped out of. We are moving along into our future without understanding the basic patterns of our past.

The world spins round as we move into our future, despite our horrid mistakes. At some tragic point, however, we will reach our end (the world will go on spinning). I believe that part of the reason humankind does not attempt to correct its mistakes is not only because we are lazy and selfish, but also because we do not believe that we are really capable of causing any significant damage. We stand in awe of our accomplishments as if we do

not believe we are actually capable of producing things of incredible magnitude. Yet, it suits us to push on because it is our only means of knowing what we are capable of.

As we tread a barren footpath into our tomorrow, we overlook the shadows that harbor the details of life. We catch sight of the big stuff, mountains, whales, redwoods and buffalo. The infinite detail, the tiny bright giver of understanding and wisdom is lost under the darkness cast by the obvious. And humankind grabs conveniently for the quick and efficient obvious. But the overlooked intricacies are like the fine print of an imposing contract and should be read with utmost care, for they reveal the limits of possibility.

Evaluation—*The Arrogance of Humanism*

Ehrenfeld's proposal that humanism is a religion is accurate. Humanist principles are possibly the closest thing to religious beliefs that much of the world can hold on to. Humanism supports most established religions as well. Our culture, our lives, are guided by an unwavering faith in man's ability to restore progress, freedom and wealth in society no matter how immense the obstacle. There is nothing we cannot do. When nature asserts itself with storms, floods and tornadoes, we feel the pain, but technology cleans up. Nature is only a minor inconvenience. We blindly worship technology, as emotionally lost cult members might worship a con artist. The mechanistic-humanistic world view forms our ultimate political and religious ideology. People breathe humanism as a priest breathes Christianity (and humanism).

Acknowledging the "arrogance of humanism" requires an examination of word meaning and interpretation. Gary Snyder made clear in his book *The Practice of the Wild* that our word choices should be considered when using words such as "nature" or "wild." To many, these words smack of the same subject. In actuality, they are significantly different: "nature" indicates a humanist interpretation and interest, the "wild" includes the puzzle of

life, the pure force that ultimately drives us and determines our deaths. To proudly declare, "Why, yes, of course I am a humanist," is to proudly admit that we support the efforts of a fellow human to plunder the planet, destroy the environment, and molest animals solely for the sake of human comfort and convenience. Complete dismissal of possible effects of the humanist doctrine will yield only a false sense of security and the reverberations will surely be felt in years to come. Humankind has battered nature out of fear and of self-interest, but we did not bound forth like a loose spring out of the womb of technology. We did not create ourselves. Beneath the state, the government, the culture, each of us is a wild child of nature, and so we have ultimately been fighting a war against ourselves.

Many will, nevertheless, proclaim loyalty to humanism without seeing even a flicker of wrong. Ehrenfeld believes that it is essential to life and the planets that we make a move "beyond humanism." He is, of course, correct. However, he suggests that our only hope lies in the collapse of our economic system. He believes this would ultimately result in a shift to a healthy understanding of the delicate web of interconnectedness, a tossing out of the humanist belief system and a flourishing of the spirit. It is here that I have to disagree. Although I also hope that an economic catastrophe would result in self-reliance and small-scale community governance, I fear that the population has already grown too large, habitat too small and our humanist beliefs ingrained too deeply for anything to occur but a slow and steady struggle back to the familiar comfort of happily pursuing the American dream.

Evaluation of Leopold's "Upshot"

Leopold is deeply concerned that wilderness areas be conserved for wildlife and man. Although he believes that wildlife and nature should be allowed to exist free from the value judgments of man, his writing concentrates on the importance of natural areas for mankind. A distinction should be

made regarding his ideas. Leopold is a conservationist, not a preservationist; despite his enlightening wilderness philosophy he must be included on the humanist list. He has set geographical limits for technology, and accepts the boundaries of the forests. He believes that technology has a place in the world, but it should be kept out of the wilderness. Although he doesn't seem ready to revert to a hunter-gatherer way of life, or even early agriculture, I believe that Leopold desires a natural world free of overuse and misuse. He is focusing on the humanist point of view because he is making a plea for wilderness in a society that reverses a humanist perspective.

There is no greater teacher than the earth. The wild can teach us how to survive and can help us to understand why we are alive on this earth. To learn, all one needs is a free mind capable of focus and fascination, and some time. Life creeps everywhere: it crawls through flowerbed soils, slithers under dressers, it winds and wiggles through green puddles and clings to leaves in the windy heights of the highest trees. And life leaves tracks and signs and scents. And every creature has a lesson: a shelter modeled after a squirrel's nest will keep a person warm through winter's nights, a heron- or grebe-covered lake guarantees a fish-filled stomach, and any animal's track can speak hours of detail about its maker. Leopold says that we should approach the wilderness with "scholarly humility," as a pupil should approach a teacher. How can one learn if one knows everything? The wilderness holds infinite wisdom, much more than we can ever fathom, and we won't see a glimmer of it unless we approach it with respect, admiration and wonder. Leopold is right.

Works Cited

- Ehrenfeld, David. *The Arrogance of Humanism*. New York: Oxford UP, 1978.
Leopold, Aldo. *A Sand County Almanac*. New York: Oxford UP, 1949.

Evaluation: *Alisa followed the parts of the assignment precisely with clear and appropriately cogent arguments. Except for an uncritical use of the word "humanism," her expositions are accurate.*

The Seventh Sail

by Gary A. Fuller II

Course: Honors Literature 105

Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:

Write a critical analysis of a poem.

I cannot now think symbols less than the greatest of all powers whether they are used consciously by the masters of magic, or half consciously by their successors, the poet, the musician, and the artist.

—W.B. Yeats

Yeats captures the veiled mystique in the poem “Sailing to Byzantium.” In ciphered tongue, Yeats expresses a vision of advancing age and the alienated feelings one gleans from such treatment. “Sailing to Byzantium” is one man’s quest to find a deeper meaning in a society that lives on the surface of its shell. It is a trek into human values, physical reality, and divinity. Only by unlocking the doorways of the unconscious mind through imagery and symbols can the essence of “Sailing to Byzantium” bare its message. For the mind’s oracle houses the keys if only we lend an ear.

The imagery found in “Sailing to Byzantium” alludes to the many transformations one partakes in existence. The speaker conceives a world abundant in life and youth early on in the first stanza. In this stanza the speaker paints a scene of a wooded canopy inhabited by birds, a land supporting the joy of youth, and seas sparkling with schools of fish. However, within this land, the old, wise man is nothing less than alien. “—Those dying generations—at their song” refers to a visual image of the venerable engrossed in prayer and spirituality, gazing beyond that which dances in the mundane. In the second stanza, the speaker refers to an elderly man as “a tattered coat upon a stick.” The speaker then alludes to the means to transcend this decadence by suggesting that if the “Soul clap its hands and sing” with faith, one can awaken his inner-being and rise above the wear of time. This image suggests that an outworn and frail body will become of one if the soul is left to rot. In the third stanza, “O sages standing in God’s holy fire” describes the pure and brilliant vision of the wise illuminated by the holiness of God. “Consume my heart away; sick with desire” is an example of an organic image due to the speaker’s internal depression. An excellent instance of kinesthetic imagery occurs when the speaker

refers to his heart as being "fastened to a dying animal." The sense of sluggish movement as the body winds down toward death is vividly splendid. The progression from physical to otherworldly images brings the reader into focus so that the potency of Yeats' symbolism can be taken in whole.

The symbolism presented in "Sailing to Byzantium" strives to attain the same divinity that the speaker seeks. In the first stanza, "sensual music" represents the splendor of the physical world. "Monuments of unaging intellect" refers to the undying souls housed within aged bodies. In the second stanza, "Singing school" is symbolic of a place or state of mind in which the growth of one's inner-self can be realized. The voyage beyond the five-sensory world, into that of pure spirit or heaven, is analogous to "I have sailed the seas and come to the holy city of Byzantium." The third stanza offers the symbol of "singing-masters" as holy, wise men who have traversed upon the golden path heretofore. The illusion of time is expressed in the phrase "artifice of eternity." In the last stanza "golden bough to sing" represents not only the mechanical golden birds of Emperor Theophilus but the lyrical revelations of an oracle. With symbols that reach toward the heavens, "Sailing to Byzantium" weaves its message of ascension.

The tone devised in "Sailing to Byzantium" is one of evolvment. The first stanza sets the stage for the condition of the speaker's being. The elderly and wise are outnumbered by the vigor of neophytes. The reality of being beyond or wearing out one's welcome is realized in the statement "That is no country for old men." It is as if the world around him has lost its cohesiveness. In the second stanza, "Nor is there singing school but studying monuments of its own magnificence" reveals the view of an overextended reliance on mundane reality by the general populace. The spirit of the collective unconscious has been severed, only to be replaced by the icons of worldly grandeur. The speaker seeks ascension into the realms beyond; he seeks a union with God. In the third stanza, "It knows not what it is; and gather me into the artifice

of eternity," the speaker cries out to the powers-that-be to rise from the dying husk of his mortal cell and enter into the enigmatic essence of eternity. Paradoxically, in the last stanza the speaker tells of the forms in which he shall return. Only in the image of unnatural things, such "as Grecian goldsmiths make," will he materialize and whisper the wisdom "Of what is past, or passing, or to come." The cyclical nature in which human beings evolve clearly is a focal point in "Sailing to Byzantium."

Through tactful use of imagery, symbols, and tone, Yeats synthesizes an unearthly tale of spiritual yearning in "Sailing to Byzantium." It is the desire to find one's place and to find the quintessence of one's spiritual side. It is a sad revelation of humanity's sheltered divinity. It is a poem of timely value; for we live in an age where the heart and soul of humanity have been thrust aside for the progress of science. We've shaken the hand of ignorance and played off our wisdom as such.

Evaluation: Gary is a "master of magic,"
creating a "vividly splendid" analysis of Yeats's
poem that reaches "toward the heavens."
In short, his essay is the quintessence of excellence.

My Meeting with Culture Shock

by Renata M. Galazka
Course: Reading VII & VIII
Instructor: Brenda S. Belanger

Assignment:
*Write a journal entry describing your initial
problems adjusting to a new culture.*

At the age of nineteen, I started a job as a singer and a dancer in the famous Polish National Music Company "Mazowsze." For six years I toured the world with "Mazowsze," visiting Japan, Brazil, Argentina, France, Italy, England, Spain, U.S.S.R., Canada, Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, West and East Germany, Bulgaria, Hungary and Romania. I was very young, so I didn't have any problems adopting to a big, friendly, and open world. I adjusted well to new conditions, to each unknown country. I could easily conform my European manners to almost every situation in the "Big World," a world full of unexpected surprises and pleasures. My job was the most attractive one that Poland could offer and the most enjoyable I could have ever dreamed.

To get into "Mazowsze" was very hard and the secret wish of almost every girl in my country. My dreams came true, so I worked with great passion and was truly devoted to the music and the dancing. Sometimes I couldn't believe the emotions and thoughts running through my mind when I

marched through my "Fantasy World." God created a "Wonderland," and it flew like a movie in front of my eyes. I was in a long-term trance, involuntarily catching a plot of my fate.

Once, I was in the middle of the most crowded street of Tokyo, afraid of being smashed by thousands of people and walking on the unusually-wide sidewalks. Another time, sitting outside on a terrace of the little, romantic restaurant in Rio de Janeiro, I was attracted by a humming bird with its brilliant iridescent plumage and tiny wings which beat so rapidly. I could watch the Mount Etna (11,870 ft.) from the window of an exclusive hotel in Sicily. Across the Houses of Parliament and the clock tower known as Big Ben, sitting on the edge of London Bridge, I tied my shoes. In Verona, surrounded by historical houses and standing on a dark stone pavement near a smooth sculpture of beautiful, young Juliet, while looking up at the artistically carved balcony, tightly draped with the green, long, and stiff ivy, I wondered, how could Romeo have climbed that high? I could feel the old, marvelous atmosphere of that tragic love. I also stood in the front of the Eiffel Tower and admired Versailles, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre, Buckingham Palace, and Square St. Mark in Venice, which sparkled all over by sculptured lamps at midnight.

Using gesture as my language, I didn't have any problem with communication. Everywhere people were friendly to me. Every scene, every city, every country opened its welcome hands to me. I was happy. The longest I visited a new place was three months. I was just a tourist.

Suddenly, fate asked me quietly to change track and I agreed. It was then I saw a man in a long, dark, flowing cape. He seemed to be extremely strict; his face remained immobile and cold. People called him "Culture Shock." I ignored him.

"America, a new country, well, nothing new for me," I thought. For the first few days I traveled through America from Washington DC to Chicago, completely enjoying the marvelous landscape and wonder of Mother Nature. I was happy, full of

hopes, and naive. I established myself in a nice apartment on Sheridan Road. The first shock knocked me out when a big cockroach fell on my head from the kitchen cabinets. From that moment, my new life started. I met the naked reality of this new condition when I tried to find an attractive job without knowing English. Not only did I feel uncomfortable with American transportation, shopping, and conversation, but I also had lost my amazing job, my unconcerned, colorful, and traveling life. Also, I lost my family. I was pumped up like a balloon with anxiety and frustration. However, I lifted up a heavy wand to continue a big fight with a foreign, strange land. The dark shadow of an unsympathetic man followed me step by step. Every morning I woke up surrounded by new enthusiasm, strength, and energy; on the other hand, every night I lost them.

I remember the very first letter I wrote to my parents. It was a dark, gloomy evening when I went down across the street to post it. I got around the mailbox, but suddenly I realized that there wasn't any hole to put the letter in! I was so confused. "These unsympathetic native people, my negative experiences in the host country and its different customs and norms, a homesick feeling; all these I can understand, but what's wrong with this mailbox?" I thought. Using gestures, I "asked" a young lady crossing the intersection for help.

That was the very first light spot on "Culture Shock's" cape. I could find friendly people! But still in my imagination, I saw his cold face with that little, scornful smile. He was still stronger than me. However, time goes by.

After a few years of my strange, nervous life, I changed emotionally, throwing out all my old stereotypes. I was ready to appreciate my newfangled manner of living. I enjoyed my job, singing in various ethnic night clubs in the Chicago area and performing at the famous Russian night clubs, "White Nights" in Rosemont, "Rasputin," and "Metropol" in Glenview. I laugh now at myself that

I had to come to America to learn the Russian language. However, I can now say that I speak Polish, Russian, and English. (I still work hard on it.) Three years ago, I started school, and now I'm continuously studying a fashion design program. Not only did I cooperate with the new surroundings without a feeling of anxiety, but while enjoying my new life, I also successfully adjusted my mind to a new social intercourse. I completely accepted my new way of living; I had American friends, and I could celebrate Thanksgiving Day with them. I even liked Halloween.

At the very last moment, I saw the figure of a man in a long, dark cape with many light spots on it. He cast a furtive glance at me and his scornful smile was gone. "Culture Shock" unexpectedly turned his back and walked off with a rapid step.

Evaluation: Using a wealth of life experience, Renata skillfully weaves an imaginative and insightful tale of her personal encounter and ultimate conquest of a personified "Culture Shock."

The Need for Continued Support for Programs Serving Minority- Language Students

by Julie Gall

Course: English 201

Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:

Write a rebuttal argument in which you summarize an opinion you disagree with. Use evidence, reasoning, and expert testimony to show what is wrong with this opinion.

The Bilingual Education Act of 1978 recognized the need for minority-language students to have instruction partly in English and partly in their native language (Omark 10-11). Conversely, Linda Chávez¹ asks federal and state legislatures to “overhaul this misbegotten” bilingual program.² In “One-Nation, One Common Language,” Chávez states that because there are 20 million immigrants now in the U.S., a sense of unity should be forged through a common language. One of Chávez’s arguments is that immigrant children should be taught English as quickly as possible. Chávez further argues that many Hispanics are misplaced into bilingual programs from the start. In addition, she says that Hispanics born in the U.S. should be taught in English. Finally, Chávez argues that bilin-

gual programs are ineffective and “have become a expensive behemoth” (87-91). What she fails to realize is that bilingual education is proven to be the most effective strategy to teach English to the growing Hispanic population.

Chávez opposes bilingual programs because time is taken away from speaking English when the native language is used. She argues that “the less time you spend speaking a new language, the more slowly you’ll learn it” (90). However, Chávez is oversimplifying the complex ways of acquiring a language. She does not distinguish between being able to speak conversational English and the cognitive academic learning in English. George Mason University’s Virginia Collier has shown that the amount of time needed to approach grade-level performance in English varies, depending on such factors as age on arrival in the U.S. and length of time in American schools. Her results show that it takes two to eight years for limited English proficient (LEP)³ students to reach grade level performance (Jiménez 105).

Bilingual education specialists would not disagree that immigrant children need to be taught English. On the other hand, they already know that English takes time to learn and cannot be taught as quickly as Chávez suggests. According to Joe Negrón, president of the Illinois Association for Multilingual and Multicultural Education, the goal of bilingual education is to make sure students do not fall behind in academics while they are learning English (Wallace 5-1).

Yet, Chávez suggests that bilingual education is wasted on Hispanic students who are already English proficient. She says that some students are being placed in bilingual classes when Spanish is not the primary language spoken in the home. Clearly, some school districts must not be following standard procedures in identifying limited English students, but that does not mean that all bilingual programs are misidentified students. Most students new to a district require a home language survey to determine whether another language is spoken in the home. Next, language tests are given

to determine whether the student is limited in English (U.S. Department). Parents are then notified with a letter if the student is to be placed in a bilingual program, immersion⁴ or English as a second language (ESL)⁵ pullout program. The parent has the right to refuse these services. The transitional bilingual programs target only LEP students and are not designed to maintain the native language.

Even so, Chávez claims that Hispanics born in the U.S. should still be taught in English (91). However, being born in the U.S. does not guarantee English proficiency. Collier's study on acquiring language would explain why Hispanics born in the U.S. might qualify for bilingual education programs. If a Hispanic born in the U.S. spends his entire preschool years with his Spanish speaking parents, he could be placed in a bilingual program because his primary language is Spanish. Because two to eight years is needed to compete academically with native English speakers, the Hispanic born in the U.S. could very well spend most of his elementary years in a bilingual program.

Still, Chávez maintains that immersion and ESL programs are better for teaching English to LEP students than bilingual programs. She states that in Denver most of the 2500 immersion students are taking mathematics, science and social studies classes in English, but she does not state at what level the students are performing in these subjects. Chávez also states that in New York City, 92 percent of Korean, 87 percent of Russian, and 83 percent of Chinese children in ESL programs made it into mainstream classes in three years or less. Of the Hispanic bilingual students in New York City, only half made it to mainstream classes within three years (Chávez 88). These figures reflect only Denver and New York City schools. These schools do not provide enough representation of the nationwide bilingual programs.

On the other hand, Chávez does refer to Boston University's Rossel: "Ninety-one percent of scientifically valid studies show bilingual education to be no better—or actually worse—than doing nothing."

Chávez concludes from this statement that "students who are allowed to sink or swim in all-English classes are actually better off than bilingual students" (90-91). If Rossel's statement were true, it would defy the Supreme Court's decision that found submersion unconstitutional in *Lau v. Nichols*, 1974 (U.S. GAO 25). Submersion is the practice of placing LEP students in regular classes with no special help they overcome language barriers. This practice is illegal in the United States (Thomas 3). Rossel could have based his opposition to bilingual education on earlier studies. In *Foundations of Bilingual Education*, Baker states that a 1983 major review of bilingual education used criteria that were narrow and rigid (181). Furthermore, much of the earlier research on bilingual education was not conducted by educators.

In fact, most recent studies show that bilingual education has been proven to be the most effective strategy in serving LEP students. In 1991, the Department of Education released a study of immersion and bilingual programs that was conducted over a period of seven years in nine school districts in five states (California, Florida, New Jersey, New York, and Texas) and considered approximately 2,000 Spanish-speaking students. Although 67 percent of the structured immersion students were reclassified to fluent English proficient status at the end of four years, only one-fourth of them actually left the programs. More than 31 percent of these students were determined to need remedial Chapter I (Compensatory Education)⁶ services. The researchers in the study note that although immersion teachers seldom use Spanish, the cognitive demands of the material outpace the students' ability to understand the English as students move up the grades. Consequently, the teachers resort to Spanish. Almost 4 percent of the immersion students were transferred to bilingual programs, evidently unable to tolerate the English-only environment (Dolson 118-119).

By contrast, when researchers examined the bilingual programs of the Department of Education study, they determined that approximately 72 per-

cent of four-year students were reclassified as being English proficient at the end of the fourth program year. Approximately 79 percent of six-year students were reclassified as being English proficient by the end of the sixth year (Stewart 152-153). This study indicates that when students are in a bilingual program for four to six years, the majority of these students will then have enough English skills to enter a regular English class. Furthermore, bilingually schooled students will probably not need Chapter I services upon entering regular English classes.

Recently, George Mason University released a study of approximately 42,000 records with 8 to 12 years of data on language minority students. The study states that "When students are tested in their second language, they typically reach and surpass native speakers' performance across all subject areas after 4-7 years in a quality bilingual program" (Thomas 1,5). Collier suggests that "because they have not fallen behind in cognitive and academic growth during the 4-7 years that it takes to build academic proficiency in the second language, bilingually schooled students typically sustain this level of academic achievement and outperform monolingually schooled students in the upper grades" (Thomas 5).

Also, in a California Department of Education study, the researchers found that the bilingual approach gave students more access to the curriculum. The researchers studied 15 exemplary schools representing bilingual, sheltered English immersion, and ESL pullout approaches. On the basis of classroom observation, the classes using the native language operated at higher skill levels than the immersion and ESL pullout classes (Berman 6-7). According to the George Mason University study, "ESL pullout in the early grades, taught traditionally, is the least successful program model for students' long-term academic success" (Thomas 2). The flow of academic instruction is often disrupted when LEP students are pulled out of their classrooms.

Language acquisition specialist J. Cummins (1989) support native language instruction to teach

academic concepts: "a concept learned in one language transfers to a second language because there is a common underlying proficiency...a student who learns about the water cycle in Punjabi will need more English if he is to explain the concept in English, but he does not need to learn the concept again in English" (qtd. in Freeman). Similarly, most reading skills in Spanish will directly transfer to English reading (Acosta). In bilingual programs students have an opportunity to learn language through cognitively complex academic content in math, science, social studies, and literature (Thomas 2). If students are knowledgeable in the school curriculum, they will have a better chance of succeeding in the regular English classes.

When bilingual education is not feasible, immersion is a practical strategy to serve LEP students. According to David Dolson's examination of the 1991 Department of Education study, structured immersion is appropriate when human and material resources are not available to implement bilingual programs. Also, Dolson concludes that structured immersion is probably useful to school districts that have "very small numbers or have extremely scattered distribution of students of the same minority language group" (139). On the other hand, according to the U.S. General Accounting Office, experts suggest that nonbilingual approaches should not take the place of bilingual education if such instruction could otherwise be provided. Some experts noted that bilingual instruction allows for "more detailed and richer coverage of subjects because it facilitates a faster pace and allows more examples to be used" (11-12).

Regardless of its effectiveness, Chávez argues that bilingual education is too costly. She states that "some 2.4 million children are eligible for bilingual or ESL classes, with bilingual education alone costing over \$5.5 billion" (89). However, the fact that three out of four LEP students speak Spanish as their native language would logically account for more bilingual programs than immersion or ESL pullout classes. Most LEP students reside in districts that utilize native language instructional ser-

vices (U.S. Department). Since the majority of LEP students are in bilingual programs, then naturally more money is being spent on bilingual programs than other programs that serve LEP students.

Undoubtedly, funding programs for LEP students is a challenge. Chávez's notion of putting these students in an all-English class to sink or swim would not solve the problem. Federal civil rights laws require that LEP students receive a meaningful education to overcome language barriers. These students must have teachers and materials that can provide an education that is equal to that of other educational programs. According to the U.S. General Accounting Office, because "funding for federal programs targeted to LEP students has not kept pace with the growing LEP population, the Department of Education has proposed the following key changes to Title VII:⁷ establish schoolwide and districtwide grants, strengthen the role of states, allow more flexibility in use of Chapter I funds, and broaden staff development (U.S. GAO 16).

Currently, bilingual education serves mostly Spanish speaking LEP students, particularly in the elementary grades. These bilingual programs are feasible because high numbers of Hispanics who are limited in English are concentrated in specific schools and districts (U.S. Department). Since bilingual education is proven to be the most effective program to serve LEP students, then these programs should not be eliminated. Local, state, and federal governments should continue to examine the most effective ways to utilize funds. Because the number of LEP students is growing, teachers will need to have training in the area of LEP teaching strategies. Federal and state legislatures should make the best programs available to LEP students. These programs provide the meaningful education that these students need in order to make the transition into English-only classes.

Footnotes

¹Linda Chávez is former director of the U.S. Commission and now president of the Center for Equal opportunity (Chávez 87).

²Transitional bilingual education is a strategy used to teach limited English proficient students in English and the native language. Bilingual programs emphasize the development of English skills, as well as using the native language to teach other curriculum areas (U.S. GAO 24).

³Limited English proficient (LEP) is a term to classify students who have difficulty speaking, reading, writing and understanding English.

⁴Immersion is a general term for teaching strategies for LEP students. One immersion approach is to use sheltered English by using simplified vocabulary and sentence structure to help the students understand the regular curriculum. Another immersion approach is to use structured English. The curriculum is modified in vocabulary and pacing so that the academic subjects will be understood. The teacher may understand the native language but generally instructs only in English (U.S. GAO 24-25).

⁵English as a Second Language (ESL) pullout is a teaching approach that uses a special curriculum to teach English to limited English proficient students. Little or none of the native language is used. The students usually are taught ESL in specific school periods and may be in a regular classroom for the remainder of the day (U.S. GAO 24).

⁶Chapter I of the Elementary and Secondary Act provides funding for supplemental instruction in reading, math, and language arts to educationally disadvantaged students (U.S. GAO 3).

⁷Title VII of the Elementary and Secondary Act of 1965 is the key federal legislation directed to fund services to LEP students (U.S. GAO 3).

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Evaluation: *In a clear, logical, detailed, and thorough way, Julie Gall exposes the mistaken assumptions, flawed reasoning, and factual errors in the argument against bilingual education. Julie uses scholarship to illuminate the issues involved with a contemporary controversy too often clouded by ignorance, nativist fears, and propaganda. This is scholarship at its most relevant.*

A Close Encounter with Nature

by James A. Giesting
Course: Pre-GED English Skills
Instructor: Sharon Bothwell

Assignment:
Describe a place which left a lasting impression on you. Provide vivid details and use language that appeals to the senses.

I remember a time when I was in Colorado, Ft. Collins to be exact. My family was living there, and I decided to take my son's Jeep and go off by myself into the mountains one weekend. I drove "off road" on public land and followed a logging road that kept going up, down, and around, always winding up. At about 11 thousand feet, the road broke into a clearing where there was a beautiful meadow. The grass was about ankle deep, and everywhere I looked there were yellow, white and purple flowers. I could look out and over the trees around the edge of the meadow. As I looked around, I knew I couldn't drive out. It was getting late. The sun was setting.

That night I took a blanket out of my car and lay on the ground, wrapping myself in it. I watched the sun set. The colors were so beautiful, and the sky was the richest shade of blue-black I've ever seen. As I lay there, I could see so many stars, too many to count. They seemed so close that I could take my hand and stir them up. I fell asleep and when I awoke the next morning, I realized there was something in the field with me. I remembered what I had been taught in the Army, to lie still until I could see what it was. As it turned out, there were some elk in the field grazing. Some had antlers that looked like they were covered with velvet. What a beautiful sight to see so many elk up close! They made no sound as they slowly passed by me. I watched until they disappeared into the tree line on the edge of the forest.

As I drove off that morning, I realized what a close encounter I had had with the beauty of nature.

Evaluation: *Jim writes the way he talks, and that natural, effortless style enables the reader to see and feel the elements of an unforgettable experience. His ability to use language that is both vivid and concise provides an elegant backdrop to a scene of great beauty.*

Fiction's, A Bar and Grill

by Tracy Habijanac
Course: Interior Design 203
Instructor: Dianne Batzkall

Assignment:
*Develop a design concept for a restaurant.
Describe the clientele, theme, music, hours of
operation, and interior design.*

Finally, a meeting place you will remember! FICTION'S, A BAR AND GRILL is waiting for you. The juke box is ready and so are the servers to whisk you away to the darker, cooler past of the 1950s. From the sounds of Otis and Sam to the smell of juicy cheeseburgers, FICTION'S will lure you to the past. Let Marilyn and Elvis whip up the best adult shakes in town!

The 1990s lifestyle is getting the best of Chicagoans, and surfing the net, cellular phones, and beeping pagers are put to rest at FICTION'S. Free juke box tokens and fabulous comfort food let you drift away—if only for a while. Sit at FICTION'S lunch counter for a quick bite, or enjoy table and booth service among fabulous 1950s decor. Watch Buddy whip up a sinfully rich adult shake as you spin around on the coolest chrome seats this side of Graceland. Shoot the breeze with friends and colleagues. Remember?

To accommodate our clientele, I've designed an adult themed eating and drinking establishment for people who remember the darker, hip 1950s bars where only renegades would gather for sinful Rock and Roll. Whether it be the bustling lunch crowd, theater goers, or the after-work crowd, FICTION'S will let you slip away, if only for a while. Hours are from 11:00 am to 3:00 am daily. Menu features include juicy homemade burgers, shoestring french fries piled high, mega salads, and, of course, those famous shakes. Ambience, other than those mentioned, would include servers dressing the part. One-size costumes that are comfortable yet fun would be supplied, adding to the atmosphere and theme. Functional, yet fun, colors and materials are used extensively throughout the restaurant. From dropped neon ceiling designs to buffed chrome accents, FICTION'S interior design accommodates those who enjoy comfort and simplicity. Staff will appreciate the durability and maintenance of tile, vinyl and Formica table tops.

All American Disabilities Association requirements have been satisfied with extra large aisles and seating for singles, two's, fours and one table for six. Three busing stations have been provided.

So sit back, relax and rock around the clock! Even if it's one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, or more, FICTION'S BAR AND GRILL will rock you!

Evaluation: *I could clearly see who this restaurant was marketed toward and visualize it.*

Gatekeeper

by Dee Hanson
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Define in a stipulative way a term which refers to a person's role. Introduce a speaker who connects personally as well as academically to the term. Include a variety of definition patterns.

Gatekeeper ... what an odd, perhaps even old-fashioned word! Can't you just imagine an old, slightly humped elf of a man hobbling up to the gates with a lantern swinging from his hand, carefully scrutinizing his visitors, and finally opening the gates to allow them entrance into his domain? Or, for those with a divine bent, gatekeeper could conjure up images of St. Peter guarding the pearly gates of heaven. Of course, we can't forget our modern-day gatekeepers. There's the uniformed guards residing in those funny little gatehouses who inspect our credentials before allowing us entrance into upscale clubs, resorts, and residential communities. Attendants at tollways and parking lots who vigilantly keep watch as we feed our hard-earned coins into yawning jaws of cold, hard steel could also be dubbed gatekeepers.

Now there's a new gatekeeper on the horizon. He is no longer simply a person who tends or guards a gate. In a managed-care setting, gatekeeper refers to the person responsible for your medical well-being. Primary-care physicians provide all pri-

mary-care services to their patients while coordinating all ancillary care and speciality referrals. Family practitioners, internists, and pediatricians are classified as primary-care physicians and have been designated as our "gatekeepers."

In their new role as modern medicine's watchdogs, gatekeepers monitor the delivery of cost-effective, quality care to their patients. Gatekeepers are expected to restrict unnecessary specialty referrals, but gatekeepers are not expected to usurp the role of the specialist. For example, a managed-care patient with a history of tonsillectomy is no longer free to see an Otolaryngologist without first seeing his gatekeeper. The primary-care physician examines his patient and determines whether a consultation with an Ear, Nose, and Throat specialist is warranted. If the primary-care physician authorizes a referral visit, the necessary forms are completed and the managed-care company notified. The primary-care physician tracks the patient to be sure the specialist notifies the PCP of his findings. Should the specialist recommend surgery, it is the gatekeeper's responsibility to determine whether authorization is needed from the insurance company, to notify the hospital's outpatient department, to order needed ancillary services, including blood work, and to schedule post-op follow-up care.

A gatekeeper is like a talented maestro skillfully orchestrating at symphony hall. But, just as it only takes one discordant note to jeopardize an evening's performance, it only takes one missed step to jeopardize a patient's outcome. Recently, Dr. Richards, a health plan physician, skillfully orchestrated an intensely complicated case. Mr. Dobbs, a 55-year-old, slightly overweight male, called Dr. Richards, his gatekeeper, complaining of chest pains and radiation to his abdomen and back. Since Mr. Dobbs had a history of coronary artery disease, Dr. Richards authorized him to go immediately to ER. Dr. Richards then notified ER and authorized a cardiac work-up. Upon Mr. Dobbs's arrival, the receptionist contacted the managed-care organization to verify authorization. The patient was placed on a

cardiac monitor, a twelve-lead EKG was performed, and blood was drawn, but results were within normal limits. Since Mr. Dobbs continued to complain of chest pains, a nitroglycerin patch was applied and nitroglycerin given orally with no relief. Dr. Richards, again contacted by the ER nurse, authorized an ultrasound of the gallbladder and pertinent lab tests which revealed cholecystitis (acute inflammation of the gallbladder) with obstruction to the common bile ducts. The ER physician notified Dr. Richards and requested referral for a general surgeon.

Dr. Richards consulted with the general surgeon and authorized him to perform a closed laproscopic cholecystotomy. After calling to authorize surgery and admission, Dr. Richards rushed to the hospital to assist; surgery was performed without complications.

Twelve hours after surgery, Mr. Dobbs was experiencing pressure and, without waiting for assistance from his nurse, attempted to reach the bathroom. Unfortunately, he tripped over his IV tubing and fell. His nurse, hearing the commotion, found Mr. Dobbs lying on the floor. The patient complained of pain to his right hip, and Dr. Richards, notified of the fall, ordered hip x-rays, leaving instructions with the nurse to notify him immediately of the results. The x-rays indicated a fracture to the right hip. Dr. Richards then consulted with an orthopedic surgeon and concurred with the decision to perform surgery. Surgery was performed without complications, and Mr. Dobbs was discharged three days later with instructions to call Dr. Richards for post-op care. Dr. Richards then began the long tedious paperwork process required by managed-care companies.

Mr. Dobbs was fortunate to have a gifted physician orchestrating his surgery and follow-up care. Had his gatekeeper missed a beat, Mr. Dobbs's continuum of care would have been adversely affected. But Dr. Richards's skillful handling of this case was not accidental. For gatekeepers must complete a rigorous educational process including medical

school, internship, and residency; they must be board-certified as family practitioners, internists or pediatricians; and finally, they must submit to an extensive credentialing process. This process verifies education and training. Searches are performed which reveal disciplinary actions, license sanctions, and claims' history. Guidelines have been established to ensure that physicians provide quality care and do not discriminate against managed-care patients. Medical management committees monitor the care provided by gatekeepers, and patients' complaints are assessed through an appeals process.

Primary-care physicians, as gatekeepers, are being thrust into an extremely challenging role. They certainly have little in common with their lantern-swinging namesakes. And yet, there was a day when medical specialists were virtually non-existent. Weren't doctors then primary-care physicians, and, indeed, gatekeepers?

Evaluation: Dee's stipulative definition of a person who plays a part in so many lives these days is a timely one. The essay is focused, controlled, and it knows where it wants and needs to go. Thoughtfully composed relevant examples work well to help clarify.

The Learning Disabled: A Policy of Abandonment

by Dee Hanson
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Develop an argument which supports a focused claim with factual, authority, and empirical evidence. Present an arguer whose voice appeals to his or her audience's feelings and sense of rightness.

This is to confirm that your daughter has been suspended from school for a period of seven (7) days, beginning Wednesday, May 15, 1994, and ending Thursday, May 24, 1994, at the end of the day.

Your daughter has been suspended for violations of Level III of the Rights and Responsibilities Handbook which reads as follows: Acts of Misconduct—Gross Insubordination.

My emotions boiled over! Angry, frustrated, and totally at a loss, I didn't know what to do or where to go for help. With this letter in hand, I felt as drained and defeated as my child. Allison was being flung onto a dung heap, and no one seemed to give a damn about her future. Was this the end, after thirteen years of struggling, of fighting an inflexible system, of watching my child's eagerness to learn wilt and die? Had an uncaring attitude left my child totally abandoned? My thoughts drifted back to a recent remark made by the head of our district's LD program. "School isn't for everyone," she claimed. "It might be better if your daughter just dropped out." What an outrageous statement! No, I would not give in. I would continue to fight for my child's rights as mandated by Federal Legislation:

A free, appropriate public education for all handicapped children in the United States, 3 to 21 years of age, is required by federal legislation. The education must be provided at public expense, either in a public school or a private or state school setting as determined by your child's needs. (P.L. 94-142)

But this law, so nice and tidy, all wrapped up in a beautiful bow, is a Pandora's Box - filled with dashed hopes, empty promises, and anguish. The Public System is failing students with special needs. My daughter's struggle to claim her right to an "appropriate public education" is evidence that the education of these children is sadly lacking.

Children with special needs (handicapped children), as defined by the state of Illinois include:

Hearing Impaired	Learning Disabled
Mentally Impaired	Speech and/or Language Impaired
Multihandicapped	Visually Impaired
Physically Impaired	Behavior Disordered
Health Impaired	Educationally Impaired

(IL State Board of Education)

My daughter is handicapped; she has a learning disability. According to the National Center for Learning Disabilities in New York, this handicap affects up to ten million school age children. "Learning disabilities," states Dr. Melvin Levine, Chief of the Division of Ambulatory Pediatrics at The Children's Hospital in Boston, "interfere with the ability to store, process or produce information" (qtd. in McEven 1+). Such a simple definition for an impairment that has the potential to be as deadly as any malignancy and has the capability to ravish a child's world.

My daughter's travails began on a warm, bright, sunny day. With mixed emotions, I watched my youngest child hesitate; then with one last glance towards me, her safe harbor, she climbed the steps and disappeared into the lumbering, yellow school bus. On that first day of school, I heard excited shouts, laughter, and a harried bus driver's bellowing voice as she frantically tried to restore order. I saw my daughter's freshly scrubbed face peer out of the rear seat window and watched as she and her friend Robby proudly waved good-bye. They were off to begin a wondrous new adventure, or so, in my naiveté, I thought.

During her kindergarten year, there were glimmers of trouble, but it wasn't until first grade that I began to suspect that my daughter wasn't just a "late bloomer." I will always remember an unusually hard time for her. Her first grade teacher had promised the class a popcorn party, but not until each student had achieved a "perfect score" on his additions worksheet. Every Friday afternoon, the test was repeated; the number of students taking the test dwindling as more and more achieved the "perfect score." Finally, only two students remained—Allison and her friend Robby. Night after night, we struggled with flash cards; week after week, I watched Allison grow more despondent. As hard as she tried, she just couldn't achieve that "perfect score." Her classmates, wanting their popcorn bash, began taunting her, and a young child's confidence, a young child's appetite for learning, a young child's self-esteem, slowly crumbled.

At a time when learning disabilities were just beginning to be recognized, we battled a school system that provided little to no help for LD kids. In flagrant disregard of my child's rights, the school refused to test Allison for a suspected learning disability. They maintained that a preliminary test had shown no indications of learning problems. My daughter was simply considered a "slow learner." Even after our suspicions were confirmed by an outside psychiatrist, the school refused to recognize her disability. Only later did I learn that we had rights ... rights that were being denied us.

Our rights under "Evaluation Procedures" include:

- 1) right to have a case study evaluation of your child's educational needs completed within 60 school days of referral;
- 2) right to have more than one criterion used in determining an appropriate educational program for your child;
- 3) right to have the evaluation performed by a multidisciplinary team;
- 4) right to obtain a copy of the multidisciplinary conference report; and
- 5) right to have your child assessed in all areas related to the suspected disability.

(IL State Board of Education)

At the end of my daughter's fourth year, we moved into another school district, one that was known to have an LD program. Allison was immediately tested and diagnosed as having an attention deficit disorder with low reading comprehension. A multi-disciplinary conference was held and an LD program mapped out for Allison. Three years had elapsed from the date of our initial request.

We believe if you don't begin a child's education at a very early age, there is this whole window of opportunity that is wasted.
(Dalton qtd. in Krause 2)

After such a rocky beginning, my daughter's plight did not lessen with confirmation of her disability. On the contrary, we now encountered a whole new set of problems, including the stigma of being labeled "LD." By the time Allison reached fifth grade, she was functioning at a dangerously low level and had suffered irreparable damage. Her self esteem had been shattered long ago. She had been labeled *stupid* and *retarded* by her classmates and *uncooperative* and *inattentive* by her teachers. My child now looked up herself as a failure.

Sometimes its victims ... often young children ... are labeled lazy, dumb or hopeless. (McEven 1)

Allison's new school went to great lengths to explain our child's rights. That these rights were not always in my child's best interest was not the fault of her school, but rather an educational system that has not yet addressed and responded to the "special needs" of these ten million students. Integration, also known as mainstreaming, is one of the many rights of special needs kids.

Our rights under "Least Restrictive Environment" include:

- 1) the right to have your child educated with nonhandicapped children to the maximum extent possible;
- 2) the right to have your child removed from the regular educational environment only after supplementary aids and services were tried and found unsatisfactory; and
- 3) the right to have placement in the school your child would attend if nonhandicapped unless the individualized education plan requires some other arrangement.

(IL State Board of Education)

Based on these rights, the gurus of Special Education determined that Allison should not be removed from her classroom; instead she would be called out twice per week for special instruction. For the next two years my daughter struggled to

compete with classmates whose comprehension and skills far exceeded hers. She was now functioning two grades below her companions. My daughter's attention deficit disorder made it extremely difficult for her to concentrate in a large class atmosphere where there was only one teacher (*with no special education training*) and very little one-on-one assistance. Special instructions two mornings per week were not adequate to meet the child's needs.

Integration in such a context may become an empty promise. (Chisholm 52) The initial decision to place a special needs student in a regular class is the easiest; all it requires is the stroke of a pen. But if it is not supported with equipment, smaller classes and specialized help, the kids have been tricked.a... By placing kids in regular classes without proper support, we are endorsing a policy of abandonment. (Robertson qtd. in Chisholm 52)

Children with invisible handicaps are often discriminated against. Had my child's handicap been visible, teachers and classmates would have been more sympathetic and understanding of her needs. Invisible handicaps, however, leave most teachers impatient and cross, and classmates can be extremely cruel to these students. This prejudice further hampered Allison's education.

Allison, considered *different* and *dumb* by her classmates, became extremely reluctant to leave class for special instruction. "The kids are laughing at me and calling me a *retard*," she explained. She then went on to tell me of a particularly cruel incident. During a designated quiet-time, one of the boys singled Allison out, called her a "retard," then shouted out, "Anyone who doesn't like Allison, raise your hand!" The entire class, not wanting to be ostracized by their classmates, raised their hands. My daughter, trying to pretend it didn't matter, sat in silence, watching all her classmates turn against her. Only later, sobbing in my arms, did she allow herself to show how terribly they had hurt her.

Junior High was no easier for my daughter. Unbelievably, Allison “passed” each grade level although she was falling further and further behind. Wanting desperately to fit in and to be part of the preppy crowd, Allison tried to conceal her learning disability. Her classes took on nightmarish overtones as teachers unwittingly targeted her: reprimanding her for falling behind, for not completing assignments, and for not paying attention during class. Convincing herself that by becoming popular she would be singled out as a “retard,” Allison built a glass house—a glass house made up of *friends*. But eventually her glass house shattered, and breaking under the strain, my daughter attempted suicide. We had now reached the second level in my daughter’s rights to “Least Restrictive Environment.”

Prior to my daughter’s return to school, another multidisciplinary hearing was held, and again my child’s “rights” were protected. What a fantastic thing these “rights” are! My daughter now had the “right” to return to her old school—to the jeers and ridicule of her classmates, to the overwhelming stress of an academic schedule far beyond her reach. Even a personal plea from my daughter’s psychiatrist did not sway these gurus of special education. While it was now agreed that “mainstreaming” was not the answer for Allison, it was deemed important that her education should continue at her present school where she would feel “secure.” My husband and I petitioned to have her removed to a private school that could better meet her needs, but our petition was denied. We were, however, assured that her school offered an excellent program designed to meet Allison’s needs. And a new label, “Emotionally Disabled,” became her albatross.

With limited funding available, schools have been forced to combine special education classes. In Allison’s case, learning disabled, emotionally disabled, and behavior disordered students were all lumped together in a single classroom. Although the classes were smaller and teachers were trained in special education, we found the program alarmingly inadequate. Again, her education suffered.

And for all involved, finding the right answers will be more than an academic exercise: it means the difference between a rewarding educational experience and a daily date with frustration, anger—and disappointment. (Chisholm 52)

High School, those roller coaster years that later become our identity, became instead a journey into despair. With ED, BD, and LD kids lumped together throughout junior high, it now became difficult to differentiate handicaps. Often teachers did not distinguish between students’ disabilities. They all got a bad rap. My goal during Allison’s five-year stay in high school was to keep her in school. She had come too far to become a drop-out statistic. *U.S. News & World Report* recently reported that, “While estimates of dropout rates vary widely, one study of Pittsburgh high school found a 51% dropout rate for LD kids” (Rachlin 59).

Hating school, Allison had a truancy record that had probably not been equalled. She was constantly suspended for tardiness and absenteeism. During her Freshman year, Allison reached the final level of her least restrictive rights and was sent to a special school in a distant suburb. Here, she was among students with severe behavioral problems. She lasted one year at this school before we pulled her out. For the next four years, Allison see-sawed between special education programs and schools. Relentlessly, I fought for my daughter’s right to an education. Challenging and badgering the school authorities, I would not allow them to expel or give up on my daughter, nor would I allow my daughter to give up on school.

Allison finally received her diploma. She had been in and out of trouble throughout high school and her grades were abysmal. There was no celebration. Allison refused to participate in the graduation ceremonies, and her diploma was sent through the mail. She is totally unprepared to make her way in today’s competitive workplace.

Frustration and low self-esteem threaten the emotional well-being of many. Some drop out of life's mainstream and become socially dependent. (McEven 1)

Schools argue that budget cuts have made it impossible to adequately provide for these kids. An additional \$338 in federal funds is allotted for each learning disabled student. These funds pay for special education services such as teachers' aides and remedial reading classes (Rachlin 59). When special classes and special schools are required, the costs go up at an alarming rate. I understand that dollars, budget cuts, and inadequate federal funding have and always will be the crux of the problem. Yet, as I listen to the rhetoric, my mind drifts back to a special child's tragedy and I cannot but wonder...t

A boy, on the cusp of manhood, quietly packs his bags and slips out into the spring night air. He does not look back, nor can he look forward. There are no more tomorrows of late night cramming; of spirited dorm parties; of classes—classes beyond his grasp; of soccer—his sport, his achievement. He has failed. The scholarship, the soccer team, the dream ... gone. Six months later, with trepidation and despair as his only companions, this boy, this man, enters a desolate wooded area, and here amongst the rustling leaves, Rob (no longer Robby) puts a gun into his mouth and pulls the trigger.

Is that whispering I hear, the haunting sound of long ago memories—of a promised popcorn party echoing in the trees before being gently whisked away?

Budget cuts, inadequate funding—at what price to our children?

The hopes and dreams of our vulnerable children are at risk. My child's right to an appropriate education was violated. Her scars are permanent. Our education system has a moral responsibility to address these issues. We have an obligation to work together for the reforms so desperately needed.

All children have the capacity to learn, and no child should be thrown on the ash heap and treated as a dummy. (Ravitch 37)

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Evaluation: Dee makes a strong case for the learning disabled. Her argument blends well the elements of a traditional argument with some fresh style and creativity. The inventive use of voice in this paper deserves recognition.

'Guiseppe'

by Peter Hodgkinson
Course: English 101
Instructor: Xilao Li

Assignment:

Write an experiential essay about a person who has played an important role in changing the course of your life.

When asked to write essays describing people, most writers will choose either a long-time friend or close relative. Guiseppe would be considered a strange choice in the sense that he is none of the above. I hope to show in this essay that it is possible to take someone who is essentially a complete stranger and make it appear that you have known this person longer than in reality.

The background to this essay is my 1991 European tour. By relating Guiseppe's reactions to events that happened on that tour, I feel it is possible to achieve the objective.

What has happened to Guiseppe since 1991, I don't know. He couldn't be contacted through the company he worked for, so I hope he has settled down in Sicily. Thank you, Guiseppe.

Influential figures are often known simply by one name: Shakespeare, Mozart, Madonna, Hitchcock, Guiseppe. Who is Guiseppe? The person who probably made the greatest contribution to my life in the shortest time.

Guiseppe comes from Sicily, and looks like a typical Mediterranean. He has the deep brown eyes, the jet black hair (with a little oil to give that rugged look, which Mediterranean men think women go crazy for), and he has an olive complexion, giving him that tanned look everyone else gets from visiting tanning booths. He is about five feet ten inches tall, and just a fraction overweight. His English has a Latin accent, so when he talks about his homeland, Italy becomes "EE-ta-llii-a," and the Colosseum is the "Co-lo-SEEEE-um."

My first encounter with Guiseppe was not very positive. He works as a tour guide and firmly believes that only he knows how best to see Europe in the shortest time. The timetable for the tour is Guiseppe's baby, and like an overprotective mother, he's not allowing anyone else to hold it. As we start our journey, he continues with the controlling tactics, laying down certain "rules of the coach": no food on board, being back by a certain time, only going to certain parts of town, etc. Certain school parallels came to my mind at this point: the tour was a field trip, Guiseppe was the teacher that nobody liked, and we were the unlucky ones who had him on our bus!!

Guiseppe's character was tested several times during the following two weeks—I guess we all decided to be naughty children again. A couple of us deliberately bought ice cream to see whether he would allow us on the coach with it, so he could keep on schedule, or if we'd have to finish it first. Guiseppe chose the latter; we took our time. Other people would "lose their way," causing him to mumble phrases to himself in Italian (obviously about what he thought of us). Judging by how he always kept that air of calmness about him, we were not the first group to react to him in this way. The "tests" hadn't worked; Guiseppe was still very much aloof from us.

The days were generally greeted with much trepidation until we found ourselves at an Austrian Bier Keller. When thirty people decide they're going to have a good time, it's usually infectious. We drank, we sang, we hoped. It worked! Guiseppe had joined some other tour guides and before long was laughing and dancing with them. One person from our party happened to loop up and see Guiseppe treating us to a Sicilian "Saturday Night Fever." It was apparent, however, that he didn't want anyone to see him this way, as he tucked himself away in a dimly-lit corner.

We started cheering as we saw Guiseppe singing and dancing. Obviously embarrassed by this disgraceful outburst, Guiseppe tried to regain his composure but it was too late; too many people had seen this other side of him. Realizing it was too late, he came over to join us, and continued to drink, laugh and "sing." The atmosphere in that Bier Keller was more than a match for one stern Italian!

From that point on, Guiseppe became much more approachable. He stopped being the schoolteacher and became one of the kids on the field trip instead. If people got back late for the coach, he didn't mind now—he was more concerned if everyone was okay. This change in attitude culminated in the tour group's famous "Paris incident," when Guiseppe's full range of emotions were displayed.

Some of the group had opted to take the city tour of Paris (hence the incident's name) and the rest of us were waiting for their return. I started talking to Guiseppe about the tour. I mentioned that some of the most memorable events of the trip had involved him, whether it was singing in Bier Kellers or dancing in fountains in Rome. He forced a smile, somehow giving the impression that although he enjoyed the job, he missed Italy too much. He told me that he wished the tour company wouldn't shift the tour guides around as often as they did: "Just as you get good at the route, they want you to do a different one."

He explained that people don't realize how much work goes on "behind the scenes" to get the tour running smoothly, and sometimes how he had to

solve problems while traveling. "For instance," he said, "the other day I found the hotel we were to stay at was overbooked because of a convention, and they had no room for us. I had to find an alternative hotel in less than twelve hours and make it look as if everything is Okay."

At this point, the tour group returned, led by a rather irate-looking guide. She grabbed Guiseppe, took him to one side and began shouting at him. A few minutes passed and Guiseppe came back with a very stern look; the "schoolteacher" had reappeared: "Seven groups have come back from this tour today. SEVEN. Only my group managed to come back with less people than expected."

For the next few minutes, the group stood there being lectured on their behavior. The school parallel flashed through my mind again.

"But it was her fault," somebody shouted, "she just rushed around, not letting anybody see anything. And she wasn't going to wait for people if they got back late."

Guiseppe saw his early self in this woman, and obviously did not like what he saw. He realized that, for some people, this may be the only time they would see anything of Paris. I remember the look of disgust on his face when he was told she wasn't going to wait for the people who were late, even if that meant leaving them in a strange city. Guiseppe went straight to the tour guide and shouted at *her*! To him, this was the most irresponsible action of a tour guide. After he apologized to the group, the incident was forgotten (or so we thought). On our last day, Guiseppe arranged another tour of Paris, this time by night. In two weeks, we had seen two different sides of Guiseppe—a stern, cold "business" side and a warm, concerned "human" side.

My last encounter with Guiseppe is the one I will always thank him for. He'd obtained refunds for everyone who had been involved in the Paris incident but was unable to give someone her refund.

"Will you be seeing Sue in England?" he asked me.

“Yes, we’re going to try and meet up somewhere.”

“Please give her this money. It’s her refund.”

Two weeks later, I met up with Sue and gave her the refund. The meeting also confirmed for both of us what we had felt on the trip: we were in love. And so to Guiseppe, I am eternally grateful for giving me that opportunity. I wonder if Guiseppe had any idea that the refund would lead to me emigrating from England to marry Sue!

Is it possible for someone to make an impact on you in such a short time? I believe so.

Evaluation: *The colorful character of an Italian tour guide whom the writer briefly encountered is vividly displayed through lucid, specific and humorous descriptions.*

The Guiding Sea: A Study of Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*

by Janice L. Jenkins

Course: English 102

Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Write a literary research paper.

Throughout the novel, *The Awakening*, by Kate Chopin, is the constant presence of the sea. It becomes the central symbol that will give us insight into the past, present, and future of Edna Pontellier's ever changing existence. The sea appears to us as being "emblematic or teasingly suggestive of what will happen later" (Leary 196). "Almost every incident of reference in *The Awakening* anticipates an incident or reference that follows it or reminds a reader of something that has happened before" (197). "It is the personification of the sea, ... that dominates all the imagery. The sea is undoubtedly the central symbol of the novel; like all natural symbols, it is basically ambiguous" (May 190). The sea will ultimately vary in what it represents, changing as needed, to accompany "the discontent and revolt of a woman who refuses to pay the price that matrimony and motherhood demand" (Carey 11).

"The gulf looked far away, melting into the blue of the horizon" (163-164). Here Chopin uses the

gulf to symbolize Edna's current conscious state. The gulf appears to us as an unclear image, somewhat of a foggy blur. Edna appears to us to be in a semiconscious state of relaxation. "Yet at this moment, when we first view Edna, she does not seem to feel particularly restricted by convention ... she is enjoying the summer ... being relaxed" (Carey 13). Chopin then tells us of "some adventure out there in the water ...t." (164) The Gulf has changed, from calm to adventurous. We can sense that Edna's state of consciousness is about to change. Later, after midnight, we hear "the everlasting voice of the sea, that was not uplifted at that soft hour. It broke like a mournful lullaby upon the night" (166). Chopin tells us that the Gulf has changed once again. This time we sense a feeling of depression. Chopin prepares us for a change in Edna, a change to depression. We hear Edna cry, due to "an indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness [filling] her whole being with vague anguish" (167). We sense that the change in Edna may be extreme. Carey explains: "the heroine will first be viewed 'asleep,' as it were, before her 'awakening' occurs.t... Edna's two worlds—her exterior world (as a wife and mother) and her interior world (as a woman asleep—emotionally, intellectually, spiritually, and sexually)—and the walls of both these worlds will topple before the novel is finished" (14). "Of central importance is the fact that she allows herself to be engulfed in emotion" (17). Edna will awaken to a new level of consciousness, she will welcome it, and it will ultimately affect her life as she now knows it.

A "one time hopeless passion ... of sleepless nights, of consuming flames till the very sea sizzled when he took his daily plunge" (170), becomes an uneasy subject for Robert to share with Edna. Here the sea symbolizes a type of passion which is foreign, perhaps even frightening to Edna. Kay Carey notes that "Edna, the outsider, is 'different.' Robert does not feel free to exaggerate and boldly joke with her about 'passions' which burn within him" (21). "Chopin is preparing us for the change that is

about to occur within Edna by showing us how foreign these feelings are to her at the present so we can compare them with her later emotions, after she has begun to 'awaken'" (21).

"The sun was low in the west, and the breeze soft and languorous that came up from the south, charged with the seductive odor of the sea ... the Gulf, whose sonorous murmur reached her like a loving but imperative entreaty ... The water must be delicious ... " (171). The water calls to Edna, seducing and requesting her to use all of her senses, to fully and consciously experience her inner emotions. The Gulf seems to be inviting Edna to a quest of self-discovery. Chopin reveals what Edna is experiencing: "In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her" (171). "Edna is not undergoing a mere, or brief, sudden, shadowy insight into life, or even vaguely sensing a simple lesson in maturity. Chopin will be challenging Edna with complex ideas ..." (Carey 22).

"The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation" (172). "The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace" (172). Here the sea symbolizes the beginning of growth in Edna and represents Edna's newfound sexuality: "the Gulf serves as the seductive and invigorating force behind Edna's drifting into sensual awakening and her learning to strike out toward authenticity" (Seyersted 151). It represents Edna as an individual, as the symbol of self-knowledge outside society" (Joslin 176). It represents Edna's solitude: "it can turn the soul's attention outward to the infinity ... to confront the universe alone" (Ringe 202). Skaggs summed it up best, stating that the sea represents "the fusion of individuality, sexuality, and maternity that exists in the fully realized woman: impossible to describe directly, Chopin suggests powerfully through the poetic 'ode' to the sea" (893). Carey believes, "Edna is

slowly awakening to the fact that the sea is beginning to speak to her, making her aware of its caressing quality and the embrace of its solitude. This will signal the dawn of one of several of Edna's 'awakenings'" (22). The sea "will offer Edna a retreat for awhile, away from life" (23), a time to think about life's questions of who am I, why am I here. The results will be "that she will emerge freshened, strengthened, and reborn" (23).

"Edna Pontellier, casting her eyes about, had finally kept them at rest upon the sea" (173). "The two women are sitting by the sea, and its force and boundless freedom strengthens Edna's resolve to talk about herself" (Carey 25). Looking at the water brings back memories "of a summer day in Kentucky, of a meadow that seemed as big as the ocean to the very little girl walking through the grass, which was higher than her waist. She threw out her arms as if swimming when she walked, beating the tall grass as one strikes out in the water" (174). Edna cannot remember how she felt at the time, but recalls, "she must have been entertained... I was running away from prayer... I was a little unthinking child in those days, just following a misleading impulse without question" (174). As Edna remembers, she associates this childhood memory to her current experience of swimming in the ocean. The water seems to have brought on a regression in Edna, taking her back to a time in which she was not accountable for her actions. Joslin states, "water frees ... from the claims of the domestic world ... being in the water evokes ... the memory of a time when her body essentially belonged to her and not her husband and children" (176). Edna tells us herself that "sometimes I feel this summer as if I were walking through the green meadow again, idly, aimlessly, unthinking and unguided" (174). Chopin tells us that Edna "at a very early age—perhaps it was when she traversed the ocean of waving grass—she remembered that she had been passionately enamored ... " (175). Here the sea brings back Edna's unconscious memories of passion. Joslin backs this up by stating, "the sea symbolizes consciousness, the stream of

images that include sensation and memory. Learning to swim awakens Edna to her sensuality and passion, repressed at puberty. The movement of the water across her body calls up memories of grass across her body when she was young and, by association, her sexual desire ... (176). The sea also symbolizes freedom. It seems to give Edna its approval to experience past and present passions, giving her permission to follow her heart without thinking and therefore without regrets.

"The moon was coming up, and its mystic shimmer was casting a million lights across the distant, restless water" (180). The restless water reminds us of Edna's current restless and confused state. On this evening before the swim, Chopin tells us of Edna's (different) reaction to the music being played. "She saw no pictures of solitude, of hope, of longing, or of despair" (181). Edna's imagination draws no pictures now; she is not thinking about the music being played, she is experiencing it. "Perhaps it was the first time her being was tempered to take an impress of the abiding truth" (181). Carey reminds us that Edna has responded to piano music before, "conjuring up vague moods of solitude, moods of longing and despair as embodiments of her own confused emotions, but Edna is totally unprepared for the raw passion that...sets ablaze within her; sending tremors down her spine, invading her soul and, sea-like, 'swaying it, lashing it'" (29). The passion within Edna has now been fully awakened; it overcomes her and leaves her unsteady.

"There were strange, rare odors abroad—a tangle of the sea smell and of weeds and damp, new-plowed earth" (182). Here Chopin uses the Gulf and other elements to symbolize the confusion of mixed emotions Edna will be experiencing before, during and after she swims on her own for the first time. As we compare Edna to the others, "most of them walked into the water as though into a native element" (182). Edna, however, is entering a situation she does not feel comfortable in, for Edna does not know how to swim. "A certain ungovernable dread hung about her when in the water, unless

there was a hand nearby that night to reach out and reassure her" (182). Here the sea seems to be testing Edna's independence or lack of it. Edna takes on the challenge: "intoxicated with her newly conquered power, she swam out alone" (182). "As she swam she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself" (182). Chopin leaves us with an "image of the lone swimmer ... the accepting of solitude" (Dyer 109). "On this moonlit night, we learn, 'she was like a little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who all of a sudden realizes it [sic] powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence'" (Dyer 56). Edna starts to gain her independence. Chopin tells us that "the sea was quiet now, and swelled lazily in broad billows that melted into one another and did not break except upon the beach in little foamy crests that coiled back like slow, white serpents" (182). For Edna, the sea seems to offer a calming effect while the land offers a feeling of danger. "Edna ... may be starting to acknowledge her solitary state ... gathering 'an impression of space, and solitude,' of 'the unlimited.' But then she shifts her glance toward shore" (Dyer 109). "But to her unaccustomed vision the stretch of water behind her assumed the aspect of a barrier which her unaided strength would never be able to overcome" (182). Edna loses confidence in herself, panics and heads back for shore. Dyer explains: "Edna finds the shore hard to resist. Land values—safety, society, support—are seductive, and being alone, understandably, causes 'ungovernable dread.' True independence forces a keener sense of life's risks; the illusion of dependence sometimes can falsely quiet the anxiety of a day or a life. Choosing a solitary life forces the issue of death to surface because admitting that we are alone is philosophically very close to admitting that we will die" (110-111). After Edna goes back to shore, she states, "I thought I should have perished out there alone ... A thousand emotions have swept through me to-night ... I don't comprehend half of them" (183). We feel the tangle of confusion Edna is experiencing. On the way back from the beach, Robert makes up a story

to sum up what Edna is feeling. He tells Edna that “a spirit that has haunted these shores for ages rises up from the Gulf. With its own penetrating vision the spirit seeks someone mortal worthy to hold him company, worthy of being exalted for a few hours into realms of semi-celestials” (183), and that this spirit has chosen her. “He fills Edna with romantic fancy, teasing her that perhaps the “spirit” that has found her may never release her” (Carey 31). The Gulf spirit is now within Edna. The swim has given her the courage to change. She has become self-aware, intellectually, emotionally and sexually, and she is strong enough to accept this change. Edna will never go back to being the way she was before the swim. She is reborn. “When Edna returns to her cottage after her swim, she brings new powers with her” (Dyer 57).

“They took a shortcut across the sand. At a distance they could see the curious procession moving toward the wharf—the lovers, shoulder to shoulder, creeping; the lady in black, gaining steadily upon them; old Monsieur Farival, losing ground inch by inch, and a young barefooted Spanish Girl, with a red kerchief on her head and a basket on her arm, bringing up the rear” (186). Chopin has given us an atmosphere filled with passion, evil, and danger, a look at Edna’s obscure new destiny as an independent woman” (Carey 35). Once on the boat, “the sun was high up and beginning to bite. The swift breeze seemed to Edna to bury the sting of it into the pores of her face and hands” (187). The Gulf breeze reminds Edna of a recent feeling of freedom. The “sting” (187), seems to be the realization of the lack of freedom in her life. “As the Sunday morning air strikes Edna’s face, she is aware that she has been confined too long by social conventions and marital muzzles” (Carey 35). “As they went cutting sidewise through the water, the sails bellied taut, with the wind filling and overflowing them” (186). Edna is overflowing with emotions. “Edna is dreamily intoxicated by the fierce new tenacity she feels within herself. As the boat’s sails swell and become full blown, Edna feels ‘borne away’; she feels ‘chains ... loosening,’ and she feels ‘free to

drift whithersoever she chose to set her sails’” (Carey 35). This is her newfound sense of freedom. Once on the island at the church, Edna’s “one thought was to quit the stifling atmosphere ... and reach the open air” (188). Edna once again feels trapped. Robert takes her to a place where he knows she will find a sense of freedom. “How still it was, with only the voice of the sea whispering through the reeds that grew in the salt-water pools” (188). Once again the water offers Edna comfort. “She takes a drink from a rusty cistern and is ‘greatly revived’; this is Chopin’s symbolic mass for Edna—a baptism with water which is holy not because it is divinely sanctified but because it comes from the earth and is naturally cool and refreshing to Edna’s physical body, as well as to her spiritual body” (Carey 36). Robert then takes Edna to a house on the island to rest and recuperate. When Edna awakens from her late afternoon nap, she is also just beginning to awaken to the reality of an identity crisis” (Carey 36). Edna realizes that “this summer had been different from any and every other summer ... her present self—was in some way different from the other self” (191-192). She also realizes that she can never go back to the person she was before, playing the role of the proper wife and mother.

Once back on Grande Isle, Robert “did not join any of the others, but walked alone toward the Gulf” (191). Chopin is preparing us for the departure of Robert. Edna is “depressed, almost unhappy” (198). “Without Robert’s companionship, Edna feels her closest kinship with the sea, especially now that she has learned to swim—remember that the sea once offered her the soothing of its solitude” (Carey 40). Edna expresses her need for solitude: “I would give up the unessential; I would give my money, I would give my life for my children; but I wouldn’t give myself. I can’t make it more clear; it’s only something which I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me” (197). So once again she goes back to the sea.

“She was seeking herself and finding herself in just such sweet, half darkness which met her

moods. But the voices were not soothing that came to her from the darkness and the sky above and the stars. They jeered and sounded mournful notes without promise, devoid even of hope" (201). Once Edna is home, in New Orleans, Chopin gives us an atmosphere of hopelessness, and depression, to describe Edna's emotional state. Carey sums it up best: "when she was on Grand Isle, swimming in the sea, listening to its soothing music of freedom, feeling it surround her—all this intoxicated her. It relieved her from the heavy weight of nineteenth-century New Orleans convention. Her exultation unlocked her; Edna is shedding a fictional self that Leonce and even she herself created for her, dressed her in, and taught her to perform as" (47). She is no longer able to play this restrictive role. Edna is alone in her quest: "She is very much alone. Not only now, but ever since her first moments of her awakening, solitude has accompanied her growth. On Grande Isle, she especially felt the embodiment of this solitude in the sea" (Carey 62). "The moment she feels it more important to be an individual than to be a woman (or at least a mother-woman), as Edna does, she is in deep water. Unassisted, she has to create her own role and status, and define her aim; she must fight society's opposition as well as her own feelings of insecurity and guilt ..." (Seyersted 149). Edna seems no longer interested in life. "There is no despondency when she falls asleep, but neither is there a freshness and joy when she awakens in the morning" (Carey 77). She attempts to paint, hoping this new role will provide her with the solitude and freedom that she seeks. Painting, "moved her with recollections. She could hear again the ripple of the water, the flapping sail. She could see the glint of the moon upon the bay, and could feel the soft, gusty beating of the hot south wind" (205). Painting takes her back to the Gulf, to a time filled with hope. Some days Edna was "happy to be alive and breathing, when her whole being seemed to be one with the sunlight, the color, the odors, the luxuriant warmth" (205). But there were other days "when it did not seem worth while to be glad or sorry, to be alive or

dead; when life appeared to her like a grotesque pandemonium and humanity like worms struggling blindly toward inevitable annihilation" (205). Chopin's choice of words gives us a sense of the extreme moods Edna is experiencing. We get a picture of instability. Here, Chopin prepares us for Edna's future actions. Edna will once again need to seek solitude; she will once again go to the sea.

"The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude (47). The sea once again speaks to Edna of solitude. "The sea has become a kind of transcendental symbol to Edna, and she approaches it with a sense of all it has come to mean. It is the enormous possibility of the self "gleaming with the million lights of the sun ... and the only place she has ever been able to be completely alone" (Dyer 111). "All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water" (24). Chopin prepares us for Edna's fall. Edna casts her clothes aside, "and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her" (247). Here she stands, free of restrictions. "She enters the water naked, swimming where 'the waves...invited her'. There is no sense of melodrama and hysteria here. Edna lets the sea 'caress her, enfold her' in its 'soft, close embrace.' These are words of love and passion. Edna listens to its voice, and she understands its depths of solitude. She knows that this is no shallow haven of simple calm. This is a deep, restless sea of change and currents" (Carey 70). "How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky!" (247). Edna regresses to her infancy: "She is a child, an infant again ... She felt like some newborn creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known ... and with her final act Edna completes the regression, back to beyond childhood, back into time

eternal" (Wolf 217-218). Edna's ever changing existence has led her to nonexistence. "She chooses to become one with the salty sea, the very place where life originates" (Dyer 112). "The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents above her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace" (247). Edna chooses her faith; she welcomes it. "Edna drowns in a sea of sensations" (Boren 181).

"Chopin's 'ode' is repeated, like a refrain" (Skaggs 100). The sea, as the central symbol, accompanies us throughout the novel. It helps us to relate to Edna's changing character. As Edna changes—consciously, sexually, intellectually, and emotionally—so does the personality of the sea. The sea symbolically guides us; it prepares, explains, clarifies, suggests, emphasizes, and reminds us of Edna's state of being. It helps us to understand. If we will only listen.

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Evaluation: *Jan writes with precision, clarity, and unwavering focus. She seamlessly integrates primary and secondary source material with her own incisive analysis of the text.*

The Wisdom of *Trifles*

by Erik I. Johansson
Course: English 102
Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:

Write a creative response to Susan Glaspell's *Trifles*.

The story of trifles
shows how ego stifles
the importance of minor details.
For the women surmise
without much surprise
the answers eluding the males.

They spot while they're sitting
a quilt she was knitting
some stitches in need of repair.
It was just near the end
that it needed a mend—
symbolic of poignant despair.

To quilt or to knot
must've taken great thought
as she rocked in her favorite chair.
"My last binding thread
lies twisted and dead
the last straw for which I will bear."

There isn't a doubt
she's guilty throughout
the women have long since discovered.
She committed the crime
yet she won't pay this time;
the evidence still remains covered.

See, they know about time
and they know about crime;
they know what she must have endured.
Perhaps they feel better
for hiding the debtor
and feel that true justice was served.

Evaluation: *This poem about Trifles
most certainly stifles
no thread of bright Erik's sharp wit.
I as teacher surmise
without much surprise
how close knit sit the bits he has writ.*

Pet

by Debbie Keller
 Course: English 101
 Instructor: Ellen Lindeen

Assignment:
*Write about an important experience in your life.
 Don't tell it; make it happen again.*

There are things that happen in this life that are unseen, unexplainable, and sometimes even wondrous. Not all of our experiences need to be explained; sometimes it's enough just to accept and believe.

Two events weighed heavily on our minds that day. It was June 10, 1982. Our ten-month-old son, Jeremy, had fallen several days earlier and broken a tooth. A root canal would be necessary to repair it. Because of his age, the dentist felt that it would be easier to do if Jeremy were admitted to the hospital and put under anesthesia. Our pediatrician, however, felt that anesthesia would be unnecessarily dangerous because of his young age and suggested instead that he be held in a parent's arms and the work done in the dentist's chair.

While struggling with this decision, we learned that Pet, my husband's maternal grandmother, had suffered a second stroke. Her first stroke, many

years earlier, had left her with a slow gait and garbled speech. This was the only way I had ever known her. She had her first stroke long before I became a part of the family.

Pet had known about Jeremy's fall and upcoming dental work. She knew how worried we were; Jeremy was our first child and still just a baby. Pet knew and loved her great-grandson. She made a quilt for him before he was born. She held him in her arms at his baptism. She always asked about him when she called on the phone.

We made the decision to have Jeremy's dental work done, not in the hospital with anesthesia but in the dentist's office. My husband Brad sat in the dentist's chair with Jeremy in his lap. He held Jeremy's arms down tight to his sides. One nurse held his little legs down; another held his mouth open. The dentist completed the procedure as quickly as he could. And I ... I sat in the waiting room, listened to my baby cry, and cried too, at the helplessness I felt.

Although it seemed to take forever, Brad soon appeared at the door of the waiting room, holding a blotchy-faced, sobbing little boy. Jeremy reached for me with his little baby hands; I took him into my arms and I never wanted to let go of him again. He calmed more quickly than I did and soon was smiling and happy. We made phone calls to family and friends who were waiting to hear the outcome of Jeremy's surgery. It was during one of these phone calls that we learned Pet's condition had gotten much worse. We went to bed that night with thoughts of Pet and with the hopes that the morning would bring a brighter outlook for her.

Sound asleep, I felt a cold fragile hand on mine. As I came awake, I pulled my hand away from ... whom? The hand came back to rest on top of mine. Wide awake now, I sat up in bed. Although Brad now says he doesn't remember any of this, he said, with his eyes still closed, "I didn't do that," ... as if he knew that something had just happened. I looked at the clock. It was 1:22 am. I lay back down but all thoughts of sleep were gone. I had an over-

whelming feeling that someone was in the house. I wasn't afraid though. I got out of bed and went down the hall into the living room, first, and then the kitchen. The night light over the stove was on. The house was silent.

Debbie, you're being silly. There's no one in the house; no one touched your hand, and Brad's sound asleep. He didn't say anything to you. Go back to bed! I thought.

As I walked down the hallway back to our bedroom, I experienced something. It was more than just a feeling, but it wasn't an audible voice either. Into my mind came an image of someone leaning over Jeremy's crib. At the same time, the thought came to me that this "presence" was just there to check on Jeremy and give him her love.

Without a concern of any kind for my son, I went back to bed. I knew that something was in Jeremy's room, but all I felt was a loving peacefulness. I fell back to sleep almost immediately.

The next morning, I recounted to Brad the events of the previous night. He didn't remember saying anything to me in the night. He didn't even realize that I had gotten out of bed. He was surprised that I didn't look in on the baby after having such a strong feeling that someone was in there with him.

Shortly after that, Brad's mother called to tell us that during the night Pet had passed on. She was crying and understandably upset. It was then that I wondered about the previous night's events. I told my mother-in-law that someday, when she was less upset, I had a story to tell her. She became very emphatic. "You must tell me now! Every detail!" She, too, seemed to know that something had happened last night when her mother died.

I told her the whole story, every detail—the cold hand that woke me, walking through the house, the feelings I had, even how the thoughts from this "presence" came into my mind. Then she asked what the time was on the clock when I first felt the hand on mine. "1:22am," I said.

She cried. "Pet died at 1:20am!"

Was it all just a dream—a sleep disturbance that just happened to take place at the same time that a

caring great-grandmother was passing on? Or did Pet need to see for herself that Jeremy was all right? Does there need to be an explanation?

I think there are probably many things that happen in our world that we are unaware of. Just because we can't see something, does it mean that it doesn't exist? I'll take on faith that on that June night, thirteen years ago, Pet stopped by to check on her great-grandson and give him a kiss good-bye.

Evaluation: *With vivid detail, Debbie recounts a surrealistic experience, thus forcing the reader to think about the experience and the writing.*

Her specifics of time and touch enhance the paper's effectiveness.

Excerpts from a Patriot's Life

by *Jessica A. Klegerman*
Course: History 111
Instructor: Christopher J. Young

Assignment:
*Write a first-person account of three events
leading up to the American Revolution, either
as a participant or as an observer.*

Summer 1765

While eating dinner, my older brother, Tom, came running into the house, rambling on in excitement about opposition to the stamp act. Tom is a dedicated member of the Sons of Liberty and someone whom I have always admired. His spirit and beliefs were often the basis of my own. Now that he was twenty, three years older than I, his convictions were even more rebellious than they had ever been. After babbling excitedly about riots, stamps and freedom, he turned toward me, forgetting our parents' presence for the moment.

"Eric, we're all on our way to Hutchinson's place. He, like the others, is going to regret underestimating the spirit of true Americans. Come with us, you'll make history!"

The glow in Tom's eyes and the excitement in his voice made me, too, forget the presence of our parents, as well as the fact that I could get into much trouble if I were to go along. Frankly, I could not resist the temptation. I let Tom hurriedly lead me outside so that we could catch up with the mob moving towards Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson's house.

That night was memorable as well as exhilarating, a night that I will never forget. At first, I felt badly as I watched the mob destroy and vandalize the beautiful house. Tom noticed that I stood apart. Perhaps that is the reason why he ran back to me and explained how Hutchinson, and people like Hutchinson, had supported the taxes levied against us. Hutchinson had done the same thing to us in a way that, although not physical, was just as destructive and serious. It made sense. As least it seemed to at the time. I began to feel the anger and resentment my brother spoke of. It seemed like justice. That is when I, like the rest of the mob, did my share of pillaging and vandalizing. I would be a liar if I said I did not enjoy it.

Spring 1770.

March fifth, the day of my twenty-second birthday, Tom had promised to spend the day with me. He had recently gotten married, and as a result, I did not see him as often as I was accustomed to. His absolute dedication to the Patriot groups and his new life as a husband and soon-to-be father made his presence scarce. This made his broken promise even more disheartening. I waited the entire day and I grew more angry by the hour. I now regret feeling as angry as I did with Tom. I feel guilty that I was blaming him as the day grew darker. That day was the worst day of my life, and every birthday I know, I know as well, that it is a remembrance of Tom's death.

He had taken a job as a dockworker three years back. The incident between British soldiers and colonial workmen a few days ago led Tom's spirit on another tangent. It was his idea that encouraged the mob's attack upon the sentries at the customs' house. He and four others died as a result. After Tom died, I slowly began taking an interest in his patriotic beliefs. I do not know if it was because of that, or if it was because many people were becoming excited and interested in our rights, but I soon found myself a dedicated patriot.

It is with sadness that I cannot remember the Tea Party, December 16, 1773, as I remember the night we wreaked havoc on Hutchinson's home. Tom would have been thrilled to be there with us.

Winter 1773.

In 1772, I had already been a devoted member of the Sons of Liberty. It was the summer of that year that I met a girl that I developed a lot of interest in. Our rebellious nature was not uncommon. She held a prominent position with the Daughters of Liberty and when the trouble with the tea trade came about in 1773, we both became involved with the American intolerance of yet another British intrusion into our rights. We both worked diligently to encourage the boycotting of tea.

On December 16, 1773, I joined close to fifty others in a plot to defy Britain. We dressed as Mohawks and paraded onto a ship that contained crates of tea. As we tossed the tea overboard into the harbor, I recalled the awkward feeling I had when I had watched as Hutchinson's home was destroyed not ten years before. I felt slightly guilty as I let a crate fall into the water. I thought of my brother, Tom. If he had been with us, I knew he would say to me, while standing at my side and tossing the tea, that the redcoats never felt a tinge of guilt as they so easily cast our rights overboard.

And he would have been right too. Sometimes one extreme called for yet another. I realized, as I watched the crates float away, that Tom had been right that night of the riots in 1765. I would make history.

Evaluation: The student's first-person story brings the period just prior to the American Revolution into poignant relief when seen through the eyes of a young man. It shows how life-changing decisions are often inspired or influenced by others.

CAD: Friend or Foe?

by Kathy Kleiva
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Define in a stipulative way a term that refers to a tool. Introduce a speaker who connects personally as well as practically to the term. Include a variety of definition patterns.

CAD is a word that makes many designers cringe. I've heard it all: "It will destroy the creative process." "It detracts from the fine art of a well drafted set of construction documents." "How can a computer design?" In reality, CAD, an acronym for computer-aided design, is merely a tool that the architect or designer uses to enhance and simplify the design process. By using a computer, the repetitive nature of drafting and design is minimized, freeing the designer to spend more time designing.

Using CAD, a designer is faced with a computer rather than a drafting board. Before the advent of CAD, I spent hours at the drafting board with pencil poised upon layer after layer of tracing paper, reworking furniture plans, refining ceiling plans, creating electrical plans, then manually shifting the

papers around until they all lined up. Then came the tedious task of "drafting" or preparing the necessary documents to build whatever is being designed. During that final stage the truth came out. Tracing paper shifts. Pencil weights vary. Dimensions change. Columns within the space disappear under three layers of tracing paper, and reappear as final plans are being drafted. Quick redesign takes place based on crisis rather than on a well-thought-out plan.

Back then, my tools included T-squares, triangles, drafting pencils, pointers, and erasers ... thank God for the erasers! Now I have a computer and I've learned a whole new vocabulary. I use a "486DX/33," or to the layman, "a fast computer." I've learned about DOS, Windows, RAM memory, swap files, cache memory, digitizers and a whole host of other things that are meaningless to the uninitiated. My tools now include my computer, CAD software packages, and my modem over which drawings are sent to be plotted. Goodbye eraser!

While CAD is a tool, more specifically it refers to a type of software that assists in the design and drawing process. Instead of taking pencil to paper in order to draw a line, I type "line," and then point with my mouse to where I want the line to begin and point again to where I want the line to end. "Layers" take the place of tracing paper, and are created for different functions. One layer might be created for the floor plan, another for the reflected ceiling plan, and another still for the furniture plan. Then, with the "click" of a mouse, these layers are turned on and off to show only what you need to see for a particular task. Layers don't lie like tracing paper.

Once the plans have been developed, revisions always occur, and this is where CAD pays. No longer do I use my eraser and erasing shield, nor do I have to redraw plans that are torn through from multiple revisions. I simply "erase," "copy," "move," "rotate," "trim," to my heart's content, and then "plot" a new drawing. It's clean, it's easy, and it's quick.

I remind my peers that CAD is not a substitute for the designer, nor will CAD turn the designer into a computer operator. Since CAD is merely a computer-based tool, and since computers can't design, CAD will not put us in the unemployment line. Quite the opposite, in fact. These days most architectural and design firms have come to recognize the importance of CAD, and good designers with CAD experience can name their price. Equally important, however, is that as wonderful as CAD is, it won't make a bad designer good. What CAD gives us is a powerful tool that lets us spend more time doing what we love.

I liken a designer using CAD to a writer using a word processor. At first, the new technology is met with some resistance. The writer is comfortable with a typewriter; the designer is comfortable with pencil and paper. Lurking in the background, however, is the promise of a new way of doing business, a way that simplifies, a way that enhances, a way that allows us to reach higher potential by reducing the mundane tasks we face daily, by allowing us to concentrate on the business at hand. So one day the writer sits down at a computer and tries to plunk out a few lines. At the same time, the designer sits down at a computer and tries to draw a few lines. Soon he is hooked; life will never be the same. Take away my pencil and paper, take away my calculator; even take away my telephone, but don't you dare touch my computer!

Evaluation: *Kathy's paper explains well a term which refers to a tool of the 1990s. Her well-styled stipulative definition answers the question, "Can business and art come together?"*

Self-Discovery Through Feminist Reading: “The Yellow Wallpaper”

by Leslee Jo Klinsky
Course: Honors English 102
Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:
Write a literary research paper.

Thesis: Because she is restricted from free movement and work by her domineering husband, Jane experiences a maddening conflict between what she wants and feels on the one hand and what the men in her life have given to her to believe on the other. Throughout the story, the attic nursery setting is symbolic of Jane’s childlike status and her stifled sexuality in a patriarchal household. Because she manipulates the yellow wallpaper to satisfy her unmet desires, to release her repressed feelings, and to project her stifled female sexuality, it remains the central symbol of Jane’s patriarchal subjugation. In the end, her final madness becomes symbolic of defeat for her and women in general because she, like other women, is forced by an unyielding society, to be a prisoner of the patriarchal view of herself.

- I. Since 1973, feminist critics have tried to find new meanings in “The Yellow Wallpaper.”
 - A. Criticism prior to 1973 were much different.
 - B. In feminist readings, Jane is a victim of an oppressive patriarchal social system.
 - C. Sexuality and sexual roles are considered in feminist readings.

- II. Patriarchy and its effects on Jane are important to an understanding of the story.
 - A. In the story, John symbolizes the patriarchal society.
 1. When Jane is treated like a child, she becomes one.
 2. Jane adopts the patriarchal view of herself.
 - B. Patriarchy affects Jane.
 1. The cure is worse than the disease.
 2. Jane controls the wallpaper to satisfy unmet desires.
 - a. She uses creativity and intelligence to create her wallpaper world, and through this world, exceeds the restrictions that her husband has placed on her.
 - b. She releases repressed feelings of irritation and anger onto the wallpaper.
 - c. She projects her passion to escape onto the wallpaper.
 - d. In opposition to other critics, Jeannette King and Pam Morris argue that Jane’s “ego-ideal” is her submissive role as a wife.
 3. Jane’s stifled sexuality is projected onto the yellow wallpaper and nursery setting.

- III. There are conflicting views regarding whether the final scene is symbolic of triumph or defeat.
 - A. Many arguments assert that Jane and women in general have triumphed in the final scene.
 - B. Some argue that the final scene shows Jane and women in general as being defeated.
 1. Defeat as seen by feminist critics.
 2. I see the final scene as defeat for Jane because when John wakes, Jane will continue to be subjugated not only by him but by the possible addition of institutional patriarchy as well.

In the words of author Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the short story "The Yellow Wallpaper" is "a description of a case of nervous breakdown" (Gilbert and Gubar 145). The story recounts the experiences of the narrator, Jane, who is apparently suffering from a "severe postpartum psychosis" (Gilbert and Gubar 145). Her husband John secures an "ancestral hall" (363) for the summer "in the hope that it will prove beneficial to [Jane's] health and well-being" (Haney-Peritz 114), but isolated from people and mental stimulation in the attic nursery, Jane becomes captivated by the yellow wallpaper that covers the walls. The wallpaper begins to mirror Jane's condition as she descends into the increasing depths of mental illness.

Many early critics read "The Yellow Wallpaper" as a horror story and likened it to the Gothic tales of Edgar Allan Poe (Kennard 174; Kolodny 154). But those that were fond of Poe "could not easily transfer their sense of mental derangement to the mind of a comfortable middle-class wife and mother" and those who were used to the familiar "woman in the home" literary character "were hard-pressed to comprehend so extreme an anatomy of the psychic price [Jane] paid" (Kolodny 154). A group of later critics studied Gilman's life and recognized "only the elements of autobiography in [the story]" (Sharnhorst 19).

However, few critics prior to Elaine Hedges in 1973, saw "a connection between insanity and the sex or sexual role of the victim, [and] no one explored the implications for male-female relationships ... " (Kennard 174). Since the 1973 publication of Hedges's acclaimed "Afterword," feminist readings of "The Yellow Wallpaper" have attempted to find meanings that have always been there but have not been previously seen (Kennard 173). Mary Jacobus believes that these feminist readings contradict "the tendency to see women as basically unstable or hysterical, simultaneously...claiming that women are not mad and that their madness is not their fault" (281). Jacobus further asserts that feminist reading "as Kennard defines it ends by translating the text into a cryptograph (or picto-

graph)" (281) which can serve to represent Jane's position in a patriarchal society that "restricts women and prevents their functioning as full human beings" (Kennard 175).

These feminist critics see Jane's being deprived of the opportunity to work and write as particularly significant to her eventual mental breakdown (Kennard 175; Gilbert and Gubar 145; Shumaker 591; Kasmer 164; Haney-Peritz 116). Because she is restricted from free movement and work by her domineering husband, Jane experiences a maddening conflict between what she wants and feels on the one hand, and what the men in her life have given her to believe on the other. Throughout the story, the attic nursery setting is symbolic of Jane's childlike status and her stifled sexuality in the patriarchal household. Because she manipulates the yellow wallpaper to satisfy her unmet desires, to release her repressed feelings, and to project her stifled female sexuality, the yellow wallpaper remains the central symbol of Jane's patriarchal subjugation. In the end, her final madness becomes symbolic of defeat for her and women in general because she, like other women, is forced by an unyielding society to be a prisoner of the patriarchal view of herself.

Jane's husband John, "a censorious and paternalistic physician" (Gilbert and Gubar 145) is a symbol of the patriarchal society in "The Yellow Wallpaper." He has a "doubly authoritative role as both husband and doctor" (Kennard 175) and is described as a rational rather than emotional man. He "absolutely" (363) forbids Jane to work (even though she believes work would do her good) and forces her to abide by S. Weir Mitchell's prescribed rest cure. Conrad Shumaker believes that John is disturbed that "congenial work" (363) may be beneficial for his wife and is "fearful and contemptuous of her imaginative and artistic powers" (591). When his wife's ability to express her "artistic impulses" is limited by the patriarchal rest cure, "[Jane's] mind turns to the wallpaper, and she begins to find in its tangled pattern the emotions and experiences she is forbidden to record" (Shumaker 590). By trying to

repress his wife's imagination and intelligence, John eventually brings about the event he most wants to prevent—her ultimate madness.

From a feminist perspective, it becomes clear that John (as the patriarch) does not respect his wife. He is condescending toward her and belittles her when he says, "Bless her little heart! ... he shall be as sick as she pleases" (367). John looks at his wife with "reproachfultlook[s]" (368) when she expresses herself and pours guilt into her when he says, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake ...t. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?" (368).

Subsequently, Jane becomes like a child because her husband constantly treats her like one (King and Morris 30). John encourages her to take frequent naps and carries her to bed to read to her. Jane's childlike marital status is symbolized by John's choice of the attic nursery for her (Pringle 110; MacPike 137; King and Morris 30; Hedges, "Afterword" 107). The furnishings in the nursery "become a microcosm of the world that squeezes [Jane] into the little cell of her own mind, and the wallpaper represents the state of that mind" (MacPike 137).

The fact that Jane's bedroom is a nursery can also be indicative of her status in society: "The woman is legally a child; socially, economically, and philosophically she must be led by an adult—her husband ... " (MacPike 137). Pringle points out that Jane's room "reflects her position within the family" as well because she is "shunted aside [and] placed upstairs beyond familial activity" (111). Being situated in a child's bedroom is befitting to "her role as a child to her husband" (Pringle 111). Because Jane is denied interaction with other people, she becomes a patriarchal victim in the attic nursery.

Jane "experiences her victimization as a conflict between her own personal feelings, perceived by feminist critics as healthy and positive, and the patriarchal society's view of what is proper behavior for women. Since ... she has internalized society's expectations of women, this conflict is felt as a

split within herself" (Kennard 176). In her "Afterword," Hedges adds that because the wallpaper, like Jane, remains somewhat undefined and "only vaguely visuable" (106) through much of the story, the wallpaper symbolizes "her situation as seen by the men who control her and hence her situation as seen by herself" (106).

As her husband continues to smother her freedom and creativity, Jane sees the wallpaper's shade of yellow as "revolting" and "smoldering" (364) "so that on the surface, the wallpaper represents her stifling entrapment in John's language" (Kasmer 164). Lisa Kasmer sees Jane approaching "the pattern according to her husband's logic" and further asserts that Jane echoes John's viewpoint that "fanciful thoughts are 'dangerous'" (165).

Annette Kolodny concurs with Kasmer and further points out that in diagnosing his wife's disease, John has selected what Jane may understand rather than allowing her to decide for herself. In reading to her, "rather than allowing her to read for herself ... he determines what may get written and hence communicated" (155). Jane does not agree with John's prescriptive discourse but cannot fight him so she continues to read John's realities as her own.

The patriarchal cure (rest cure) is apparently worse than the disease because Jane's "mental condition deteriorates rapidly" (Gilbert and Gubar 145). Jane "must say what [she] feel[s] and think[s] in some way" (366), but John continues to force her to repress her feelings. He reprimands her and then reminds her to exercise self-control. "At some level ... [Jane] understands what has rendered her so thoroughly powerless and confused (*patriarchy*), yet she is so completely trapped in her role that she can express that knowledge only indirectly in a way that hides it from her conscious mind" (Shumaker 597, emphasis added).

As Jane becomes fond of the wallpaper, she realizes that it is the only part of her life that she can control. She begins to satisfy her desires for intellectual stimulation, emotional release, and escape by projecting them onto the wallpaper. "She learns to use [the wallpaper] on an intellectual level to

replace the adult intellectual activity forbidden her" (MacPike 139) and uses her creative powers to formulate complex patterns. In experiencing this new way of thinking, Jane "surmounts her stifling condition" (Kasmer 165). Jane follows "her artistic faith in creating a Gothic alternative to the stifling daylight world of her husband and the society at large" (Johnson 158). Moreover, "the design of the wallpaper contains a surplus that suggests its ability to exceed and overspill [John's] constraints" (Kasmer 164).

Jane says, "I get unreasonably angry with John" (363) because she does not understand that her husband is subjugating her. She has a right to feel angry with John—it is normal and healthy to have such feelings—but she has adopted his patriarchal view of herself. According to critic Greg Johnson the story "traces the narrator's gradual identification with her own suppressed rage" (158). John insists that Jane's mental health is improving when he says, "you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know" (367). Jane does not feel that she is getting better, so she tries to defend her position, but John just hugs and then ignores her. To Jane, the wallpaper becomes "hideous," "unreliable," "infuriating," and "tormenting" (368), and like John, it makes her "positively angry" (365). She has subconsciously acknowledged her desire to release feelings of anger and irritation toward John, but has instead projected them onto the yellow wallpaper.

Lisa Kasmer believes that "the paper, which the narrator describes as 'horrid' and 'vicious'" (164), also symbolizes Jane's repressed anger toward John. As she tries to free the woman from her wallpaper prison at the end of the story, Greg Johnson asserts, Jane "expresses her desperate rage, finally integrating herself and the woman trapped in the paper into a single triumphant 'I'" (158).

Jane tries to free the woman behind bars as she yearns to escape from patriarchal bondage (Kolodny 157; Knight 290). By reading in the wallpaper, Jane subconsciously discovers the symbolization of "her own untenable and unacceptable

reality" (Kolodny 157). She shifts her desire to escape onto the creeping woman, her sister-double behind bars in the wallpaper (Gilbert and Gubar 147; MacPike 139; Kolodny 157; Knight 290; Shumaker 596; Pringle 112; Johnson 158; Kasmer 165; King and Morris 29). "The rescue of that woman becomes her one object, and the wallpaper becomes at once the symbol of her confinement and of her freedom" (MacPike 139).

Jane, early in the story, watches the curves in the wallpaper pattern "commit suicide—plunge off at outrageous angles, [and] destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions" (364). Gilbert and Gubar claim that "she studies its suicidal implications—and inevitably, because of her 'imaginative power and habit of story-making,' she revises it, projecting her own passion for escape into its otherwise incomprehensible hieroglyphics" (146). According to Lisa Kasmer, Jane touches the wallpaper at the end of the story in an attempt to inscribe her desire to escape the patriarchal oppression of her husband (164).

In opposition to the other feminist critics, Jeannette King and Pam Morris argue that Jane's "ego-ideal" (30) is her submissive role as a wife. These authors believe that the tearing of the wallpaper is the way that Jane tries to eliminate her rebellious self "which is preventing her from achieving her ego-ideal" (30). According to their argument, Jane wants to believe in the patriarchal view of herself so she rips the wallpaper to search for the lovable self that John will approve of.

An important consequence of John's patriarchal oppression becomes Jane's sexual denial. Many feminist critics believe that the smell of the wallpaper is a symbolic metaphor for the female physiology (Kasmer 164; Jacobus 290; Hedges, "Out" 323; Fleenor 130). Jane finds that the paper has a smell that "creeps all over the house. It is not bad—at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met" (369). Jane Gallop says, "The penis may be more visible, but the female genitalia have a stronger smell" (Jacobus 290). Jacobus asserts that the "smell becomes identified

with the smell of sexuality itself" (290) and Kasmer notes that "[Jane's] sexuality becomes a pervasive and enduring force within the household, disrupting the image John has created of his wife as a little girl" (164).

Elaine Hedges cites additional critics who link the smell of the wallpaper to Jane's sexuality: William Veeder associates the smell with "the narrator's inability to handle adult sexuality"; Marianne deKoven views the smell as a symbol of Jane's sexual self-disgust; and Linda Wagner-Martin perceives the smell as conveying the "'disgust' [that Jane] feels for herself as a sexual, procreative woman" (Hedges, "Out" 323).

To Juliann Fleenor, "the strangling heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus' imply something strange and terrible about birth and death conjoined, about female procreation, and about female physiology." Later, she adds, "The paper stains the house in a way that suggests the effect of afterbirth" (130). MacPike associates Jane's repressed sexuality with the wallpaper because of the "humanoid heads, behind their intangible bars, denied the sexuality of bodies" (139).

Critics Lorelee MacPike and Greg Johnson believe that the nailed down bedstead in the nursery is also symbolic of Jane's sexuality. MacPike asserts that the bedstead "symbolizes the static nature of both the expression and the product of her sexuality (*her child*) .t." (138, emphasis added), while Johnson feels that the bedstead is suggestive of Jane's "sexual crucifixion" (159).

Even though a majority of feminist critics agree on the meanings of most symbols in "The Yellow Wallpaper," there is a large discrepancy when these same critics interpret the story's final scene. Many feminists view Jane's final descent into madness as a kind of triumph for her and women in general. Madness is seen as a woman's quest for self-identity and as a victory over the patriarchal system. Jean Kennard teaches this outcome to her students because it seems to be "most fruitful" (177). It shows women in a positive light and allows for a happy ending. Kennard points out that in order to

read the story in this way, "much must be assumed that is not directly stated, [and] much must be ignored that is ...t. There is perhaps even a certain perversity in claiming that a mentally deranged woman crawling around an attic floor is experiencing some sort of victory" (177).

In order to see Jane's final madness as a triumph, some critics read the story as Jane's quest for her identity (Kennard 176; Johnson 160; Gilbert and Gubar 147). In this scenario Jane enters into a higher form of sanity through her madness. Johnson feels that Jane's "experience should finally be viewed not as a final catastrophe but as a terrifying, necessary stage in her progress toward self-identity and personal achievement" (157). He sees Jane growing into a "new stage of being ...t. From the helpless infant, supine on her immovable bed, she has become a crawling, 'creeping' child, insistent upon her own needs and exploration" (160). Gilbert and Gubar insist: "that such an escape from the numb world behind the patterned walls of the text was a flight from dis-ease into health was quite clear to Gilman herself" (147).

Another group of critics sees final madness as triumph because Jane creeps over her inert husband at the end of the story (Schöpp-Schilling 108; King and Morris 31; Hume 478; Sharnhorst 17; Kennard 177). King and Morris believe that it is "ironically apt that ... such an infantile figure ... finally succeeds in silencing the authoritative figure of the husband" (31). Kennard notes that even though Jane is not seen to emerge from her madness or marriage at the end of the story, "her understanding of her own situation and, by extension, the situation of all women can be read as a sort of triumph. This triumph is symbolized by the overcoming of John, who is last seen fainting on the floor as his wife creeps over him" (177).

While most critics see the final scene as a victory for Jane, a very convincing group argues that Jane's ultimate madness is symbolic of defeat for her and women in general. Kasmer believes that in the end Jane "loses the ability to communicate and surmount her situation ...t. The final image of her is

that of her creeping like a child over her husband" (166). Kasmer argues against critics who see the final scene as triumph by stating, "In fact, in probing the prone, delusional body of the narrator at the end of the story and naming her 'liberated,' they mimic the narrator's husband, who says the narrator ... is getting better" (166).

I pose a new argument for Jane's final madness as defeat. At the conclusion of the story we find that John has fainted to the floor and his wife is creeping over him. He will wake from his slumber at some time in the near future. When he does, he will be in control of his wife just as before. More than likely, he will put her into a mental institution or under the care of a doctor like S. Weir Mitchell. In my view, this cannot in any way be viewed as a triumph because Jane will be completely subjugated not only by John's patriarchy, but by the addition of institutional patriarchy as well.

Women like Jane adopt the patriarchal view of themselves because it is mirrored to them from their conception. Hedges argues that "Women must creep. The narrator knows this. She has fought as best she could against creeping ...t. But ... on her last day in the house, as she peels off yards and yards of wallpaper and creeps around the floor, she has been defeated" ("Out" 107). Jane has adopted John's view of herself along with the views of other important men in her life, and this has caused a split between what she believes and what others have taught her. In the end, for Jane, like so many women who adopt the patriarchal view of themselves, madness is the only way out of the internal nightmare.

Epilogue

As I gathered information on Gilman's life and critiques of her work, I came upon a frightening revelation: Like the protagonist in "The Yellow Wallpaper," I have adopted the patriarchal view of myself. As a matter of fact, I realized, I probably never fully succeeded in the music business or as a computer professional because of this fact. Though

I came pretty close to success in both instances, in the end I believed myself to be weak, unclean, and beneath serious consideration. It is hard to cross a victory line when you do not believe that you can, but sabotaging success is extremely easy when you accept failure as inevitable.

It is not difficult to understand how I adopted this view of myself, because the only attention I received as a child was from a father and grandfather who thought my clitoris was dirty, yet very touchable. Women were mindless playthings to the men in my life and nothing more. When I tried to talk, my father turned and walked away; when I tried to express anger or hurtful feelings I was hit or yelled at.

To this day, at thirty-nine years old, I have not known one positive female role model and have never had a female friend. My mother, a pill-popping alcoholic, had a lifelong affair with her father. Her mother spent a lifetime in and out of insane asylums and my father's mother was a frightened doormat who got up at three in the morning to cater to the men in her life.

My father always said that I would never amount to anything, and he condemned me for wanting to pursue a career other than that of a housewife. Twenty years of working through the cobwebs of male oppression has not made the overpowering feelings of inadequacy go away. I remain plagued by the nightmares of patriarchy and an immobilizing fear of the future.

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Evaluation: Leslee Klinsky's research project on Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" is distinguished by its extensive scholarship, insightful interpretation, helpful analysis of the evolution of the short story's criticism, and —most important—by its use of literature and scholarship to illuminate personal life. This multi-faceted achievement represents the highest, most humane uses of academic writing.

"B. Wordsworth": An Education

by *Kieran Madden*
Course: English 102
Instructor: Julie Fleenor

Assignment:
*Write an analysis of a short story.
Include a cover letter which describes your
process of writing the paper.*

Dear Julie,

In the process of writing this essay, the idea that I thought about the most was how the two people in the story did a lot for one another. I couldn't stop thinking about how this story is not just about what the young boy learns from Wordsworth but also what they each gain from their relationship with one another. I kind of look at it as the relationship between my seven-year-old brother and me. His parents don't get along all that well, just as mine didn't when I was his age. So, when I see him, I like to make sure he notices all the cool things around him, and I try to teach him to do things the right way. I do this because I know my dad didn't do it for me, and I'm pretty sure he doesn't do it for him either. I feel that I gain some from our relationship also, because I never had a brother until my father and his new wife had him. I have four sisters and I never got to really experience a brotherly relationship, but now I have the chance and I'm not going to let it get by.

I hope that I was able to demonstrate in the paper how a similar exchange is the predominant idea behind this story. The lines in which Wordsworth tells how his world turned to black with his loss are just too strong to overlook that aspect of his getting just as much from the boy as he gives.

Thank you,
Kieran Madden

In V.S. Naipul's short story "B. Wordsworth" the penniless poet scorned by society teaches an angry, abused young boy about the significance of looking at the world with excitement and wonder. The

young boy, who leads a life full of anger due to abuse from his mother, learns to stop dwelling on the pain and anger of life and pay more attention to the simple details. He learns to explore, discover, and question ideas in the world around him. He learns all of this from a man whose life had a tragic beginning and who longs to share his final days with the son he has never had. In these final days, Wordsworth's actions and values also instill the spirit of love, caring, and forgiveness in the young boy.

B. Wordsworth is a man scorned by society, for he is poor and does not wish to make money. What is important to Wordsworth is the life that goes on around him. Wordsworth is a man who watches the world with wonder. He studies the details of the natural world and then expresses what he has seen through his poetry for the whole world to share, but it seems that no one cares what he has to say. People are so caught up with their own personal problems that they take no interest in what this poet has to say.

When Wordsworth is introduced, the first thing the young boy notices is how he is tidily dressed. Although he is without money he takes care to look otherwise. He is also articulate and speaks as though he has been well-educated. He acts in this manner because he believes everything that happens on this planet is important, including his conversation with other people. The narrator emphasizes this point: "He spoke very slowly and very correctly as though every word was costing him money" (122). Yet he is a poet and words are worth much more than money to him.

When Wordsworth meets the boy, he is sitting on his front steps doing nothing, as if he is waiting for something to happen. All the while, there is something happening in front of him. Bees busily swarm in the tree in his front lawn. Wordsworth notices the bees and asks politely if he can watch them. The boy thinks he must be crazy. His mother thinks he's crazy. When she comes to see the crazy man, his eloquent speech frightens her. She is frightened

by this kind, old, wise man because he is different.

Wordsworth differs from the boy and his mother. He takes in as much of the world around him as possible and shares what he discovers with the world. But the world doesn't seem to care. The boy and his mother don't care about how they speak because they have nothing important to say. Wordsworth's speech is very well put together because everything he says and does in life is important. He is an outcast for "wasting" time with such trivial activities as watching bees.

Wordsworth watches the bees with great interest. He also notices the stars in the heavens and learns their names and locations in the night sky. He debates where he should buy ice cream. He enjoys the details of life, wishing to share them. When he offers the boy his poem about mothers for four cents, the mother says, "Tell that blasted man to haul his tail away from my yard" (123). No one cares except for the boy. The two are perfect companions. They need one another.

The boy becomes the son Wordsworth almost had. The boy needs someone to develop his young mind and teach him about life. He has the curiosity of youth within him. It has just never been fed. Wordsworth is the first person ever to feed this curiosity. Not only does he answer questions for the boy, but he also teaches him to try to discover ideas on his own and to tell others. He does not get any of this attitude from his abusive mother. After a short time with Wordsworth, the boy begins to notice more of what goes on around him. He begins to wonder more about occurrences in the natural world. This is clear when the boy drops a pin in the water just to see what will happen (125).

Wordsworth has a stellar void that the young boy fills for him also. He longs for a son. There was a time when he was a happy young man with a lifetime of love and caring ahead of him. Then he lost his wife and unborn son. He became Black Wordsworth. His whole world turned to black. He lost everything except his ability to express himself with words. He clearly states the impact of his loss when he says, "White Wordsworth was my brother.

We share one heart" (122). It's not that he has become so consumed with depression that he has become nothing. He lost his dream of a life with his wife and son and it cast a shadow of sadness over his heart. Now he has finally found the boy to build a relationship with in his final days.

When the two meet again, Wordsworth invites the boy to come to his house and eat some mangoes that grow in his yard. The boy goes to his house before going home after school. When he returns home, his mother beats him for not coming directly home. He runs to his new friend's house. Wordsworth stops his crying and takes him on a walk to the racecourse. Night has fallen. He tells the boy to look up at the stars and think about how far away they are from them. The boy says, "I felt like nothing, and at the same time I had never felt so big and great in my life. I forgot all my anger and all my tears and all the blows" (124).

Through their relationship both Wordsworth and the boy gain. The boy learns about the significance of living life. He puts his pain and anger behind and concentrates on discovering the world around him. In the process of learning all of this, he gives a gift to his dying teacher. In the end, the boy is ready to carry on the spirit of love, caring, and forgiveness that his mentor has instilled in him while teaching him to look at the world with excitement and wonder.

Evaluation: In his cover letter and essay, Kieran provides not only his intelligent reading of Naipul's story but also a glimpse into his process of reading the story and weaving it into the fabric of his life.

To Save a Sacred River: A Study of Three Gorges Dam and the Environment

by *Ron Mao*

Course: Honors English 101
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Investigate an environmental problem or issue that concerns you. Persuade your audience that they, too, should be concerned. Use ample descriptive and concrete detail.

Two years ago, I went back to Chongqing, China, where I grew up. The Yangtze River runs through the big city. I had heard some time ago that China was planning to build a huge dam on the river. Chongqing is hundreds of miles away from the dam site. It shocked me when I learned that the pharmaceutical manufacturing company my parents used to work at had started construction on a new site and would be relocated there. The old site would be submerged by the time the dam was built.

By the end of 1994, about 15,000 people were uprooted from homes in the immediate area of the dam's construction site.

Last December, China held a ceremony proclaiming that construction of the dam had begun. ... I felt very uncomfortable.

Three Gorges Dam and the Environmental Challenge

Three Gorges is a sacred site to many Chinese, as awe-inspiring to them as the Grand Canyon is to Americans. For 124 of its 3400 miles, the Yangtze River cuts a stunning limestone canyon through a series of mountain ranges, exposing fog-shrouded peaks and sheer cliffs.

About ten years ago, China proposed the construction of the Three Gorges Dam, which is to tame the storied floodwaters of the Yangtze River valley. The major goal is to generate electricity and to prevent flooding on the lower reaches of the Yangtze.

The seventeen billion dollar project would be the world's largest hydroelectric dam in terms of electrical production. It would create a reservoir deep enough to hide a sixty-story building, submerge some sixty-four thousand acres of forest and farmland and force more than one million people to relocate. It has the potential of creating huge environmental catastrophes.

First, there is the problem of siltation. Tons of silt, sand and gravel carried by the river is likely to pile up behind the dam, dramatically reducing power generation, impeding river traffic and increasing the danger of flooding. Also, because Three Gorges Dam is to be built in an area of known seismic activity, the tremendous weight of the water pressing on the bottom of the new reservoir could trigger earthquakes. If a quake caused the concrete structure to rip open, the resulting deluge would rush through the narrow valleys, killing many people and submerging rice fields. Landslides are another common hazard in the region. If an avalanche of unstable rocks were to crash in the reservoir, it could send a hundred-foot high wave over the dam. Just this sort of tragedy, at the much smaller Vaiont Dam in Italy, killed eighteen hundred people in 1963. Furthermore, steel mills and cement, chemical and fertilizer plants each year dump more than a hundred million tons of waste directly into the Yangtze. If Three Gorges Dam

became a reality, those factory wastes, instead of discharging into the East China Sea, would pour into the reservoir, creating a cesspool stretching four miles behind the dam. Water used for farming, drinking and bathing could become deadly.

Although the project was fiercely debated and is highly controversial, the Chinese government has prohibited anything but positive reporting on the dam. The central planners, led by Prime Minister Li Peng, have pushed the project, and they see the Three Gorges Dam as a symbol of their determination to succeed against political opponents and environmentalists.

The Endless Effort

The environmentalists have been fighting to save the river since the very beginning. The first debate gave birth to the country's short-lived green movement. Among those who have been fighting, Dai Qing is a relentless leader. Dai is a prominent journalist and government critic. She found herself alarmed as she scribbled down the scientists' troubling scenarios. Her supervisor turned down her request to write about Three Gorges. In 1988, she learned from a friend that the government was planning to begin construction on the dam the following year. She was stunned; the Beijing leadership had given no hint to the Chinese people that they would be moving so fast. She quickly rounded up other reporters to help interview dissenting scientists. The result was a 172-page collection of interviews and official documents edited by Dai, titled *Yangtze! Yangtze!* In early March 1989, five thousand copies of *Yangtze! Yangtze!* immediately fanned out over Beijing before the People's Congress was set to vote on preliminary plans for Three Gorges. The book helped spark a surprisingly spirited debate in the Congress. In the wake of Dai's book, the government announced on April 3, 1989, that China would delay construction to allow more discussion of the dam's environmental consequences. But in Beijing's Tiananmen pro-democracy crackdown, the Party seized Dai from her apart-

ment. The government banned *Yangtze! Yangtze!* After one year in prison, Dai's black hair turned pure white, evidence that she suffered severe strain. To help subdue the international outcry over China's human rights abuse, the authorities released Dai but warned her not to talk about the Three Gorges again. Undaunted, she still spoke out in meetings with foreign correspondents and visiting environmentalists.

Dai came to the United States in 1992 for a one-year stay at Harvard University. I listened to her speech when she visited the University of Wisconsin. In answering questions regarding Three Gorges, she said, "I don't care if they think they are fearless Communists. They have no right to be so arrogant. Their willfulness will bring down a disaster not only on their heads but also on those of their neighbors and their descendants."

The Bright Sign

As an official in ancient China once said, it is even more dangerous to silence the people than to dam a river. The efforts of environmentalists are taking effect. China has been moving much slower than it would like in building the dam.

Today these efforts are also being felt worldwide. The U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, citing its movement away from large-scale dam projects due to environmental and economic concerns, has decided against any further participation in the Three Gorges Project. And the World Bank, which had helped underwrite a 1988 Canadian feasibility study, has no plans to fund Three Gorges Dam.

After this study, I feel I can no longer wait to join the voice of the environmentalists. To save the sacred river is not only the mission of the environmentalists, but my own as well.

Evaluation: *Ron writes with passion and authority. He fulfills the assignment beautifully by convincing us that we, too, should be concerned about the Three Gorges project.*

Grandma Picking Apples

by Rachael McCusker
Course: Literature 105
Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:
*Write an essay which reveals your personal
connection to a particular poem.*

Robert Frost's poem "After Apple-Picking" is about someone who is not afraid to die—someone who is welcoming death as another part of life, someone who has worked hard and is now ready for a nice, peaceful rest. In many ways, the speaker of this poem reminds me of my Great Grandmother Warren, for she, too, seemed at ease and peaceful with the idea of death.

When my great grandma was stricken with cancer, my mother, my sister, and my uncle, and I (when I was ten) went to visit her. What an experience! It was sad, but at the same time, it was an experience that I am very grateful to have had, and when I read this poem now, I am often reminded of it.

I have only two or three significant memories of Great Grandma Warren: one of them is of a spectacular meal she and my Aunt Mary whipped up from their garden in a flash, and another is listening to her tell stories about her life as she lay on her deathbed. Lines 3-8 remind me of this:

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep in on the night,
The scent of apples; I am drowsing off.

I remember listening to my grandma talk with her thick Tennessee accent; she talked about experiences she had known and also those she had not known, things she would have liked to do, "apples" "upon some bough" that she "didn't pick."

Sitting there watching her speak, I couldn't tell, as could she, that she felt the "essence of winter sleep," and with the "sent of apples" or recollection of her life, she was "drowsing off."

Other images in Frost's poem remind me of my grandmother—lines 18-22:

Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder round.

People say that before we die we relive various moments of our lives. I believe this, for I sat and listened for hours to my great grandmother as she recalled various experiences, “magnified apples” that “appeared and disappeared.” This time around, however, from her death bed she was able to view these experiences from the “blossom end” of her youth as well as the “stem end” of her old age. And as she spoke, “every fleck of russet” did “show clear.” Her recollections were so vivid and her stories so alive that I felt as if I were a part of them. I remember she spoke of being escorted to the town dance with my great grandfather, and the first time he held her hand. She also told stories of people she used to know, and I especially remember one about a girl who, as she put it, had “swallowed a watermelon seed.” Yes, my great grandmother was truly reliving these experiences; for not only did she “keep the ache” of the feelings left by the memory of them, but it seemed she also “felt the pressure of a ladder round.” These recollections seemed so life-like to her that I was sure she could feel them as the speaker of Frost’s poem felt the ladder rung on the sole of his foot. Perhaps she felt the same flood of past experiences as the speaker did when he said that he “kept hearing from the cellar bin/The rumbling sound/Of load on load of apples coming in.”

I am again reminded of my grandmother in lines 27-29: “For I have had too much/Of apple-picking: I am overtired/Of the great harvest I myself desired.” Unlike the speaker, I wouldn’t say my grandma was “overtired,” and I don’t think she thought herself to have had “too much” of life, but she had had enough, and she seemed, at least to my ten-year-old eyes, as if she was ready to go to the Lord and live through another earthly experience, which would lead her to an eternity of experience, I believe.

My grandma died approximately three months after we had visited her. I never realized until several years later how this experience had affected me, but I am extremely grateful to have shared such a delicate and sensitive time with my great grandmother, and I pray that she may rest in joy and everlasting peace.

Evaluation: *Gracefully and selectively blending the words of a poem with her own memories, the writer vividly describes her own grandmother.*

Crew Member

by Guy Monteleone
Course: English 100
Instructor: Kris Piepenburg

Assignment:

For this assignment, students were to write a profile of a person, place, or event. They were to bring the reader close to the subject by using details of time and physical reality and a variety of writing strategies.

Constructing a Grateful Dead concert involves a large force of manpower and supervision. Five days before a Grateful Dead concert in Chicago, cars, vans, and pickup trucks start to fill Soldier Field's north parking lot. These vehicles are owned by the tradesmen who will participate in the set-up and erection of the Grateful Dead's traveling stage. The group consists of electricians, carpenters, sheet metal workers, stage hands, and the Grateful Dead's very own stage supervisors. For the next five days, the crew of approximately 125 men will be under the direction of stage supervisors and Jam Productions.

The very first step of erecting the stage is ground preparation. If the ground is not prepared, Soldier Field's turf will be destroyed by the stage and the huge crowd of fans. At 7:00 am Monday, all crew

members (tradesmen) are directed to the north end-zone of the playing field, and everyone on hand starts preparing the ground. This is done by rolling a protective mesh across the entire playing field, and then applying 4-foot by 8-foot by 1-inch plywood on top of the mesh. After the playing field turf is covered, the crew is sent to coffee break. While the crew is on break, ten fork-trucks start unloading approximately twenty-one semi-trucks in the underground loading facility. These trucks contain the materials and equipment that make up the stage. Once all the staging is strategically placed in the playing field, assembly of the stage begins. From the first working day through the fifth day, all trades work together under the supervision of the Grateful Dead's stage foremen.

The staging consists of No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3 spandrels (4-feet, 6-feet, and 8-feet tubular iron supports that span horizontally to lock the ledgers), No. 1 and No. 2 ledgers (8-feet and 10-feet long iron tubular columns), iron floor-jacks, 3/4-inch wood flooring, aluminum I-beams, and thousands of iron cross-members. At no time during the assembly of the stage are cranes used. This complete metal structure is assembled strictly by hand. Men form human chains within the structure and pass spandrels and ledgers up one at a time; without a doubt, this is a dangerous job. The erected stage is approximately twenty years old. In order to buy a more efficient stage, the Grateful Dead would also have to purchase all new production equipment, because the production equipment is designed to the stage that accommodates it. This would cost the Dead millions of dollars, so hand-built it is. Once erected, the stage towers 100 feet above the playing field and is approximately 250-feet long by 75-feet wide. After four long, hard days of team work, the stage is constructed. The sight fills each worker with self-satisfaction.

Although the stage has been completed, there is still much work to be done. On day five, approximately fifteen more semis arrive in the underground loading facility. These trucks contain all the production equipment that will be installed into the

stage framing. The equipment consists of stage lighting, audio equipment, special effects equipment, projection and visual equipment, diesel generators, and two 10-ton units that will pump conditioned air onto the stage; therefore, the Dead will be cool while they're performing. All this equipment must be installed and tested by 2:00 pm the following day in order to be ready for the 6:00 pm opening performance. To achieve this goal, the workers involved will work twenty-four hours with no sleep. When the first truck arrives with production equipment, each crew member knows there is exhilarating and exhausting work ahead.

Friday morning 7:00 am, while standing in front of a 1200-amp mobile generator, located in the north end of the underground parking facility, five crew members and I are ready to begin one of many exhausting jobs that we will be involved in over the next 24 hours. To the left of the generator sit four 10-yard (holding capacity) black rusty bins. Each bin contains twenty-four coils of one-hundred-foot, rubber-coated electrical cable for outdoor applications. Our job consists of unrolling all ninety-six cables, then coupling them to create six networks of parallel distribution feeds for branch electrical panels under stage left. To define a network, visualize four separate large extension cords, each about the diameter of a silver dollar, lined side by side, then banded together. This is the necessary power for one half of the production equipment.

Before we begin, I divide us into two groups of three. Next, each group begins unrolling and coupling cable, one cable run at a time, from the generator to stage left. Each cable run is identified with phasing tape (colored electrical tape), then four cables are banded together and phased as a group to identify a network. From point A, the generator, to point B, stage left, the cable runs are strapped upward the back side of a grandstand column to the second level. Then, they are unrolled across the egress walkways under the second level grandstands. Next, they are unrolled out into the grandstands. Finally, they are laced down the grandstand

steps, over the spectator wall, then under the backside of stage left. After installing 9,600 feet of cable, the six of us drag our aching, tired, sweat-drenched bodies across stage left, heading toward our next assignment. While assembling an aluminum frame for a projection screen, Rich, a Dead Foreman, blows his whistle signifying afternoon break.

Not only does Jam Productions have to acquire permits and handle ticket sales for the Dead, they are also responsible for the health and hospitality of all crew members. Jam Productions provides endless supplies of water, Gatorade, and coffee around the clock. They also employ a catering company on site, with mobile kitchens. The daily menu includes hot breakfast, donuts, and fresh fruit in the morning. For lunch, workers enjoy hamburgers, brats, and ribs along with many tasty side dishes. For dinner, a mouthwatering smorgasbord including steaks, fish, turkey, chicken and much more. Jam also provides a medical staff on site, for immediate attention, in the event of work related injuries.

Saturday morning after working twenty-four hours straight, all crew members are dismissed, except for six electricians, including myself, who will work four more hours. At this point, the only reason you consider working is for the big bucks. Somehow your brain tells your body to keep moving and stay awake. So a shot of coffee and it's "Hi ho, hi ho, back to work you go." Our job is to trouble-shoot any electrical problems while production technicians energize and test equipment. Once production equipment is tested and in working order, the twelve of us are dismissed. Just before we leave, five electricians and I are assigned to be back at 6:00 pm for the opening performance. We act as standby troubleshooters in case of any equipment power failure during the concert. This means we have only seven hours to go home, shower, sleep, and return.

While the Dead is performing, we carry two-way radios in case we're needed, but in the meantime, we freely move about the concert with our all-access passes. The stage lights illuminate the Dead igniting their opening song, and the six of us stand

on stage right to watch the Dead perform. With an all-access pass we are entitled not only to watch the Dead from the stage but also to meet with the band before and after their performance (when allowed by the band). After watching for about one and a half-hour, we drift through the audience socializing with the dead-heads (dedicated fans). After Saturday night's performance, we turn in our passes. For Sunday night's performance, six different electricians get their chance to work standby.

Sunday after the final performance (around midnight), it's time for each worker, and approximately one hundred more, to give their last drop of sweat and blood. The moment the Grateful Dead walk off stage, an ant colony of crew members emerges onto the stage and begins to dismantle everything. All production equipment and staging must be loaded on the last truck by 5:00 pm Monday. Over 200 crew-members will work for 17 hours straight to complete this task.

After a week of back-breaking work, the majority of the crew is glad the concert is over.

Working as a crew member for the Grateful Dead is no easy job.

Evaluation: Mr. Monteleone's focused, detailed description clearly conveys the overall sense of a Dead arena being erected— something akin to the building of The Great Pyramid. Through an objective and concrete tone, Guy shows us not what it is to witness a freak show, but what it takes to be a dependable member of a team and to focus on that task, not on himself.

Incident en la línea

(Incident on the Tracks)

by Peggy Moore

Course: Spanish 205

Instructor: Ana Lucy Hernández

Assignment:

Write a personal experience paper.

Usualmente los días no están llenos de acontecimientos. A lo largo del camino pausado, atrapada, rodaba mi vida cotidiana. Perseguida por los mismos problemas, la misma información, que después se hace sin pensar. Busqué comodidad en un trabajo que hacía bien. Llegué a preguntarme si cuando el entusiasmo baja uno se vuelve insensible. Se espera algo más excitante, algo que haga latir el corazón, algo que haga fluir la adrenalina. Entonces recibí una llamada.

-¡Buenos días. Nosotros estamos estableciendo la red de llamadas de desastre. ¡Tren contra autobús de escuela!

¡Dios mío! Su voz inquieta. ¡No recuerdo haber oído estas palabras en mi trabajo!

-¿Esto es un ejercicio, correcto?

El corazón me empieza a latir. La adrenalina está fluyendo. ¡Esto notes lo que tenía en mente!

-No, no es un ejercicio. Ya tienen un muerto y varios heridos graves.

¡Dios mío, no lo es! Hice las llamadas necesarias. Avisé al trabajo. Me apresuré. Me vestí. Le hablé a mi familia. Entré en el coche. Puse las noticias.

¡Dios mío no permitas que sea verdad! Tal vez es un error. Tal vez no comprendí. Llegué. Es verdad, no lo puedo negar. Hay muchos coches. Hay mucha gente corriendo hacia la sala de emergencia. Dentro, hay personas por todas partes. Voces. Ordenes. Pero no están gritando, ni llorando, solo pacientes silenciosos. ¡Dios mío esto está mal!

Mi paciente espera.

-¡Hola queridito! ¿Cómo te llamas? ¿Dónde está tu dolor? No tengas miedo. Todo estará bien.

Apenas puede oírme. Su corazón está latiendo en su pecho fuertemente. Sus manos están agitadas. Miras al chico y ves miedo en los ojos que te miran. Hay cien preguntas en esos ojos, pero no tiene palabras con qué preguntar. Solo existe el miedo ... y ... el silencio. Te sonríes. No lloras. No revelas lo que sientes. Continuas trabajando, hay mucho que hacer.

La tranquilidad vuelve. Todo se ha hecho. Algunos van a casa, algunos irán a casa, otros no volverán. Todos se congratulan por un trabajo bien hecho. Hay abrazos, llanto, conversación. Pero sobre todo, la perseverancia.

Digo que estoy bien, pero no seré nunca la misma. He sentido el miedo de mis pacientes. He sentido su dolor, el dolor de las madres, de todos los deudos y amigos, de sus socios cuyas vidas han sido tocadas por este acontecimiento. Estoy contenta al encontrar lo que pensaba que había perdido. No estaba perdido, solo estaba escondido. Así que reconstruyo la muralla a mi alrededor y permito que salgan mis pensamientos porque el dolor es mucho para llevar. Le doy gracias a Dios por mi familia, mis amigos y la rutina de mi vida. Es suficiente.

Translation:

Usually the days are not full of incidents. In my path there are pauses. I felt trapped in my daily life with the same problems, the same information that is done thoughtlessly. I searched for comfort in a job that I could do well. I wondered, if enthusiasm wanes, if you become unfeeling. You wait for something exciting to happen. Something that will make your heart beat rapidly, that will make the adrenaline flow. Then the call came.

"Good morning. We are establishing a disaster call. School bus hit by train."

My God! the voice disturbs me. I don't recall hearing these words in my job before.

"This is an exercise, right?"

My heart starts to beat. The adrenaline begins to flow. This is not what I had in mind. I couldn't tell him the truth.

"No, this is not an exercise. They already have one dead and several wounded."

My God, it couldn't be true! I made all the necessary calls. I notified work. I hurried. Dressed. Spoke to my family. Jumped in my car. Turned on the radio. My God don't let this be true! Maybe there has been an error! Perhaps I didn't understand the caller. I arrived. It is true. I can't deny it. There are many cars. Many people are running towards the emergency room. Inside, there are people all over the place: voices and orders. But no one is screaming nor crying, only silent patients. My God this is bad!

My patient waits.

"Hello, honey. What's your name? Where does it hurt? Don't be afraid! Everything's going to be all right!" I say to him.

He can hardly hear me. His heart is beating rapidly against his chest. His hands are agitated. You look at the boy and you see fear in the eyes that stare back. There are a hundred questions in those eyes, but he doesn't have the words to ask them. There is only that fear ... and ... the silence. You smile. You don't cry. You don't show what you feel. You keep working, there's so much to be done.

Peace returns. Things have been completed. Some go home, some will go home, and others will never return. There are hugs, crying, and a lot of conversation. But above all, there is perseverance.

I say that I am fine, but I will never be the same. I have been afraid for my patients. I have felt their pain, their mother's pain, that of their loved ones, their friends, their acquaintances whose lives have been touched by this event. I am glad to have found what I thought I had lost. It wasn't lost, only hidden. I must build a wall around myself, but must allow my thoughts to emerge because there is too much pain to carry. I thank God for my family, my friends, and the routine in my life. This is sufficient.

Evaluation: Peggy wrote an extremely touching personal experience paper. She used a simple vocabulary and several tenses and was able to describe her feelings and the tragedy clearly.

Miranda's Education for Life in "Old Mortality"

by Donna Olichwier
Course: English 102
Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:

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

When Katherine Anne Porter wrote "Old Mortality," she created a rich tapestry of disillusion woven into a novella where tradition glosses over tragedy. Unaware of its power, the reader is pulled into the story and surrounded by a past displayed in vivid details. Even though "Old Mortality" was written in 1936, its theme has correlations in today's world. It is a woman's story of initiation dealing with the rules and unspoken roles that women of the South struggled with and against in the process of seeking an identity that would satisfy them. Critic Robert Penn Warren states that it is a story about legend and tradition, about the hope, courage, and honesty of the younger generation (105). It is the story of Miranda, motherless since the age of two, fumbling through life, possibly

looking for a female role model to identify with, but coming up empty. Encircling the story of Miranda is the story of her Aunt Amy, the beautiful, dead heroine of the romantic legend of the Rhea family. Tucked inside is also the story of Eva, the homely, but strong and self-sufficient, cousin, who was so overshadowed by Amy's beauty and charm while growing up that she remained bitter her entire life. Even though Amy, Miranda, and Eva have demonstrated their resentment of the family in a different manner, Porter makes it clear to the reader that the family is to blame for all of their unhappiness.

The story is divided into three sections, dated 1885-1902, 1904, and 1912, respectively, with the legend of Miranda's dead Aunt Amy as the uniting bond. Each section contributes to the theme of Miranda's education for life. The romantic myth of Aunt Amy plays an important part in Miranda's maturation as it has been the backbone of her heritage. According to Edward Schwartz, "Miranda's feelings and thoughts come to be shaped by the values of the old order." Miranda struggles "to be free in the present by going in search of the determining past" (71). By the end of "Old Mortality," Miranda has rejected the romantic legend of Amy, realized its destructiveness, and made a promise to herself to find her own truth.

As the story opens, Miranda and her sister Maria, eight and twelve years old, are on holiday at their grandmother's house. Twice a year the grandmother took old mementos from a trunk—a wisp of hair, dried flowers, old jewelry—and reminisced. It was as if she needed to relive the past, as if she couldn't let go. Miranda and Maria "felt they had lived a long time. They had lived not only their own years; but their memories, it seemed to them, began years before they were born, in the lives of the grownups around them" (4). The girls were raised by their father, Harry, their grandmother, and various relatives who told them many stories of the romantic past that ran parallel to their Southern tradition. To eight-year-old Miranda, the romantic myth was intriguing and mystical. It is critic John Hardy's

opinion that the stories passed down dominate the consciousness of the sisters during their childhood (25).

As Miranda and Maria critically gazed upon a photograph of their dead Aunt Amy, whose romantic legend had been well-preserved by their family, they had begun to notice discrepancies between the myth and reality. They were told Amy was beautiful, but as Miranda studied the photograph, she realized that Amy's beauty had been exaggerated by her relatives. Why did the grown-ups see things differently, Miranda often wondered. Their father once made a remark that there were no fat women in the family, but Miranda and Maria distinctly remembered two great-aunts who were obese. It was clear that "this loyalty of their father's in the face of evidence contrary to his ideal had its springs in family feeling, and a love of legend that he shared with the others" (6). It is obvious to the reader that the romantic legend of Amy is the thread of illusion that holds together their Southern heritage, when in truth Amy rejected her heritage and in the process lost her freedom and her life.

Amy refused to live the conventional way of life of her Southern heritage. Her noncompliance led critic William Nance to conclude that unconventionality was Amy's means of asserting herself, and there was no lack of narrow conventions against which to rebel (119). She was high-spirited and she felt oppressed by her family. She desired to be free of the code they represented. For one of the balls, Amy wore a low-neckline, sultry costume. As soon as her father saw the dress, she was made to alter it immediately. Amy left the house with the modified gown but removed the changes before the dance. It was personally rewarding for her to tease her male suitors and entice them with her sexuality. It was her way of breaking free of the code, yet staying within its limits. Amy also found it amusing to keep alive the mysterious question of what actually happened between Raymond and her at the dance. This had caused a scandal, which upset the family and caused her brother Harry to travel to Mexico in exile for one year. Nance observed that the fever,

which was Amy's first step in her escape through death, had begun on the night of the dance when she was forced to return home early because of the incident with Harry and Raymond (120).

The legend of Amy's desirability depended a great deal on Gabriel's steadfast devotion and persistence (DeMouy 132). For many years, Amy's second cousin Gabriel pursued her. Gabriel had been portrayed by the family as sentimental, romantic, and handsome, but Amy found him dull and boring. He represented the oppression that Amy tried to escape. It was critic Jane Flanders' opinion that Amy struggled her entire life against confinement and tradition (397). For years, Amy rejected Gabriel and everything he stood for—Southern tradition. He waited five years to marry Amy; she had been engaged twice to other men but broke the engagements for no reason. Amy's rejection of Gabriel caused him to turn to a life of gambling at racetracks across the country. Amy agreed to marry Gabriel only when she learned that he had been disinherited. She insisted on being married before Lent, stating "it may be too late" if she waited (36). Amy's lifelong illness of tuberculosis caused her to have a fatalistic outlook on her life. Perhaps Amy agreed to marry Gabriel out of sympathy, or did she have a premonition that she was going to die soon? The fact that Amy refused to wear white on her wedding day foreshadowed her dim outlook on her marriage. She had chosen instead a silver gray silk with a dark red breast of feathers stating, "I shall wear mourning if I like, it is *my* funeral, you know" (19). Amy insisted on spending their honeymoon in New Orleans, where she stayed out late during the Mardi Gras and entertained friends during the day. Her condition worsened, and within six weeks Amy was dead. Mystery surrounded Amy's death, but the family considered it a romantic mystery. Amy had written home a few weeks before her death; she hinted that she would not live long. The family later received a letter from her nurse, who implied Amy hastened her death by taking an overdose of her medication. Critic Darlene Unrue felt that Amy's rejection of life was

related to an escape from reality, a reality that was just too much to bear (65).

After Amy's death, Gabriel moved far away from the family and rarely made contact with them. Miranda had heard he raced horses all over the country and decided he led an exciting life. He remarried soon after Amy's death, but once a year he wrote a letter to someone in the family and sent money for a wreath to be put on Amy's gravestone. Gabriel had composed a poem that was carved upon the stone. It read:

She lives again who suffered life,
Then suffered death, and now set free
A singing angel, she forgets
The griefs of old mortality. (17)

The first section of the story is the longest but important in laying the groundwork for the theme of the story. It enables the reader to learn the romantic legend of Amy through the eyes of Miranda. Nance points out that it evokes the narrow and dense atmosphere of the family, "its oppressive moral surveillance, its morbid preoccupation with the past" (116). The scenes, which were presented as reality in part one, are challenged in part two. They set the stage for the second part of the story when Miranda and Maria meet Gabriel for the first time.

As section two opens, the reader finds that ten-year-old Miranda and fourteen-year-old Maria have been sent away to live at a Catholic girls' school in New Orleans. They referred to themselves as "immured" and ironically related their situation to a story they had read previously about unlucky maidens trapped by nuns and priests in convents (39). Miranda and Maria waited in earnest for Saturdays, especially during the racing season, when an aunt, uncle, or cousin picked them up and took them to the track. On a surprise visit, their father, Harry, picked them up and took them to see their Uncle Gabriel's horse, Miss Lucy, race. Miranda and Maria are each given a dollar to bet on his horse, although they were reluctant to do so

because her odds were a hundred to one. The girls were excited to meet their romantic Uncle Gabriel for the first time. He remarked how pretty his nieces were but stated that even rolled into one, they could not equal the beauty of Amy. After being introduced to him, the actual disproved the legend and displaced it in their minds (Hoffman 43). Gabriel "was a shabby fat man with bloodshot eyes, sad beaten eyes, and a melancholy laugh, like a groan" (46). Disheartened by the odds of the race and the sight of Uncle Gabriel, Miranda and Maria are aroused from their dreary disposition by their father when Miss Lucy crossed the finish line in first place. Miranda was awakened to the truth about victory when she paid her respects to Miss Lucy after the race and was exposed to her bloody nosebleed and trembling body. Miranda was upset by this and ashamed that she actually cheered for the horse to win.

The disillusionment continued when Uncle Gabriel escorted Harry, Miranda, and Maria to his run-down section of town after he insisted they meet his new wife, whom he referred to as Miss Honey. The girls noticed that she did not resemble the image of Aunt Amy in the least. Contradicting himself, Gabriel remarked twice to Miss Honey how much his nieces resembled Amy. It was obvious Uncle Gabriel was still in love with Amy even though he had remarried. Miss Honey's bitterness towards them and her marriage was quite apparent, and Miranda and Maria were relieved when it was time to leave. After meeting Uncle Gabriel, Miranda had come to the conclusion that her family's myth was a lie; they had manufactured a fabulous fairy tale out of the past. In spite of everything that had happened, Miranda and Maria returned to school and continued with their romantic game of being "immured for another week" (62): "They will not give up their romantic illusions easily, even when confronted with contradictory evidence" (Unrue 65). The sisters are unable to reconcile the past because of the present, and in turn they are unable simply to be themselves.

Part three of "Old Mortality" completes

Miranda's education in the nature of her family. It takes place eight years later, when Miranda is eighteen years old and married. The fact that she left school to elope at the age of seventeen has led critic Thomas Walsh to conclude that Miranda got married to escape the emotional ties with her family (59). She was traveling on a train back home to Texas to attend the funeral of her Uncle Gabriel, who died in Kentucky but requested to be buried next to his true love, Amy, instead of his second wife. On the train she met her elderly Cousin Eva, a homely, chinless, old-maid schoolteacher and suffragette, who was also returning home for the funeral. Miranda was a romantic, who still believed much of the Amy-Gabriel legend. However, Eva was a destroyer of illusions and declared that "Amy was not so beautiful as the family said; that Amy was wild, indiscreet, and heartless; that Amy killed herself to escape scandal; and that all the elaborate rituals of romantic love were 'just sex'" (Cheatham 619). Cousin Eva had re-interpreted the romantic legend of Amy and the vicious competition among the belles: "It was just sex," she said in despair: "their minds dwelt on nothing else. They didn't call it that, it was all smothered under pretty names, but that's all it was, sex" (79). It is the opinion of the critic Warren that Eva defied the legend in terms of economics and biology (38). It is obvious to the reader that Eva was still bitter about the past. At a young age, Eva saw the family as a destructive force. Her homeliness was the cause of much torment growing up. Eva presented an unforgiving view of her experience. The young girls had desperately competed against each other, "their future contingent upon success in the marriage mart." After talking to Eva, Miranda decided to reject both Eva's crude thoughts of the past and her own romantic illusions. She realized that Eva's critical analysis was no more accurate than the family myth (Flanders 397). Cousin Eva was similar to Amy in the fact that she, too, had rejected and escaped from the oppressive union of the family. While Amy used death for an escape route, Eva used her brain and determination. Amy died in the process of

fighting for her freedom, while Eva lived to fight for hers, and Miranda continued her struggle to be free. She had already taken a huge step in her escape from the family ... a hasty marriage. In her naiveté, Miranda rejected her Southern heritage. She thought she would be free when she left school to elope, but just one year later considered herself trapped in marriage. As Miranda spoke of her marriage to cousin Eva,

It seemed very unreal ... and seemed to have nothing at all to do with the future ... and the only feeling she could rouse in herself about it was an immense weariness as if it were an illness that she might one day hope to recover from. (73-74)

As Miranda stepped off the train, she was hastily greeted by her father, who gave her a cold, distant embrace and looked over her head to greet Eva: "There was no welcome for her, and there had not been since she had run away." She felt "the same painful dull jerk of the heart" that she had felt every time she had come back home to visit (82-83), which, according to Nance, reinforced the fact Miranda was completely isolated and homeless (124). Her father had dropped her hand to take Eva's elbow instead, but Eva had pulled away and claimed she was perfectly able to walk alone. As she walked along with them to the car, they had completely forgotten her and she realized she had no place in the family. Her father and Eva seemed to connect. Even though they had completely different opinions and perspectives of life and their heritage, they were from the same generation. As she listened to their stories, she realized that their stories, their truths, could not be her truths. Cheatham states, "Nothing from outside her immediate, uninterpreted experience, can be true, at least not true for her" (620). Miranda was silent on the ride back to her father's house as she listened to Eva and Harry tell their stories to each other. She decided that their stories would not be her stories. In her hopefulness, she had come to a conclusion:

She now knew why she had run away to marriage, and she knew that she was going to run away from marriage, and she was not going to stay in any place, with anyone, that threatened to forbid her making her own discoveries. . . . And her disturbed and seething mind received a shock of comfort from this sudden collapse of an old painful structure of distorted images and misconceptions. (87-88)

Because of her rejection, Miranda felt confident that she had made a clean break with the romantic past and the dispassionate present. Miranda saw clearly what her goals would be. She had decided to seek the meaning of life through truth, the truth being only what she had known to be true. Miranda made this promise to herself, unaware of her ignorance.

What appears on the surface to start as a simple story of initiation crescendos into an elaborate novella of "growing up female" (Flanders 397). Porter has encompassed the theme in a story about women growing up in the Southern tradition, full of individuality and spirit, rejecting their family's oppression and committed to resistance and flight. Miranda's heritage, fully and cleverly displayed through the lives of Amy and Eva, had surrounded her and shaped her life. Because of her young age, Miranda was not able to acknowledge the impact it will have on her life. It is Miranda's determination that causes Warren to have the opinion that she will search for her own identity outside the family, unaware that their myth has been incorporated into her life and would always be a part of her myth, a myth that she will earn in the process of living (39-40). Perhaps Miranda, learning from the past, can break the old, destructive patterns of her family and develop the ability to find happiness within herself.

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Evaluation: *Donna creates a rich tapestry of scholarly analysis, effectively weaving the threads of critical ideas with her own sophisticated interpretation.*

Poetry Journal

by *Aimeé Patterson*
Course: Literature 105
Instructor: Joseph Sternberg

Assignment:
*Present a small number of journal entries that
reflect your journal writing this semester.*

Entry 1—August 22, 1995

For this particular reading assignment, the poem that hit me the most was "The Computation." At first reading, I was unaware of the time sequence. I thought that the speaker was dead and a ghost, viewing his lover from afar. It seemed as though time was eternal, this only being possible if the speaker was dead. For me, it took the discussion in class to open up the meaning of the poem. The references of death and being immortal are only figurative. He only feels as though he has died. It was amazing for me to see the timeline of this poem added up to be 2400 years. This refers to one hour as being 100 years. I then understood that the speaker's lover left only 24 hours ago, thus the line, "For the first twenty years since yesterday."

This poem is very mournful and sad, which evokes an emotional response from the reader. I feel

the author's pain, in that it seems nothing else matters except for the absence of his love. Personally, I found it hard to relate to this unbearable sadness, but there is a sense of sympathy for the speaker. When I read this work, I could not help but think of my friend Roy. His situation seems to correlate with this poem in many ways. He was engaged to be married to his girlfriend of four years, when he fell under a deep depression. He still to this day is unable to identify the cause for this, but I feel it may have been related to the death of his father. Due to his own sadness, he could no longer love his fiancée the way he once did. This took a tremendous toll on the relationship and eventually it ended. It was as though Roy not only lost his love for himself, but the love from her as well. He then sunk into a much deeper depression, and his life seemed to stand still. It was very difficult to see him deteriorate in such a way. Now, two years later, Roy is more stable although he still has some sadness left in his heart. When I read this poem to him, it brought back the memory of his own lost love.

Entry 5—September 5, 1995

One of the poems that I personally related to in this assignment is "Pathos of Manners." The overall message of this poem shows a woman who is adored in her youth, but ends up lost and alone in her later years. I see the speaker in this poem as being an old acquaintance of this adored woman who has watched from afar. The speaker describes her with tones of both sarcasm and admiration. It sounds as though the speaker is almost relieved to hear that this adored woman's life has ended in emptiness.

My translation of what this poem signifies must come from some of the experiences I have been through myself. I was a cheerleader all through school, so I was associated with the "popular clique." This association never meant that I belonged. As the years in school went by, I became more satisfied with the fact that I did not belong. The things that they stood for basically turned me

off. Now, when I view these people that were once “superior” in high school, I can see through it all. Even though they were accepted into the so called “popular” group during that time, these people still face life alone.

I think this poem is filled with very picturesque language. I can see the different stages this woman goes through. The first two stanzas talk of her college years. She was a cultured sorority girl viewed with admiration from all angles. In the third stanza it shows her to be traveling and seeing all the things of worth. In the fourth stanza reality sets in. She is tied to an unhappy marriage with children that are lonely. These first four stanzas cover the experiences she went through in her past, while the final three stanzas deal with the speaker’s impressions of this woman in the present. She is left with nothing now that the children are gone and her husband has died. It is almost as though the speaker of the poem is not a bit surprised by this woman’s “Illusions of lost opportunity.”

The final stanza is the most powerful of the poem. These words paint a clear picture of what this woman’s life is really like. Where it says, “Her meanings lost in manners, she will walk/Alone in brilliant circles to the end,” it reveals the truth. The “circles” refer to the elite groups that she associates with. Although she is accepted by these people, she is still alone. As for me, there were similarities between myself and the speaker of the poem. The people I once admired also ended up alone and struggling just like the rest of us.

Entry 6—September 7, 1995

One of the most touching poems we have covered so far is “Those Winter Sundays.” I thought this was a beautiful depiction of a young person’s view of her father. It is very easy to picture this hard-working man getting up at the crack of dawn to warm the house for his family. I admire this father for his love and sense of responsibility. Not only did he warm the house, but he also shined his children’s shoes. This example seemed significant to

me in that shining someone’s shoes is quite a humbling experience. It reminds me of in the Bible when Jesus washed the disciples’ feet. I think this reference in the poem is used as a true sign of the father’s humility.

Throughout the poem there are clues of how the child is feeling towards the father and his actions. The line, “No one ever thanked him,” says to me that the speaker is not yet fully appreciative of all that the father is doing for the family. The coldness the child is feeling towards her father is expressed when she says, “I would rise and dress,/fearing the chronic angers of that house.” It is ironic that the speaker has cold feelings towards the father, yet the images portrayed of him are warm. It is obvious that the child is indifferent and unaware of all that the father is doing to keep the family comfortable.

The final two lines are what really touched my heart. The speaker says, “What did I know, what did I know/of love’s austere and lonely offices?” These words are spoken later in life once the speaker has had a time to see the truth. I think by translating this line to say “what did I know/of love’s *simple* and lonely *responsibilities*” helps in understanding this statement. It is as though the speaker has been awakened to a new glimpse of all the father did to show his love for the family.

This poem reflects the way I feel about my own father. I see him as a man of integrity. He, too, does many thankless tasks that give our family a sense of comfort. As long as I can remember, my father, upon returning home from work, would sweep the walkway to our front door. In the fall it was the leaves, and in the winter it was the snow. Many days, that was my way of knowing he was home, by hearing the swish of the broom outside. There is not one time I recall ever thanking him for this; as small as it may seem, it is just one expression of his caring.

Entry 11—September 26, 1995

I found the poem "I'm Not Complaining" to be an ingenious piece of irony. The whole poem was filled with complaints and agony. Throughout the poem I can see the sad state that this speaker is in. One thing after another, there are problems building up. Each idea has irony involved in it. He says, "I own a passport and can travel," but continues on to say, "even if I can't/afford to." This poem is filled with images that are sad yet almost comical.

At the climax of the poem when you think this speaker will explode, he finally says, "I'm basically/almost happy, God in all His wisdom knows that at heart/I'm really not complaining." This statement is what makes the whole poem ironic. Although the poem is filled with self-pity, the speaker explains that he is really not complaining about his life.

I find this poem to be very true to life. As hard as it may be to believe, there really are people who live like this. I used to clean houses, and many of my customers would tell me a lot about themselves. One who always stands out is the old Italian woman I worked for. She was the hardest woman to work for in that she would follow me around and tell me how to do my job. The most amusing reminder was not to forget to dust her exercise bike. Aside from following me around, she liked to complain about her life and the world around her. Her closing sentence always was, "I don't want to complain." I learned to take all she said with a grain of salt, but when I read this poem I could not help but think of her.

Entry 13—October 5, 1995

The poem "Much madness is divinest sense" really hit home for me. The speaker is pointing out that to conform to the majority would be mad. Society sets the standards as to what is acceptable, and we are to live by them. The paradox in the first line, "Much madness is divinest sense," states that being crazy is acceptable and sane. And the second paradox, "Much sense, the starkest madness," shows

that even the most sensible idea can thought to be crazy by another.

In lines 6-9 she sums up the reality of this thinking. If you agree with the whole, you are considered sane. On the contrary, if you object, you are considered to be dangerous. The overstatement in the final line, "And handled with a chain," shows her harsh sarcasm towards the mainstream. In a way she is rebelling from the idea of what is considered right, and she is creating her own standards.

I think this poem is really conformity and individualism. The speaker is not a part of the majority. I admire her stance on what she believes in. I hope to live with such courage to have the ability to say when I do not agree with something. It was a little ironic when we were working on the quiz for this poem in a group, we did not all agree. The one person who disagreed filled out his own individual quiz. I thought this was a great example of what this poem is all about. Even though his answers ended up being wrong, he was right in the fact that he did not conform to the majority.

Entry 14—October 10, 1995

The poem "The Road Not Taken" is a true narrative about making choices in life. The feelings in this poem express how difficult making a decision can be. It is truly beyond his comprehension of what one simple choice can do to completely alter his life. I wonder, just as Frost does, about what may have happened if I had made different choices throughout my life.

It seems as though each choice in this poem is a good opportunity. Both roads are grassy and equally needing wear. Since he can only travel one, he is disappointed that he is unable to travel both. He says regretfully, "Oh, I kept the first for another day!/Yet knowing how way leads on to way,/I doubted if I should ever come back." These lines show how limited we are at times in comparison to the limitless experiences life offers. Once a decision is made it is almost as though you are on a road. It leads to other choices, until going back is virtually impossible.

One of the most meaningful messages in this poem is that Frost is willing to take the “road less traveled by.” This reminds me of a choice I had to make about two years ago. Throughout my youth, I had always dreamed of living in California. I think it was the air of freedom that I was drawn to. It just so happened that I knew an acquaintance named Liz who went to college there. We were keeping in touch, and one day she said they were looking for a roommate. This was my perfect chance. I was not tied down to school yet, and I was working and had quite a bit of money saved. There was nothing holding me back except for fear of the unknown.

I decided to follow my heart, and I soon learned that being in California awakened me to experience life in a much fuller way. This adventure enriched my life in ways I never knew possible when I was at the fork in the road. An even more important evolution out of this experience is my friendship with Liz. We began merely as acquaintances, yet now she is one of my dearest friends. Through the course of our adventures together we formed a bond that will stay with us forever. I realize that these amazing things never would have come to pass had I not gone. After about six months I had my fill of California and chose to move home. This time in my life taught me how to live life to the fullest, and to not be afraid to take the road less traveled by.

Evaluation: *Informal as journal entries often are, these reveal a thoughtful, young reader/writer making honest connections to a series of poems.*

The Hidden Truth About Soft Drinks

by Tami Personette
Course: English 101
Instructor: Peter Sherer

Assignment:

Develop an argument which supports a focused claim with factual, authority, and empirical evidence. Present an arguer whose voice appeals to the audience's feelings and sense of rightness.

I have been a soft drink consumer for as long as I can remember. While growing up, I watched my parents drink it, my brothers drink it, my grandmother drink it, and even celebrities on television drink it. Everywhere I looked I saw people guzzling this bubbly, effervescent liquid. So naturally I drank it too believing that if everyone else was doing it, it must be good for me. However, after years of suffering needlessly from symptoms such as headaches, drowsiness, severe fatigue, and general body weakness, I finally figured out that the caffeine in the soft drinks was the culprit causing my health problems. In order to avoid experiencing these "withdrawal" symptoms, I made sure I drank at least two cans of pop everyday. Because I eventually realized that I was addicted to it, and because I was tired of being enslaved to a beverage, I decided

to drink only decaffeinated soft drinks. To my surprise, after about a week I noticed a big improvement in my overall energy level, and my head no longer felt like it was three feet thick. I also noticed that I became a much *calmer* person since taking caffeine out of my diet. I thought my life was finally back to normal until I read a fascinating brochure that exposed the truth behind the ingredients in soft drinks and made me believe once and for all that consuming carbonated soft drinks, caffeinated or not, is detrimental to your health.

Most 12-ounce soft drinks contain 45 mg of caffeine (Hughes 1160). Caffeine is a very **addictive** stimulant that when ingested makes your heart beat very fast and causes your nervous system to work like crazy (Moody and Jones). A few hours after drinking it you come crashing down, get shaky, and need to have more or suffer the consequences of "caffeine withdrawal syndrome" like I did. Researchers say that "the typical dose of caffeine in soft drinks is sufficient to produce mood and behavioral effects." They went on to say that their "study showed that when multiple servings were consumed daily, this dose was also sufficient to produce a syndrome of clinical dependence, including a distressing and functionally disabling withdrawal syndrome when soft drink use was abruptly terminated" (Strain et al. 1418). Another researcher concluded that "withdrawal effects appear to be a factor in the continued use of caffeinated substances" (Hughes 1160). The soft drink industry's excuse for adding caffeine to soft drinks is that it is a "flavor enhancer" (Strain et al. 1418). In my experience, I could never detect a difference in the flavor between the caffeinated and decaffeinated varieties; therefore, I believe it could easily be left out. Millions of people are poisoning themselves by being so addicted to caffeine, and the soft drink industry doesn't care. The more people that are hooked on it, the more cans they will sell, and the more money they will make.

The non-diet varieties also contain sugar and/or high-fructose corn syrup which can induce both hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) and hyper-

glycemia (high blood pressure as in diabetes) (Moody and Jones). At the University of Alabama, studies were done that showed that when healthy volunteers drank 24 ounces of a sugary cola drink it was very detrimental to their health (Moody and Jones). Their good blood cells which attack harmful bacteria and viruses decreased substantially resulting in a reduction of their body's immunity to disease (Moody and Jones). Studies done elsewhere showed that diets high in high-fructose corn syrup leads to a drop in chromium, a mineral essential to the body's ability to use sugar (Webb C3). Sugar, like caffeine, gives you a temporary burst of energy and then sends you crashing down to a severe fatigue. The pattern of consuming caffeine and sugar, crashing, and consuming them again exhausts the adrenal which leaves you with a chronic tired feeling (Moody and Jones).

The diet varieties, instead of using sugar, contain either saccharin or aspartame (also known as NutraSweet). "Saccharin is an artificial sweetener which has been shown to cause cancer in laboratory animals" (Moody and Jones). If you don't believe that, just look at the containers. There are warning labels on all of them. Aspartame has been linked to convulsions, depression, insomnia, irritability, weakness, dizziness, headaches, mood changes, mental retardation, etc. (Moody and Jones).

Another ingredient in most soft drinks is "caramel coloring" which gives it an appetizing brown tint. This has "negative genetic effects" and is "also a cancer-causing agent" (Moody and Jones). In addition, soft drinks also contain polyethylene glycol. Glycol is used as an antifreeze in automobiles and is also used as an oil solvent (Moody and Jones). Can you imagine what this does to the inside of your body? It causes degeneration to millions of cells to say the least.

Phosphoric acid and carbon dioxide produce the bubbles and fizz with which it potentially burns your insides (Moody and Jones). The phosphorus in the acid upsets your body's calcium-phosphorus ratio which in turn dissolves calcium out of the bones and can eventually result in osteoporosis, a

weakening of the skeletal structure which can make you vulnerable to broken bones (Moody and Jones). The phosphorus also promotes indigestion, bloating, and gas because it fights with the hydrochloric acid in your stomach and renders it ineffective (Moody and Jones). Carbon dioxide, a waste product normally exhaled by humans, is ingested when you drink these beverages.

Many people think they can lose weight by drinking the so-called "diet" varieties. This is simply not true. The high sodium content causes you to retain water and become bloated (Moody and Jones). To lose weight, fat must be flushed from the cells; however, the enzymes responsible for aiding the process of fat release are paralyzed when they are poisoned with the ingredients in the soft drink and cannot do their job properly (Moody and Jones). Therefore, you defeat your purpose when you try to lose weight by drinking it!

After a long habit of soft drink intake, your kidneys and bladder do not function properly (Moody and Jones). Because the ingredients in the beverage destroy the beneficial flora of the colon, it causes constipation which locks the toxins in the body so they can't be eliminated properly resulting in impure blood and weakened cell vitality (Moody and Jones).

If the ingredients in the soda don't make you sick, maybe the can that it comes in will. After weeks and months of sitting around on shelves, the acid in the liquid eats away at the aluminum which floats around until it is ingested by the consumer (Moody and Jones). "Aluminum is a very toxic substance and builds up in the human body" (Moody and Jones). For some reason, it has a particular attraction for the brain and has been linked to degenerative senility afflictions such as Alzheimer's disease and other types of bone and muscle diseases which cause much pain in people's bodies and for which the medical profession has "no known cures" (Moody and Jones).

Even with all of this evidence, the soft drink industry vehemently denies that these beverages are harmful—even going so far as to say that "soft

drinks (have) a place in a well-balanced diet” (Pear A15). They are even pushing to get their vending machines into school lunchrooms. A total of 37 public schools in the Chicago area have been offered bicycles, computers, and cash incentives by the soft drink industry to induce school officials to permit the sale of their beverages (Pear A15). You don’t have to be a genius to figure out that soft drinks contain no nutritional value and are just empty calories.

The soft drink industry doesn’t care if people are sick—they’re not the ones who have to pay the medical bills. As long as millions of ignorant people keep buying their products, they will be happy. Don’t be brainwashed by the idea that soft drinks are good for you. Just remember who is wanting you to believe it.

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Evaluation: *Tami’s argument is clear, direct, informative, and well evidenced. It argues a popular claim with sensible warrants and fresh data. All soda-pop junkies should read it.*

Understanding Deaf Culture

by Pam Rasmussen

Course: Sign Language 101
Instructor: Barbara Fairwood

Assignment:

Write a report after attending Bob Paul's lecture, "Understanding the Deaf Culture," during Unity through Diversity Week.

To study sign language, yet neglect the culture it embodies, is a fruitless endeavor. Bob Paul, a Harper faculty member, proved just that in an enlightening lecture during "Deaf Awareness Week" at Harper College.

How is culture defined? It is a set of learned behaviors of a group of people that has its own language, norms, traditions, values, identity, and rules for behavior. Every culture has these common threads. Problems arise with ethnocentrism: the tendency to judge the customs of other cultures by the standards of one's own. In short—my culture is superior, the best way, the most sensible. It is wiser to subscribe to cultural relativism: no culture is better than another; all are valid. Hence, judgment on behavior within a culture must be reserved until one understands the world view from that person's culture. This is a problem that has plagued the Deaf community throughout its 200-250 year existence in this country.

Unfortunately, the hearing world has tried to dictate what the norm should be, even regarding lan-

guage. Approximately one-half million Deaf and hard of hearing people in the U.S. use American Sign Language (ASL). We live in a world in which 40% of languages are not spoken, yet ASL is still not recognized as a legitimate language by many states. Attitude plays a significant role in accepting and understanding one another. Typically, a hearing view of the Deaf consists of the following: can't hear, can't speak, no language, handicapped, disabled, slow, and limited. The Deaf perception is more promising and realistic: expressive language, part of a community, shared experiences, shared identity and history, and a positive self-image. The Deaf community has struggled to maintain a vibrant, thriving, functional culture amidst this uneducated view and deserves a higher respect and a closer look by the rest of society.

How a Deaf child learns both culture and language is influenced by his/her parents. If either of the parents is Deaf, the fundamentals of life will be learned at home from babyhood on up and reinforced most likely at a residential school. If a child is born to hearing parents who learn ASL, then he/she will learn language at home, but will learn most cultural behaviors at school with other Deaf children. If the hearing parents do not learn sign language, then the only source for both would be the school interaction.

What is valued in a culture is generally related to its needs. If the Deaf and hearing worlds are contrasted, one sees this point clearly. While sound is important to one group, the other relies on the visual for all forms of information. Loss of hearing would be a difficult transition for someone who has always depended on his/her ears. Meanwhile, the loss of vision for a Deaf person would be just as distressing, if not more, for then communication would lie solely through touch. It is challenging enough to live in a society where Deafness is so misunderstood, but to add something else to that equation could be overwhelming.

Cultural differences between Deaf Americans and hearing Americans are the same as those that apply to any culture in contrast to another, such as

French and Nigerian. With greetings for example, some foreign countries consider it proper for friends of the same sex to hug and kiss, others find it appalling or that it implies a person is homosexual. The same thought can apply here to the issue of eye contact. Because it isn't necessary, hearing people don't always look eye to eye as they speak. However, this practice would be considered rude in Deaf culture where total focus on each other is not just polite, it is vital.

As stated earlier, a culture must be viewed from within to gain the appropriate perspective. For example, at first glance what might a microphone appear to be? Mr. Paul suggests it looks like a shaver—a practical assumption. If sound is not part of one's world, material gadgets that have been developed to project it make no sense until explained.

Distractions that hearing people come across usually involve sound. Loud or repetitive noise and even music can make one lose concentration. Impediments to Deaf communication are, of course, visual: a shirt with a pattern such as stripes (the plainer, the better), dangly earrings that jiggle around as the person signs, bangles worn on the wrist, and light—the most important. Without proper lighting, it is a frustrating experience to follow what is being signed.

The same holidays are observed by the Deaf community as are by the hearing, but more important are those that celebrate Deaf history, for example the founding of Gallaudet University. Such observances are part of the last bonds that Deaf people share.

Listed below are some guidelines for proper communication with someone who is Deaf.

- Maintain eye contact.
- Admit when you don't understand.
- Use a TTY, fax, or phone relay service.
- Don't cover your face or hands.
- Do not interrupt.
- Use a paper and pencil if you can't gesture clearly.
- Use appropriate attention getters.

Use the terms Deaf and Hard of Hearing.

Don't shout or mumble.

Don't correct English skills unless asked.

Remember, not all Deaf people are good lip readers, and not all hearing aids can make hearing complete. Above all, treat those who are Deaf as those who are hearing. Seek out shared interests or other things in common. Cultural differences should never be a hindrance to forming friendships and embracing one another with dignity.

Evaluation: Pam remembered many details other students overlooked. She has a deep respect and understanding for the Deaf culture.

Talking From 9 to 5

by Donna M. Rotelli
Course: Office 105
Instructor: Peg Smith

Assignment:

Write a report about a book that covers one of the following topics: telephone skills, listening skills, communications, team building, or office politics.

In *Talking From 9 to 5—Women and Men in the Workplace: Language, Sex and Power* (New York: Avon Books, 1995), Deborah Tannen focuses on private speaking in a public context—particularly, talk between men and women in offices. She explains that each of us has a conversational style and stresses that although gender is just one of the many influences on that style, it plays a crucial role in communication and power in the workplace. While all styles are valid and have their own logic, getting the message sent and received clearly works best when conversing with others who share similar styles. Misunderstandings are more likely to occur when styles differ, and, in a work environment where what is said is not only scrutinized but subjects performance and competence to judgment, the

awareness of those differing styles becomes critical to success.

As a professor of linguistics, Tannen bases her beliefs on observing and listening, as well as tape-recording, transcribing, and analyzing conversations. She has heard the serious criticisms about generalizing but explains that all scientific studies are meant to come to conclusions that are generalizable. After all, anything absolute would be self-evident. However, since the generalizations she has made are founded upon scientific *evidence*, they can be viewed as useful and, thus, positive. She believes that “not talking about stereotypes doesn’t make them go away, it just gives them freer rein to affect our lives.” This belief is consistent with her theme throughout the book that awareness, understanding, and flexibility are key to addressing the complex issue of and bridging the gap between how men and women relate in the office.

Conversational styles are made up of habits with regard to pacing and pausing, indirectness, use of questions, apologizing, and much more. No one’s conversational style is absolute: it can change somewhat when responding to the styles of other people and the context of what she is saying. Although individuals may use their own styles for good or ill, ways of talking do not in themselves have positive or negative values. That said, common conversational rituals among men frequently involve teasing, banter, and playful putdowns, while women’s rituals expend effort to maintain an appearance of equality, taking into consideration the effect of the exchange on the other person (23). Women’s styles often place them at a disadvantage in the workplace as it is currently run.

One incident exemplifies how a typically more indirect female supervisor tried to get a male member of her staff to revise a report he had written. The supervisor initiated the conversation by mentioning all the favorable points she could determine and the overall good quality of the piece. Only then did she allude to the fact that a couple areas could use improvement. When she received the revised copy, she was surprised that, with the exception of

a few minor changes, it was basically identical to the original. When she approached him a second time, she discovered the man felt cheated, believing she had told him everything was fine. She, on the other hand, felt he hadn't paid any attention to her diplomatic criticisms (21-22).

Differences in gender style such as these are not exclusive to conversations. An especially captivating chapter of the book emphasizes how women are "marked" in the workplace: the "unmarked" form of a word "carries the meaning that goes without saying, what you think of when you're not saying anything special" (108). For instance, when a man fills out a form, he has a choice of one title—"Mr."—giving no indication of anything other than the fact that he is a male. Not so for the female, who has choices ranging from Mrs. or Miss (indicating marital status and probable conservative values) to Ms (indicating probable liberal values), all telling something more about a woman than she may care to disclose.

I was skeptical as I began reading this book that it could be very one-sided, possibly even a "male-bashing" expedition. But Deborah Tannen takes, in her own words, a very "even-handed approach" to the subject, continually looking at it from both sides. I not only saw myself on page after page but was able to gain insight into the flip side of several situations that had not always been previously apparent. The author has a flowing, easy-to-read writing style that she blends with interesting real-life experiences. The fair tone of her writing combines with the intriguing and important subject of gender differences to make her book hard to put down and easy to recommend.

In an age when American businesses have indicated the number one hiring requirement to be good communication skills, this book sheds considerable light on how to improve such skills throughout the entire work force of our nation, males and females. Although universally beneficial, the reading of this book would be especially important in helping managers "to become skilled at observing

group process and noticing the role that each group member takes" (304).

The fact that it is a relatively recent development that such a percentage of women are employed in the business world is reason enough to explain why men's conversational rituals are those most recognized and comprehended in the workplace. If men have an advantage just because of the way they speak, and this in turn gives them the power in the business world, it would benefit all involved to strive for a better understanding of conversational styles. Only at that point, through the elimination of language barriers that affect "who gets heard, who gets ahead, and what gets done," could more powerful ideas begin to emerge (370).

Evaluation: *The student takes a relevant topic in today's office and thoughtfully presents both sides of the issue.*

Like No Other

by Dan Segar

Course: Honors English 101
Instructor: Martha Simonsen

Assignment:

In response to E.B. White's essay, "Once More to the Lake," write about a "holy spot" of your own. Include detailed and vivid descriptions and make clear why your place is special.

All of my friends call her the beast. Her body is infested with cancerous rust, she leaks in the rain, and her windshield has a crack that runs from side to side. She has no power steering, no power door locks, no power windows, no power nothing. There's a hole near the gas tank, a hole in the sunroof seal, a hole on the back seat from a cigarette burn, and a hole in the dashboard where the stereo was ripped out and stolen—I love her though. When I am driving around or just sitting in my driveway, there's no other place I would rather be.

Her beauty increases every day. To some, she is an eyesore; to me, she is a functional piece of art. Her faded yellow coat with random rust spots make her stick out in a parking lot like a light bulb. I have friends who have ordinary family cars with all of the options that money can buy. One option they don't have is the luxury of walking out of the mall and finding their car in less than two glances. She also has been custom decorated with free stickers and free car parts. Some of my friends who run cross country find car parts along the side of the road. We have added four different hubcaps, a BMW hood ornament, and an antenna.

I have the best time just sitting back and looking out the sunroof. Usually I am by myself or with a very close friend. When it's dark out, I forget about her faults and marvel at the beauty of stars. Her bucket seats embrace me and keep me warm as I watch the heavens slow dance across the sky through her rectangular sunroof. One time I parked her in the middle of Nowhere, Wisconsin with a friend and spent the night talking about life. We saw four airplanes, seven falling stars, and a U.F.O. (after consuming a twelve pack of Budweiser).

She has power. Fifteen years ago, she was probably the hottest sportscar on the block. With a six-cylinder heart and standard manual transmission, she can put most non-sportscars in the dust. I made ten dollars off a friend who thought that his new family car with an automatic transmission and fuel injection system could beat any old clunker. We drove on the tollway and raced out of the gates. The deal: first one to get up to seventy miles per hour wins. I splurged and bought premium gas with the prize money.

There's a technique to driving her. I turn the key and firmly push the accelerator to the floor for two seconds. She usually coughs and clears her throat, so I ease the accelerator to half-way. Her body jerks and she awakens with a gruff roar which settles down to a dull purr as I gently ease my foot off the accelerator. I slip the gear into reverse and let the clutch out as I steadily push the accelerator down. She whines as my speed increases. I pull the stick

out of reverse while pounding the clutch and jam the gear into first. I let up on the clutch bringing it to the friction point and give her all the gas she can handle. She is a sensitive old beast. Too much gas will make her choke and refuse to accelerate. Too little will make her tremble. If you do not know her clutch and its friction points, she stalls out. She is kind to those who take the time to get to know her. I love driving her because there is less technology and more control.

It must have been the incessant purr of her six-cylinder heart combined with the rhythmic squeak of her wipers that lulled me into a trance one morning. I didn't notice the red light until I was within about forty yards of the intersection. My first reaction was to slam on the brakes, but the fresh morning rain stole my traction and sent me into a skid. I frantically pumped my brakes, but my efforts were futile; she wasn't going to stop. I locked her wheels up for the last ten yards and braced for impact. I could feel her body quiver as she tried to gain traction. A dull metallic pop shot rang out as her body snapped to a stop, and then there was silence as she resumed her incessant purr. Not caring about the health of the driver in the other car, I pulled her out of gear, yanked on the emergency brake, and got out to look at her wound. My heart sank as I saw the damage I had done. Her radiator was pushed back to the engine. Her hood curled in towards her radiator. Her lights were reduced to shards of broken glass on the pavement.

Before the accident, I could walk out of my house and know she would start in any weather condition. She had never let me down before. It was as if I let her down and hurt her. She sadly rests in the driveway now, waiting to be fixed. I still sit in her seat and smoke cigarettes and watch the stars and love her to death, because as my neighbor said before selling her to me for two hundred bucks, she's "awesome."

Evaluation: *Lively images, fresh wit, and an affectionate tone bring an old clunker, loved to death, to life.*

Olly, Olly

by Jessica Silverman

Course: Honors English 101

Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Write about a place, and more specifically, about a sense of loss you feel for that place. Help your readers to enter that place by using plenty of sensory language and detail.

Twenty feet high, I could see most of the town of Ardsley from my perch. The mature oak tree in our front yard was one of my favorites. It took quite a bit of acrobatics to get up there. My mother used to call me her “little monkey.” I probably looked like a monkey trying to get to that first branch. There was nothing but tree trunk for at least seven or eight feet from the ground. The first branch had a wingspan twice as long as the trunk, therefore heavy enough for the tip of the branch to be within my reach. Determined, I would start at the tip going hand over hand, just like on the monkey bars at school, until all four feet of me was hanging in the air. As I neared the trunk, I would get a foothold, swing myself up and over, and my ascent would begin until I reached my preferred spot. A certain limb had just the right fork in it, perfect for nestling.

Our oak tree served other purposes as well. It was always home base in the neighborhood’s many games of “olly, olly ocean—all come home free.” And, when the season was right, we had splendid

acorn wars. The squirrels, I am sure, did not mind our wars at all. Our fun and games made their jobs easier come harvesting time.

As children, we liked to help nature along. One of my favorite pastimes was popping the bundle of seeds just underneath the flower of an impatiens. Every spring, my friends and I would derive hours of pleasure doing that alone. Mother planted a whole row of them along our sidewalk to the front door. It never failed to amuse me when I would find one of those little seed-filled green pods so anxious to explode that it hardly needed my persuasion at all.

Also in the front yard was a most exotic tree, the mimosa. How a tropical tree ended up in New York, I do not know. It was a much smaller tree than the oak, as tall as our one-story ranch, but still strong enough for climbing. I could reach the limbs from my bedroom window and would often roost there to star gaze.

Summer was when the mimosa would really show off. Amongst its light green leaves, clusters of hot pink powder puffs would bloom. A sweet fragrance saturated the air. Its scent was strong, but not unpleasant like the scent of cheap cologne. It was more likened to a fruit punch bowl full of strawberries, bananas, and kiwis. The blossom itself was soft, like feather pillows. They tickled under the chin like feathers, too.

The backyard was equally entertaining. Bordering our yard to the neighbors behind us was a fence strewn with grapevines. A two-foot wide trench lay beneath the cascading vines, the ideal hide-out. No one could see me beneath the thick sheath of foliage. Crawling along the floor of decaying leaves looking for bugs was my hobby. The trench was damp, and it smelled like a hay-filled barn.

When I would tire of playing with the bugs, sometimes I would retreat to the hammock that hung between the dogwood and the London-plane sycamore. If I was still enough, I could have a first-rate view of the bird feeder. Chickadees, as well as yellow finches, were our most popular visitors.

Occasionally, a blue jay or a cardinal would come to dine. Once a woodpecker took a liking to one of our trees in the back; the tree must have been loaded with insects. There he was, rattling away with persistence the whole summer.

The sycamore, holding up one end of the hammock, was a strange species. Its bark would flake off, as if it grew tired of wearing the same thing week after week. The resulting appearance was spooky. I almost felt sorry for the tree, as if it had leprosy or some other disease. But it was perfectly healthy with the exception of a fungus which made its leaves drop twice in the fall. Part of the tree hung over into the adjacent yard. As a courtesy to our neighbors, my dad would volunteer me to go over to their yard and rake the sycamore's roaming leaves to be corralled back to our compost pile.

When my nieces and nephews grow up, they will have very different memories. The newly-developed areas of the Midwest do not have too many trees suitable for climbing, just lots of grass, not that my nieces would be interested in climbing trees.

When they visit with us, the younger one is pre-occupied with sitting in my car looking forward to the day she can drive, which is a good eight years away. She sits in the driver's seat, her feet dangling over the edge. Pretending that we're going to pick up her other baby from daycare, I sit in the passenger seat with my seat belt on. When we arrive at the imaginary daycare center, she is prepared. Out comes the stroller, and the baby is ready to be received in the most motherly fashion.

The older one begs to be taken to the mall to play video games and "hang out." She likes computers. During their last visit, we brought out the lap-top for her amusement. Their brother, my nephew, also enjoys computers. He saves all of his money for buying video games. And of course, they are all well versed in operating a VCR and deciphering the language of TV-land.

Occasionally, they do play football out in the street with the neighborhood kids. I believe they all have a pair of the new high-fashioned roller blades,

or at least they want a pair. I can't remember which it is. Nonetheless, their outdoor activities usually center around asphalt.

Watching them grow up detached from nature makes me sad, for I know firsthand what they are missing. I suppose that my mother may carry the same sadness. She grew up being exposed to her grandfather's farm, whereas I can count on one hand the number of times I have been on a farm. I will probably never know the smells and sounds of her childhood, nor will my nieces and nephews know those of mine: the familiar call of "Olly, olly ocean" amidst the sprawling branches of my favorite oak tree.

Evaluation: Jessica evokes a strong sense of place as she delights her reader with rich example, concrete detail, and sensory language. Her wry tone and subtle irony contrast effectively with the strong sense of loss she feels.

The Escape

by Jean Skamra

Course: Reading 099/English 101
Instructors: Christine Poziemski
and Barbara Hickey

Assignment:

Write an essay describing something from your childhood that remains important to you today. Enhance your description with simile, metaphor, and personification

The family used to sit around to talk while the sun's rays peeked through the window to reflect on the golden brown carpet. It was one of those days when all life's struggles were set aside, and the family could just enjoy the peace and tranquility of the company the house offers. But not everyday was as pleasant as this. There were times the screaming made my ears pound. These were the times I wish my memory could have failed me, but it couldn't. Most of the memories of the old and tired house are faint, but a couple of incidents remain permanent in my mind. The cartwheel house, as the children—including me—called it, was a place where the pain and suffering overrode the peace and tranquility.

It all started when I was five years old, and my sister, Dominique, was two and a half. I was told by my Aunt Net to sit and wait in her dark brown Chevy Camaro parked outside near the curb. I wasn't there long when I saw my mother run out of the house in tears. Soon my father followed. I watched through the rearview mirror as they ran to the end of the block, and then my mother stopped. It was a quick hard slap to the face. Suddenly tears flew from my eyes as if I had felt the pain my mother had endured. No words were spoken, just the silence of the dark night and the sight of the shadow of the pine tree cascading on the sidewalk. I wondered if I was the next victim in my father's eyes. I sat as still as a frightened mouse in a predator's eye in that dark brown Chevy Camaro.

The silence was broken by the police sirens echoing through the houses. I thought to myself, help has finally arrived and we were rescued, but we still were not free. It was a battle to get my father and younger sister out of the locked garage. After a long and tedious struggle, the police finally broke down the door and rescued Dominique from the drunken man. I was grateful to see my only sister still alive. As I watched my father being handcuffed and thrown in the back seat of the police car, I realized it's only the three of us, my mother, my sister, and I. We were united by blood, but scared for life. We gathered our belongings and drove away, never to return to the cartwheel house again.

The pain is what I remember the most, but deep down inside of me I sometimes felt safe there too. There were times the love from my mother and sister covered the abuse. The love we shared was evenly exchanged. We knew the three of us were going to make it if we stuck together. It was our only way out of an abusive lifestyle—the only lifestyle I as a five-year-old girl had ever known. It was a scary thought to consider that I had to grow up without a father. My mother alone had to raise two frightened daughters. The future held our destiny in the palm of its hands, ready to crush us at any given moment.

The cartwheel house brought my sister and me

closer together. There were times when we would be as close as best friends. Sometimes we would move the old furniture to the sides of the smoke-stained walls to clear a spot for our cartwheels. Dominique and I would do cartwheels till our mother forced us to go to bed. When we were finally nuzzled into our mattresses on the floor, our mother would come in to kiss us and say good night.

Through all the pain the cartwheel house brought, it still can reveal some good. The house is just a mere memory in my mind now. That place took away my father but gave me a lifetime of love from my mother and sister. Our love is the strongest it's ever been. We had made it through thirteen years of living alone and without a father figure. I sometimes resent my father for his alcoholism, but what could he have done when his body was so addicted to the drug? Unfortunately, my father is slowly dying; the alcohol soaked up practically every part of his body. He has gone through treatment, and from now on he will never turn back to the bottle. But how can a daughter with so much pain forgive her alcoholic father? He was the one who helped put me on this earth, and he is still the one who can take me from it.

Evaluation: *One of the most talented readers and writers in our Coordinated Studies Reading 099/English 101 class, Jean writes a very personal essay describing her "cartwheel house" in a highly evocative and poignant way. She uses poetic descriptive detail to create memorable figures of speech.*

Microwave Meltdown

by *Samantha Strong*
 Course: Chemistry 121
 Instructor: Barbara Q. Weil

Assignment:
*Write an essay about an everyday application
 of the gas laws.*

Situation

You're hungry. You go to the freezer and grab a frozen dinner. You read the directions as follows:

1. remove dinner from box
2. slice plastic cover to vent
3. cook on high 5-6 minutes
4. remove plastic and serve

You follow directions precisely, making a one-inch vent slit in the plastic, then throw the dinner into the microwave. Five minutes later, when you open the microwave door, you're staring disaster in the face. The dinner has exploded all over the interior of your microwave. ACK!

Why?

Let's look at exactly what has happened to that frozen dinner. The tray and its contents are exposed to microwave radiation which heats the food. As the temperature increases, the water molecules are changing their physical state from a solid, hence the word "frozen," to a liquid, and finally to a gas. The gas (water vapor) pushes the plastic covering to its

limit. According to Charles's law, pressure is directly related to temperature, so as the temperature inside the plastic dome increases, so does the pressure. Some of the molecules diffuse through the vent slit but not at a fast enough rate to decrease the pressure inside the plastic dome. When the pressure of the gas excreted on the plastic overcomes the plastic's strength, disaster strikes. The plastic breaks, freeing the water molecules and allowing any other bubbling food particles to follow.

What to do

We've concluded that the explosion was due to overwhelming pressure on the plastic. To avoid this, more gaseous water molecules must be allowed to escape, which would decrease the overall pressure on the plastic. An easy way to do this would be to make more vent slits in the plastic. The amount of gas present decreases due to the presence of the additional vents. This leads to a lower increase in temperature and results in a more constant pressure. Some covering on the dinner is necessary, however, in order to maintain enough heat to cook the food. As you can see, even when cooking a simple microwave dinner, some fundamental properties of matter are at work.

Evaluation: Samantha's essay was a superb example of the application of chemical principles to a topic which the reader can easily relate to and understand. I found the essay to be creative, well-written, and fun.

Illinois Soils: Glaciers to Tallgrass

by Marilyn Tadros

Course: Plant Science Technology 110

Instructors: Chet B. Ryndak
and Ed Metcalf

Assignment:

Write a paper which demonstrates a basic understanding of some of the principles of soil science.

Since so many different sorts of soils are found in the various parts of the country, it is of interest to ask how did the Illinois soils come to be? How did we go from glaciers to tallgrass?

The natural fertility of a soil depends to a large extent on how it was originally created. Soils have been formed throughout geologic time mainly in two ways: either by the weathering of native rock or by the accumulation on the ocean bed of the skeletons of innumerable marine animals, later raised by upheaval of the ocean floor to create dry land. Many soils have been moved by glacial, river, wind, and ocean action to points far removed from their place of origin (Ortloff and Raymore 17).

The relatively-low elevation of Illinois and its location near the junction of the major drainage lines in the Midwest influenced the direction and extent of movement of the various ice sheets, which moved down from the north during glacial times

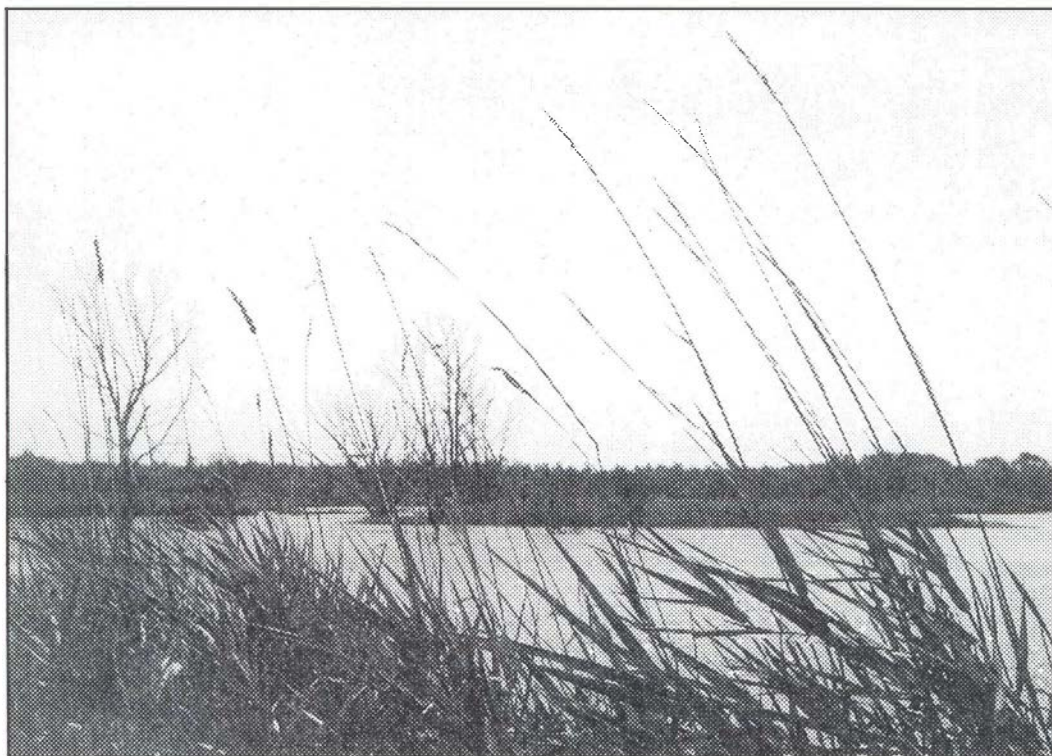


Photo taken on class field trip to Crabtree Nature Center in Barrington, Illinois, September 16, 1995

and greatly influenced the development of present day soils. The Mississippi River is on the west side of the state, the Ohio River is on the south, the Wabash River is on the southeast, and Lake Michigan is on the northeast. The Illinois River and its tributaries drain much of the central part of the state. These rivers were important in the distribution of the loess and outwash soil parent materials in the state (Soil 65). Lake Michigan was once a preglacial stream connected to the Hudson Bay. It was enlarged and carved out by glacial movement and was in the path of one of the major ice lobe advances (Follmer).

Generally favorable soil parent materials and lack of extreme weathering and soil development since glacial times have resulted in productive soils in Illinois. The "prairie soil" of popular imagination belonged to the wet prairies, sedge meadows, and marshes of the flat till plains that cover so much of our state (Simpson). Good soils along with a favorable climate for crop production and a high percentage of nearly level to gently sloping land have all contributed to place Illinois high as an agricultural state. The parent materials of mineral soils are formed by the disintegration and decomposition of rock. These materials may be moved from place to place by water, wind, or glaciers, and may have been sorted or mixed to varying degrees. The main parent materials of Illinois soils consist of loess, outwash, till and alluvium.

Loess (pronounced "luss"), a silty wind deposit, is the most extensive parent material of Illinois soils. Soils developed primarily from loess occupy about 63% of the area of the state and predominate in the western, central, and southern parts. During glacial times the melting of the glaciers produced tremendous floods of meltwater which were channeled down the Mississippi, Illinois, Wabash, and Ohio Rivers. During the periods of low melting when the floodwaters receded, the wind picked up dust from the dry valley floors and deposited it as loess on the uplands. The loess is thickest east of the valleys because of prevailing westerly winds. It is thicker near the valley source areas and gradually

becomes thinner with increasing distance from the source.

There are at least three main loess blankets in Illinois—the Loveland, the Farmdale, and the Peorian. The Peorian loess, which was deposited during the Wisconsin glacial period when most of northeastern Illinois was last glaciated, is the main parent material of the loess soils in the state (Soil 67). Across the state the loess blanket varies from five feet down to only a few inches.

Outwash materials occupy about 8% of the area of the state and are most extensive in northern Illinois. They were deposited by the Wisconsin's meltwaters and vary in texture from gravel to clay. The coarse, gravelly materials were mostly deposited near the glacier front or in the upper reaches of the river valleys. Sand was usually carried somewhat farther than gravel, depending on the velocity of the running water. In bodies of quiet water such as glacial lakes, the sediments are high in clay and silt and are known as lacustrine or lake-bed sediments.

Glacial till is an important soil parent material in northeastern Illinois. Soils that develop from till occupy about 12% of the state's land area. The Wisconsin's tills are extremely variable in texture, ranging from loamy gravel to clay but including sandy loam, loam and silt loam, silty clay loam and silty clay. In general, till contains more sand than loess and commonly includes pebbles and various sizes of boulders called erratics left on the landscape.

Most of the tills in Illinois were deposited by a glacial lobe which was channeled southward through Lake Michigan. It crossed mixed areas of limestone, shale, and sandstone and some igneous rocks and left a blanket of tills that vary from moraine to moraine (Soil 68). Like kettles, eskers and kames, moraines, which are an accumulation of earth and stones carried and deposited by a glacier, are glacial souvenirs. On the former flat surface of northeastern Illinois, the Wisconsin glacier developed a succession of moraines, 50 to 100 feet high, a mile or two wide, and 50 to 100 miles long. They

have a striking concentric pattern that indicates a pulsating retreat and readvance of the ice front. This front is defined by the north-south-trending Bloomington Morainic System that extends from Rockford in the north to Peoria in the south (Schuberth 35). Between the moraines, the land is poorly drained. Streams, are shallow, and numerous lakes, ponds, and swamps interrupt the landscape. Many of these were formed when chunks of ice buried in the till melted. The Volo Bog is a good example. Bogs are wetlands made unique by lack of drainage; they have no inflowing or outflowing streams (Jeffords, Post, and Robertson 51).

Alluvium includes the recent sediments deposited by streams on their floodplains and vary in texture from sands to clays. It appears throughout Illinois in stream valleys and accounts for about 12% of the area of the state. It is most extensive in the southern part of the state because that region is more dissected and has mature, wider valleys. Bedrock weathered in place to form soils is of minor extent in Illinois. It occurs in the unglaciated sections in northwestern and extreme southern areas of the state.

Organic remains of plants as soil parent materials occur mainly in the northeastern part of the state. The two main types of native vegetation that influenced the state's soils are the grasses and the trees. Soils formed under grass are normally dark colored and high in organic matter and soils formed under forest are light colored and are usually low in organic matter.

The greater amount of organic matter in the surface of the soil of prairie ecosystems is due to the great quantity of fine roots produced by grasses. These grass rootlets have a short life span, and as they die they add organic matter to the soil. Trees produce fewer roots per volume of soil, and these roots tend to live longer. Thus, the net effect is for woodland vegetation to add less organic matter to the soil than prairie vegetation (Simpson). An acre of oaks may have 50 tons of humus in its soils, but an acre of prairie may have 250 tons (Madson; qtd. in Lopat 5).

Climate plays an important role in soil development and is responsible for many of the differences between soils. It largely determines the type of weathering that takes place in an area and also influences the type of vegetation that grows on soils. The humid, temperate climate of Illinois is conducive to the breakdown of soil minerals, the formation of clay, and the movement of these materials downward in the soil profile. Materials such as clay tend to be removed from A horizons and accumulate in B horizons. This is why B horizons or subsoils are usually more heavily textured than A horizons in soils that developed in uniform parent materials.

The climate of Illinois during the development of our soils is difficult to characterize. The best evidence seems to indicate that there were significant fluctuations in temperature and rainfall. For some time during and after the retreat of the last glacier, the Pleistocene epoch ending 12,000 years ago, the climate in Illinois was cooler and wetter than at present. A rather warm, dry period 4,000 to 6,000 years ago led to an expansion of grassland in the state. Since that time, our climate seems to have remained similar to that of today (*Soil* 69).

Topography or lay of the land is the controlling factor in the soil's moisture. It influences the amount of infiltration, runoff and drainage water, and erosion. Parts of Illinois are distinguished by a flatness almost equal to that of a dry lake plain. This flatness is attributed to the fast movement and uniformity of the ice sheet, which produced continuous sheets of running water rather than streams flowing in well-defined channels (Schuberth 34). Soil colors are a reflection of the moisture status of the soil during its development. Well-drained soils have brownish or yellowish-brown sub-soils; somewhat poorly drained sub-soils are mottled yellowish, brownish, and grayish; and, poorly drained soils have bluish-grayish subsoils.

The effect of time on soil development can't be measured precisely in years because the time required for a soil to develop depends on the parent material, climate, vegetation, and topography.

Illinois's soils and northern grasslands took shape during the most recent ticks of the geological clock, under the glacial advances of the Pleistocene. Mile-thick rivers of ice flowed down from the north to grind, tear, and pile in an enormous back-and-fill operation. There were four major ice sheets: the Nebraskan, Kansan, Illinoian, and Wisconsin, beginning less than a million years ago and moving in a series of great advances and retreats. The glaciations drew their names from the modern Midwest, for it was there that they made their mightiest invasions, grinding down over Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, parts of the Dakotas and Nebraska, most of Illinois and Iowa, and halfway into Missouri (Madson).

For 100,000 years the valley of the Upper Mississippi was an arctic waste. The vast ice sheets were one to two miles thick, planing and scraping millions of square miles, grinding incalculable tonnages of rock into fine fragments—delivering much of the load as a glacial till of sands, gravels, clays, rocks, and huge boulders that had been torn from the land surface hundreds of miles away to be dumped elsewhere. As the glaciers retreated, meltwater flowed in myriad rivers and streams gray with glacial debris that was finally dropped in outwash deposits. Ceaseless winds swept over these extinct glacial rivers, lifting clouds of rock flour and carrying them eastward in prehistoric dust storms—eventually depositing the powdery aeolian soil called loess.

Such aeolian loess is ideal for the growth of grasses and is probably the most common parent material of the world's grassland soils. It was ground into its fine form from limestone bedrock. Generally, our soils are naturally "limed" or sweet and perfect for plants (Lopat 4). If climate permits, trees will grow readily on it—but it is highly permeable stuff that quickly loses water, and also loses trees if the general climate turns warmer and drier. Some of the deepest deposits of loess in the United States are in the Upper Midwest in regions that were glaciated and later grew to tallgrass prairie. Something like 70% of our original American grasslands were

formed on deposits created by glacial ice, lakes, streams, or winds.

The Ice Age alone did not create modern prairie, for there are prairielands that were never glaciated. But it did refine soil bases that were laden with mineral wealth and ideally suited to nurture the beginnings of our richest grassland formations. The ice carved and shaped, prefacing the northern prairie, setting the stage for the first North Americans, and profoundly influencing all life in the upper reaches of our northern hemisphere. However, the real parent of the grasslands was climate, and the prairie climate had been formed eons before the glaciers by a vast geological revolution.

This revolution was about 65 million years ago and involved the immense upheavals and sinkings that were to form the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada, and Mexico's Sierra Madre. Then as now, North American weather patterns were dominated by westerly winds. The moist Pacific air mass laden with water vapor moved inland to drop its moisture over great distances, watering the western slopes of the mountains more heavily than those facing east. It was there, east of the Rockies 25 million years ago, that North American grasslands began to flourish in the rain shadow of the new mountains. Even before the rising of those mountains, a general warming trend and drying trend had begun to shift the midcontinental forests from such conifers as pine and sequoia to the hardwood forests of later times. The rain shadow cast by the western range tipped the balance even further, creating a central climate that strongly favored grasses (Madson 32).

A vast region was opened to the sun, with temperature extremes it had never known before. A huge grassland developed from the arctic to the subtropics, varying from desert to arid to semi-arid to humid to west grasslands, depending on local climate patterns. Several hundred miles east, the drying effect of the mountains began to be alleviated by masses of moist air sucked northward from the Gulf of Mexico. It was this progressive wave of developing precipitation that defined the three types of North American grasslands. In eastern

Colorado, with its 16 inches of annual rainfall, the natural grass associations are from six inches to one and a half feet tall. In central Kansas, rainfall increases to about 24 inches annually, which is reflected in midgrasses from two to four feet tall. In Illinois, with as much as 30 inches of rain, the tallgrass may be twice as high as a man (Madson 34). Later travelers trying to describe the area turned to the sea for analogies, calling the area "a sea of grass." In time, this landscape came to be known as "prairie," a word derived from the French word for meadow (Jeffords, Post, and Robertson 65). The covered wagons were befittingly called "prairie schooners."

As a meeting ground for North American weathers the central United States is also a battleground to two great floristic groups—the trees and the grasses—whose respective advances and retreats, like those of the glaciers, are ordered by the high command of climate. After the cooling of the glaciers, there followed a long period of drying and warming and possible droughts. The balance had tipped in favor of plants more tolerant to heat and drought—first to hardwood forests and ultimately to grass.

So, we can blame our wonderful prairies of grasses and wildflowers on the weather!

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Evaluation: *The narrative by Ms Tadros is exceptional in creative style, fluid reading, and format. The information that she has presented contains insight and clearly demonstrates an understanding of many of the principles covered in the soils course.*

Exam on the Victorian Age

by Dawn Theresa Tomasiewicz

Course: Literature 232

Instructor: Barbara Hickey

Assignment:
Take-home essay exam

I. Identify each of five passages by author and title, and comment briefly but pointedly on its significance within the work and within the broader framework of the author's themes and techniques.

A. *But, oh! cry many people, sweetness and light are not enough: you must put strength or energy along with them, and make a kind of trinity of strength, sweetness and light, and then, we are to join Hebraism, strictness of the moral conscience, and manful walking by the best light we have, together with Hellenism, inculcate both, and rehearse the praises of both.*

From *Culture and Anarchy* by Matthew Arnold, one can explore the contrast between Hebraism and Hellenism. This portion of Arnold's work briefly illustrates the harmonious balance that is created when combining intellectual understanding with spiritual devotion. Within this work, one can discover deeper symbolism in the three parts chosen to make up the "trinity" that is mentioned. Strength can symbolize one's faith or devotion, which, being further explicated, could possibly symbolize the Holy Spirit. Arnold refers to the strength as an "energy" which is closely related to the holy spirit in terms of a force providing inspiration. The "light" can represent God and the "sweetness" stand as a representation of Jesus. This famous trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit is one of the best examples of a harmonious balance that is depicted by Matthew Arnold.

Arnold focuses on the importance of faith acting as the key component of any successful belief. There is a tinge of surrendering the predominant focus of Hellenism when the realization occurs that an acceptance of Hebraism is required to obtain this kind of ideal trinity.

This struggle to achieve an effective balance is revealed in a broader framework of Arnold's themes and techniques that he uses. He incorporates a presentation of positive aspects to basic topics as well as negative points demanding equal consideration. Striving for this balance, Arnold presents its success in terms of comparing Hellenism with Hebraism, but the true yearning

for this balance is seen in the works of Arnold himself.

B. *She had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was act and joy enough for any bird.
Dear heaven, how silly are the things that live
In thickets, and eat berries!*

*I, alas,
A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought to
her cage,
And she was there to meet me. Very kind.
Bring the clean water, give out the fresh seed.*

In this passage from *Aurora Leigh* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a girl sadly yet with dignity describes in detail her forced adjustment of living with her aunt after her father's death. Elizabeth Barrett Browning skillfully uses a metaphorical approach to express Aurora's bitterness toward her aunt's cold treatment and contentment with her lack of knowledge. There is a definite conflict in views as well as a strong feeling of resentment expressed from Aurora. Aurora Leigh has an accurate perception of her relationship with her aunt and not only realizes her faults, but also understands their origin. She refers to herself as a "wild bird" and explains her aunt's lack of concern beyond disciplinary reason in referring to her "up keep." The only nurturing that was supplied was what was necessary. Elizabeth Barrett Browning effectively uses this "bird in a cage" image not only to describe how she was feeling, but also to explain the aunt's attitude towards her. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's simplistic use of example to emphasize a point contains the captivating innocence that relates to rather than confuses the reader. The choice of the name Aurora was fascinating to use in this poem due to its origin, the name given to the goddess of the dawn. This was skillfully used to further portray Aurora as a light being dimmed. This image was also appropriate to accompany all the dreary description of England.

C. *We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are,
we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts.
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

In "Ulysses" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, there is a refreshing and invigorating look at aging. An acceptance of an aging body and ability is presented, but what is so inspiring are the lines that follow. This acceptance of getting older and loss of a certain luster that is related to youth is quickly overshadowed by a common link that binds us all regardless of age and that is what is found inside our hearts. The strength to survive and succeed is the motivation that will not be taken away by aging. It is important to accept the things that can not be changed, for example, the lack of physical strength, but the important qualities that motivate us to live and continue to discover new adventures are from an innate desire found within. This lack of surrender in the last line carries a sense of immortality that is hopeful as well as motivational.

D. *Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?*

From "Andrea del Sarto" by Robert Browning, this simple line contains a multitude of meaning and inspiration. It reinforces the necessity to strive constantly for the unobtainable. Browning further justifies this need for constant challenge by using the ideal of heaven as the ultimate achievement. Heaven is seen within this work as a source of motivation and a goal to keep always in sight. Questioning its purpose is to verify the necessity to maintain a constant desire to achieve and improve. Browning succeeds in stating that nothing should be obtained without effort and, furthermore, what is sought should be worth the effort, which would apply to a certain amount of difficulty.

- E. *Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

This last stanza in "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold contains a splash of reality concerning life yet at the same time offers a breeze of control in what is life. To understand this concept, it is necessary to dive further into the first lines of the stanza. Here Arnold presents aspects of life that are so often assumed to derive from the world naturally. Further lines that follow contain the realization that all these factors of love, peace, and joy are not given from the world. In coming to terms with this lack of providing from the world, one could find this a bit depressing. On the contrary, the entire stanza can be a source of inspiration dealing with humans at the center of this fountain of joy. We are the ones that spawn forth the love, light, certitude, peace, and help for pain. Instead of viewing the world as a challenging dwelling place for human life to survive, one could see this as a tribute to humans and their continuous effort to create their own happiness. Arnold portrays humans as "ignorant armies clash[ing] by night." This signifies how we are constantly learning through error. Depending on how this last stanza is looked upon, it can provide feelings of depression or inspiration for constant improvement.

- II. In *The Study of Poetry*, Matthew Arnold offers this definition of a classic: "The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner." Analyze the poetry of the Victorian whose work best embodies the superiorities set forth in Arnold's definition.

In *The Study of Poetry*, Matthew Arnold offers this definition of a classic: "The superior character

of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner." The Victorian whose work best embodies the superiorities set forth in Arnold's definition is Alfred, Lord Tennyson in "The Lady of Shalott." This poem is a masterpiece of literary genius, having the ability to combine a variety of fine ingredients to create a superb tale for the reader in the first four lines with AABB being the fashion throughout the whole poem. This is enjoyable and effective in maintaining a light, pleasant feeling while possessing a quality of flowing unity. This never overwhelms the poem because the pattern of the first four lines is always interrupted every fifth and ninth line of each stanza to break any monotony possibly forming. The ability to enjoy the poem's content while maintaining such a traditional rhyme scheme is important to the style of the poem. The rhyme scheme serves a purpose of mainly drawing forth unity and a flowing feeling from line to line, which is quite pleasing to the eye as well as the ear when read.

The superior character of truth and seriousness of the poem is the strongest quality of "The Lady of Shalott." Within the poem, there is a theme of longing for what is forbidden, a curse that has unknown consequences, a defilement of a certain way of life, a tragic death in the ending, and a dramatic discovery of a wasted life. Sir Lancelot being the instrument of the Lady's downfall only added to the overall drama of the poem. The substance of this poem drips with dramatic consequences and tragic results while containing a noble and loyal feeling throughout.

A tale is being told throughout the poem, but this is not noticed due to the smooth transitions from stanza to stanza. The continuity derived from repetition of the title of the poem creates quite an impression in the mind of the reader. The title is remembered as well as the poem's contents. The use of nature symbolically leads to the conclusion. The Lady of Shalott started high on a mountain, up in a tower, looking down at others. Once the curse was in effect, the lower her position was in the poem. Finally, the river indirectly

aided the flow of the poem. This piece of work was truly a Victorian masterpiece that was skillfully molded to please the reader as well as the most rigid critic.

- III. Walter Allen, in *The English Novel: A Short Critical History*, says that "in Dickens individual characters take on an enormous symbolic significance." What is the symbolic significance of Estella to the theme of *Great Expectations*? In light of Estella's symbolic value, which of Dickens's endings is more true to the theme of the novel?

Walter Allen, in *The English Novel: A Short Critical History*, says that "in Dickens individual characters take on an enormous symbolic significance." The symbolic significance of Estella to the theme of *Great Expectations* is extremely important. The reason it is so important is that Estella carries symbolic significance in relation not only to the theme, but also to Pip, to herself, and to society. Estella's name, which is connected in meaning with a star, is in itself symbolic. A star is something that we wish upon, or we strive to be (as famous as ...), and something that is "high" in the sky. Very simply, a star is something unobtainable. Estella's significance to the theme is that she symbolized what all the characters, especially Pip, based their "great expectations" on.

Pip was driven throughout the whole book by his desire to fulfill his "great expectations." Those expectations of grandeur and respect acquired in becoming a gentleman were all focused around one object, Estella. He, in essence, was shooting for the stars.

Estella carried symbolic significance for herself to a certain degree as well. She had expectations regarding her future, which did not exactly turn out to be what she was expecting. This was significant in showing that when one's expectations exceed a certain level, they very often are not what

was expected. Furthermore, due to these high expectations there was an unexpected lesson in humbleness that would not have been learned if not for the disappointment of the great expectations rather than their success.

Finally, the "great expectations" that were held by society in general were so intense that they were also rarely as grand once achieved as one had expected.

In regard to which of Dickens's endings is more true to the theme of the novel, the original ending is the ending that is most realistic to the whole theme of these "great expectations" not being what they were at first perceived or anticipated. The ending that was finally decided on to be published, in which the meeting of Estella and Pip occurs and a friendship is agreed upon, brings a clean and pleasing closure to the reader who enjoys the typical "happy ending." If based on the theme of the novel and the progression of the book, it is slightly more believable that the final meeting is not like what is "expected." The revised ending is too "perfect": that they both just happen to be at the same place, at the same time, after numerous years is too coincidental. Therefore, the original ending contains the realism, yet has the pleasing qualities of closure in a mutual, unspoken understanding of mistakes and experiences shared between them from the past. The meeting in itself is enough closure without getting sappy. There should have possibly been a further elaboration on the original ending, for it did end rather abruptly. In conclusion, the original ending had the realism, yet the unspoken, heartfelt resolution found from within the main characters of the story. Any other ending would have the "great expectations" of the reader being unrealistically satisfied.

Evaluation: *Dawn's lucid prose is resplendent with insight, and she dazzles the reader with her rich, figurative style.*

Trifles: An Alternate Ending

by Julie E. Trost
Course: English 102
Instructor: Nancy L. Davis

Assignment:

Imagine that the male characters in Susan Glaspell's play Trifles caught Mrs. Hale tampering with the evidence that could convict Mrs. Wright of murdering her husband. Write a one-page "alternate ending" indicating the outcome. Include a rationale in which you defend and discuss the scene you wrote.

SCENE:

The lighting is low and natural within the kitchen of John Wright's home. Mrs. Hale moves down right toward Mrs. Peters, who stands helpless, trembling. She snatches the box containing the dead bird from her. Unbeknownst to the others, Mrs. Hale has separated the bird from its box, placing the bird into a small, concealed pocket within the lining of her big coat. She then places the box into a large coat pocket. Enter immediately the County Attorney and Sheriff.

SHERIFF [questioning]. What have you got there, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE [*shocked yet convincing, collected*]. Oh, simply a box of notions and things. You know, something to comfort dear Mrs. Wright in her disturbing time. Mrs. Peters has enough to carry [*looking fiercely to Mrs. Peters. Pause*].

MRS. PETERS [*flustered, trying to hold herself together*]. Mrs. Hale was assisting me; my hands are full.

MRS. HALE [*guarded*]. What were you looking for—have you found it?

COUNTY ATTORNEY. No, we can do better. We are not finished yet. I'll stay on, going over everything until I'm satisfied—nothing will fly past me. More and more is uncovered, the more we work. [*Pause*]. What's that stink—sort of a foul scent? [*Sheriff begins to speak, but Mrs. Hale interjects*].

MRS. HALE. Oh, I don't smell anything. [*self-assured*]. You must have caught something in the outdoor air. [*Mrs. Peters stands still, wide-eyed, then turns to the window*].

MRS. PETERS. The team is ready. [*Hale approaches*].

MRS. HALE. Would be a good idea to get on before dark.

COUNTY ATTORNEY. I'd better start outside and work my way in. Don't want anything to escape me.

SHERIFF [*motioning to exit*]. Ladies. [*Mrs. Peters, confidence wavering, follows unaffected Mrs. Hale. The men, save Hale, continue to search, unaware of the women's actions. At the team the three step up and are seated. They leave to visit Mrs. Wright. A spotlight focuses on the bird, which has fallen from its hiding place onto the ground where the team has just been*].

CURTAIN

Although the men discover Mrs. Hale putting the box into her pocket, their minds are still on the “evidence” outside, removed from the activities of the two women. The sheriff questions the content of the box without suspicion. The purpose is to offer a greeting. The retort from Mrs. Hale defends Mrs. Wright and heightens the women’s control of the situation. Indeed, this is a “disturbing time,” but for whom? These two ladies are undoubtedly disturbed by what they withhold, probably more so than Minnie.

Mrs. Peters, after pausing a moment to gather herself, in response to Mrs. Hale, explains that her hands are full, full of sewing articles but more than that. They are full of mixed emotions; she is at capacity with grief and deception, yet feels an allegiance to Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Hale succeeds in transferring focus from womanly activities to the search for evidence, all the while standing firm to her conviction that Minnie Foster is not at fault.

The county attorney follows the sheriff in his belief that the evidence is yet to be found. His keen sense of smell helps him discover the decomposing carcass of the bird, that “foul” odor, a homonym designed to illustrate his ignorance. Further, he will not let anything fly past him. By discounting the concealed box, he’s allowing the evidence to “fly” out the door.

Mrs. Hale quickly reminds the men that they must have “caught” something in the outdoor air, implying the evidence lies outside and not beneath their noses. Mrs. Peters’ line is critical. Her words further draw away the focus from the odor to what lies ahead. Her delivery quietly illustrates her desire to move on, to restore equilibrium.

Surprisingly, Mr. Hale, unaware, steps over the boundary which separates the men and women. He helps bring the women to their destination, Minnie Foster Wright. The other men now return to the business of locating the “evidence.” The county attorney knows little because the evidence is “escaping.” The men should have begun on the inside, like Mrs. Wright and the women.

The three, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Peters, and Mr. Hale, proceed to the team. The closing moment when the bird is illuminated on the ground is a catalyst for disturbance and questioning within the mind of the interpreter. Will Minnie get away with murder? Will the two ladies be exposed for withholding evidence? Perhaps the bird will not be found. If found, quite possibly the “cat-catching” theory will be accepted. Anything is possible. The viewer does know that, for now, the women have the upper hand. They have won this battle, but do they win the war? The answer is contingent upon the discovery of the bird. Susan Glaspell would agree, the future should be left to the imagination.

Evaluation: Julie’s sensitivity to the characters and the conflicts in this drama allows her to write a very credible “scene extender” in keeping with the original play. More so, the follow-up explanation demonstrates her keen insights into the complexities of character, motivation, and theme.

My Brother's Keeper

by Pam Tyrone
Course: English 101
Instructor: Trygve Thoreson

Assignment:

Take a personal experience and use that as a starting point for an essay that addresses one side or the other of an issue that you feel is important or intriguing.

Traditional medicine defines the *coma* as a state of deep sleep and a complete and irreversible loss of consciousness in which “the person cannot be aroused.” The word comes from the Greek work “koma,” meaning “deep sleep.” I question this belief that comas are unconscious, inaccessible states of being. Or that those in vegetative states are, or should be, considered in any way dead. Several years ago, my family and I had the misfortune of experiencing this type of condition. Because of our experiences surrounding that situation, I feel that these opinions and definitions are unjustified, since they are largely based on our limited understanding of our inability to communicate with those in a comatose state. Our story had a happy ending, but I fear other families may not be as fortunate. I would like to share my story with you for your consideration in hope that it may assist you in dealing with those families that find themselves in this difficult and delicate situation.

Ten years ago, my only brother Jim was involved in a motorcycle accident, and as a result suffered many complications including severe head injuries; he was unconscious at the scene. The hospital contacted my father, who then immediately phoned me. He spoke slowly and methodically as he explained that he was told my brother “was dying” and that apparently there was “nothing we could do,” and then he proceeded to contact the entire family with that same message of hopelessness. One by one, my family members flew out to Tucson, Arizona, where they found my brother lying in a hospital bed “dying.” They held his lifeless hand, kissed his cold cheeks, and whispered their final words to him.

Because I was expecting at the time, I was told by my physician that I should not make the trip. I had no choice but to sit home and answer the phone time after time, only to hear that my brother was still “non-responsive.” After several weeks the family had all made the journey to Tucson but now had to leave and get back to their lives.

Something didn't feel right to me, and eventually I had to go. I felt if my brother was going to die, I

also wanted to say goodbye. I chose to ignore my doctor and family and do just that; I left for the hospital as soon as I could. It had become imperative that I see him for myself, face to face.

Upon arriving, I saw lying in my brother's bed, a black-and-blue, bony-looking, skeletal-shaped shell with tubes sticking mercilessly into every part of it. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, much less what I was hearing. People were in a frenzy all around me, only stopping for brief moments of consolation. However, these moments felt more disturbing than comforting. They seemed to have rehearsed their speeches because they were all telling me the same lines: "We're very sorry." "It's just a matter of time now." "There is nothing we can do." "We've discussed this with him." "You may wish to consider discontinuing the tube feedings." "We wouldn't want to prolong his agony or for him to suffer needlessly, would we?" "Think about what he would want if he could decide for himself." "We know you'll make the right decision." "We are really very sorry." Their well-intended words ran together, making no sense after a while. I felt dizzy as they whirled around me in a blur of depression, futility, and fatality, and the pressure was tremendous. Common courtesy kept me from speaking my mind. This was my only brother they were talking about! They seemed so resolved that there was only one possible ending to the story. I knew I couldn't have risked my health to sit there for a week and watch this terminal scenario play itself out.

The first time I saw a nurse come in the routine was all too clear: shine a light in his face, clap twice, run a nail-file type instrument along the bottom of his foot, quickly turn, and walk out. I found myself filled with a mixture of astonishment and resentment. I felt like crying out, "What is wrong with you people? My husband would need more than that to wake up!" I couldn't believe they were giving up so easily. I knew if my brother had any chance at all, I had to begin my own ritual of non-stop stimulation. And so I set out to make whatever time he and I had left together worthwhile. Maybe

I could help him to change "the ending."

The items I would use to evoke a response would have to be meaningful and of special interest to him. Everything around him would need to be worth "waking up" for. I purchased his favorite cassette tape, "Rubber Soul" by the Beatles. I made sure all of his favorite television shows were on consistently and loudly: "Road Runner" cartoons, "Gilligan's Island" reruns, "Wheel of Fortune." I ran root beer popsicles over his lips. And since he was always fond of competition, especially when it involved the easy victory over his little sister, I bought simple games to play with him. Then I challenged him, played both parts, and notified him of my increasing score. Yes, I thought possibly "taunting him" was the ticket, and I'm sure it was quite a catalyst.

I began to turn the music *off* at his favorite part, which was definitely reminiscent of our childhood. Then I thought I noticed a disturbance on his face. I would ask him over and over if he wanted me to turn it back on, and I could see a "yes" just behind his lips. When I turned it on again, he appeared to mouth some of the words to the song; I even saw his foot moving to a tapping motion to the beat. Those actions led me to long periods of placing my ear near his lips waiting for any audible sound. I'd ask a question, listen, and wait, then ask another question, listen, and wait. Until finally one day thirst overtook him and a quiet "waaaterrr" came from those lips of silence. I ran out into the hall crying and told them to bring water quickly. I told them that *he* had asked for water! They all came running back with me into his room, not just to bring the water, but to witness the beginning of a miracle.

In time, many of my little games and ideas paid off. He began to respond in more subtle ways at first: his eyes following me, his groans answering my relentless inquires. This progressed to thrashing around in his bed to the point of needing restraints. And then within only a few days, it was obvious to everyone that he was really coming back to us. My mind kept wondering if he was really very far gone at all.

Almost as sudden and unexpected as his arousal itself was the change in attitude of the hospital personnel. They came from all floors to witness this drastic upgrade in my brother's condition. The nurses asked me how I finally managed to break through and attentively listened to every detail. Then they must have gone back to their doctors with the information because not long after the word got out the doctors themselves came around to see for themselves. They were all congratulating me on my successful efforts and reported that they had never seen anything like this before. But I can tell you their praise paled in comparison to the rewards I received from just watching my brother.

The newest concern arose as my week was coming to an end. I saw my brother sitting up in his wheelchair trying to feed himself: a three-egg omelet, bacon *and* sausage, oatmeal *and* toast, *and* orange juice *and* milk. It was even hard for me to believe that just a short while ago I was seeing him fed intravenously. At that moment, I knew he would not only eat steak someday, but he would speak audibly, walk, and even run again. I didn't have a care in the world; he was actually going to recover. That is when my new-found friends in the Critical Care Unit felt the need to let me in on a possible disaster. They thought I should know that in many cases, the person who has been the one to help "bring back" the loved one becomes such a large part of the recovery for the patient, that separation from that person often leads to a regression in their condition. In other words, the attachment becomes so strong for the one in recovery that when the bond with that person is gone, they feel a tremendous loss and cannot find the strength alone to keep trying and to stay "with us." The physicians and nurses were quite concerned for my brother due to my home being so far away, and thought we must work something out quickly before he slipped back in any way. They were correct to be concerned. As soon as I left, he began to cry a lot; they feared this was only the beginning. But in my anticipation of this happening, I had already made arrangements for the Veteran's

Administration Hospital in St. Petersburg, Florida, to AirVac him to its Rehabilitation Center so that things would keep progressing. Then I drove the thirty miles to see him several times a week and helped to keep him motivated and moving in the right direction; it worked.

Jim remained in the coma for just a short of two months, and unfortunately did sustain some permanent brain damage. He does, however, live on his own now and take care of himself. He is unable to work and receives a monthly disability income, but he is very happy with his life, having plenty of time to listen to his Beatles's tapes. When I think back to his "quiet days," I wonder how we know he wasn't just waiting for us to stop saying goodbye to him and to help him "come back"? I believe he needed someone to give him a chance, someone willing to wait for him, to take the time he needed. He needed someone who knew him inside out, someone to listen for as long as it took, someone to *really* try. He needed someone who truly cared if he woke up or not. He needed family.

I learned so much through this tragedy. I learned that sometimes your heart knows better than the minds of the most educated. And sometimes you have to risk a lot to gain even more. I also learned how much I loved my brother. I've told him in the past few years of what happened that week in Tucson; he doesn't remember any of it. I told him if I had never met him before that week that I would still love him now. We bonded together, in my heart and mind, more during that time than in all the previous years.

I have found that deep sleep does not always mean brain dead, and non-responsive does not necessarily mean non-feeling; these are just times when the communication is not as we know it. During those times I believe that communication can and does occur on another level.

I would never attempt to say that physicians or hospital personnel don't know what they're talking about. But when it comes to our families, we cannot afford to take advice without question, especially when there is absolutely no danger in the

method of treatment and no risk involved in trying something different.

I implore doctors to encourage families to take time with each other, plan their strategies, and pool all their love and creative energies to try to bring their loved one back from *wherever* they have been. Then all will truly know they did all they could, because *they* did. Hopefully, families will enjoy the fruits of their labor for years to come.

The newest twist in this story is classic. I am happy to report that my brother had the opportunity to be the first one standing in line, out in the cold, waiting for the truck to unload at the local Target Department Store so he could get his copy of the Beatles's Anthology. I'm sure if you were to ask him, he'd tell you, "Life is good." And I concur.

Even if my brother says he can't remember that bittersweet time in our lives, I know his heart remembers; and I know mine will never forget. I will always be thankful that I had the opportunity to be my brother's keeper.

Evaluation: *Pam uses a narrative strategy to make a telling point about our health-care system. The details she selects are precise and abundant and revealing.*

The Truth about White Lies

by Cheryl Vaccarello

Course: Honors English 102

Instructor: Jack Dodds

Assignment:

Write a "responsive essay" in which you present your personal response to a work of literature. In the course of your essay, answer these questions:

- (1) What in the literary work prompts my response?
- (2) What are my feelings, memories, or associations?
- (3) What experiences, observations, or beliefs explain my responses?

As I browsed through the literary pieces looking for the perfect work to focus my essay on, I kept coming back to Ernest Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants." I recalled many conversations in my life where, like Jig, I would say, "I'm fine," when I really wasn't, or "that's okay," when the situation really wasn't okay with me. While reading this story, I was annoyed with Jig for not being honest, and I was also sad for her, because it seemed that she wasn't able to be honest. She was putting the man's feelings and wants before hers. I, too, have been in situations when I have used the white lie to avoid confrontation.

The most recent telling of this little "white lie" happened just a month ago. My oldest niece is getting married in Wisconsin on September 23. My husband Al and I were discussing the details of the trip, trying to decide when we would leave for Wisconsin and where we would stay. At that time, Al informed me that he could not leave on Friday morning because he had a band job Friday night (he plays in a wedding band). Inside, I was steaming, but all I said to him was that it was fine with me, and he could come on Saturday. There was an edge to my voice that he must have picked up on, and so he pushed me further. Like Jig, I said I didn't want to discuss it anymore. The situation was the way it would be. I would be going alone, and he would come the next day. I was very angry but could not express my anger.

It's always been difficult for me to express anger. I am still trying to find out why, but I think part of the reason is that I am afraid of losing control. Hurtful words are said in anger, and I am afraid of saying something that can't be taken back and would be really hurtful. I try to see the other point of view of the situation before getting angry. I understood Al's side of the situation, which was that he had the opportunity to play music. To Al, music is a top priority. The wedding was on Saturday, so he could just drive up Saturday morning. My side was that this was a family wedding, a time for all of us to be together. I felt it was essen-

tial that I be there early for Sarah, because she doesn't have a mom to help her with those last minute details. Instead of telling him all the reasons I was upset, I just said, "Okay, come up Saturday. It's okay." I don't know why I couldn't explain to him my reasons for wanting to go to Wisconsin as a family.

"Hills Like White Elephants" made me examine the use of the white lie. What exactly is a white lie? It is a phrase such as "I don't care," "I'm fine," or "okay." Sometimes the use of the white lie is good. The white lie can be used to be polite or when you want to avoid hurting someone's feelings. But at what point is the "self" lost after constant use of the white lie? When do you begin to ignore your own feelings and only give in to what others want of you? Reading this story, made me stop and look at why I tell those white lies and what effect the telling of the lies has on me.

I think I learned to say those white lies when I was very young. An older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, baby sat for my sister Bonnie and me when we were young because my mom worked full time outside the home. My sister was 5 and I was 3 when this couple began watching us. They lived a few blocks away from our house, so sometimes we would go to their house for the day. As far as I can remember, they baby sat for us for about one year. A year of abuse and neglect. There were days when lunch (if we got any) consisted of hot water. We were locked in dark closets or kept outside on the back porch for many hours. Many days we were forced to wear only our underwear so that we would stay clean for when mom got home. You see, Mrs. Henry could then boast about how well she could take care of us. We could not play games; we could not make noise. I don't know how many hours I sat with my hands folded on my lap, just sitting. Everyday when mom came home from work, she would ask, "How was your day today?" I would always say, "It was okay. It was fine." We never told mom what was really going on because we were the ones that were bad. We made Mrs. Henry do the things to us that she did. Mom knew

that, too. Why don't you think she stopped Mrs. Henry? Mrs. Henry said those things to us so many times that we believed her. As young as we were, we knew Mom had to work and we didn't want her to worry; therefore, the white lie.

Well, one day in the summer, things came to the breaking point. I stopped saying everything was fine. I stopped smiling and started screaming. Mrs. Henry had gone out and we were left with Don, her husband. He was downstairs in the basement and called to us to go into the bathroom and look at him through the vent in the bathroom floor. When we did, he was masturbating. I ran out of the house screaming, while my sister stayed inside. The neighbor, a policeman, was home and I ran to him. I kept pointing at the house, crying. The words would not come. He went into the house and saw Don. When Don was arrested and the story of the abuse came tumbling out, my mom was devastated. We had to go to court and testify against him. Don was sent to jail, and Mrs. Henry was sent to Elgin State Hospital. Finally, they were out of our lives.

As I brought this memory forward, I asked myself, at what point does the telling of the white lie become harmful? I told my mom that everything was fine for different reasons. As I look back on this painful time, the foremost reason was probably because I was afraid. Mrs. Henry made me believe I was bad and that I was at fault. She was the adult, and my mom wasn't making her stop, so she must have had my mom's approval. That was the thinking of a 3-year old. I also believe that I told those white lies because I didn't want my mom to worry. She had to work, and in my way, I was trying to help make it easier for her. A part of me also believed that my mom should have known what was happening, so when I said everything was fine, it was what I thought she wanted to hear. Jig used the same white lie, "everything's fine," when she told the American man what she thought he wanted to hear.

In both episodes that I talked about, the outcome would have been different had I not told the white lie. Had I told my husband how I really felt, I

probably would be traveling to Wisconsin with my family as a whole. Had I put my needs before what I thought were my mother's, I would not have to contend with the memory of that year in my life. Most specifically, I would not carry the picture of the old man and his extremely large penis in his hand.

White lies allow people to hide their feelings. Sometimes feelings are too painful to speak about. Maybe the time is not right. Well, it is now the time in my life to take a stand. I am really pushing myself to stop the white lies before they stop me. I can understand why I felt such a pull to "Hills Like White Elephants." I related strongly with Jig. I know I don't want to be like her and say, "I feel fine. There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine." It is time to stop the white lies and find the truth.

I hope Jig finds whatever she has inside to stand up for what she wants and needs, as I am trying to do.

Evaluation: Cheryl's frank, detailed essay powerfully illustrates the process by which literature "speaks" to readers, providing them with insights to their own lives they might not otherwise gain.

Religion— Just Do It!

by William J. Weiss
Course: Journalism 133
Instructor: Rhea Dawson

Assignment:
Write an opinion piece.

Evaluation: *Bill uses words powerfully and works concisely to convey a message. In today's society, a writer who can say it eloquently and quickly wins the reader's attention.*

7:30 pm, October 14, 1995. United Center. You breeze through gate 119-120 into a frenzied, fluorescent world. The air is alive with the roar of some unseen colossus. Before you stands a cheering wall of humanity stacked floor to rafters.

Gone are the Blackhawks' opalescent oval of ice, the Bulls' polished planks. Tonight, you and 20,000 of your closest friends celebrate Willow Creek Community Church of Barrington's 20th anniversary. Tonight, evil is checked against the boards. Tonight, Air Jesus slam-dunks sin.

You take your seat. Lights fade. Suddenly, a vast constellation of 20,000 commemorative flashlights explodes around you. This is not planned. The crowd erupts in a chorus of "We will—we will—thank you!" a lyrical twist of Queen's 1970s rock hit. The scoreboard's "Fan-O-Meter" jumps to 10 amid the "Joyful Noise."

A voice booms over the PA system: "This is the only place big enough to hold us all!" Applause shakes the foundation.

The celebration's theme, "Life by Life," comes alive. Preadolescents sing alongside cane-wielding seniors. Teens sway arm-in-arm with businessmen. So it has been with Willow Creek, life by life, soul by soul, that so many have been touched.

Willow Creek's walls, though solid with the mortar of faith, would strain against such jubilation. So, in this borrowed place where beer spills nightly from cups waved by frenetic fans, prayer flows through unrestrained smiles in Christian fellowship.

The warmth enfolds you, lifts you, like a parent's protective arms. You're a million miles from television's nightly dirge: "gang violence ... teen pregnancy ... political corruption ... t" Gone, too, is the haunting confusion over where your life is headed.

Your spirit soars amid this full-court press of souls. You want to share this moment. You want to shout to all who linger on the bench afraid to join Christ's team: "Religion—Just do it!"

Journal Entries

by Anna Wernik

Course: English as a Second Language 024
Beginning Writing and Reading
Instructor: Arlene Bublick

Assignment:

*Respond in your journal to the question I pose, or
choose a topic you prefer.*

Things for Every Day Use

I sit in the armchair in my room.t... There are many things around me. My white hat with a red band lies on the table. It's dirty because I often use it. My colorful umbrella hangs on the hook. It's new. It was bought a few days ago because I lost my previous umbrella. My brown soft gloves are in the drawer. I got them from my mother for my birthday. Books stand on the shelf. I often open them since they are my favorites. These things are very necessary. The hat protects me from the sun, the umbrella from the rain, the gloves from the frost, the books from boredom.

But what guards me from pain, fear, misfortune? I look around me and find nothing and nobody.

The Creation

I'm standing at a mirror in front of myself—face to face. I want to create myself anew. I'm taking high heel shoes and at once I'm growing up. I'm putting on a new black gown and I look slimmer. I'm doing my hair. I'm putting makeup on and I'm becoming a lady now. But I'm not glad. Something is missing. What else? I'm looking for an answer and at last I'm finding it. A smile is missing from my lady in the mirror. I'm smiling, but it is a sneer. I'm smiling once more, but it is bitter. I'm trying many times. No effect. I'm cutting a charming smile out of paper. I'm fixing it on my mouth. Now the lady in my mirror is appearing beautiful. But the smile is falling to the floor. I'm lifting it and fixing it on my face once more. But the smile is falling like a faded leaf. With this smile the life is leaving my lady. Who will spring life in her?

Photographs

My mother attached importance to photographs. She said, "They are traces of our life." She collected photographs and made with them an album for me. From time to time, I open it. I see a little girl dressed up in a short skirt and a white blouse. She holds a doll in her hand and looks carefully into a camera. I turn a page. I see a student. She stands in front of the school and blinks her eyes because of the sun. The next photo shows a young woman with a baby on her knees. They smile. I look at them and I'm astonished. This little girl, this student, and this woman—it's me? I look in the mirror and see somebody else.

The Triangle

Yesterday, I walked on a street. It was sunny. I felt happy. A lot of people passed me by. They looked at my shadow and were astonished. My shadow was double! But it was not unusual for me. I know that two persons—two different women—live inside me.

One of them is very romantic. She looks at the black clouds in the sky and thinks, Oh, the clouds, like black horses, are running in the gallop across blue meadows. They are beautiful! She is timid and shy. Before she makes a step forward, she looks around her and hesitates for a long time. She often dreams and the dreams are reality for her.

The second woman is businesslike and concrete. She looks at the black sky and says, "It will rain. Where is my umbrella?" She is brave and strong. She stands in front of her enemy and shouts, "I'm right! I will struggle for truth and I will be victorious!" She does fear problems, difficulties, surprises. All day she is busy and doesn't have time to dream or to get bored.

What about me? I live between them and don't know who I am. I would like to be strong and brave but I need dreams too. Will a moment come that these different women will be reconciled and I will know how to live?

Evaluation: Anna has a gift for expressing her thoughts in writing. Skillfully, she transports the reader from the physical world to the spiritual world.

Can I Be Alice?

by Pamela Widder
Course: English 101
Instructor: Anne Davidovicz

Assignment:
*Analyze an essay from the textbook while retaining
your natural writing voice—avoid artificial,
elevated language.*

Process Memo for Essay #3

To start looking for a topic, I was routing through the book for an essay, and Alice Walker jumped out at me. Alice Walker has to be my favorite author. The depth that she brings to writing could go on forever in the novels that I have read of hers. So, I read the essay three times. I was very surprised actually at the content, because all of the books I have read of hers were primarily pertaining to the suppression of women or the suppression of blacks (both usually). That is what she is known for (or that is what I have heard). I was happily surprised

though, and started in the lab that asked us to do a “practice” literary analysis as a helper to find ideas for the upcoming essay. Initially I felt that I didn’t have enough to go on with such a short essay and whatnot. So I didn’t think to do a complete essay on that, but as I progressed (and the due date came nearer) I found that it really was an interesting piece and that I found too much to analyze. Once I got started, I found I could not stop.

I cut a lot of the essay out, because it was just basically my opinion on this and that and was not central to the idea that I wanted to get across. I think this essay is a great essay and Alice Walker one of the best writers to have ever lived. But at the same time this central idea was too heavily influenced by my emotions, and I tried to disguise that with a bit of humor.

I had tons of fun with the title. I could go on forever about her titles. I wanted to add my own little twist in my own essay. I wanted to see if I could get my readers to stop and think and turn right back to the beginning. If I can accomplish that, then I have a good handle on what writing is all about.

The reason that I have procrastinated on this essay is I have had a lot of trouble recently with an emotional slump. Maybe it’s the weather or something, but it has affected me a lot. I don’t want you to think that I’m just fluffing off, because I am not. I really like most of the class usually and am trying to get back on track. Nothing to worry about, mind you ...t. Just a little note on the procrastination reasoning (‘cause that is part of the essay, too).

“After giving my second rough draft to Lydia, Jackie and you, I took it home and fixed the problems that each of you brought up. My major problem was that I had not added anything personal to the essay. I tried to fix that. I even found some more rough spots on my own and shined them up. I tried to keep away from doing exactly what my critiquers told me to do, because their ideas are not mine and this is my paper. At the same time, I wanted to make some kind of change, so I used my best judgment.

I was bored one day and found myself flipping through my English textbook, *Being In The World: An Environmental Reader for Writers*, when I saw the name Alice Walker on the top of the page. Being an avid Walker fan, I dove in to the essay. I was pleased to find she could write nonfiction as well as she can fiction.

In her essay "Am I Blue?" Walker displays her natural talent to use words eloquently and convincingly to ask questions that few else dare to ask and to shed a new light on things that seem so ordinary. Ordinary, that is, until she gets hold of it.

The title sets off a totally different tune from the one she really plays in her essay. Her talent to play with words often comes through clearly in her choice of titles. For example, her novel *The Color Purple* has nothing to do with purple, but rather the life of one woman who is repeatedly abused throughout her life. The title, to me, refers to the bruises that her main character always seems to have. Her titles and the initial ideas they bring about and the contents of her works are often at odds. This twisting of the English language adds another dimension to her writing and makes it much more enjoyable. It is a joy to be able to return to the beginning of the essay after traveling through it, rereading the title, and then smiling with the knowledge that there is more there than meets the eye.

Walker heavily personalizes her essay with recollections from her childhood and by telling the audience where the spark that brought about this essay came from. She relates to the readers how she and her companion came to meet a horse named Blue and how her friendship with this horse progressed. A harmless, ordinary beginning. She tells the audience a childhood story about how she was thrown from a horse and never rode a horse again. By telling her audience this story, she not only personalizes the writing by revealing a weakness, she also shows them her knowledge of horses is limited.

She packs her sentences with everything relevant and subsequently allows the reader to feel comfortable and even friendly with her. The sentences seem

to explode with information, yet she adds nothing that isn't needed to get to the point of her essay. For example, she tells us the joy of feeding Blue apples, "I remained thrilled as a child by his flexible dark lips, huge cubelike teeth that crunched the apples, core and all, with such finality, and his high broad-breasted *enormity*; beside which I felt small indeed." She shows in these few words the respect, even the intimidation, this beast brings out in her and the reason for it. She also tosses in a mental image of her giving Blue this apple and the huge cubelike teeth crunching down. Can't you just see the juice running down the big dark lips? Can't you see the little apple, core and all, disappear down his throat? All this in one beautiful sentence where not a word was wasted.

After she sets the scene for her audience, Walker starts to tell them what Blue triggered in her mind. It is the calm before the storm. She hesitates noticeably in her writing, pausing almost conversationally as though she isn't sure she should admit what it is she is thinking about. She uses ellipses, a paragraph break, and conversational language to pull this off beautifully. She seems embarrassed to tell the audience (the same one she just got so friendly with) what her thoughts turned to. Here she starts throwing philosophical punches (although soft in the beginning).

She starts to compare the caged-in Blue to the slavery of blacks. Walker, being black, successfully uses her own experiences with segregation to relate to Blue's fenced life. She expounds on that and links it to the repression of the American Indians, "And about Indians, considered to be 'like animals' by the 'settlers' (a very benign euphemism for what they actually were), who did not understand their description as a compliment." She then goes on to the Japanese women who have husbands that only married them for their submissiveness, and even on to the submission of the young by the mature older generations. In all her comparisons, she relates the suppressed Blue to many different oppressed human beings. By doing this, she snares in as large an audience as possible, as subtly as possibly, as

beautifully as possible. The graceful arch of her literary lasso can almost be seen.

Once she successfully ropes her audience in and ties them down, she, a Siren, sings to them about how Blue found happiness and love when a mare was put in his corral. She tells the audience of the look in Blue's eyes that spoke of "independence, of self-possession, of inalienable, *horseness*" and "unabashed 'this is *itness*.'" Walker gets the reader to question the lines between human animals and nonhuman animals. She does this by treating Blue as a person and interpreting his looks as she would a human.

She goes on to tell the enraptured audience the reaction that Blue had when his mate was taken away. "Blue was like a crazed person. Blue *was*, to me, a crazed person.t... He looked always and always down toward the road which his partner had gone." She doesn't just tell them he wasn't the same Blue, she paints the audience the despondent, dejected, heartsick, *blue* Blue. At this point, I found myself nodding at the book as I read, a successful (but willing) "victim" of Walker's words.

She then starts in with harder, faster punches. Walker clearly tells the reader at this point that she thinks that Blue is enslaved, born in to a slavery that we don't recognize, "I dreaded looking in his eyes ... but I did look. If I had been born into slavery, and my partner had been sold or killed, my eyes would have looked like that." When first reading this passage, I actually grabbed my stomach as though I had been punched. It took me three times of reading it to go on to what follows. She brings out the hard-to-face question of whether the way we treat animals, any animal—be it horse or dog or tiger, is something that is wrong, morally wrong, and maybe all of us have been too much a product of our society to see it. "I almost laughed (I felt too sad to cry) to think that there are people who do not know that animals suffer. People like me who have forgotten, and daily forget, all that animals try to tell us." She eases the blame by showing the readers how others that were once locked in slavery were never thought of as in slavery. "They are the

great-grandchildren of those who honestly thought, because someone taught them this: 'Women can't think,' and 'niggers can't faint.'" Here again she captures more people in her audience that can sympathize with the dilemma of Blue, the enslaved heartbroken horse.

She finishes her essay telling her audience she cannot eat meat anymore. "I am eating misery, I thought, as I took the first bite [of steak]. And I spit it out." I found myself questioning my own eating of meat. This showed me that she succeeded in convincing her audience to take a second look at the way animals are treated.

The ending leaves the reader hanging on the edge of her seat. In an effort to fix that drop off feeling, the title comes back to mind and jackhammers its question into the heart of the reader. "Am I Blue?" Am I enslaved and I do not know it yet? Have I been told that eating this steak is right when all along it was immoral? The title finds its meaning and the conclusion of the essay masterfully ends up at the beginning.

Evaluation: *Pam Widder begins her essay on an academic note by analyzing Alice Walker's language style and usage patterns. She combines this with heartfelt, emotional response to Walker's content to make for a well-balanced, genuine essay. Pam's writing suggests that a competent English 101 student should be able to survive English 102. She has gracefully adapted her personal voice to the rigors of critical thinking.*

What Is Good Writing? The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

Dan Anderson

Good writing is provocative. It takes a stand, preferring reason over rhetoric. It doesn't thoughtlessly mouth popular opinions; it's not trivial or superficial. Original insights, style, a demonstration of personality, but without an "attitude," this attracts me. Wordiness or a pretentious tone does not. Simple, sincere, and honest writing wins my respect.

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.

Nancy L. Davis

Good writing is like a finely-tuned guitar: tautly strung, it sings in perfect pitch; it is played for and to an audience. In the most capable of hands, it speaks with an honesty and a clarity that resonates beyond the performance.

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."

Xilao Li

If, upon finishing reading a piece of writing, whether it is long or short, I can find everything in it falls into its place, and words, sentences and paragraphs can be accounted for, I know that is good writing. It takes the writer a lot of rethinking and revising to accomplish that.

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

Bryan Bush

One thing I have found very helpful when writing is having access to a good thesaurus. There's a gratifying feeling that accompanies finding just the right word or phrase. For instance, in this particular essay, I finally settled on the word "doppelgänger" in a certain spot after rejecting expressions such as "lookalike" as being too bland and ordinary. When I later asked a friend to proofread the essay for me, he returned it with a note attached. On it, there was an arrow pointing at my specially selected term; above the arrow he had written, "Now, there's a word you don't see every day!" That sort of reaction makes the little bit of extra time spent worthwhile.

Joyce Edwards

Being an avid reader, I love writing which paints a mental image with words. To be able to do this myself with a topic such as Physics gave me great satisfaction.

Alisa Esposito

Writing is a means of releasing energy, a way of resolving internal conflict, as well as comprehending more grappling external issues such as cultural values, religion, and environmental problems. I write to push myself toward a greater perception of

issues important to me and hope that any who read my words find them thought provoking and as passionate as I feel them.

Gary A. Fuller II

An immeasurable sense of introspection and a candid evaluation of oneself and others is the impetus for well-crafted writing. Writing enables me to unearth the emotional and analytical aspects of my being. Furthermore, it is an outlet that permits me to glean cognizance over the cacophony of my postmodern mind. My writing hinges upon these aforesaid attributes, and in so doing hope to bestow upon the reader an ambience of sagacity and veracity.

Renata M. Galazka

As long as I can remember, creative ideas and pictures flowed through my imagination. Traveling around the world winged my soul and impressed my mind. I was born to write. I love to write.

James A. Giesting

I wanted to share what I had seen so others could experience my adventure. Many people will never have the opportunity to do something like this.

Dee Hanson

Writing ... I love it. I fear it. I respect it. Writing is like exploring a new world. It's like finding a beautifully-wrapped package long forgotten and hidden away. As I fold back the wrappings ever so carefully, I discover a precious treasure that fills me with excitement and awe.

Erik I. Johansson

Writing in essay form has always been “traumatic” for me.

Temporarily
Rendering
Any
Understanding
Meaningless
And
Totally
Incapacitating
Consciousness

I was fortunate to be given the opportunity to express myself in a medium I feel comfortable with; after all, good writing comes from the heart. My advice: find your passion.

Debbie Keller

In my mind, I am a writer, although I’ve always lacked the discipline it takes to put down on paper those thoughts that swirl through my mind. There’s nothing like a required writing assignment to get my creativity flowing. I love words—reading them and writing them. Hopefully, this success will initiate the discipline it takes to write more.

Jessica A. Klegerman

Writing is about reconstructing the past and the present, and by doing so, allowing any possible future to exist. The importance of my writing to me is to remove the boundaries of reality and to challenge our perspectives. The standard of good writing relies upon going beyond the commonly-written story and risking being different to express originality with quality.

Guy Monteleone

The written word is a powerful tool and an avenue to reach one or many people. Through illustration, a writer can share ideas or personal experiences with an audience. For my English essay, I wanted to share with my classmates my exciting experience as a crew member and the hard work involved in setting up a rock concert.

Donna Olichwier

What started out in my mind as a much dreaded English assignment gradually turned into a required challenge, then slowly developed into a passion to write the best piece I was capable of. Dust bunnies congregated in the corners as I submerged myself into the story day after day. It took many hours, a lot of determination, and the use of all my inner resources to come up with a final copy I was satisfied with.

Write with your heart and soul and it will be a very rewarding experience.

Tami Personette

Sometimes I feel as though paper is the only thing that will listen to me. Writing in a journal allows me to clarify thoughts and express my ideas to an unbiased “audience.” For me, writing is a release of emotion.

Jean Skamra

Individual words came easily to me, but combining them to make sense was extremely difficult. Taking a linked course of reading and writing helped me focus and improve on my weaknesses. The focal subject of growth and change was applied to the course as well as my individuality.

Samantha Strong

In general, people think of the sciences as logical. I do not deny the logic involved, but I do think that people should relax and enjoy their interests. If to do so means writing about exploding microwave dinners, so be it.

Dawn Theresa Tomasiewicz

Writing has always provided a source of accomplishment, as well as a pleasure that can only be found through literary means. Good writing consists of a successful balance between style and clarity, offering a tantalizing combination of words, yet aiming towards the precise thought. The writing process should capture the heart while expanding the mind.

Pam Tyrone

While taking English 101 I learned that I *can* do this thing that I thought I couldn't do, and I'm even "okay" at it. I have grown to enjoy what was previously all too painful. Through the challenges of my instructor, I have come to believe that if something is worth writing, it should be worth reading.

Anna Wernik

Writing is a way to express my emotions and to relieve them. It gives me peace. Writing is a game with words, too. I enjoy it.

To the Students ... An Invitation to a Conversation

by Gil Tierney

*A Person who can read but doesn't
is no better off than a person who
can't read — Modern Proverb*

Last year in this space, Roy Mottla encouraged you to write, to experience the challenges and joys, “to think passionately.” This year I invite you to read—to experience the challenges and joys, to engage writers in conversation—a conversation about information and ideas, about language and craftsmanship, about thinking passionately.

I believe that many students do not associate reading with passionate thinking. They see it as a passive activity: they see themselves as empty vessels to be filled by what they read. I see it as a conversation, the reader interacting with the text. I see it as a negotiation, where the reader accepts, rejects, or compromises with a writer's ideas and where the

reader's image—or subjective view of the world—is made richer, clarified or even changed.

A few examples may help. I first read Nancy Mair's essay, “On Being a Cripple” because I have a sister who, like the writer, has multiple sclerosis. I did get greater knowledge of MS, but I also met an honest, witty writer. I was won over by her discussion in the opening paragraphs of the word “cripple” and why she prefers it over “disabled” or “handicapped” for herself and her disdain for the phrase “differently abled.” I, like Mairs, share George Orwell's concern that sloppy language leads to sloppy thinking. So my negotiations with the essay were easy. I accepted what Mairs had to say. I then read a second essay of hers, “On Being Raised by a Daughter,” and though her ideas here were more challenging to me, I ended up accepting them, with a few reservations. I feel that I have made a new friend, and I look forward to my next conversation with her.

When I reread “Where I Lived and What I Lived For,” a chapter of Henry David Thoreau's classic, *Walden*, my negotiations were more complex. I admire his dedication and mission:

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 I had to teach and not when I came to die, discover I had not lived.

And I agree when Thoreau argues, “Our lives are frittered away by detail.” But when he says, “Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say let your affairs be as two or three and not a hundred or thousand,” I disagree. Had he said a dozen or so, I could have agreed, but two or three is too limiting. So my negotiations with curmudgeonly, old Henry end in a “Yes ... but” compromise. Not an easy conversation but one worth having with a learned, opinionated, and passionate writer.

Beside Mairs and Thoreau, there are many writers—Mike Royko, Clarence Page, and Ellen Goodman, to mention just three—who provide me an ongoing and stimulating conversation. Writers in this issue of *The Harper Anthology* also gave me pleasure and insight.

“The Truth about White Lies,” by Cheryl Vaccarello shed light for me on a Hemingway short story that I felt I knew well. In comparing her own white lies to Jig’s, the writer gained insight into herself and Jig and led me to see both characters in the story in a new light. When I teach “Hills like White Elephants” again, it will be with a new and richer perspective.

“Excerpts from a Patriot’s Life,” by Jessica Klegerman showed me the mixed feelings of a young man growing up during the American Revolution—Eric goes from reluctance at the burning of the Hutchinson house to full, active participation in the Boston Tea Party. My image of American colonial life at that time has become more complex.

The journal entries of Anna Wernick introduced me to her lively imagination. “The Triangle,” especially, captures the dual nature of her personality in two finely-sketched images but goes beyond that and asks poignantly if the two “will be reconciled and I will know how to live?” While I have limited myself in this piece to essays, I felt in these journal entries the raw material for good poems.

In “A Girl’s Worst Nightmare,” an anonymous writer describes her abortion with honesty and power, sharing her ambivalence, pain, and insight. Whatever I feel about her decision, I accept the essay as a courageous telling of an important event in her life. And I was moved by it.

I invite you to negotiate with essays, with all kinds of texts, to gain a richer, clearer and deeper image of the world. While it is not always easy, the life of the mind is rewarding, and, in the words of the motto of the United Negro College Fund, “A mind is a terrible thing to waste.”

I invite you to read actively, to think passionately, to live life more fully, and to enjoy, as I do, conversations with writers.

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