

THE HARPER ANTHOLOGY

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THE
HARPER ANTHOLOGY
OF
ACADEMIC WRITING

(Issue III)

The English Department of William Rainey Harper College

Acknowledgments

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Foreword

Once more the Harper Anthology celebrates the academic writing of Harper students. This third issue of the anthology honors writing done in the courses of six departments: Data Processing, English, English as a Second Language, Humanities, Philosophy, and Speech. Selections include personal essays, expository writing, literary criticism, research projects, take home examinations, a formal report, and technical reports. Besides this finished and polished writing, the anthology includes two examples of writing-to-learn: a journal entry and a focused freewriting response to reading. The anthology selection committee believes that writing to stimulate the process of thinking is as important and worthy of inclusion as writing to record information, demonstrate learning, or communicate.

We believe you'll find much to admire in the writing that follows. If you're a student, you'll find models for your own writing. Join with us in congratulating these writers. And look forward to the fourth issue of the anthology in 1992a.

Preceding each selection is the instructor's description of the assignment. Following is the instructor's evaluation. At the end of the anthology, the judges for this issue describe their standards for good writing, selected students reflect on their writing, and an instructor, Professor Jerome Stone, considers the role of writing in learning and living.

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Naive Pride

by Macedonio Aldana

(English 102--Mottla)

The Assignment After reading selected stories on the theme of innocence and experience, the students were to write an autobiographical essay on the same subject. The writing was to include both the narration of the incident and a statement of its significance to the narrator.

My first contact with drugs was before high school. An older fellow student of long hair, affected voice, and poor grades had told me, "Can you keep this for me? It's a marijuana leaf." As he saw me hesitating, he added, "I'll come to get it back at lunch time." I had had lunch already, and with a few spare minutes, I decided to examine the mysterious object. I was one block from school on a beautiful spring day, and the marijuana leaf looked harmless, harmless and beautiful. My friend finally showed up and took the leaf from me. My second contact was when two other fellow students, our instructor being absent, decided to roll joints inside the classroom. I watched in complete absorption how skillfully they placed the ground material on the paper, and how they rolled and sealed each piece, while throwing dirty looks, which I ignored, to me. Both experiences were fascinating in my teen-ager ignorance.

So, when I left Guadalajara, my glories in the field of drugs were having held a marijuana leaf in my hands and having seen a joint made before my eyes. Oh! And finally discovering that the glue used to get high was the yellow contact glue and not the white carpenter's glue. I was moving to Tijuana, famous as a center of vice.

The tales of drugs in Tijuana were much cruder than in Guadalajara. The addicts were said to die on the streets, to drown at the beaches or to be picked up and tortured by the federal police, killed sometimes, and dumped out in a vacant lot somewhere in the low neighborhoods where no honest man could get in or out after dark. Nonetheless, drugs were to me a different reality in a different world, until in my first year of high school I got the assignment on alkaloids for chemistry class. I was fifteen.

I finished my assignment in two days, but the subject was so foreign and fascinating to me that I spent not less than sixty

hours in three weeks pulling out information from the City Library. The librarian, an old worried man, ended up looking at me with concern, for the covers of a couple of books clearly alluded to my subject of attention, very often exaggerating the intensity of their contents. That is how I "really" learned about drugs, their manufacture, their effects, syndromes and therapies, their psychological impacts on people and society . . . I had become an expert on the field, and like a vegetarian in a slaughter house, I tended to reject everything that had to do with them. It is unnecessary to mention that I won all in-class debates in any subject dealing with drugs. I had become a sort of crusader, and I was proud of it.

But an experience made me realize that knowledge was worthless. That I was still the boy thrilled of having held a marijuana leaf.

It happened in a winter of the middle seventies. I was closing the door in my house, having decided to challenge the cold, damp evening for a walk to the beach restaurants, when I heard this noise of movement in the bushes of a vacant lot to the other side of my neighbor's house. I crossed the street to take a cautious look. A man in a red flannel shirt came from the dark to the street light. He looked fatigued and anxious, and was all sweaty and dirty. One of his very skinny limbs lifted to hood his eyes when he saw me.

"Excuse me," he said, "do you live around here?"

"Yes." I answered, trying to figure out what he was doing in there, and why he was worried. First thing I thought was a girl somehow hurt.

"Could you get me a bucket of water?"

"A what?"

"I have a friend in there."

"Is he that thirsty?" In Spanish, his phrase implied the friend's sex.

The man ignored my sarcasm. He looked down the street both ways, making sure nobody was around. I took a cautious step back. I could always yell for help.

"He is wasted. Too much coke."

I searched in the dark bushes. A very low noise, a grunting or snarling, then a crackling of leaves, finally, a struggling. A deep breath came to my ears.

"Bring him to the hose bib," I said.

"No. I don't want you involved. If the police catch us . . ."

"Okay, okay. I'll bring some rags too."

I spent an hour watching a man bend over a bundle of clothes of indefinable color, sometimes pouring the cold water, sometimes rubbing parts of the bundle with the rags I had brought. It had been an hour of anguish, an hour of dampness forming in my hair, of watching for shadows from the street, of almost feeling the chilly water on my own flesh.

"Call a doctor," I said once; "your friend might die."

"No help a doctor can give him. Besides, the police . . ."

I didn't say anything else. The man was resigned to see his friend die. I felt pity. I felt useless. How could I explain to this kind of people that drugs were fatal without being told, "no kidding"? How could I call for help without being arrested

as an accomplice? How could I call my father or somebody else without being told to get out of there? The man was dying and I was going to be a witness

"He looks better" The man said suddenly "He is breathing normally."

I helped him to sit the bulk against a brick wall. I saw his face in the dim light, about twenty or twenty five, as slim as his friend, who cleaned the vomit patiently. I carried two more buckets of water. The unconscious man opened his eyes and tried to reach me. The other grabbed his hand and knelt.

"It's me, brother. How do you feel?" He didn't answer, only let his jaw fall while staring at me. "He is better. Let me see if I can walk him." The man in the red shirt put the other's arm around his neck and pulled up the body. They were like puppet and puppeteer. The puppet's clothes were blue, and showed his dramatic meagerness as they stuck wet against his bones. He was pale, expressionless, and saliva was starting to run down his chin. His legs sustained him, but wouldn't move. The puppeteer looked at me. "Yeah I think we better get going. Do you know where the bus stop is?"

"Two blocks down. Come on."

"No." He said. "You walk behind; if the police stops us, you are clean."

So we walked down to the bus stop. No policeman showed up. The sober man was talking to the puppet, as if he could understand.

"You are going to be all right, brother. You are going to be alright."

When we reached the bus stop I said good-bye and left the two standing there. I didn't even know for sure if there were buses at that time of night. I was worn out, and I was terribly depressed. I went back home picking up the bucket on my way.

Before going to sleep, I washed my hands.

Next Monday, at school, I told my experience to a group of friends. They looked at me, then at each other. One of them said, "You watch it. One of these days somebody is going to pinch you." They laughed and went to class. I guess I had just added a new story to Tijuana's collection, but I had to let it out. It is one thing to know that drugs can kill; it is another to see a man being killed by drugs, to touch a man being killed by drugs. Suddenly I felt strange to my friends. I had moved one step out of their world. I knew it in the next debate I won. I knew it when I couldn't find the pride of before. There was an intense sadness instead.

The Evaluation: Mr. Aldana's piece is rich in detail, interesting in the telling and extremely powerful in the meaning he wrings from the experience of the conclusion of his essay. Amazingly, Mr. Aldana does all this writing in his second language.

Oedipusa The Myth and the Complex

by Catherine Amargos

(Humanities 120-Classical Mythology--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Conduct research on a topic in classical mythology. Explain an ancient myth and show how later thinkers have interpreted that myth.

Greek mythology lends itself readily to psychological interpretation. Hesiod's Theogony is filled with stories involving the alliance of children with their mothers in overthrowing and taking power from their fathers, and other themes involving incest, child abuse, adultery, jealousy and rivalry. These themes could easily be case histories in a psychiatric textbook. It is not surprising that psychiatry has borrowed many terms from the myths to explain various pathological conditions: narcissistic personality disorder, panic, hebephrenia, hermaphroditism, nymphomania, satyriasis, and the best known of all, the Oedipus complex

The purpose of this paper is to 1) examine the Freudian interpretation of the Oedipus complex; 2) review the various Oedipal myths and legends, particularly as they involve relationships between family members; and 3) determine the appropriateness of the Freudian position in explaining the events portrayed in the myths and legends. Although the Freudian position is open to criticism, the essential elements of the Oedipal complex have become widely accepted and it is central to various psychodynamic personality theories. This discussion will therefore be limited to the Freudian position. In examining the myths we should expect that the versions will differ; the oral folk tales and legends were probably modified over the years and each writer stressed different aspects of the legend to make his own point. It is not relevant to think of any one version as being truer than the others--but it is possible to think of them as expressing different levels of meaning inherent in the legend.

Basically the Freudian position is that as children develop they go through a phase at about three-to-five years of age, when they become erotically attached to the parent of the opposite sex and experience aggressive, hostile impulses toward the parent of the same sex. This is often referred to as the "family romance." Because the child expects punishment, guilt feelings are aroused, and these feelings and fantasies are repressed. The child even-

tually resolves this conflict by forming a stable identification with the parent of the same sex. Early in his career, Freud made the analogy between this developmental phase and the events described by Sophocles in his play Oedipus the King (Brenner, 117-122). Many years before Freud, Draconis, ... u's Nephew, anticipated analytic theory and wrote: "If the little brute were left to himself and kept in his native ignorance, combining the undeveloped mind of a child in the cradle with the violent passion of a man of thirty, he would wring his father's neck and sleep with his mother." (113) Freud saw in this statement a recognition of the universality of the Oedipus complex (Vola XXI, 251).

In examining the various legends we see that when Oedipus was a child he never had a close, intimate relationship with his father Laius or his mother Jocasta. Having been taken from his mother at three days and exposed on the mountain (Sophocles, 45) he could not have been expected to recognize them instinctively as his parents. But it is possible that he had such a relationship with his foster parents Polybus and Meropea. Although we know little of child rearing practices in those times, Pinsent suggests that the Oedipal theme is so strong in Greek myth generally that it must have arisen in a period of guilt culture--which presumes a small nuclear family with a strong, authoritarian father ruling over his wife and children. This is in contrast to an earlier shame culture--which is reflected in the Homeric epics and is presumed to have arisen when children were brought up in an extended family situation and learned to rely heavily on their peers for approval (Pinsent, 9)a

We can presume this kind of ambivalent relationship with his foster parent because Sophocles tells us that Oedipus is horrified when, after visiting the oracle of Delphi, he says he was told "I must marry my mother, / and become the parent of a misbegotten brood, / an offense to all mankind--and kill my father."a To avoid such a horror he flees from Corinth, never to see his home again (Sophocles, 47)a

All of the legends agree that Oedipus unknowingly slays his father on the road to Phocisa. In Oedipus the King, Oedipus slowly unravels the truth and learns that the rude, older man he killed in anger and in self-defense was Laius. Ultimately he becomes aware that Laius and Jocasta were his natural parents (Sophocles, 47). In Euripides's play The Phoenician Women, Jocasta suggests that Oedipus's pride was such that he could not back down in the face of Laius' provocation and he killed Laius (464)a. After many years of brooding over the events that brought about his downfall, Oedipus repeatedly protests his innocence of all charges to the people of Colonus. He refers to his parents' guilt in having exposed him (Sophocles, 79)a his killing of his father Laius in self-defense after being cruelly provoked (88), and in response to Creon, he vehemently denies that he has any guilty secret. He argues that what was done was done by the will of god and due to an "ancient grudge against our house" (Sophocles, 101)a

Although none of the tragedians offer any reason for the curse, Durant, Pinsent, and Devereaux refer to earlier sources which tell the story of Laius kidnapping and raping Chrysippus,

the son of Pelops and they suggest that Greek audiences were familiar with these old folk tales. According to Durant, Laius was considered to have introduced the unnatural vice of homosexuality into Greece (393). Devereaux retells the story and adds that an enraged Pelops placed a curse on Laius, which would result in his own son slaying him and then marrying his mother (170). Devereaux then argues that Oedipus's behavior was a reaction to the father's behavior. He describes Laius as being an impulsive, poorly-controlled man who appeared bent on self-destruction. The rape of Chrysippus, the begetting of a son after repeated warnings of the dire consequences, the attempt to undo this by exposing the child, the reckless and aggressive provocation of Oedipus on the road to Phocis--all point to severe flaws in his character that led to Laius's destruction (171).

As to the charge of incest, all legends are in agreement that neither Jocasta nor Oedipus were aware of their true relationship when the marriage was made. After destroying the Sphinx, he won the kingdom of Thebes. Marriage with the queen was one of the "perks" that went with the job.

In one of the earliest references to the legend, Homer has Odysseus encounter "Epicaste," the mother of Oedipus, in Hades. He describes her as having done "a most evil thing in the ignorance of her heart and wedded her own son" and "in her grief she made fast a noose for herself from the lofty roof beams and for Oedipus she left such woes as a mother's avenging spirits bring" (134).

In Seven Against Thebes, Aeschylus describes Oedipus as "sowing seed in the forbidden field, his mother's womb" (110) and when "he became aware of the miserable marriage he had made, tormented and outraged, in the madness of his heart, with the hand that killed his father he doubled his own suffering; he destroyed those eyes that could not bear to see his own children" (111).

In his protestation of innocence at Colonus Oedipus states he accepted his wife as the gift of the city (Sophocles, 88), and he later accuses Creon of slandering both Jocasta and himself by suggesting that they were guilty of the sin that was done by the will of god and the grudge against the house (Sophocles, 101).

Euripides has both Jocasta and Oedipus alive at the time Thebes is being besieged by Polyneices and the foreign armies. He has Jocasta claim that the marriage was entered into unknowingly and that Oedipus's suffering caused him to strike out his own eyes (412). In this version, Jocasta has been able to accept what has happened and go on with her life. Her suicide occurs toward the end of the play when her sons, Polyneices and Eteocles, have killed each other (514). A similar attitude is suggested by Sophocles when Jocasta advises Oedipus not to worry about the prophecy, saying, "Chance rules our lives and the future is all unknown. / Best live as best we may, from day to day. / Nor need this mother-marrying frighten you. / Many a man has dreamt as much. Such things / must be forgotten, if life is to be endured" (52). Even as the truth dawns on her, she protectively tries to warn Oedipus to drop the inquiry (55) but he persists, she bids him farewell, and it is later reported that she has hung herself (60). Oedipus is guilt-ridden and punishes

himself by striking out his vision so that he will not have to see his shame--his guilt (61); as he faces the truth he acknowledges the sin--in his begetting, in his marriage and in his shedding of his father's blood (88).

As the curse is played out in the next generation, the entire family is destroyed. Hesiod reports the "ugly wars and fearful fighting destroyed them, some below seven-gated Thebes, the Cadmean country, as they battled for Oedipus' flocks" (41). Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles in Oedipus at Colonus and in Antigone are all concerned with these later events. The most significant theme, from the point of view of this paper, is the relationship Oedipus establishes with his own children--the close, loving relationship with his daughters, particularly Antigone, and the hostility and resentment he displays toward his sons. In this respect he behaves like a typical Oedipal father--wanting to possess his daughters and drive away his sons. In Sophocles' Oedipus at Colonus he embraces his daughters, expresses his love and gratitude to them, and angrily accuses his sons of having done nothing to prevent his banishment (84). When Polyneices begs him for his blessing and cooperation in his venture against Thebes, Oedipus calls him a scoundrel and he predicts that both sons will die, saying, "May you in dying, kill our banisher. / And killing, die by him who shares your blood" (113). The chorus in Seven Against Thebes speaks of the bitter curses Oedipus hurls at his sons (Aeschylus, 111). Euripides has Jocasta suggesting that the curse on the sons is due to Oedipus having been shut up by his sons so that the family story might be forgotten (462). Later, in the same play, Tiresias, the blind prophet gives a similar explanation: "And Oedipus' sons who tried to cloak this up / with passage of time, as if to escape the gods, / erred in this folly, since they gave their father / neither his rights, nor freedom to depart. / And so they stung the wretch to savage anger. / Therefore, he cursed them terribly indeed, / since he was ailing and besides dishonored" (494).

As to the appropriateness of the Freudian position in explaining the events portrayed in the various Oedipal myths and legends, it is clear that Oedipus never thought of Laius as his father; he never had an intimate relationship with him as a child. In retrospect, at Colonus, he cites Laius' guilt and cruelty in exposing him as an infant. The guilt he feels when he learns the truth is to some extent depersonalized and related to the general prohibition against killing a father. However, superimposed on these feelings are the more natural, but ambivalent, emotions he had for Polybus, from whom he had fled Corinth rather than risk committing such a crime.

The deepest feelings of guilt and anguish Oedipus experiences are aroused when he learns that not only has he killed Laius, his natural father, he has fathered children by his mother. Prohibitions against incest between mother and son are strong and its incidence is rare. Oedipus' guilt represents his horror that such a prophecy or wish has been fulfilled. Many years later, at Colonus, he succeeds in repressing the guilt feelings, rationalizing what happened, and stresses the unknowing quality of the relationship.

In his relationship with his children we get the clearest operation of the "oedipal" theme: the father, unconsciously, does everything in his power to keep his daughters close and drive away his sons. Here the results are clearly related to his own problems and behavior.

The family curse is played out from Laius to Oedipus to his children. In Greek tragedy an individual may be punished for ancestral guilt and frequently a family curse may be "renewed by the rashness and impiety of succeeding generations" (Aeschylus, 14). This suggests that in addition to being punished by the gods, something within the character structure of the individual leads to his own downfall. This is most clear in Laius' case. His sinful abduction of Chrysippus, his ignoring the gods in begetting a child then exposing it, his aggressive provocation on the road to Phocis--all suggest arrogance and presumption that lead to his destruction. With Oedipus the character traits are less obvious. His impulsiveness, proneness to anger, and pride are evident, but in no way do they account for his downfall. Polyneices and Eteocles also display pride and fear of losing face by backing down and are thus compelled to battle each other and meet their doom.

However, none of these factors explain our reactions to the Oedipus legends. Freud, in Totem and Taboo, suggests that the crimes of Oedipus represent the two oldest unwritten laws or prohibitions--killing of the father and marrying the mother. He also suggests that the guilt of Oedipus was not palliated by the fact that he incurred it without his knowledge or intention (Vola XIII, 68). Freud also suggests that these taboos correspond with the repressed wishes of the Oedipus complex (Vol. XIII, 143). In one of his earliest works Freud suggests that the compelling force of Sophocles' play is that

His destiny moves us only because it might have been ours--because the oracle laid the same curse upon us before our birth as upon his. It is the fate of all of us, perhaps, to direct our first sexual impulses toward our mothers and our first hatred and our first murderous impulses against our fathers. Our dreams convince us that this is so. King Oedipus, who slew his father Laius and married his mother Jocasta, merely shows us the fulfillment of our own childhood wishes. . . . Like Oedipus, we live in ignorance of these wishes, repugnant to morality, which have been forced upon us by nature, and after their revelation we may all of us well seek to close our eyes to the scenes of our childhood. (Vola IV, 262-262)

Thus, the Oedipal legends are an apt symbolization of the Oedipal complex. What is done "unknowingly" betrays the unconscious.

nature of the individual's erotic and hostile feelings. Perhaps the Fates or ancestral guilt that the Greek tragedies deal with can just as easily be thought of as representing human nature or biological instinct--and are only different names for the same process.

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The Evaluation Catherine's background in psychology sparked her enthusiasm for reading further into the myths and plays about Oedipus the King. The result: an investigative paper that is both lively and scholarly.

CNTROLOG - Study Phase Report

by Peter Carter, Carole Davidson, Gene Beiswinger,
and George Lozancic

(DPR 204 - Advanced Systems, Analysis and Design--Bender)

The Assignment: The assignment was to find a company with a problem and to solve the problem using the Life Cycle Methodology. The Methodology contains four phases: Study Phase, Design Phase, Development Phase, and Implementation Phase. At the end of each of these phases the group prepares a report for their users. The reports are to look "professional". This is the Study Phase Report for this group's project.

I. SYSTEM SCOPE

A. System Title

CNTROLOG

B. Problem Statement and Purpose

The Concord Computing Corporation's present trouble/event logging system requires the use of three different forms, on which information is manually recorded by the operations staff. Each morning, this information is then used by the Operations Manager to manually create an Operations Status Report of the previous 24 hours. Specific problems that have been identified with the present system are:

1. It takes the Operations Manager 1/2 to 1 hour every morning to produce the above reports.
2. Redundant information is recorded in the three logs.
3. Generated reports are not always neat and are sometimes unreadable.

4. Reports do not always contain all of the required information

C. Constraints

The CNTROLOG constraints are:

1. Development of a menu driven trouble/event logging system on a micro-computer by May 7, 1990a
2. The use of dBase III Plus as a data base.
3. CNTROLOG must contain growth potential so that additional input screens can be added later
4. The data entry screens should be similar in style to the current system used by the Customers Service Department.

D. Specific Objectives

The specific objectives of CNTROLOG are to:

1. Produce an Operations Status Report in 60 seconds, each morning.
2. Eliminate 90% of the manual logging by entering the information directly into the computer
3. Improve the clarity of reports
4. Insure that all necessary information is included in the reports
5. Include the capability to produce an overview of trouble occurrence trends on an as-needed basis

E. Method of Evaluation

After CNTROLOG has been in operation for sixty to days

1. Managers, supervisors, etc. who use the reports, will be interviewed to uncover any problems they may be having with the reports and to be sure the information they are receiving is complete and satisfactory
2. Personal evaluations of the effectiveness of the system will be obtained from its principal users

3. Report generation will be evaluated to check the speed and accuracy of the system
4. The system will be checked to insure the capability of producing an overview of trouble occurrence trends

II. CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATION

A. Conclusions

The feasibility analysis of CNTROLOG involved the evaluation of three candidates and led to the conclusion that the best system would be one that operated in a real-time environment (with the option to change the time if necessary) using a menu drive trouble/event logging system to record and update (add) detailed information. This information would be stored chronologically in a data base. Information would be extracted from the data base to produce summary reports. The files would be indexed to allow sorting and printing by various fields. The system would also allow management input of report requests. All outputs would be available as CRT displays wherever feasible, and printed reports provided when necessary.

The computer for the selected system has already been purchased at a cost of \$1500. The monthly operational cost will depend on the depreciation scale used to expense the \$1500, plus a monthly equipment maintenance cost. The monthly equipment maintenance cost of the current system is approximately \$17.

The operational time on the part of the operations manager to create the necessary reports on the new system is estimated at minutes/month. The operational time to produce the same reports on the current system is 10/20 hours/month. The hours spent by the operations staff to record the information will remain the same.

The system payback (in dollars) was not considered because "time saved" was the most important issue.

B. Recommendation

It is therefore recommended that the CNTROLOG project be approved for the design phase.

IIIa PERFORMANCE SPECIFICATIONS

1. Data Flow Diagram--Figure C1.a--is the data flow diagram for CNTROLOG
2. System output descriptions--The two CNTROLOG output areas
 - a. Operations Status Report

b. Operations Trouble Report

Output specifications and data element lists for the two reports are presented in Figures C1.2a, C1.2b, C1.2c, and C1.2d.

3. System input description--The CNTROLOG inputs are:

- a. Log of event
- b. Update of event
- c. Report requests

An example of the log and update input is shown in Figure C1.3. The report request input is yet to be decideda

4.a System interface identification--The CNTROLOG system will not interface with other systems at this time but might at a later datea

5. System resource identification--currently the central site computer/printer is the only one that will be used for inputs and outputsa The computer is an IBM compatible Epson Equity+ with a 20 meg disc drivea The printer is an Oki-Data Microlinea

B. Internal Performance Specification

1. Process oriented system flowchart--Figure C1.4 a includes the process oriented flowchart for CNTROLOG and the accompanying narrativea
2. Data storage description--Exact master file size has yet to be determined, but the size will be restricted only by the maximum size allowed by dBase III Plus file. Concord customer account list currently includes 16 corporations.

IV. PROJECT PLANS AND SCHEDULES

A. Study Phase

The study phase was scheduled for a 2 week period beginning 1-24-90 and ending 2-7-90. The project is on schedule as shown in Figure C1a5a and only the study phase review remains to be completed.

The actual time spent on the study phase was 49 1/2 hours, as compared to the estimate of 36 hours. This information is graphed in Figure C1.5b.

B. Major Milestones--All Phases

Figure C1.6a is a schedule for the entire project.

The design phase is scheduled for 4 1/2 weeks and the development phase for 8 weeksa

The estimated cumulative hours for the entire project are shown in Figure C1.6b.

C.C Detailed Milestones--Design Phasea

Since the design phase is the next phase to be undertaken, detailed projections are presented for that phase. Figure C1.7a displays the scientific milestones to be achieved in this 4 1/2 week period.

Figure C1.7b presents the projected hours involved in the design phase. 79 hours total have been estimateda

V. Appendices

Figures

Data flow diagram	C1.1 a
Operations Status Report	
Output specifications	C1.2a
Data element list	C1.2b
Operations Trouble Report	
Output specifications	C1.2c
Data element list	C1.2d
Input description	C1.3 a
Process oriented flowchart/narrative	C1a4a
Project plan and status report--study phase	C1.5a
Project cost report--study phase--esta hours vs actual*	C1.5b
Project plan and status report--major milestones	C1.6a
Project cost report--total estimated hours vsa actual*	C1.6b
Project plan and status report--design phase	C1a7a
Project cost report--design phase--est. hours vsa actual*	C1.7b
Project Directive	C2a1 a
Current system description	C2a2 a

Candidate II--system description	C2a3 a
Customer account projections	C2a4 a
Candidate system evaluation	C2a5 a
Candidate evaluation matrix	C2a6 a
Candidate weighted evaluation matrix	C2a7 a

Detailed information (data flow diagrams, etc.) for the other candidates is available upon request. Cost calculations and a payback analysis are not included because the objective is time saved.

*Since this is a school project, cost reports are graphed comparing estimated hours to actual hours.

FIGURE C1.1
CONTRLOG LEVEL 1 DATA FLOW DIAGRAM

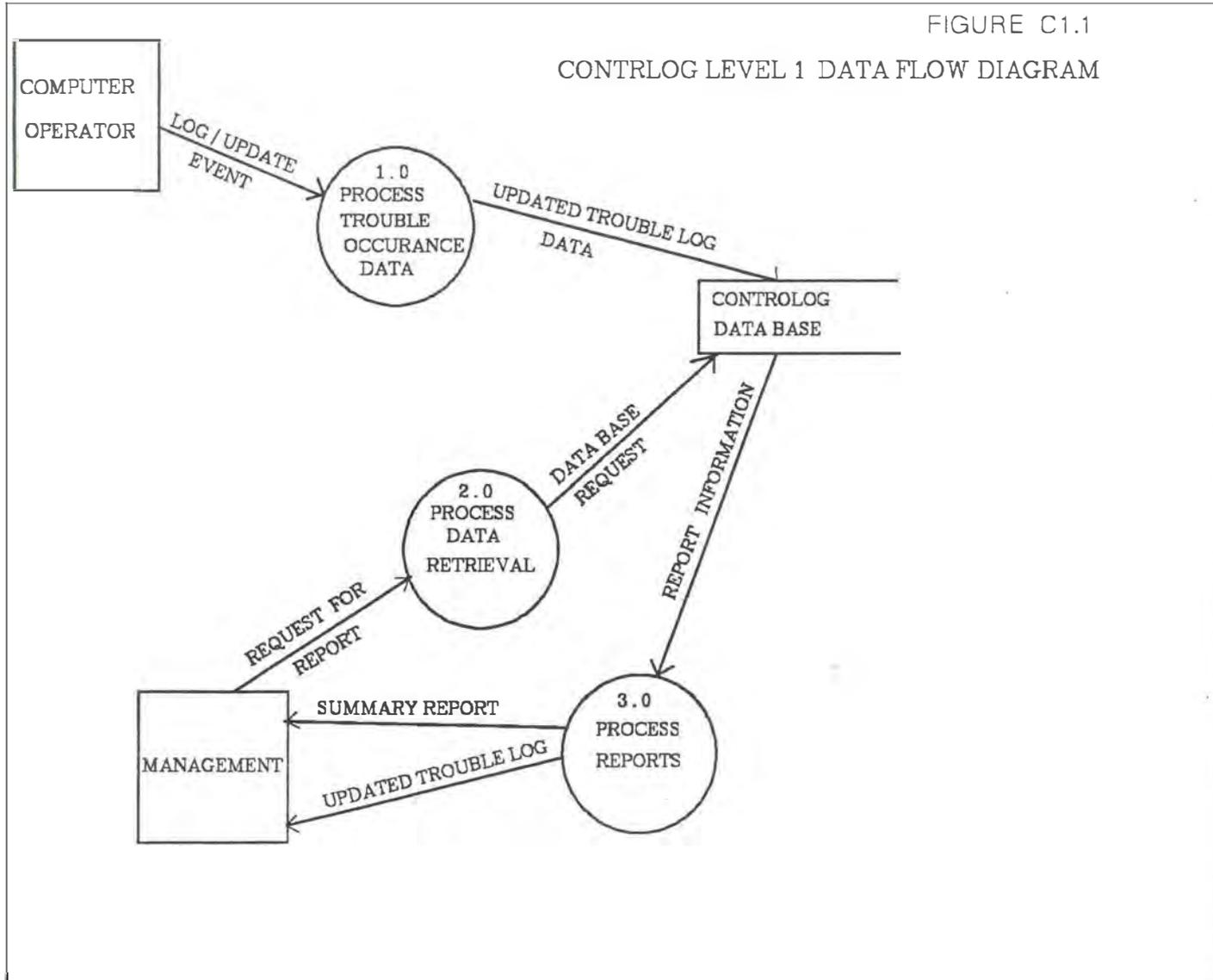


Figure C1.2a

OUTPUT SPECIFICATIONS

TITLE Operations Status Report

LAYOUT

OPERATIONS STATUS REPORT

FROM TIME 99:00. DATE XX/XX/XX TO TIME 99:00 DATE XX/XX/XX

DATE XX/XX/XX TIME 99:99 CUSTOMER AFFECTED _____ REPORT # 9999

PROBLEM/EVENT _____

ACTION TAKEN _____

CURRENT STATUS _____

DATE XX/XX/XX TIME 99:99 CUSTOMER AFFECTED _____ REPORT # 9999

PROBLEM/EVENT _____

ACTION TAKEN _____

CURRENT STATUS _____

DATE XX/XX/XX TIME 99:99 CUSTOMER AFFECTED _____ REPORT # 9999

PROBLEM/EVENT _____

ACTION TAKEN _____

CURRENT STATUS _____

FREQUENCY	Daily	QUANTITY	1
SIZE	Multiple Pages	COPIES	5
DISTRIBUTION	1. Executive Vice-President 1. Vice-President CIS 1. Operations Manager	1.. Customers Service 1. Posted	

COMMENTS

Figure C1.2c

OUTPUT SPECIFICATIONS

TITLE Operations Trouble Report

LAYOUT

OPERATIONS TROUBLE REPORT

DATE 99:99 TIME XX/XX/XX REPORT NO.9999__

CUSTOMER AFFECTED _____

OPERATOR _____

TYPE OF PROBLEM _____

DESCRIPTION OF PROBLEM _____

ACTION TAKEN _____

CURRENT STATUS _____

EXPLANATION _____

FREQUENCY As Needed

QUANTITY 1

SIZE 1 Page

COPIES 3/More

- 1. Operator on Duty
1. Operations Manager
1.. Dept (s) that have to take corrective action.

COMMENTS

Figure C1.3

CNTROLOG input description: sketch of trouble log & update data.

Trouble Log and Update Data

DATE: _____ EVENT NO. _____
CUSTOMER AFFECTED _____ TIME DOWN _____
OPERATOR _____ TIME UP _____
TYPE OF PROBLEM: CURRENT STATUS _____

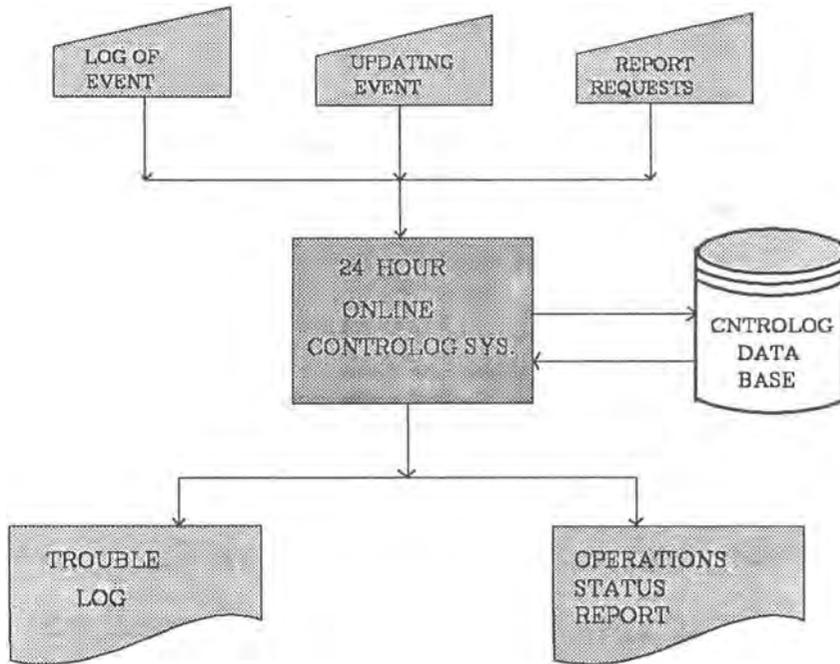
_____ SOFTWARE, FILE _____
_____ HARDWARE, TANDEM OR CONCORD _____
_____ DATA CON, SPECIFICALLY _____
_____ OTHER, SPECIFICALLY _____

PROBLEM DESCRIPTION _____

ACTION TAKEN _____

EXPLANATION/SOLUTION _____

FIGURE C1.4A
CONTROLOG PROCESS ORIENTED FLOWCHART



SYSTEM FLOWCHART NARRATIVE

1. An occurrence of a problem, its final solution, and report requests are the three major system inputs.
2. The controlog program inputs the event data, and stores it chronologically in the data base. The program also reads and updates the master file on the hard drive.
3. The two main reports are the trouble log and the operations status report which were retrieved from the data base.

Figure C1.5a

PROJECT PLAN AND STATUS REPORT							
PROJECT TITLE CONTROLOG STUDY PHASE	PROJECT STATUS SYMBOLS ○ SATISFACTORY □ CAUTION △ CRITICAL			Peter Carter Gene Beiswinger Carol Davidson George Lozancic PROGRAMMERS / ANALYSTS			
	PLANNING / PROGRESS SYMBOLS □ SCHEDULED PROGRESS √ SCHEDULED COMPLETION ■ ACTUAL PROGRESS ▼ ACTUAL COMPLETION			COMMITTED DATE 2/7/90	COMPLETED DATE	STATUS DATE 2/7/90	
ACTIVITY / DOCUMENT	PERCENT COMPLETE	STATUS	PERIOD ENDING (week)				
			1	2	3	4	5
STUDY PHASE	95	○					
Initial Investigation	100	○					
Project Directive	100	○					
Performance Definition	100	○					
Feasibility Analysis	100	○					
Performance Spec.	100	○					
Study Phase Report	100	○					
Study Phase Review	0	○					

Figure C1.5b

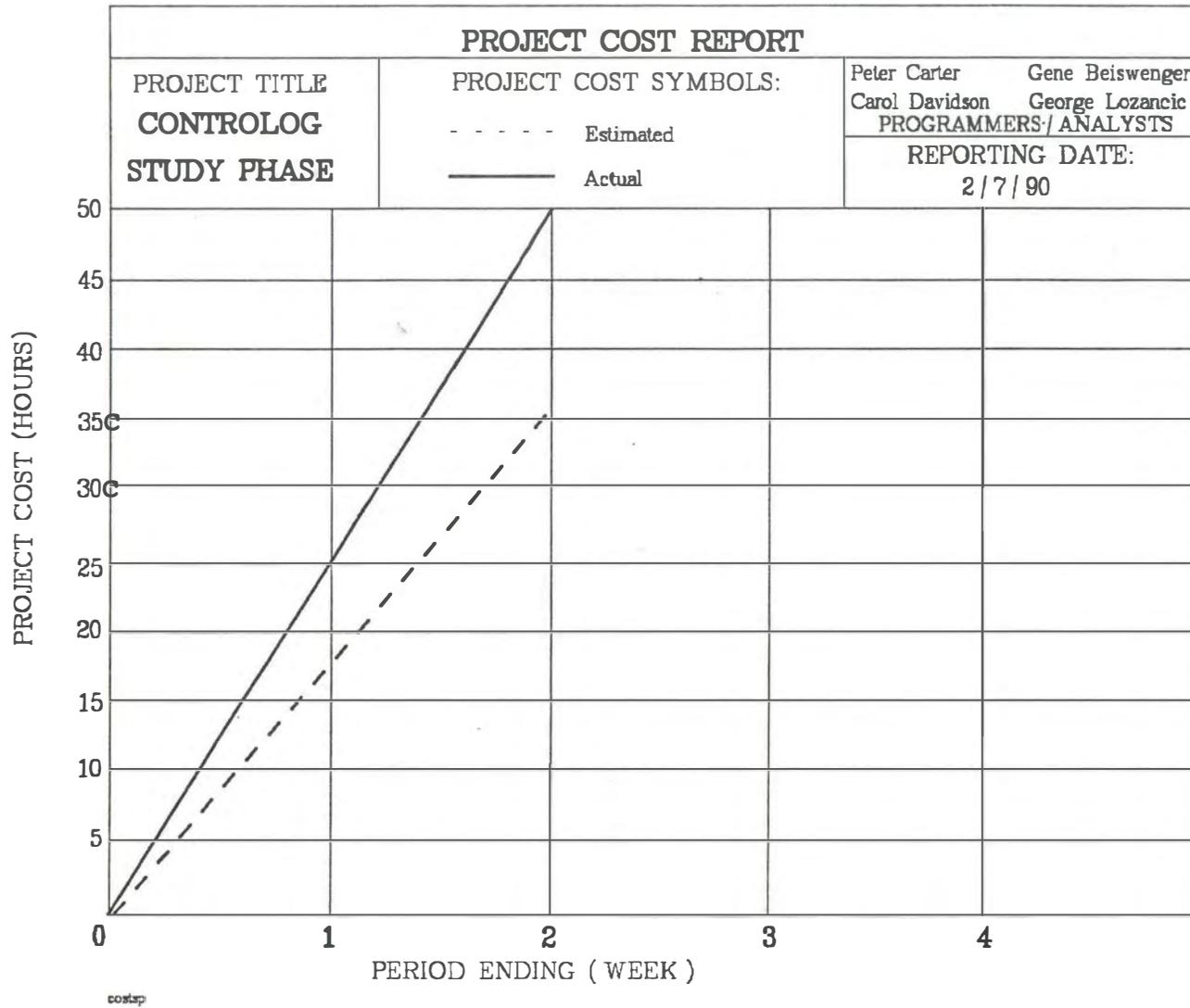


Figure C1.6a

PROJECT PLAN AND STATUS REPORT											
PROJECT TITLE CONTROLOG MAJOR MILESTONES PAGE 1 OF 2	PROJECT STATUS SYMBOLS ○ SATISFACTORY □ CAUTION △ CRITICAL					Peter Carter Gene Beiswinger Carol Davidson George Lozancic PROGRAMMERS / ANALYSTS					
	PLANNING / PROGRESS SYMBOLS □ SCHEDULED PROGRESS √ SCHEDULED COMPLETION ■ ACTUAL PROGRESS ▼ ACTUAL COMPLETION					COMMITTED DATE 2/7/89	COMPLETED DATE 2/7/89	STATUS DATE 2/7/89			
	ACTIVITY / DOCUMENT	PERCENT COMPLETE	STATUS	PERIOD ENDING (Week)							
			2	4	5	6	7	9	10	11	
STUDY PHASE	95	○									
Investigation	100	○									
Performance Spec.	100	○									
Study Phase Report	100	○									
Study	0	○									
DESIGN PHASE	0	○									
Allction. of Functions	0	○									
Comp. Prog. Functions	0	○									
Requirements	0	○									
Design Spec.	0	○									
Design Phase Report	0	○									
Design	0	○									

Figure C1.6a

PROJECT PLAN AND STATUS REPORT												
PROJECT TITLE CONTROLOG MAJOR MILESTONES PAGE 2 OF 2	PROJECT STATUS SYMBOLS ○ SATISFACTORY □ CAUTION △ CRITICAL						Peter Carter Gene Beiswinger Carol Davidson George Lozancic PROGRAMMERS / ANALYSTS					
	PLANNING / PROGRESS SYMBOLS □ SCHEDULED PROGRESS √ SCHEDULED COMPLETION ■ ACTUAL PROGRESS ▼ ACTUAL COMPLETION						COMMITTED DATE 5/7/90	COMPLETED DATE	STATUS DATE 2/7/90			
ACTIVITY / DOCUMENT	PERCENT COMPLETE	STATUS	PERIOD ENDING (week)									
			7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
DEVELOPMENT PHASE	0	○	[Gantt bar from week 7 to 15 with a 'Y' at the end]									
Implementation Plan	0	○			Y							
Computer Program Dev.	0	○										Y
Personnel Training	0	○										Y
System Tests	0	○										Y
System Specifications	0	○										Y
Dev. Phase Report	0	○										Y
Dev. Phase Review	0	○										Y

Figure C1.6b

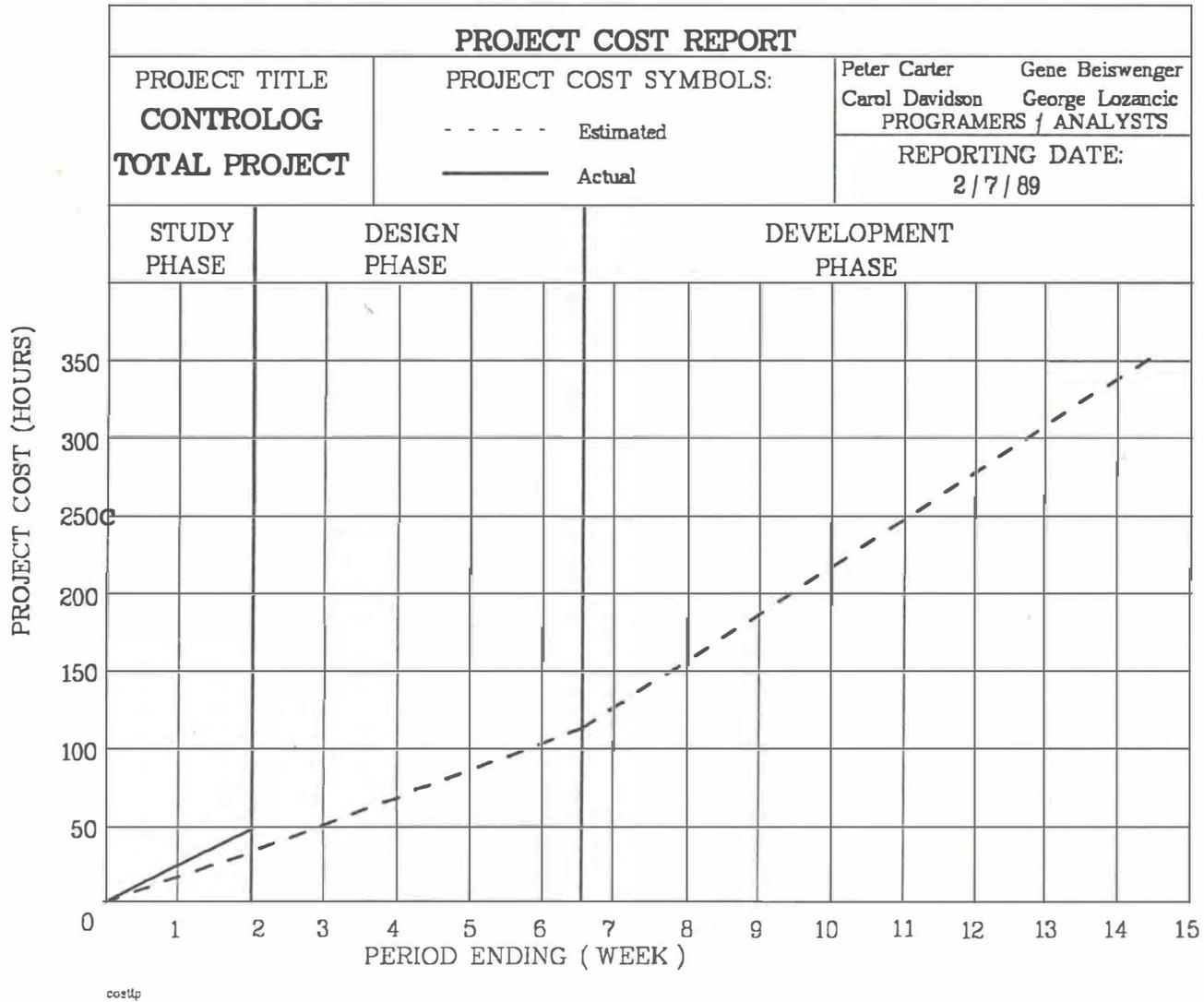


Figure C1.7a

PROJECT PLAN AND STATUS REPORT														
PROJECT TITLE CONTROLOG DESIGN PHASE PAGE 1 OF 2	PROJECT STATUS SYMBOLS ○ SATISFACTORY □ CAUTION △ CRITICAL						Peter Carter		Gene Beiswinger					
	PLANNING / PROGRESS SYMBOLS □ SCHEDULED PROGRESS √ SCHEDULED COMPLETION ■ ACTUAL PROGRESS ▼ ACTUAL COMPLETION						COMMITTED DATE 3 / 12 / 90		COMPLETED DATE		STATUS DATE 2 / 7 / 90			
ACTIVITY / DOCUMENT	PERCENT COMPLETE	STATUS	PERIOD ENDING (week)											
			3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
DESIGN PHASE	0	○												
Allocation of Functions	0	○	□											
Manual Functions	0	○		□										
Task Definition	0	○		□										
Ref. Manual Iden.	0	○		□										
Equipment Functions	0	○	□											
Function Definition	0	○	□											
Equipment Spec.	0	○	□											
Computer Prog. Funct.	0	○						√						
Data Base Design	0	○						√						
Data Collection Prog.	0	○						√						
Report Writing Prog.	0	○						√						

Figure C1.7a

PROJECT PLAN AND STATUS REPORT														
PROJECT TITLE CONTROLOG DESIGN PHASE PAGE 2 OF 2	PROJECT STATUS SYMBOLS ○ SATISFACTORY □ CAUTION △ CRITICAL						Peter Carter		Gene Beiswinger					
	PLANNING / PROGRESS SYMBOLS □ SCHEDULED PROGRESS √ SCHEDULED COMPLETION ■ ACTUAL PROGRESS ▼ ACTUAL COMPLETION						COMMITTED DATE	COMPLETED DATE	STATUS DATE					
							3/12/90		2/7/90					
ACTIVITY / DOCUMENT	PERCENT COMPLETE	STATUS	PERIOD ENDING (week)											
			3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
DESIGN PHASE (cont.)	0	○	=====				Y							
Test Requirements	0	○		=====			Y							
System Test Req.	0	○		=====		Y								
Comp. Prog. Test Req.	0	○			=====		Y							
Design Specification	0	○	=====				Y							
Design Phase Report	0	○	=====				Y							
Design Phase Review	0	○				=====		Y						

Figure C2.1.

INFORMATION SERVICE REQUEST			Page 1 of 1	
JOB TITLE: CONTROLOG	NEW <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Requested Date: 1/24/90	Required Date: 5/7/90	
OBJECTIVE: AUTOMATE THE COMPUTER OPERATIONS LOGGING AND TROUBLE REPORTING SYSTEMS		REV. <input type="checkbox"/> C	AUTHORIZATION	
ANTICIPATED BENEFITS: BETTER ORGANIZED AND MORE ACCURATE TROUBLE REPORTS LESS TIME IN PRODUCING OPERATIONS STATUS REPORT				
OUTPUT DESCRIPTION		INPUT DESCRIPTION		
TITLE: OPERATIONS TROUBLE REPORT	TITLE: NA			
DESTINATION: VARIES (SEE BELOW)	SOURCE: NA			
COMMENTS: SENT TO ANY DEPARTMENT THAT REQUIRES A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF A TROUBLE OCCURENCE IN ORDER TO TAKE APPROPRIATE CORRECTIVE ACTION. PRODUCED AS-NEEDED.	COMMENTS: OPERATIONS STAFF CAN, IF THEY WISH; USE THE EXISTING TROUBLE REPORT TO RECORD THE INFORMATION BEFORE ENTERING IT INTO THE COMPUTER.			
TITLE: OPERATIONS STATUS REPORT 1. POSTED 1. CUSTOMER SVC.	TITLE: NA			
DESTINATION: 1. OP. MGR. 1. VP CIS 1. EXEC VP	SOURCE: NA			
COMMENTS: PRODUCED EVERY MORNING MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY. CREATES A SUMMARY OF SIGNIFICANT EVENTS THAT HAVE OCCURED SINCE THE LAST STATUS REPORT WAS PRODUCED.	COMMENTS: OPERATIONS STAFF MEMBERS WILL ENTER DATA FROM WHATEVER NOTES THAT THEY TAKE WHILE THE EVENT IS IN PROGRESS.			
TO BE FILLED OUT BY REQUESTOR				
REQUESTED BY: <i>Bill Gerger</i>	DEPT: 32	TITLE: Op Mgr	Phone 593-2044 C	
APPROVED BY: <i>Bill Gerger</i>	DEPT: 32	TITLE: Op Mgr	Phone "	
TO BE FILLED OUT BY INFORMATION SERVICES				
FILE NO.:	ACCEPTED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	NOT ACCEPTED <input type="checkbox"/>		
SIGNATURE: <i>Gene...</i>	DEPT: 32	TITLE: COMP. OPER.	Phone 593-2044	
REMARKS: Bill Gerger, Operations Manager, understands the scope and the constraints of the proposed system. In his discussions with me he feels that the project team should continue on to the design phase.				

Figure C2a2a

CONCORD COMPUTING COMPANY

Current Trouble/Event Logging System

The Concord Computing Corporation provides computer support for merchandising units, primarily grocery store chains, in the form of credit card verification, check verification, and electronic funds transfer using ATM cards.

In the computer room the operations staff monitor on-line processes and data links with merchandising units, as well as links with other data centers. Operators also run jobs that produce reports, sort files, etc.

If problems come up with any operations procedures, the operations staff use three manual methods to record them:

1. A trouble report that is usually dedicated to software problems.
2. A data center downtime log to record loss of communication with any other data centers for any reason.
3. A trouble log book. This book is basically free-form and the operations staff use it to record any unusual event that occurs in the computer room, whether hardware or software related. Also, any on-line processes that are started and/or stopped for any reason are recorded there.

Every morning the operations manager creates an Operations Status Report by going over the three above trouble logs and manually creating a summary of the problems for the previous 24 hours.

Figure C2a3a

CANDIDATE

This system works in a real-time environment but gives the operator the option to enter the time, if necessary.

When it is necessary to log an event, the operator will call up a screen used to log a summary of the event. Certain pertinent information will be logged, such as operator, customer affected, date, etc.

The summary log will include three sections:

1. Trouble/Event
- 2.a Action Taken
- 3.a Current Status

When the summary information is completely logged, the operator will be prompted for detailed information. If detailed information is not necessary the operator must cancel that screen.

The trouble/event log (with detailed information) will include the same 3 sections as the summary but will have a 4th section for detailed explanations as well. These can be entered by the operator, but will probably be written by the programmer or supervisor.

This system will include a main screen with the following 4 sections

1. Operator's log, with 2 sections: a log an event and update a log
- 2.a Reports, which will call up a report running menu.
- 3.a Maintenance for backups, reindexing, etc.
- 4.a Other to be used later

All events will have a simple sequence number. The primary sort key on this file will be the time. The sequence number will be used to recall logs for updating. The summary and associated reports will use this sequence number.

This system will produce 2 reports, although more can be added on an as-needed basis. The 2 reports are:

1. An Operations Status Report, listing all summary entries in chronological order.
- 2.a A trouble/event report with detailed information.

MERCHANTS OF CONCORD COMPUTING CORP.

- 1. JEWEL FOODS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.
 - C. TIME REPORTING
 - D. ELEC. MAIL
 - E. TRANSPORTATION REPORTING
 - F. ALPHA STORES CHK AUTH
 - G. ALPHA SETTLEMENT (IN ABOVE)

- 2. SCHNUCK'S MARKETS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.

- 3. NATIONAL
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.

- 4. DOMINICK'S FINER FOODS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. SETTLEMENT

- 5. SAFEWAY
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. SETTLEMENT

- 6. OSCO DRUGS
 - A. CREDIT VERIFICATION

- 7. R. G.. A. (BALLS)
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.

MERCHANTS OF CONCORD COMPUTING CORP.

- 8. WHITE HEN PANTRY
 - A. E. F. T.

- 9. F & M DISTRIBUTORS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.
 - C.. SETTLEMENT

- 10. CUB FOODS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION

- 11. WALGREEN'S
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION

- 12. EAGLE FOODS
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION (NEAR FUTURE)
 - B. E. F. T.

- 13. RALPH'S GROCERIES
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. SETTLEMENT

- 14. SHOP 'N' SAVE (NEAR FUTURE)
 - A. CHECK AUTHORIZATION
 - B. E. F. T.

- 15. SUNRISE FINANCIAL
 - A. COLLECTIONS

- 16. NETWORK E. F. T.
 - A. E. F. T. SETTLEMENT (NOT KEPT)

GRAND TOTAL FOR ELK GROVE, ILL. DATA CENTER

Figure CZ. 5

CANDIDATE SYSTEM EVALUATION	CANDIDATE I	CANDIDATE II	CANDIDATE III
INPUT	2 INPUTS All Event Inf. Report Inf.	3 INPUTS Event Occurance Event Solution Report Request	1 INPUT All Event Inf.
DATA COMM	One Way-Stores to Central-Site	One Way-Stores to Central-Site	One Way-Stores to Central-Site
STORAGE	1 Master Data Base File Multiple Report Files	1 Master Data Base file	1 Master Data Base File Multiple Linked Files
PROCESSING	All at Central- Site	All at Central- Site	All at Central- Site
OUTPUT	1 Detail Report Multiple Summary Reports VD Display-All	1 Summary Report 1 Detail Report VD Display Detail	1 Detail Report Multiple Summary Reports VD Display-All

Figures C1.6 & C1.7.

CANDIDATE EVALUATION MATRIX	CANDIDATE I	CANDIDATE II	CANDIDATE III
Response Time	Fair	Excellent	Excellent
Accuracy/Neatness	Good	Good	Good
Usability	Good	Excellent	Good
Growth Potential	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
Storage Requirements	Fair	Good	Good
System Development *Hours	Excellent	Good	Fair
System Operation *Hours	Fair	Excellent	Good

* Since this is a school project development cost was N/A. Operational costs and payback were not evaluated because the client is only interested in time saved.

CANDIDATE WEIGHTED EVALUATION MATRIX		Weight					
Response Time	7	4	28.	8	56.	8	56.
Accuracy Neatness	4	6	24.	6	24.	6	24.
Usability	5	6	30.	8	40.	6	30.
Growth	4	7	28.	7	28.	7	28.
Storage Requirements	2	4	8	6	12.	6	12.
System Development *Hours	2	8	16.	6	12.	4	8
System Operation *Hours	7	4	28.	8	56.	6	42.
TOTALS			162.		228.		200.

The Evaluation: I felt this report was the best one in the class because the team was very meticulous. Every part of the report was completed in a concise manner, and, of course, it was accurate. All the necessary supporting materials were attached and the entire report looked professional.

Native Son Essay

by Valta Creed

(English 102--Mottla)

The Assignment: After reading and discussing Richard Wright's Native Son, each student was instructed to choose 1 article from a selected list of critical commentaries on the novel and to write a summary of the critic's argument and then a response to it.

To say that James Baldwin, as evidenced by his essay "Many Thousands Gone" was affected by Richard Wright's Native Son would be to severely understate the point. Himself a product of the ghetto, Baldwin was, as a result, shaped in character by many of the same life experiences as Wright's Bigger Thomas. Baldwin writes of Bigger, and the lessons which he feels should have been taught by Wright, with barely concealed emotion, the emotion of one who has lived with the rats and oppression. While this emotion gives strength to the premise of Baldwin's essay, it also proves to be Baldwin's most limiting flaw, removing the essential element of objectivity from Baldwin's role as critic.

The thrust of Baldwin's essay is simple and direct, as well as quite indicative of the author's emotional tie to Native Son's subject matter. His principal assertion is that Wright unfortunately limited to the potential significance of Native Son by failing to directly address the root causes and social importance of Bigger Thomas' rebellion. At several points in his essay, Baldwin speaks of this "significant limitation," tying it to the perpetuation of the misunderstanding of the plight of the black man by whites. It is not enough, states Baldwin, to merely confront society with the bitter fruits of its oppression, and highlight its well deserved guilt. Baldwin contends that Wright should have also confronted society with the source of its guilt, the "hows" and "whys" of Bigger Thomas' rebellion, so that society could fully realize what it had fostered.

While Baldwin discusses, at length, Wright's shortcomings in not doing enough with his subject matter, he is also lavish in his praise of the power and stark reality of Wright's storytelling. Not content to simply criticize, Baldwin additionally expends much effort to supplement the power of Wright's imagery with his own interpretation of what should have been learned from

the story of Bigger Thomas. Since it was not sufficient, in Baldwin's mind, to publicize only the realities of the plight of the black man as Native Son had done, Baldwin extends his criticism to discuss elements he felt critical to the story, but not included by Richard Wright

These omissions prove critical, contends the essay, since they limited Wright to simply giving the white American public exactly what their stereotyping of the time told them to expect, a big, mean, sub-human black man, thereby perpetuating a myth. By omitting factors such as the societal ramifications of ignorance of black history and culture, as well as black history and culture themselves, Wright effectively denied the reader, by Baldwin's assertion, significant revelation concerning the plight of the black man. It is this factor, contends Baldwin, that causes Native Son to lose impact, and Baldwin expends much energy and emotion attempting to compensate for his perceptions of Wright's shortcomings by highlighting for the reader what Wright, in his estimation, should have said.

What makes this summary significant is that it encapsulates the gut-level, emotional response of a man deeply moved by the subject matter of a story—a story that hits very close to home for the man. Objectivity, an essential element for an effective critic, is next to impossible in such situations. James Baldwin, in his essay, "Many Thousands Gone" is no exception to this very human frailty, and his objectivity very early in his essay is overwhelmed and smothered by the depth of his emotion. Himself a product of the 1930s Harlem ghetto, Baldwin simply identifies so strongly with the life experience of Native Son's Bigger Thomas that his only criticism of the novel is that Richard Wright, in writing Native Son, did not do enough to highlight either the lessons society should learn, or the guilt society should feel, from the story of Bigger Thomas

In this regard, Baldwin's critical essay proves to be not critical at all, but instead a determined, editorial effort to take Wright's work a step further, to say the things he wanted Wright to say. The net effect is not necessarily bad, as Baldwin's emotional discourse serves to underscore the real life basis of Bigger Thomas' desperation, making it a little more desperate when one realizes that Baldwin lived it himself.

Richard Wright, however, did not need Baldwin's help in bringing Bigger Thomas to life, or in highlighting the relevance of Bigger's rebellion within the framework of an oppressive society, regardless of how strongly Baldwin thought so. Richard Wright understood that telling a stark, real story was enough. It was not important for Wright to make the reader understand the "hows" and "whys" of black feeling. It more than sufficed to make the reader feel its intensity, and its undeniable reality.

Wright draws a parallel to society of the time through his characters Max and Jan, whites who fight for equality, yet really do not have a clue about the realities of the ghetto. Through Max and Jan, Wright highlights the impotence of white society to truly accept blacks due to a basic lack of awareness of the ghetto's realities. Native Son's overwhelming thrust is towards that awareness. Wright places directly in front of society the stark realities of black oppression, and the ugliness of its offspring, the ghetto. Awareness is unavoidable

What Wright appears to grasp, and what Baldwin fails to give him credit for, is a simple, but significant, extension of logic. Awareness is the first step towards empathy, empathy the first step towards healing, and healing the first step towards making the open wounds of black oppression barely discernible and inconsequential blemishes on the skin of time.

The Evaluationa Msa Creed understands Baldwin and knows well his subject, Native Son. She goes to the heart of both pieces and writes a response that is deeply personal and highly intelligenta

Sula--Journal Entry

by Amy De Figueiredo

The Assignment: The students were to keep a journal of personal responses to each of the readings. The responses could take any form and were ungraded. My response is to Tony Morrison's novel, Sula.

Sula-

So it goes . . .

Been eating a lot of mangos lately

She (Sula) had the right to do what she did (partly because she was a character). But when choices are limited and over-used, some find the need to create new choices, and since the choices are new, they aren't as tightly spun or refined as the others. That's what chance is; what's the point of taking one if it weren't? Chance evolves into choice, after time and energy has worked as a refining process. Christ--you know what bothers me--on applications for work and school, etc.--they ask if you're white or black - why? I wanna see one that asks--color of hair, blond--brunette--red

Or maybe I'll wait till it reads

fair w/pink undertones--fair w/brown undertones--peaches and cream--any of the above w/freckles etc. & etc. . . .

Assumptions go on in people's minds. If you're white you're tight-assed; if you're black you're in the paper. Excuse the vulgarity, but- Lou Reed quote: "Stick a fork in their ass and turn 'em over & they're done."

Speaking of assuming things--

Anecdote deal--

July 4th there was a party. Bands were playing. So, I'm standing about, making conversation. This girl starts talking with me and she compliments me on my dress and then tells me how she wished she had my arms. . . . (what?) So she goes on to say how it must be Nautilus. How she's worked on her calves and thighs and butt and stomach and what not & how she's had the hardest time with her arms. She goes on to ask me how long it took me to get my arms the way they are. I'm taken aback by 1.) the sheer ridiculousness of her art of conversation and 2.) the fact that I'm not really sure what "Nautilus" is. So, I tell her

I don't do Nautilus - her mouth gets screwy and says - "Swimming. Right?"

"No, no, I smoke. I keep as far away from exercise as possible." a

She titters and what-not and tells me I couldn't have just been born with those arms. I assure her I was in fact born with the very arms that are connected to my shoulders and begin the art of escape. She then says that nobody's born with muscle tone (or something to that effect) like that.

By now I'm at a loss. She begins in a somewhat accusing tone - no - she outright accused me in a comical tone, of trying to keep my secret for how I get my arms away from her. Again, I'm at a loss and I get out of this bad deal by looking up to the porch and seeing my friend and bassist, Tony, signaling to me that it's time to set up. I excuse myself from this enlightening conversation with two ideas going through my head: 1.) Why are girls allowed to be conversational idiots? and 2.) How in hell did I get these arms? I've never noticed them before a

I get a beer and go up on the porch. Ker, my friend and guitarist, is taking the blankets off of the deals I play.

The deals I play. It hits me--"Excuse me, Miss Nautilus?-- It must be these here congasa" a

We don't realize things that are so far deep into us and we assume only from the materials given to us by the things that are so far deep into us a

So it goes.

The Evaluation: In a witty and energetic piece Msa DeFigueiredo draws a long, looping line of prose that includes in its circle of meaning a key part of the text and an experience from her own life.

The Room At the Rear
by Shelly De Giralamo
(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Describe a place concretely.
Focus. Position your observer creatively
and interestingly. Include images which appeal
to several senses.

On an eight hour flight, making a trip to the small closet in the rear of the aircraft was inevitable. As I approached the narrow, flimsy door, the small sign under the doorknob indicated that the room was vacant. I nudged my way into the cramped coffin-sized room only to find more space saving devices. A stainless steel sink about the size of a cereal bowl was built into the compact countertop. A box of tissue paper and a waste basket were among the compartments snuggled under the sink. Each compartment was clearly labeled in English, French, and Spanish. Along with these elementary labels, an illustrated picture displayed on the wall forbade passengers to smoke. I looked down at the steel commode boxed in between three walls and a door. The sickening smell of the blue water permeated the telephone-booth-sized room. The small mirror on the wall attempted to make the room appear larger. That mirror only doubled the nightmare. A piece of toilet paper was lying on the sticky floor, waiting to attach itself to a qualified shoe. Pink soap that had leaked out of the dispenser and puddles of water worked together to artistically decorate the countertop. Finally, after reviewing these grotesque details, I asked myself, "Which is more acceptable to me, making use of this disgusting facility, or a bladder infection?" The answer was clear. I could wait another two hours.

The Evaluation: This brief, concretely detailed piece focuses on a moment of decision in the daily life of the observer. The writing is honest, light in tone, and fun to read.

Giving Up a Swing

by Mary Doherty

(English 101--Perez)

The Assignment: Write about an important childhood experience. Write in the narrative mode as a participant. Show how the experience changed your relationship with family and/or friends, and show its effect upon you. Address those involved or your composition class. Consider how your choice of audience will affect the story you write.

Sitting at my desk, staring out the big window at the playground, all I could possibly concentrate on was how there were only six minutes left until recess (although at the age of six years old, six minutes seemed more like six years.) I was hoping I would be one of the few to be lucky and get to one of the swings first. From where I was seated, I could see the swings gently blowing in the wind. I could envision myself on one of them, and the poor kids that couldn't beat me to them would be staring at me with envy in their eyes. A person was definitely considered "cool" by the rest of his peers when he had won the right to the swing for the twenty-minute recess. I was busy planning my strategy when I was interrupted by the teacher lecturing me (again). She was always going on and on about how I should stop daydreaming, pay attention, and do my work.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked the principal with two kids I had never seen before. Both of them seemed unusually nervous to the point where I could see tears in their eyes. They seemed deathly frightened of this whole situation. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with them. Maybe it was the class, maybe it was the principal (he seemed to have that effect on many students), or maybe it was the whole school. Who knows--they weren't saying a word.

My teacher and the principal went out in the hallway to talk, and the two children stayed in the classroom with us. We were told their names were David and Fabiola, but they didn't seem like very friendly people. My classmates asked them questions, but the two of them didn't say a word. Everyone laughed! I thought this was really mean. I really felt sorry for them. I really felt bad just to see the tremendous fear in their eyes. What was their problem--didn't they understand how dumb they looked?

My teacher returned and began conversing with the two kids, but in a totally different language. I didn't understand a word they were saying. What was going on? David kept repeating,

"Quiero ir a mi casaa Quiero mi mamaa No quiero estar en escuela."

Fabiola would reply in a way that she tried to sound soothing but still her voice was very shaky, "No lloras, todo va a star bien.¿ What were they saying? After everyone had heard how funny they sounded¿ the laughter became louder¿ David began to cry harder¿

My teacher eventually explained that our two new students had just moved here from Mexico¿ They didn't know a word of English, and my teacher, being the only one able to speak Spanish in the whole school, of course, would be the logical choice to be their teacher¿

The days for a second grader go by very slowly, but I'm sure those two kids never had a longer day in their life. They were very quiet all afternoon, and mostly stayed to themselves¿ Neither one of them said anything; they didn't even smile (although when the bell rang, and they realized that they could go home¿ I do think I saw a smirk on one of their faces¿)

At first everyone treated these kids terribly. They constantly made fun of them and always harassed them. I tried to treat these kids as my friends, even giving up my swing for them (believe me--as a second grader that was an unspeakable thing to do)¿ I was ridiculed over and over again by my friends for talking to the "foreigners" although through all this, these other classmates still remained my friends¿ Six year olds seem to forget their enemies rather quickly. I wanted the other kids to realize they shouldn't be like that. I wanted to make them realize that. After all, how would they feel, how would anyone feel, if they were put in this situation? How would they react if they were put in this position?

Time passed and eventually the discrimination diminished. At about the fourth grade people really began to accept these kids¿ Most of the class even made friends with them. Their stories of Mexico were always very interesting¿ and always made great conversation¿ To most people the two outsiders became one of "us.¿

Through the years¿ I passed a lot of time with these two¿ It would upset me time after time to see people¿ even adults¿ make fun of or harass my friends¿ I always wondered how anyone could be so cruel¿

Years passed and entering my teenage years, I decided it was time for me to get a job.¿ A local restaurant seemed to be the ideal place¿ Within the first couple of days, I met many new people¿ They included several who didn't know more than "hello" in English¿ I was very embarrassed at first not being able to talk to them but that never stopped me from trying.

Within a few years¿ between the Spanish classes I took at school¿ and what my friends at work taught me¿ I could soon hold a half-decent conversation. Nothing too deep, but it gave me a great pleasure to know I could communicate with more people¿

By the beginning of last summer, I became very close friends with one of my co-workers. Gabino is a very special person. He always took time out of his schedule for me and always went out of his way to be nice to me.¿ He would help me with my work, teach me a new word or two, or just come over to say "hi" and see how I was doing. Soon we became almost inseparable. So, when he

had asked me to accompany him to his cousin's wedding, there was no way I could have refused and felt comfortable with my decision. I was very nervous about going to this wedding, after all--I would be one of maybe two people who spoke English.

Arriving at the wedding, I met many of his friends, relatives, and even neighbors. Everyone seemed nice, and, believe me, I was very happy to be there. Then it happened!! Sitting at a table with a group of Gabino's friends, some of them started talking to me. Under normal circumstances I could have understood them, but with the noise of the band, people talking, others laughing, some dancing, it was very hard to understand what they were saying. After a few minutes, some of the guys realized that they could say anything and I wouldn't be able to understand them. All of them began making jokes about how I didn't know anything, about how I was just a stupid "gringa." My face began to turn red and tears began to fill my eyes. Memories of the two frightened kids standing in front of the class began to fill my head. This is how they felt! How could anyone be so mean?

A few seconds later, Gabino looked over to me and saw what was happening. Lecturing his friends, he took my hand and led me away from the table. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I got a very empty feeling inside my stomach. Gabino tried as hard as he could to comfort me. He promised that nothing like that would ever happen again.

Fear overcame me, for I realized that once again I would have to go back to that table. I wanted to go home. I didn't want to be there. I wanted to be left alone. This, I thought, was the embarrassment, the misery, that at one time David and Fabiola had known. How terrible! How awful!

Just like I was ridiculed for sticking up for my friends, I was certain that Gabino, too, would be ridiculed for sticking up for his stupid "gringa." To this day, I'm not sorry I went to that party--I'm just glad Gabino was there to help me. I'm glad he was there to give up his swing for me. And I've never been happier than at that one moment, that back in the second grade, I had given mine up for my "foreigner friends."

The Evaluation: Mary's essay is focused and detailed and her description of the challenging new situation David and Fabiola face in their American school is imbued with a remarkable degree of compassion and insight. I also like the connection she makes between these children's experience and her own experience years later at the Mexican wedding: it takes a good measure of maturity on the writer's part to recognize this connection and to write about it so convincingly.

Sarah Orne Jewett: Chronicler of Nineteenth Century
New England Life

by Judy Domaracki

(Literature 222--Fuhs)

The Assignment: As an independent study project, students were to read a piece of American fiction published between the Civil War and World War I and then explain their findings in a paper of about six pages.

On September 3, 1849, in South Berwick, Maine, Sarah Orne Jewett was born into a socially prominent family. Her father was a country doctor and her grandfather was a sea captain and ship owner. Sarah's close relationship with her family members and her love for New England life is reflected in her writing. Her description of New England, its social changes and its people and their special qualities are collected in twenty volumes of short stories and novels. However, her finest and most widely acclaimed masterpiece is The Country of the Pointed Firs (Thorp 42).

The story opens one June evening as a woman from Boston arrives at the old coast town of Dunnet Landing. Although the name of the woman is never mentioned, the reader may conclude that it is Jewett herself. Needing a quiet place to write, she comes to spend the summer there. She is to board at the Bowden place that is now occupied by the widow, Mrs. Almira Todd, one of the elderly members of the Bowden clan. Mrs. Todd becomes the woman's guide through Dunnet and eventually her dearest friend.

The woman's visit, which runs from June through September, is partly spent in the vacant schoolhouse, which she uses as a writing sanctuary. The majority of the time, however, she is absorbed in the warmth and charm of the quaint village and its people. Almira's family and friends become dear to the visitor. She welcomes the opportunity to talk with them as she learns to respect their strength, courage, industry and independence. When the time comes for her departure, she realizes that:

The days were few then at Dunnet Landing, and I let each of them slip away unwillingly as a miser spends his coins . . . Once I had not even known where to go for a walk; now there were many delightful things to be done and done again . . . the days flew by like a handful of flowers flung to the sea wind (Jewett 157)a

The majority of the population of Dunnet is over 60 and a female. In fact, the women in the story fare better than the men. They represent three generations of self-sufficient matriarchs of the Bowden family.

The narrator of the story is the visitor from Boston. Although the visitor actively participates in the events that take place in Dunnet Landing, she is interested more in observing the villagers than leading the action. Everyone is affectionate to the stranger. At first she feels like a "hermit crab in a cold new shell," but eventually comes "near to feeling like a true Bowden" before she returns to the city. From her isolated schoolhouse, she examines the surrounding world and gains new perspective on the country and its people. However, this character is played down.

The most important figure and one of the best characters Jewett has created is Mrs. Almira Todd, who also narrates a portion of the novel. She is a woman of deep inner strength and seems to know everything. Mrs. Todd possesses inexhaustible energy. She is the herb-doctor of the village and has made enough money to support herself. She has obtained an important position in the community. Almira, a native of Dunnet, knows its history and the details of the lives of most of her neighbors including their faults and virtues. She is generous, sociable, talkative, good-humored and touchingly sentimental. Mrs. Todd is in full command of her life and is confident in every word and action. The narrator admires her totally.

Mrs. Todd's elderly mother, Mrs. Blackett, is a heartwarming character. She lives with her shy son, William, on Green Island. She so loves her daily life and the beauty of nature that she stimulates every person she meets. The narrator describes her as "a delightful little person with bright eyes and an affectionate air of expectation like a child on a holiday. You felt as if Mrs. Blackett were an old and dear friend before you let go her cordial hand" (Jewett 39). In essence, she stands for the lingering past.

A character that the narrator never meets is Joanna Todd. She cuts herself off from all human contact on an uninhabited island called Shell-Heap because she has been deeply hurt by a man. In order to maintain her dignity she remains on the island until her death.

Another important and enjoyable character is Captain Littlepage, who has long retired from the sea. Mrs. Todd explains that his mind has been unhinged by too much reading. During a visit with the narrator, he relates a strange experience in an Arctic shipwreck that has left him convinced that he knows the location of a strange city, the waiting place for spirits between earth and heaven. In contrast, he is quite rational as he recounts the changes in Dunnet Landing. He has a reverence for the past and contempt for the present.

Another lovable character is Mr. Tilley, who was once a fisherman. He lives for the memory of his loving and capable wife who died eight years ago. He keeps everything in his neat little house, as near as possible, in the way that "poor dear" liked to have it.

Throughout the story the reader is always aware of the tranquil and aesthetically pleasing setting of the New England coast.

and countryside. Jewett uses both land and sea to show how it determines the lives of the characters. Dunnet Landing, once a prosperous town, is now dying. The land is not enough to live upon; the sea is an eternal life-giving element, a source of food but also an escape for the spirit from a mundane existence and a remainder of a cherished life. This setting provides a peaceful and endearing mood, although occasionally the reader feels the solemnity of the "ancient mariners" as they long for a day which will never return. They now live in silent alliance with the sea, contemplating the power of nature (Cary 146-7)

Typical of Jewett's style is her use of the New England dialect. She uses the apostrophe to indicate a dropped final "g," cloudy "a" and a shortened vowel sound. The slight variations in dialect show differences in education, culture and a character's age and sex (Thorp 21)

What Jewett wanted to accomplish in her writing was to acquaint people from other parts of the country with those of New England. She felt that people misunderstood the eccentricities of New Englanders and laughed at what were actually admirable qualities. She found she had the power to illuminate her neighbors and make people like them. She understood her world more deeply because her responses to it were more delicate and subtle. What she wrote were impressions remembered in tranquility. Her memory for details of appearance, voice and manner was strong and true. Jewett reported vividly all sorts of sense impressions. Especially sharp was her olfactory sense: the scent of herbs, balsam and fir coming over salt water (Thorp 7)

Some ideas Jewett wanted her stories to demonstrate were the importance of the commonplace, a sense of duty and the need for solitude. The author's principle concern was not action but character, specifically the connection of the character to his environment. She showed nature's influence silently at work.

This novelette does not contain a specific plot. Jewett's intent is only to have the visitor observe and mix with the native villagers. She dwells upon the everyday trivial activities of simple country people, and that does not lend itself to rising action or emotion. Her tone is warm, sympathetic, compassionate and somewhat romantic.

She is most often criticized for ignoring the coarseness of real life; instead she concentrates more on pervasive charm and refinement. Her characters are condemned as models of purity and perfection (Cary 30). Perhaps she held steadfastly to this style because she cherished the past; she revels in her childhood memories. Sarah was alarmed by the growing complications brought about by the machine age. She hated the race for power and money. Consequently, her stories try to hold back the hands of time (Cary 19).

Jewett's chronicling of the New England people and their ways is truly exemplified in The Country of the Pointed Firs. She learned early to love her country for what it was and strove to impress this upon her readers. Critics recognize that it has the most notable depiction of the characters, location and ideals of nineteenth-century rural New England (Cary 152).

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The Evaluation: Judy's paper shows unusual understanding of Sarah Orne Jewett and her work. The student has developed her points nicely in a clear comfortable academic style. She appears to have a mastery both of her subject and her writing.

A Woman's Spirit

by Marya Flynn

(English 101-Honors--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Write an argumentative essay in response to any essay by philosopher and feminist Mary Daly. Defend or refute Daly's thesis

Mary Daly expresses her belief that the patriarchal foundation of our society and Judeo-Christian religions have been harmful not only to women but to the health of our entire society. I would like to explore this idea and examine the potential for change

Many of us have assumed that patriarchy is the natural order of things. It is so pervasive and so embedded into our thinking patterns that it is difficult for people to break free. Mary Daly tells us, "Within patriarchy, power is generally understood as power over people, the environment, things. In the rising consciousness of women, power is experienced as power of presence to ourselves and each other, as we affirm our own being against and beyond the alienated identity (non-being) bestowed upon us within patriarchy" (611). It is important to remember that what we are talking about here is a system, not reality. It is a system where the power seems to be held almost entirely by white males. It is a system that controls; it makes our laws, runs our economy, sets our salaries, and decides when and if we go to war.

What are the ethical consequences of male dominance? I think they are far reaching. One of the first problems we run into is objectification, because it devalues the essence of being. In a patriarchal society the man is set up to have greater worth than anyone or anything else. Women, minorities, children, plants, and animals are thought to be of lesser value in a patriarchal system. Because of this, mistreatment of women and children is an everyday occurrence, and the condition of migrant farm workers and the destruction of nature are readily accepted in our society. These attitudes are not only direct results of objectification, but they are also inherently destructive to the society as a whole. In its desire to maintain the status quo, the system has blinded itself to the fact that it is denying, stagnating, and afflicting its own self, because when a part of society is hurting, the price is ultimately paid in full by the society as a whole.

The second major problem found in the male dominant society is that it adheres to the precept of anthropocentrism, that is, it regards man as the final aim of the universe. It seems to interpret reality exclusively in terms of human values and experiences. Industrial pollution, species extinction, and bios-

pheric degradation are all symptoms of anthropocentrism. Women, on the other hand, tend to hold a gentler view of things. Women are more apt to see the connection of all things and to realize their value for their own sake, a not for how they might be exploited. Mary Daly tells us that "The women's movement is a new mode of relating to each other, to men, to the environment--in a word--to the cosmos. It is self-affirming, refusing objectification of the self and the other" (611)a There is a branch of the feminist movement referred to as ecofeminism. According to journalist Caroline Merchant, "Ecofeminism is a response to the perception that both women and nature have been devalued in Western culture and that both can be elevated and liberated through direct political action" (Wiley 60)a Not only do these women defend the environment and fight toxic waste dumps in their communities, but many have also found a vegetarian-feminist connection. To these women, becoming a vegetarian signals a rejection of the violence that the patriarchal society has wreaked on women for thousands of years. Women are beginning to make the connection between the oppression of women and humanity's domination of the environment.

Ecofeminists seek change. This change will not be easy. Mary Daly explains that radical feminism

. . . is both discovery and creation of a world other than patriarchy . . . observation reveals that patriarchy is 'everywhere' . . . Nor does this situation exist simply 'outside' women's minds, securely fastened into institutions which we can leave behind. Rather, it is also internalized, festering inside women's heads, even feminist heads. (612)

So how can we create this new world? The first thing we must do is realize that we do not want a mere exchange of values. And we do not want to become like the oppressors. What we need to realize is that we are not equal to men, we are unique. We are valuable as female beings. According to Julia Scofield Russell, "It is true that our society has been robbed of the balance of masculine and feminine influence necessary for survival. We women must manifest our half of the whole. But not a tacked-on half. Our course is to permeate the whole, changing it all (Diamond 225)a So we must be willing to accept our differences as something positive, not something to be conquered. Once we have accepted our womanliness with pride, we have taken the first step toward a more complete existence. We should joyously go bounding down uncharted paths of creativity and spontaneity. We should explore the tough, multi-dimensional, independent thinking that Mary Daly refers to as "lucid cerebration" a

Women have too long been denied their right to be whole. Women have a lot to give. They have been at the forefront of the ecological revolution, starting grassroots organizations and protesting, even hugging trees in India in defiance of approaching bulldozers.

I believe that if we listen to our hearts we will hear a beautiful song, the song of life. The song will tell a story, the story of our Earth, our mother, the giver of life, the spirit of a woman.

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The Evaluation: A student's writing can be more
engaging than that of her modela Mary Daly's
rhetoric is often antagonistic and labored.
The student, Marya Flynn, gives a lucid, coherent,
and compelling statement of belief

The Complex Simplicity of Lena Grove in Light in August

by Jean Fritz

(English 102--Hickey)

The 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

"My, my," she says; "here I ain't been on the road but four weeks, and now I am in Jefferson already. My, my. A body does get around" (Faulkner 26) These are the first words of the very pregnant Lena Grove upon her impending arrival in Jefferson, a small Southern town that is at the same time both like and unlike any other small Southern town. Lena's revealing introduction in William Faulkner's complex work, Light in August, is a very uncomplicated and somewhat humorous one. With all her worldly possessions, "a palm leaf fan and a small bundle tied nearly in a bandanna handkerchief" (Faulkner 4) carried in her two hands, she is alone and in search of the father of her unborn child. She inspires a kindness and compassion in others that only serves to enhance her already strong will to accomplish her goal. Lena makes demands on no one but herself and would "take it kind for you to share" (Faulkner 25) her meal.

This woman-child seems so apparently unsophisticated and simple-minded that the question of why Faulkner placed Lena in the dark and bitter story of Light in August is frequently asked. What does this gentle and naive creature, who believes in everything, have to do with the twisted and corrupt world of Joe Christmas, who believes in nothing? Although it is true that Lena represents all that is good and positive in the world, she is more than just a simple token symbol. As Lena moves further and further into the novel she also moves further and further into the lives of those she meets, affecting a change in some that will alter their lives forever. She even becomes related indirectly, with the struggling Joe Christmas. The simple, quiet Lena Grove suddenly becomes a complex character in Faulkner's tale.

Some critics are not willing to give credence to the depth of Lena Grove's importance. Irving Howe warns that while "Beyond a doubt Lena is the most harmoniously conceived and drawn figure in the book . . . one should resist the desire of certain complex critics to romanticize her simplicity . . ." (12)

Yes, Lena is simple. But she certainly should not be faulted for this. Because it is this very simplicity of which Howe so urgently warns, this quiet easy way of Lena's, that makes her character so essential to the acceptance of this tragic drama. Without even trying, Lena makes an impact of those around her that can not be ignored or forgotten.

The opening chapter of Light in August presents Lena as an ignorant and innocent country girl. Orphaned at age twelve, Lena begins sneaking out of the bedroom window several years later. "She had not opened it a dozen times hardly before she discovered that she should not have opened it at all" (Faulkner 3). Months later, with the belly heavy with child, Lena climbs through that same window for a final time, thinking "If it had been this hard to do before I reckon I would not be doing it now" (Faulkner 4). So begins Lena's journey that will take her "further away from home than she could walk back before sundown in her life" (Faulkner 480).

A deeper look at Lena reveals that she is not the simpleton she first appears to be. Lena knows that she will receive help without asking for it. When the farmer Armstid gives the expectant mother his wife's egg money, "she took it, her face pleased, warm, though not very much surprised" (Faulkner 20). She is so determined to accomplish her task that a passerby on the road comments, "I reckon she knows where she is going . . . She walks like it" (Faulkner 7). Lena is so sure of her destiny that she easily accepts Byron as a replacement for her elusive lover, Lucas Burch. It then becomes obvious that while Lena is intent on finding a father for her baby, it really doesn't matter whether it is Burch or Bunch or someone else (Bleikasten 116). Lena is at peace with herself and that is all that seems to matter.

The only time Lena is unsure of herself is immediately following the birth of her son. Joe Christmas' grandmother has confused not only the newborn child with her dead daughter Millie's son Joey, but also the baby's father with the grown-up Joe. All this has confused the new mother who "don't like to get mixed up" (Faulkner 388).

It is from this momentary confusion that Eric Sundquist finds the existence of a relationship between Joe Christmas and Lena Grove (75). This connection is an extremely delicate one. Cleanth Brooks suggests the contrast between the two by emphasizing that although they both arrive in Jefferson as foreigners, the same power within the town that is seduced by Lena is repulsed by Joe. However, Brooks also points out curious similarities. They are both orphans who leave home by crawling out a bedroom window. They are both betrayed by their first loves, Joe by Bobbie Allen and Lena by Lucas Burch (57). The similarities do not end here.

Early in the novel a common link between the major characters surfaces. Whether new or old to Jefferson, they are all outsiders. Lena Grove arrives all alone, pregnant and unmarried. Joe Christmas is alone, wanting little to do with anyone, including the workers at the mill. His murdered lover, Joanna Burden, is alone, having never been accepted by the townfolk because of her involvement with the Negroes. Byron Bunch chooses to be alone, uninvolved with the community around him as a way of self-

preservation. The Reverend Gail Hightower is alone, not only rejected by society, but living in a self-imposed prison at the same time. All of these people are secluded, isolated from the world around them. However, there is one significant difference. Cleanth Brooks emphasizes that "Lena . . . is the only one of the strangers--the outsiders--who have come into the community--who does not suffer from frustration and alienation" (64)a

It is certainly through the absence of this alienation that Lena is able to serve a stronger purpose in Faulkner's drama. Lena is always confident, always quite sure of her goals and her abilities. This assuredness is a constant throughout the turmoil and tragedy of Jefferson. While houses are burning, lovers are murdered, and men are lynched, Lena's complete trust and faith in life and in herself never falter. Michael Millgate describes Lena as a "catalytic force, effecting change but itself unchanging" (72)a

It is this same intense force that causes Byron Bunch to fall "in love contrary to all the tradition of his austere and jealous country raising which demands in the object physical inviolability" (Faulkner 44)a His solitary resolve fails him on that certain Saturday afternoon when Lena Grove walks into the mill expecting to find Lucas Burch. It is Byron who unwittingly helps Lena find her lover while at the same time trying fiercely to protect her from the truth. It is Byron, a gentle man who has lived by the same isolated routine during his seven years in Jefferson "because a fellow is more afraid of the trouble he might have than he ever is of the trouble he's already got" (Faulkner 69)a who allows not Lena, but himself to completely disrupt his ordered existence with no promise or even encouragement. Because Lena is not demanding, or even asking, anything of Byron, she can not be blamed for his sudden reversal of his behavior. However, she is certainly the reason behind it.

Lena is also implicated, through Byron Bunch, in the re-entry of the Reverend Gail Hightower into the community of Jefferson (Brooks 65)a Byron's demands on Hightower to assist with the delivery of Lena's child force the minister to become involved in life again. Through the birth of Lena's son, Hightower is reluctantly experiencing his own rebirth while "there goes through him a glow, a surge of something almost hot, almost triumphant" (382). This is a return to the living world that Hightower soon becomes most thankful for.

The arrival of Lena's baby takes on added importance to Francois Pitavy. He suggests that Mrs. Hines' story of Joe Christmas' traumatic birth, filled with an abundance of hatred and rage, adds to the symbolic meaning of the birth of Lena's child. Her infant son denotes the return of vitality and love and hope in an empty, lifeless world (27)a Numerous other suggestions have been made regarding the symbolism of Lena Grove. She is presented throughout the story as pure, trusting, serene. Darrel Abel explains that Faulkner uses these soothing qualities as a means of compensating for all the many prejudices and apprehensions of a society so easily filled with hostility towards one of their own (73)a The ugliness of Christmas' doomed affair with, and subsequent brutal murder of, Joanna Burden is, while certainly not erased by Lena's goodness, at least softened a bit by her gentleness and faith in others. The life of anger and

hatred that follows the self-victimized Joe Christmas everywhere is somewhat relieved by the tranquility and wholesomeness that envelops Lena. This peace and unflinching faith of Lena, as stated earlier, transcends to Byron and Hightower.

Cleanth Brooks feels the reason Lena is surrounded by tenderness and affection is that "she is the carrier of life, and she has to be protected and nurtured if there is to be any community at all" (65)a. Again and again, Lena is protected and nurtured. Early in the story Mrs. Armstid, though not approving of the unmarried and pregnant Lena, shares her home, her food, even her meager savings with Lena. At Byron's boarding house Lena is taken care of by Mrs. Beard, who "looked at Lena, once, completely, as strange women have been doing for four weeks now . . . Her eyes were not exactly cold. But they were not warm" (Faulkner 78-79)a. From the very first moment they meet, Lena Grove is protected by Byron Bunch. He sets her up in the cabin that was home to both Joe Christmas and Lucas Burch. He even arranged for Hightower to deliver her baby. And at the end of Light in August, after all that has happened, Lena with her new travelling companions in tow is offered a ride by the furniture dealer who "saw this kind of young, pleasant-faced gal standing on the corner like she is waiting for somebody to come along and offer her a ride" (Faulkner 468-69)a.

Others place the symbolic importance in the name Lena Grove. Millgate suggests that the last name, along with placing a very pregnant Lena in the cabin in the woods behind Joanna Burden's burned-down house, is an allusion of Faulkner's to the ancient goddess of the forest and childbirth, Diana, as well as "to the sacred groves where she worshipped" (79)a. Pitavy agrees with this interpretation and adds that with Lena's faded clothes and the palm leaf fan that she carried out of Doane's Mill, Faulkner also alludes to the Virgin Mary (80)a.

Faulkner describes Lena's day-after-day pilgrimage across the pastoral lands as ". . . like something moving forever and without progress across an urn" (5)a. This can be seen as an allusion to John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! With brede
of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

.....
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

(stanza 5)a

Perhaps Faulkner sees Lena to be as enduring as the everlasting beauty of Keats's urn. Lena certainly sees the beauty in truth and this does seem to be all she needs to know to survive in the world. Darrel Abel supports the idea that the urn reference is "a designated image or metaphor of eternity" (70)a. This continuation of eternal life is seen not only through the death of Joe Christmas and the birth of Lena's son, but also with the rebirth of Byron and Hightower.

Carolyn Porter sees Lena's strand acting as not only "both bracket and ellipsis, to enclose and relieve the tragedy of Joe Christmas, but also to extend and amplify its intensity" (69).a The fact that Lena is cared for naturally by men and women alike on her journey to seek a husband only serves to enforce the fact that Joe Christmas cannot begin to relate to those around him. He is constantly seeking approval while Lena is accepted without question. Joe refuses to receive the unconditional love of others that Lena welcomes so freely. Rather than accept the undemanding love of his adopted mother, Joe fights it as hard as he can. The turbulence that Joe Christmas must be a part of is the same turbulence that Lena Grove can not even see (Kartiganer 34).a Joe is unable to take responsibility for who or what he is. He is constantly provoking others and then running away. Lena would never dream of doing this. She neither provokes nor runs away. Instead she runs to, accepting all responsibility for herself. Alfred Kazin emphasizes that it is the kind and gentle world as seen through the serene Lena Grove's eyes that makes up the unattainable world that Joe Christmas wants to be a part of so desperately (132).a However, it is also this same world of peace and understanding that Joe flees from just as desperately. The more he forces himself to belong, the more he forces himself out. Lena never forces and always belongs.

William Faulkner begins his novel with a serene and fertile Lena Grove on a country road. He moves on to a desperate Reverend Gail Hightower. Then he introduces a confused and lost Joe Christmas. To complete the book, Faulkner reverses this by ending Joe's tangled life, revitalizing Hightower, and placing a still serene Lena Grove back on a country road.

The author himself says it was not chance, but coincidence that places Lena Grove in the very beginning of this troubled story (Gwynn 2). It is also not chance, but coincidence that places Lena in the end of this story. Francois Pitavy believes that Light in August begins and ends with her, and has no meaning without her" (105). Without Lena, the story would have been a cold exploration of murder and death in a small, sterile town. With Lena, it becomes a story of goodness, love, and rebirth.

There will continue to be critics who find little value in the meaning of Lena Grove. Some will not look past the silliness of a young and ignorant Lena who early in the story "would ask her father to stop the wagon at the end of town and . . . get down and walk . . . because she believed that the people who saw her . . . would believe that she lived in the town too" (Faulkner 1-2).a Lena's earthiness, however, is quite deep. It reveals a faith in fellow man along with a strong belief in destiny that continues to astound and alter those she meets. Lena's complexity is subtle. It does not have to scream out at everyone like the miserable Joe Christmas. It is this complexity that makes the simple woman so engaging.

The country girl from Doane's Mill has certainly come a long way. Lena has given all outward appearance of simplicity and naivete. But appearances can be deceiving, as Lena has proven

over and over with her serene wisdom. Lena Grove displays it all perfectly with her last words. "My, my. A body goes get around. Her we ain't been coming from Alabama but two monthsa and now it is already Tennessee" (Faulkner 480)a Yesa Lena a body certainly does get arounda

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The Evaluation: Jean's sophisticated analysis and her fluid prose embody a "complex simplicity" that is both admirable and appropriate

Acid Rain Facts

by Gerald Giba

(Advanced Composition--Dodds)

The Assignmenta Write a formal report in which you investigate a controversial issue or problem. Include background information necessary to understand your subject, current information necessary to act on the issue or problem, a summary of your opponents and their positions, and the conclusions that your information leads you to draw.

Statement of the Problem

Being a bass fisherman I have spent a lot of time on the water pursuing my quarry. In the last year and a half I have also become aware of a problem of the water in which these fish swim. In fishing magazines, newspapers, and television reports the stories about acid rain have increased at a steady rate. All tell of damage from acid rain, but none reports any concrete action taken to solve this problem. During my research I wanted to find out more about acid rain. As I became aware of its effects, I confined my research to the effects of acid rain on lakes and their watershedsa My goals were to discover what causes acid rain, what effects years of acid rain have had, what lakes will be affected by acid rain, whether the lakes lost to acid rain will ever support aquatic life, and who is responsible for acid rain. I aimed to discover how we could reverse the process and reclaim acidified lakesa and what I could do to help in the fight against acid raina

Background

Personal History

It was because of my fishing hobby that I became aware of the acid rain problem. I was using a new electronic pH meter to locate water with a pH of 8.5, because this was the proper level for me to find active fish.a A severe thunderstorm had occurred overnight, and the next day the surface pH of the water in the lake had dropped to 4.5a This incident and articles in numerous fishing magazines led me to research the answers to my questionsa

Research Method

My research involved reading articles about acid rain in numerous books, general encyclopedias, scientific encyclopedias, articles from the Chicago _____, and various magazines. I read scientific reports, reports from the coal industry, and the speeches of legislators involved in the passage of laws concerning acid rain. To insure accuracy in my data I used articles written by scientists, and books published by people involved in the scientific study of acid rain. I read speeches in Congressional Digest to determine all sides of the issue concerning acid rain.

My best source of information was Rain of Troubles by Laurence Pringle. He used current data, excellent charts, and a writing style which made the information easy to understand. My most disappointing source was the Acid Rain Information Book by David V. Bubenicka. I expected this book to contain all the scientific data I would need. All the data were at least ten years old, and the writing style made this book difficult to understand.

History

Acid rain is not something new to the scientific community. In 1872 British chemist Robert Angus Smith studied the heavily polluted air of London and coined the term "Acid rain" (Pringle 8)a. This study caused Smith to write one of the first books on acid rain, Air and Rain: The Beginnings of a Chemical Climatology. After Smith's eighty years passed before another scientist, Eviãle Gorham, studied acid rain, and he did so by accident, while studying peat bogs in the 1950s (Pringle 9)a.

In _____ Skies, _____ by Jon Luoma, the story of one of history's worst incidents of acid moisture is told. On December 4, 1952, a "killer fog" settled over London, England (21)a. This fog was caused by London's coal-fired furnaces and a subsidence inversion (22). A high concentration of pollutants trapped over the city was caused by the inversion (23)a. The "killer fog" caused the deaths of approximately four thousand people and incapacitated countless thousands more. (23)a

In 1979, President Jimmy Carter established a presidential initiative on acid rain, calling for a 10-year, \$10 million-per-year interagency program of research on acid precipitation and its environmental consequences in the U.S. (Mello 165)a

By 1981, according to the National Academy of Sciences, acid rain had caused the destruction of many species of fish and their prey. It had also caused toxic trace metals to reach concentrations in surface and ground waters that were "undesirable for human consumption" (Mello 167)a.

Where Acid Rain comes from

In the Encyclopedia of Science and Technology Steven R. Hanna states, "Many scientists believe that when emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxide from all power plants and other industrial stacks are carried over great distances, and combine with emissions from other areas, acidic compounds are formed by

complex chemical reactions" (231)a These compounds collect in the atmosphere waiting either to fall to earth on their own, or be washed from the atmosphere by precipitation (232)a

The nature of an acid compound depends on the source of pollution. These sources may be either natural or anthropogenic--man made (Hanna 229)a Another distinction is whether the source is stationary (power plants, incinerators, industrial operations, and space heating) or moving (motor vehicles, ships, aircraft and rockets) (229)a In general, the use of fossil fuels results in higher concentrations of nitric acid pollutants (NO , NO_2), while coal used in other industries is the greatest source of sulfuric acid pollutants (SO_2) (229)aa

Acid rain occurs when these acidic compounds are present in the atmosphere and are either washed from the air or precipitated by nucleation. Nucleation is the process by which the pollutant or the particle to which it is absorbed provides a surface, or a nucleus, onto which water vapor condenses (Streeter 58). The droplets grow by further condensation or by collisions with other droplets to form acid precipitation depends on the concentration of acid pollutants present in the atmosphere.

Important Definitions and General Terms Pertaining to pH.

Hydroxyl: "The univalent group of radical OH consisting of one atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen that is characteristic especially of hydroxides, oxygen acids, alcohols, glycols, and phenols" (Webster 561).

pH: Stands for potential Hydrogen and is a measure of the number of positively charged ions (H^+) concentrated in a substance. When a substance such as water contains equal numbers of hydrogen and hydroxyl ions its pH is neutral. As its hydrogen ions increase, so does its acidity (Pringle 6)a

pH scale: A chart which runs from 0 to 14, with numbers close to 0 highly acidic and those close to 14 the most alkaline (Pringle 7)a (See Fig. 1.â

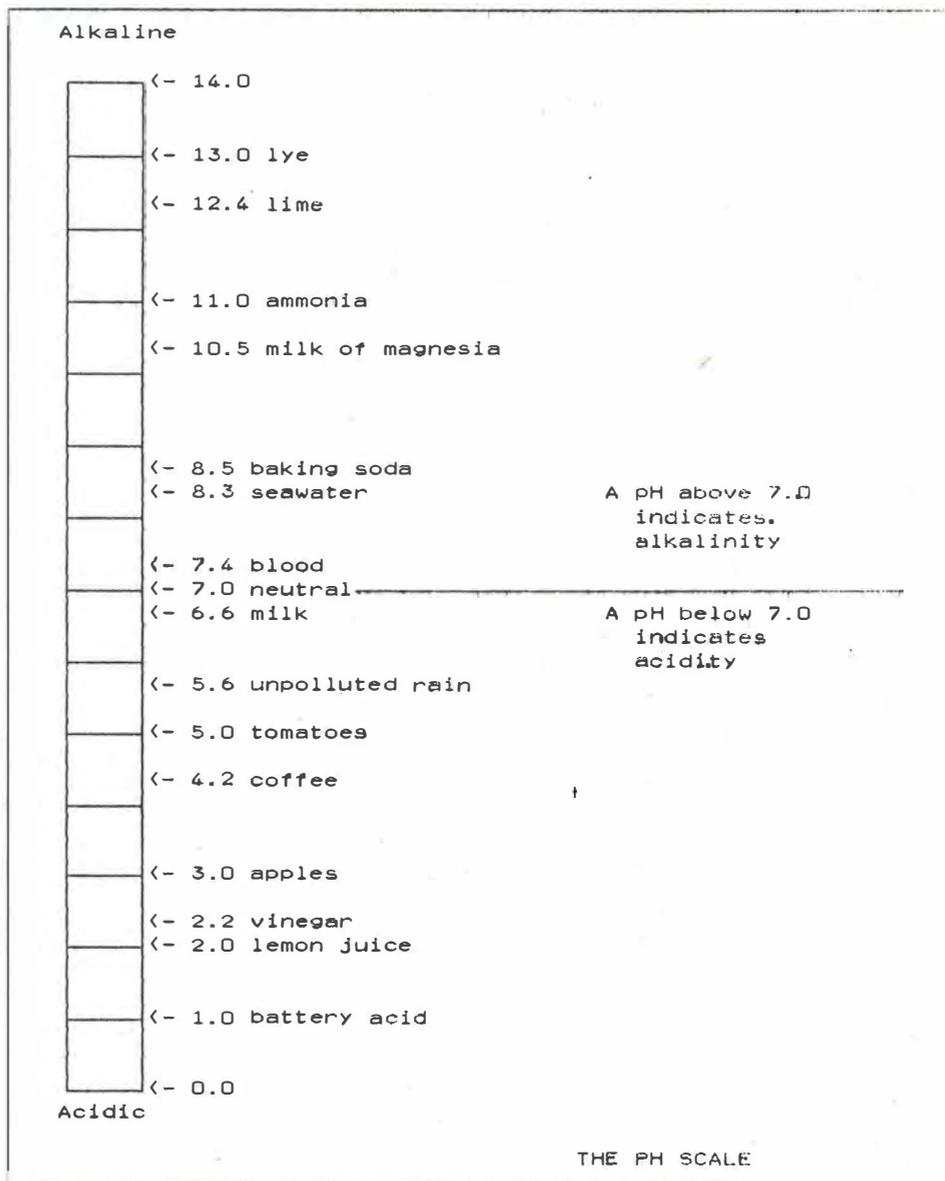


Fig. 1. Adapted from: Laurence Pringle, *Rain of Troubles*, (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., 1988: 7).

Titrationa A process used in chemistry to test precisely the alkalinity of a sample (50). The process, as described in Jon R. Luoma's Troubled Skies, Troubled Waters, uses two electronic probes immersed in the sample which read its pH on a digital scale (50)a Drop by precise 50-microliter drop, an electronic auto-burette adds pure sulfuric acid to the sample (50)a The purpose of the titration is to measure the amount of acid that can be absorbed and neutralized by the natural alkaline materials in the lake water (50)a

Acid Rain Defined

In the Encyclopedia of Science and Technology, Victor Streeter states a "Acid precipitation, strictly defined, contains a greater concentration of hydrogen (H+) than of hydroxyl (OH⁻) ions, resulting in a solution pH less than 7" (58). Following this definition Streeter claims, "Nearly all precipitation is acidic" (58)a He also claims that man is the greatest contributor to acid precipitation (58)a

My sources all define normal rainfall as having a pH of 5.6, which is on the acidic side of the pH scale (see Figa 1)a However, the pH scale is logarithmic, which means that each change of one pH unit represents a chemical change of ten times. In other words, pH 4 is ten times more acidic than pH 5, and pH 3 is one hundred times (ten times ten) more acidic than pH 5 (Pringle 8)a This means that rain with a pH of 4.0 is one thousand times more acidic than pH 7 neutral water.

The acid in automobile batteries measures about 1 on the pH scalea Concentrated lemon juice has a pH of about 2, vinegar about 2.2.a Pure distilled water has a pH of 7--it is neutral,a neither acid nor alkalinea With a pH of 8.5, baking soda is alkaline but not nearly as strong as the chemical called lye with its pH of 13 (Pringle 8)a

Where Acid Rain Falls

Where acid rain will fall is determined by the location of the polluters, and the dispersion of the pollutants in the atmosphere. The dispersion of air born pollutants is caused by atmospheric turbulence or random fluctuations in wind velocity (Hanna 231)a These fluctuations are caused by random eddies of air (231)a The size of eddies is limited by the scale depth of the atmosphere in the vertical and by the Earth in the horizontal (231)a Turbulence and dispersion are enhanced over rough surfaces such as forests, hills, or urban areas, because of their larger surface friction (231)a What this means is that the pollutants will disperse more over cities and forests, and will be more concentrated over water and desertsa

Body

Current Causes of Midwest Acid Rain

In the State of Illinois, over seven and a quarter million registered vehicles consumed over six and a quarter billion gallons of gasoline (PC USA). These vehicles are a source of nitric acid pollutants because gasoline is a fossil fuel.

The Baldwin power plant emits 237.2 kilograms per year of sulphur dioxide pollutants (see Fig. 2)a

The Top 25 Sources of Sulphur Dioxide Emissions in the United States and Canada			
Rank	Plant Name	State or Province	Emissions in Kilotons per year
1	Inco	Ontario	807.5.
2	Noranda	Quebec	537.5.
3	Paradise	Kentucky	418.8.
4	Inco	Manitoba	333.5
5	Muskingum River	Ohio	306.7.
6	Gavin	Ohio	297.5.
7	Cumberland	Indiana	296.2.
8	Clifty Creek	Indiana	295.3
9	Baldwin	Illinois	237.2.
10.	Monroe	Michigan	224.3.
11.	Labadie	Missouri	222.6.
12.	Kyger Creek	Ohio	219.7.
13.	Harrison	West Virginia	215.1.
14	Johnsonville	Tennessee	188.0.
15	Mitchell	West Virginia	187.3.
16	Hatfield Ferry	Pennsylvania	173.5.
17	Eastlake	Ohio	172.8.
18	Bowen	Georgia	170.3.
19.	Lambton Generating Station	Ontario	160.3.
20.	Gibson	Indiana	187.8.
21.	Nanticoke Generating Station	Ontario	155.1.
22.	Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting	Manitoba	152.0.
23.	Conesville	Ohio	151.8.
24.	Shawnee	Kentucky	146.1.
25.	Algoma Steel	Ontario	143.3.

Fig. 2. Adapted from: Laurence Pringle, Rain of Troubles (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., 1988: 24)..

Current Acid Rain Levels in the U.S.a

The pH of the precipitation that falls in the United States varies from a low of 4.08 in the Pennsylvania area to a high of 6.04 in lower Californiaa (See Fig. 3)a The pH around the Midwest averages 4.42, over ten times more acidic than "normal" rainfall (pH 5.6) and close to seven hundred times more acidic than neutral water (pH 7)a As the map in figure three shows, the pH of the precipitation is directly related to the location of some of the major sources of pollution (see Fig.3)a



MAP OF THE AVERAGE pH OF THE RAINFALL IN THE US.
Fig. 3. Adapted from: Rain of Troubles

The Effects of Acid Rain

In the Lansing (Michigan) State Journal, reporter Kevin O'Hanlon interviewed Jeanne Johns, one of four Michigan volunteers in the National Audobon Society's Citizen Acid Rain Monitoring Network. According to O'Hanlon, this Network has over three hundred stations nationwide to monitor acid rain. Ms. Johns states "We are consistently under 5 here in Lansing. A reading of 4 is not unusual at all."

In the same article O'Hanlon warns, "In the eastern United States about 9,000 lakes are threatened and 3,000 lakes have been altered by acid rain." He also states, "212 lakes in New York's Adirondack Mountains now are devoid of fish because of acid. Acid rain is blamed for the deaths of 14,000 Canadian lakes and with threatening or damaging 300,000 more."

A Chicago Tribune February 20, 1990, article, "Report: Acid rain causes less damage than feared," summarized the findings of about 700 scientists who met in Hilton Head, S.C. These scientists claim that "In the U.S. fewer than 1,200 lakes have become fully acidified. A little can live in them, and acid rain is mostly responsible" (no author 2)a

In "The War Against Acid Rain," Robert Montgomery states that the \$4.5 billion Canadian sport-fishing industry is in jeopardy because of acid rain (9105)a Mr. Montgomery continues, "Environment Canada suggests that cleaning up acid rain (reducing pollution levels to 18 pounds per acre per year) is worth nearly \$1 billion annually in Canada" (114)a He also states, "The Congressional Research Service estimates that controlling acid rain in the U.S. is worth \$5.5 to \$8.2 billion annually (114)a

In A Killing Rain by Thomas Pawlick, Mrs. Donald Strath, who was born and raised in the Muskoka region of Canada one hundred miles north of Toronto, talks about her cottage on Dickie Lake. She reflects that thirty years ago, when she and her husband built their cottage, "It used to be a beautiful sandy beach here. But for the last five or six years it's gotten bad. We get all this dirty, slimy, greenish muck in our bay, a thick slime that turns into brown sludge around the mouth of the creek that feeds the lake" (15). Mrs. Strath contacted the Ministry of Natural Resources about the slime, and a technician was sent to test the lake (16)a Several weeks later Mrs. Strath received a letter explaining that the sludge consisted of various forms of algae indicative of increasing acidity of lake water (16)a

Affected Lakes

Lakes whose watershed contains lime or other alkaline-based materials have a high buffering level and are at a low risk from acidification (Pringle 32)a Lakes whose watershed is made up largely of rocks such as granite, quartzite, and quartz-sandstone that resist weathering and are often covered by only a thin layer of soil are at high risk (34)a Neither the rocks, soils, nor waters may contain carbonates, bicarbonates, or hydroxides--alkaline compounds that neutralize acids (34)a

Acidification Reversal

In Rain of Troubles, Laurence Pringle explains how scientists have tried liming as a method to reverse or stop the acidification process in lakes (80)a. The country with the most experience is Sweden. The Swedes have been adding lime to lakes since 1976 and have spent over seventy-eight million dollars on the project. However, these experiments have met with mixed results. In some lakes it was too late to save the fish population; in others the results have had a positive effect on the aquatic life (81)a. The Swedes found out that they were unable to save a lake if it had progressed too far in the acidification process (81)a.

Solutions to the Problem

The Chicago Tribune on Friday, March 2, 1990, included an article, "Clean-air compromise reached: Measure would hit the Midwest states hard" (Atlas 1). "President Bush and Senate negotiators have reached an agreement on clean-air legislation. This legislation imposes tough new emission standards, for automobiles, which will begin in the 1993 model year" (2)a. The bill also would impose new requirements on industry to reduce emissions of nearly 200 chemicals linked to cancer and other health risks (2)a.

In the Chicago Tribune Saturday, March 3, 1990, a follow-up article explained that Midwestern residents will have to pay more for cars and electricity as a result of the passage of the clean-air bill. Some of the other solutions offered are nuclear power instead of coal-fired generating stations and the use of car pools to cut down on the number of cars on the road.

According to the Chicago Tribune for Tuesday, March 6, 1990, Senators Paul Simon and Alan Dixon (Illinois) have joined with a dozen other Midwestern senators to include tax breaks for utilities in the clean-air bill (Atlas 8). Atlas writes, "Dixon said he had not decided whether to vote for the clean-air bill and said it probably would result in the loss of 'thousands of jobs' in Illinois" (8)a.

Conclusions

Acid rain is a very real and serious problem. The solutions may be more expensive. We need to use less gasoline by participating in car pools. We need to use low sulphur coal or nuclear energy to generate power. And, we need to write our Senators and Congressman to pass tough clean air laws. If we don't do something to clean up the air pollution there won't be any further need--the lakes will all be dead. Once the lakes die I am not sure what we will do for a water supply, perhaps we will learn to drink acidified water, perhaps not. It is up to each individual to do his or her part in this fight against acid rain and the polluters who cause it. The consequences of inaction are too severe to let this go through another ten year study.

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The Evaluation: Gerald has written a densely detailed report about a subject of personal, national, and global concern. As good reports should be, his is objective yet as urgent as the subject requires a pointed in its statement of questions needing answers a thoroughly researched, logically organized, carefully documented, sound in its conclusions, and clearly written a

My Grandma's Cedar Chest

by Sister Sharon Ginley

(English 101--Hickey)

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

When I was ten years old, I lived in a two-story white house with light blue trim. It had three rooms on the first floor and three bedrooms plus a bathroom upstairs. In a small room, on the first floor, down a short, unlit hall, across from the kitchen at the front of the house was the dining room. Along one of the walls there were three long, narrow windows that were as high as the ceiling and as low as the floor boards, taking up almost the entire wall. Light beige curtains were drawn open and held in place on either side of the outer two windows by a fat piece of tan macrame cord. The warm sun's inviting embrace of bright light was softly shining like a rainbow through the glass of the windows, making everything in the sleepy room come alive beneath its gentle touch. Even small dust particles danced rhythmically through the air under the narrow spotlights projected by the sun's sensitive rays. Beneath the middle window pane, under the sun's magic touch, an object made of wood with its breathtaking beauty was a spectacular sight to behold. It was a solid, hand-made, elegant piece of fine carved wood that had been fashioned in such a way that it needed no screws or nails to hold it together, yet within its wooden walls it housed a small part of a rich Slovak culture: treasured items and memories from the "old country" that belonged to my grandma and had been left to me, her first grandchild.

My mom called the light brown, slightly dishwater blonde streaked wooden box a cedar chest. I loved the feel of its wood, soft and smooth, sometimes quite slick when I would put too much lemon-scented furniture polish on it. I liked to run my fingers along its fine, hand-carved designs of flowers, shapes, and some thin and fat squiggly lines. As often as I could, I would take an old, beat-up rag, put a little squirt of furniture polish on it, and rub it into the wood until I could see myself in its shiny finish. On other occasions, I would just rub its wood without any polish on my beat-up old rag. I would even make sure

to rub its thin wooden legs, and its feet reminded me of two pairs of lion's paws. A familiar sight was a long, slender key, peeking just a tiny bit out of the wide key hole on the front side of the cedar chest. My mom called it a skeleton key, as it was not fat like the other keys I had seen. No matter how much elbow grease I used when I would rub the key to get it clean, never would it shine brightly like the stars I would see on a clear night.

Whenever my mom would open the cedar chest for me, as I was tiny for ten years old and not strong enough to lift its heavy lid, a strong, overpowering scent of cedar filled the whole dining room. Inside the chest there were all kinds of interesting items that sparked within me a desire to know about each piece that belonged to my grandma. I must have asked a million questions as I slowly and carefully pulled out pieces of fine hand-sewn European-style linens embroidered ever so delicately with tiny details, designs, shapes, with the edges finished in colored threads of light pinks, greens, and blues that felt soft to touch. Beautiful tan, beige, and white table cloths, crocheted with tiny, tiny stitches, were neatly folded to one side of the chest. One table cloth was unfinished as it still had a small silver crochet hook sticking out from it. Fancy homemade doilies and napkins that matched the table cloths were trimmed with lace. A few multicolored scarves were wrapped in tissue paper that was already turning yellow. On the very bottom, wrapped neatly and tied with a green bow, was a medium-sized cardboard box. My mom handed me the box to open, and as quickly as I could, I tore off the paper and opened the top of the box. Inside there was the prettiest dress I had ever seen. It was dark green, with a small black bow at the waist; the collar was trimmed with white lace. It was just my size but I could not wear it, as it was old and beginning to fray on the edges. It had come all the way from the "old country" and was a dress native to the village where my grandma grew up. To my surprise, the dress was the exact one that she had worn at home in her country and had treasured all those years. It was important to her that I would come to know some of my Slovak heritage. I enjoyed sitting for hours with my mom going through the old cedar chest, never tiring of the beauty within. After I had viewed every treasure, I helped my mom fold and place everything back in the cedar chest as neatly as I could, until the next time I would ask to have it opened.

My mom cherished the cedar chest, and so did I. Everything I had heard about my grandma I loved, even though I never knew her. All that was hers I treasured, just as my mom did. The cedar chest itself came from Orava, a small village in the mountain area of Czechoslovakia where my grandma had been born. The chest was her travelling companion when she came to America during the First World War. She was a child of ten or eleven, when she crossed the wide, screaming ocean, alone in a tall ship, bringing with her memories of her family and a country she knew she would never see again, all tucked into a wooden treasure box, as I liked to call it.

In a small, dark nook in the cold attic, the old cedar chest sits well on in age retaining its beauty as I had known it in my childhood despite the many years of wear and tear. A light

blanket of dust lies on top of the chest, while cobwebs gracefully hang from the underneath side, swaying in the breeze that escaped from the outdoors and entered through the tiny cracks around the window frames. I did not take grandma's cedar chest with me when I left home many years ago; it sits at my mother's house waiting to unfold its treasures and memories to another ten-year-old child who will listen to all it has to share. Perhaps when my niece turns ten, the chest will become a part of her life as it did mine, revealing the beauty and the richness of the "old country" that was dear to my grandmaa

The Evaluation: Sister Sharon uses evocative descriptive detail and figurative language to create a memorable reminiscence

A Certain Responsibility

by Martha Harnack

(English 101-Honors--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Draw upon our readings of Plato, Bacon, Loren Eiseley, and Stephen Gould to develop your own ideas about nature

There's a children's poem, by Robert Louis Stevenson, I think, of which I remember only two lines: "The world is so full of a number of things that I think we should all be as happy as kings." This joyous wonder at the riches of the world is a delightful attitude to have. Somehow I've been fortunate in having inherited some of that attitude, and I have a firm belief that we must be aware, in a caring way, of the magnitude of the gifts we have received. A world which includes living beings too small, too deep in the ocean, or too high in the mountains to be an everyday sight, is a rich gift. A world which contains radio waves, light spectrums, and scents we can't discern is an incomprehensible gift. Elephants, and amoebas, and forests, and music, and friends, are ours -- all these riches are ours, to appreciate and protect. Ownership carries with it stewardship. Another saying, wise and poetic, gives an adult's understanding of the Stevenson poem:

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth.
Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand
in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

-- Nez Perce Chief Seattle, 1854

Of course even without the presence or interference of humans, nature contains a great deal of self-destruction. Everything from the massive outburst of Mount St. Helens to the wearing away of stone by dripping water is evidence of the power of self-destruction in nature -- sudden and startling, or slow and persistent. As Loren Eiseley described: "I have seen a tree root burst a rock face on a mountain or slowly wrench aside the gateway of a forgotten city . . . A kind of desperate will resides even in a root. It will perform the evasive tactic of an army, slowly inching its way through crevices and hoarding energy until someday it swells and a living tree upheaves the heaviest

mausoleum" (468-469) Actually, in many instances, nature's self-destruction should be allowed to happen. Forest fires are frightening and destructive, but they're also constructive in allowing jack pine cones to open or underbrush to be burned off, so new growth can have room and sun for regeneration. It's often difficult to know when humans should interfere in an effort to "help" nature and when to leave it alone.

There's also a great capability of self-healing in nature, as new growth in the burned forest, or the breaking up of an oil spill by the action of wind, ice, and sunlight, have shown. However, with fast, far-reaching travel available to us, we can explore places which previously were inaccessible to us -- which means that we can, and do, damage even more fragile ecosystems which take longer to heal. We have a responsibility to leave those places as they were found -- unspoiled by us. Another science writer, a favorite of mine, is David Rains Wallace who wrote, "Scientific evidence and simple logic both suggest that civilization cannot deface the planet with impunity . . . human life has changed immeasurably in the past ten thousand years and some of these changes have led people to dissociate their lives from that of the natural world . . ." (Life in the Balance, 292-293).

Nature and that includes us humans argues Gould, "simply is as we find it" (426) in spite of our human desire to anthropomorphize other kinds of life or try to counteract nature's ways. The real estate developers who build homes on a California mountainside, or condominiums on the shores of Lake Michigan, haven't yet figured out the fact that the forces of nature don't care how sincerely a buyer wants a good view from the front window -- storms and erosion will have their own way. Edwin Way Teale, another much-admired nature writer, says in A Walk Through the Year, "Nature is not friendly or even well-intentioned toward the individual. Nature is neutral. . . . If there is no compassion, there is also no malice. There is only the working of natural laws" (90).

Real estate developers and people who buy homes need to read Bacon, and Gould, and Eiseley, to understand their part in the web. They need to feel, as Eiseley did, a strong sense of being a part of the long parade of life. Unfortunately, as Eiseley observed, "Bacon's second world [the world of technology] is now so much with us that it rocks our conception of what the natural order was, or is, or in what sense it can be restored" (470).

All the home building that has taken place in this area of northern Cook County over the past twenty or twenty-five years has had an interesting but easily foreseeable impact on the nature of the region. When we first moved here twenty-six years ago, there was a lot of open area, partly farmed, partly wild. There were deer, foxes, woodchucks, raccoons and opossums -- to name only a few of the more visible residents -- living where Harper College and the housing developments now stand. Most of the wild creatures remain in the area but have moved into our yards and, occasionally, into our homes. The opossum I saw one day as she crept slowly through our yard, carrying her babies on her back was one of an ancient species. Her kind are the most primitive of the furred wild inhabitants of north America, seemingly unbothered by the steady advance of humans into "their"

territory. The raccoon that came down our fireplace chimney one night and created chaos throughout the house was one of the more clever kind, able to make a home almost anywhere. The woodchuck that has dug a hole under the neighbor's back porch has acclimated himself to living among humans, and grown fat in preparation for winter. But not all wildlife can be so adaptable, and has gone away, making us poorer.

All of us in our neighborhood, near Salt Creek, have at least an acre of land, heavily wooded, and most of us have left a portion to grow wild so we have a better chance of seeing some of the birds and animals to which this land also belongs. Stephen Jay Gould would say that nature doesn't care how many birds and animals have a place to live and thrive, but I care because I feel, as Eiseley felt, a part of the ongoing life that is here. There were birds and animals and people living here before me, and others that will live here after me, and I must leave a pleasant place for the next inhabitants. It's as important for a single family to take care of its own small environment as it is for a whole country to be concerned about its forests, lakes, and land. As Gerald Durrell put in A Practical Guide for the Amateur Naturalist, ". . . it is essential to keep the sea clean, but it is important not to pollute the local pond" (307). Because we have more capabilities and more resources, our part in the web is a more responsible part.

In this personal credo it's a bit difficult to work Bacon and Plato into an argument without doing what Bacon deprecated: "The human understanding when it has once adopted an opinion . . . draws all things else to support and agree with it" (404). However, his later statement--"Therefore, it is that we cannot conceive of any end or limit to the world, but always as of necessity it occurs to us that there is something beyond" (405)--seems to me to fit my feeling of being a part of a bigger picture, in which I have a certain responsibility. As far as Plato is concerned, it seems to me that I can interpret his analogy of the prisoners who have escaped from the cave to the real world in this way: Those who have come to realize the necessity for humans to fulfill their stewardship obligations to the world must return to teach others the importance of those obligations. He says that ". . . the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already. . ." (524) so it seems we should be able to understand the necessity of caring for our home planet, and learn new ways of counteracting the damage already done.

The web is not impervious.

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The Evaluation: Martha Harnack's personal experiences, reading, and insights produce a strong argumentative essay. She chooses graphic details and apt quotes to illuminate her points. She writes with conviction and feeling.

The Death of Stefan Golab

by Barbara Heinze

(Business Ethics--Stone)

The Assignment: This nine-part assignment involved articulation of the student's moral judgment on an issue plus a supporting philosophical argument. The paper had good research, clear and relevant writing, and a strong argument for the moral judgment.

I. RELEVANT FACTS

An Elk Grove Village company, Film Recovery Systems, Inc. used cyanide to recycle x-ray film. Stefan Golab, an employee of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. collapsed and died after inhaling cyanide fumes on February 10, 1983. Just one week before his death, Mr. Golab had requested a transfer to another part of the plant to get away from the large vats of cyanide he worked over each day because he became nauseous and vomited almost daily. Five corporate officials were indicted on murder charges and the firm was charged with involuntary manslaughter. The indictments charged that the corporate officials were fully aware of the danger posed by conditions in the plant and that they failed to provide workers with necessary safety equipment or to inform them of the dangers of working with cyanide. During the course of the investigation of Mr. Golab's death, it was found that many Film Recovery Systems, Inc. employees showed abnormalities in their metabolism of some vitamins and in thyroid function when examined months after the plant had been shut down. A Cook County Hospital study, published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, noted that among 36 workers examined, more than two-thirds exhibited such cyanide poisoning symptoms as dizziness, nausea, headaches and a bitter or almond taste in their mouths. Dr. Paul Blanc, who conducted the study, said that such heavy cyanide exposure is virtually unheard of in modern times and that to find other reports of similar exposure, it was necessary to refer to medical literature from 80 years ago. When the air at the Film Recovery Systems, Inc. plant was tested the day after it was shut down, it was found to contain 50 percent more cyanide than government standards allow. (Van, 13 Feb. '84)

During the trial, a saleswoman testified that she had un-

successfully tried to sell additional safety gear to the officials of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. after entering the plant twice to service a small medicine cabinet and becoming nauseated. She testified that the odor in the plant was overpowering, resembling the odor of ammonia and that it burned the eyes, nose and throat (Witness . . . 20 Septa '84)a Also during the trial, three former plant workers testified that the plant's poisonous fumes frequently made them ill and that they practically had no safety gear. One of the three testified that the cyanide solution used to extract silver frequently caused blisters on his hands which were only protected by cloth gloves (Gibson 15 Apr. '85)a When Stefan Golab collapsed at the plant on February 10, 1983a investigators found levels of cyanide in his gloves that would be fatal to any human being (Dold 20 Apr. '85)a

Many of the plant workers were illegal immigrants who did not complain about working conditions because they feared losing their jobsa These workers were never told that they were working with cyanide or told about the hazards of working with the chemicals One worker testified that he and the other workers in the plant were once given special safety masks that would protect them from the fumesa He said this was done because safety inspectors were expected at the planta He also said the masks were used only for that day and were never seen again in the plant (Gibson 16 Apr. '85)a Another worker testified that he was shown a rubber-and-glass mask and was told to indicate to investigators that he wore the mask. He was also urged to tell the inspectors that he suffered from only mild headaches and not to report that he often was dizzy and vomited at the plant (Gibson 10 May '85)a

A former bookkeeper for the company testified that two company officials told her not to tell others that the plant was using cyanidea She was instructed not to use the work "cyanide," a but to call it a "chemical" instead (Mum . . . 3 May '85)a Another employee, also testifying at the trial, said that he saw other employees burn off the skull-and-crossbones labels that marked containers of cyanide at the plant (Dold 18 Apr. '85)a

An OSHA inspector testified that the company was fined for several violations during an inspection after Golab's death, including not providing employees with proper safety masks, gloves, training and an antidote for cyanide poisoning (Gibson 8 May '85).

IIa GOVERNMENT ACTION

Three of the four corporate officials were found guilty of murdera This was the first time in the United States that a corporate official had been convicted of murder in a job-related death. The executives were also convicted on fourteen counts of reckless conduct stemming from injuries to other workers discovered during the course of the investigation. Film Recovery Systems, Inc. and Metallic Marketing Systems, Inc. a which owned half the Film Recovery Systems, Inc. stock, were found guilty of involuntary manslaughter and fourteen counts of reckless conduct (Gibson and Mount, 15 Jun. '85)a These verdicts will have far reaching effects on protecting people from employers who knowingly expose their workers to dangerous conditions that could lead to injury or death. Many law experts feel that the impact

of this case on the business world will be great. Employers could be held criminally responsible for the job related deaths of their employees. The executives were sentenced to 25 years each for the murder convictions and were fined \$10,000 each and sentenced to an additional year for each of the fourteen counts of reckless conduct. The two corporations were fined \$10,000 each and an additional \$1,000 for each of the fourteen counts of reckless conduct (Barnum, 2 Jul. '85). The major controversy seems to be in the interpretation of the law. Under Illinois law, a person doesn't have to intend the consequences, but only the action. However, attorneys for Film Recovery Systems, Inc. claimed that in order to be charged with murder, it must be proven that Stefan Golab's death was knowingly and intentionally caused, that merely failing to do something is not enough. In January, 1990 the Illinois Appellate Court overturned these verdicts and ordered a new trial, but the case was taken to the Illinois Supreme Court (Nenni, 20 Jan. '90). In April, 1990, the Illinois Supreme Court let stand the Appellate Court's ruling overturning the murder convictions (Wheeler 5 Apr. '90).

IIIa MORE FACTS

A public opinion column in the Detroit Free Press asked if murder was too harsh a charge for negligent employers. An overwhelming 80 percent of those who called in said no (Murder . . . 1 Jul. '85). There is a greater public perception of health and safety hazards in the workplace. This case has put Corporate America on notice that they must take some responsibility for employee safety. The officials of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. did not feel at all responsible for the well-being of their employees. They made no special provisions for the 90 percent of their employees who did not speak or read English.

IVa TWO MORAL JUDGMENTS

One moral judgment is that what the executives of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. did was wrong. When the officials of this company made the choice to use a potentially lethal chemical, they took on the responsibility of informing their employees of the danger and of instructing them in safety procedures (Gibson and Mount, 15 Jun. '85). According to the testimony given at the trial, the executives of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. didn't treat their workers like human beings, but like any other piece of equipment necessary to get the job done. They didn't bother to explain to the workers what cyanide was or what it could do to them. They didn't bother to teach them how to reduce their risk of injury. They didn't provide them with the necessary safety equipment to protect them from the risks. The silver that came out of the film was more important to them than the people.

Another moral judgment is that the officials of the company did nothing wrong. They felt that they did not put their employees in any danger that the employees were told what they needed to know and that they weren't responsible to the employees for anything more (Gibson, 10 Mar. '84). They probably felt that the people working at the plant should have already known what cyanide is and that it can be dangerous or that if they felt

something might be dangerous but weren't sure they should take the responsibility for finding out themselves

V. FACTUAL REASONING

In support of the moral judgment that what the executives of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. did was wrong, I believe that the workers at the plant had a right to be treated like human beings, and as such their well being should have been more important than the recovery of silver. These people were mostly immigrants from other countries who did not understand the English language very well. This put an extra burden on the employer because these people could not always read a sign or understand a conversation about cyanide. Many of them had no idea what cyanide was or what it could do to them. Because of the seriousness of the possible consequences of working with cyanide, the employer had a responsibility to make sure the workers at least knew how to work with it at the least possible risk to themselves.

In support of the other judgment, according to the attorney for Film Recovery Systems, Inc. during the three years the plant was in operation, no employee ever filed a complaint with state authorities about conditions in the factory. Also in May of 1982 independent safety consultants gave the plant a clean bill of health (Gibson, 10 Mar. '84). They contend that the plant was run as safely as it needed to be and that no one complained before this incident and that Stefan Golab's death was just an isolated accident that had nothing to do with the way the plant was run.

VIa SPECIFIC MORAL JUDGMENT

I believe that what the executives at Film Recovery Systems, Inc. did was wrong because the employees had a right to work in a safe environment which the employer should be responsible for providing and which was not provided in this case. I feel that these people had the right to earn a living free from lethal hazards. They should have been able to go to work and not be sick or suffer burns. They should have had the free choice as to whether or not they wanted to risk their health at these jobs, and to make such a choice they needed complete and true information, which they did not receive.

VIIa DEFENSE OF MORAL JUDGMENT

The officials of Film Recovery Systems, Inc. said that they did provide safety equipment and that the employees knew what they were working with and that it wasn't the employers' responsibility to do any more. However, more than one employee testified that they did not know what they were working with and that safety equipment was not provided for them. A few even testified that they knew of people who had asked to be transferred away from the cyanide vats because of the nauseating fumes, including Stefan Golab himself. If what they were doing was enough, then why did a man die and others become ill? Human life is much more valuable than getting silver out of used x-ray film! Therefore, what they did was wrong because they did not do enough.

to ensure the safety of their workers and treated them as a means to an end without any regard for their health, safety or welfare.

VII. GENERAL MORAL STRATEGY

Kant's categorical imperative says, in part, that people should never be treated as a "means to an end," but always as "ends." This means that:

"Each human being should be treated as a being whose existence as a free rational person should be promoted. This includes two things: 1) respecting each person's freedom by treating people only as they have freely consented to being treated beforehand and, 2) developing each person's capacity to freely choose for him or herself the aims he or she will pursue. To treat a person only as a means is to use the person only as an instrument for advancing personal interests and involves neither respect for nor development of, the person's capacity to choose freely." (Velasquez, 1988)

This version of Kant's categorical imperative implies that people all have an equal quality that makes them different from tools and machines and which makes it wrong to manipulate them to satisfy the self interest of others. The workers at Film Recovery Systems, Inc. were deceived about the risks of their jobs. Kant felt that everyone is of equal value. If this is true, than no one person has the right to take away another person's human value in order to advance the interest of others. The workers at Film Recovery Systems, Inc. were used to recover silver from film with no regard for their health, safety or welfare. The workers were not free to pursue a healthy life if they chose to because their employers did not give them all the facts about their jobs; therefore they could not make such a choice.

The employers subjected the workers to very dangerous health risks without making sure the employees knew about the risks and could make an informed decision as to whether or not they wanted to take those risks. All of the things that happened at Film Recovery Systems, Inc. are totally against Kant's categorical imperative.

IX. WEAKNESSES OF MORAL ARGUMENT

I feel the weakest area of this paper is that much of the information I found to base my moral judgment on is very one-sided. I could not find much in the defense of the employer in this case. Not one article was in their favor. Everyone seemed to feel that what happened at the plant was the employer's fault and it was just a matter of them being found guilty of murder or a lesser charge. I think this makes my argument weak because there is basically no argument from the other side of this issue. I could think of no good argument as to why this wasn't the employer's fault.

On the other hand, the fact that in the end, the court overturned the murder conviction I think weakens the stand that what they did was wrong. That makes it seem as though the court saw this as more of an industrial-type accident, and not really a moral issue.

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The Evaluation: The paper had good research,
clear and relevant writing, and a strong
argument for the moral judgmenta

Lost Friendship

by John Hostler

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Write a personal narrative that explores one of your failures

Three years ago I had a friend. She was not my best friend, but a friend nevertheless. Her name was Lisa. We met in a high school art class and kind of hit it off right from the start. We didn't hit it off because we were physically attracted to each other, but just because we shared common views

It seemed strange to all my other friends that I would even talk to this girl at all. She was, as my pals would say, of a different breed. I was a preppy athlete and she was a hardcore punker. According to my "real friends," people from these groups just didn't mix.

Well, we did mix. She and I got along famously. Aside from the way we looked, we were really quite alike. We could sit through art class without even thinking about our artwork. We would just talk and talk. You name it, we talked about it.

Lisa and I both played soccer, and we could babble on and on about pro matches or how crappy the high school team was. We both had overly protective parents and we could articulate tales of masterful con-artistry over them. Neither of us had brothers or sisters so we would constantly talk about the wonderful spoils of being an only child. Most importantly though, we shared dark secrets about our past. I was an ex-alcohol abuser and she was a recovering drug addict. She came to our school directly from a rehab in California.

I always knew when I was feeling down or insecure about myself I could go to Lisa. We both had one common bond that separated us from many of our peers and she was the only one that I could talk to about my alcoholism. I couldn't talk to my guidance counselor, my parents, or even my girlfriend at the time about this black hole in my life. Lisa didn't cry, she didn't laugh, and she did not get disappointed in me. She just talked. She helped make the world an all right place to be.

Over the course of a few months we became good friends. We weren't "I'll-call-you-over-the-weekend-so-we-can-do-something-friends," but we were "I-can-trust-you-and-tell-you-important-things-friends." It seemed like a good relationship for both of us because we both knew we were from separate groups and we really couldn't be seen together outside of school.

One day I was in the locker room changing when some pumped-up steroid user came charging in and yelled, "Two dyke bitches are outside in the hall kissing!" We all dressed as quickly as possible and stormed out into the hall to get a glimpse of the spectacle. I was primed and ready to be an ass like I was supposed to be to anyone that wasn't in my group, especially if it was a lesbian kissing her girlfriend in the hall.

I was awestruck, though, when I saw Lisa rather than the faceless, nameless dyke I thought it would be. All my "buddies" started to shout out names and jeer. I left. I no longer spoke to Lisa in public or private. I told myself over and over that I wasn't talking to her because I was angry that she never shared this with me. I really just didn't want any of my popular friends to hear that I was associating with a lesbiana.

We eventually graduated and I never saw Lisa again. I often wonder if it was worth destroying a friendship to protect my popularity with a group of people I would never see again in my life. It wasn't worth it. I'm sorry, Lisa.

The Evaluation: Mr. Hostler does what many of us wish we could do--make a public apology to a former friend now lost because he chose selfishly. Simple, sincere, and regretful.

The Cradle Will Falla

by Cynthia S. Hubblea

(English 101--Hickey)

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

There comes a time in life when we must face the inevitable fact that there is no turning backa. Life moves on a second at a time, waiting for no one, leaving us to reap what we have sown, or forcing us to move on with our lives, preferably withouta regretsa. Life has also blessed us with the capability to capture a moment in time and replay it as many times as we are ablea. Some call this living in the past, but I call it memory, or a mental V.C.R.ª if you will. Unfortunately, my mental V.C.R. did not come with a lifetime guaranteea. Somehow when I was younger, I think I was leaning on the scan button of my remote controlª, causing my memory to blur throughout my childhood. Although it seems I went from my stroller to a bicycle in the blink of an eye, I still recall a moment when I paused to make a very special friend: my dogwood tree.

If I were to rewind the tape of my life as far back as I can remember, I would be about five years olda. Like most other five-year-olds, I was a carefree, innocent, and forgiving little girl who treated life as one fandangoa. Growing up in Kentucky provided me with whispering blades of green grass to romp around in, lively grasshoppers to jump after, and cotton-candy clouds to dream abouta. One day as I was romping around, jumping and dreaming the way a carefree kid is supposed toª, I noticed the perfect castle for my kingdom: the dogwood tree. Its drawbridge was an inviting, slender trunk that grew on a slanta. From its trunk, lengthy branches sprouted out everywhere, and they were armed with such beautiful white flowers that they paralyzed any of its viewers with awea. The tree stretchedª what seemed to be infinitely high, so high that I thought it might be just short of

tickling the sky. I wanted to touch that elusive ocean of birds and rainbows so much that I snagged onto the lowest branch and proceeded to climb diligently to the top. When I was looking down that day, everything felt so serene I didn't know that life wouldn't stay that way forever

How could I have known that life was going to throw a curveball and leave me struck out on homeplate? How could I have known these days of sunshine and smiles were really only the forecast of the stormy weather to come? How could I have known any of this when I had a friend like my dogwood? Every day when the noon sun poured down like a hot shower I would run to the shelter of my dogwood. Not only did I escape the grasp of the sun's rays, but I also missed out on afternoon naps: Mom wasn't coming up and I wasn't climbing down. I'd sit up there in the treetop and listen to its stories by reading its wrinkles from time to time. The tree told me of terrible storms that shook its branches into such a frenzy that they dropped all the flowers. It also told me of a time when one of its limbs was weak and Dad had to amputate. Being up there allowed me to spy on the Taylor boys, who played frisbee in Old Man Kirkwood's yard while he sat drunk on his porch swinging. Sometimes when I felt devilish, I would drop nutshells down on my unsuspecting little sister. With a tree like that, I only had to take one day at a time and there wasn't any time for worries.

When I turned seven I wished I had looked a little further ahead to notice that not everyone was as full of joy as I was. Had I been more observant, I would have noticed that my parents were growing apart, and, had I looked further ahead, I would have seen the tragedy that was about to slap me in my naive face: divorce. Feeling alone and confused, I ran to the tree, my cradle, and it comforted me like an old friend. Everything seemed so wrong and unstable except for my tree, which stood there as though nothing had happened. One time I got mad because it just stood there mocking me--so mad that I kicked it hard and knocked away some bark, leaving one more scar that it bore for me.

Another year zoomed by. I had managed to withstand the fears and pains of seven and graduated into the severe depression of eight. Now when I looked at my tree, it seemed to reflect my very soul. Its once-proud limbs hung low, sending crying silk white petals tearing down into puddles beneath the tree, forcing it to remain dark and cold like my heart. I saw the tree, not as my impermeable castle, but as a sanctuary that echoed my secret wants and my desperate prayers that would never be whispered. My parents divorced and my mother, sister, brother, and I moved here to suburbia where I am surrounded by concrete patches and a square yard with a clean close shave. I can't help wondering about my friend the dogwood and hope that some other child found him too. Yes, I can hear my dogwood now, whispering stories about me when I too climbed around so carefree. I can see the innocent fire of curiosity burning in the youngster's eyes, all the way up to the point when it can burn no more and she is forced to descend, shedding her childhood in old dogwood's branches the way I did so long ago.

The Evaluation: Cindy maintains a delicate balance between her dual perspectives as innocent child and insightful adult. Her imaginative figures of speech vivify her descriptions.

Two Aspects of Ares: Lover and Warrior

by Laurie Hussissian

(Humanities 120-Classical Mythology--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Write a research paper on a topic in classical mythology. Examine ancient conceptions of a Greek god and show how later thinkers, writers, or artists have interpreted that god.

Of all the Greek gods and goddesses of Olympus, one god, Ares, seems to have occupied a rather begrudged position in the eyes of the Greek peoples themselves. As the god of war, Ares was treated with scant respect by the classical Greek writers. Later interpreters of the myths have also given the war god less than admirable representation, perhaps justly. Ares was usually seen as a god to scorn and ridicule and was often depicted as a buffoon. This was most probably because the gods in general were much respected for wisdom and cunning in war, two traits Ares did not possess in his bullying and savage personality. Since the god of war seems to have been imported from Thrace, the Greeks may have been making social commentary on the barbaric manners of foreigners.

Classical literature presented Ares in two distinctly different lights--as a bellowing, bloodthirsty soldier, and as a weak, foolish lover. Both scenes clearly made a ridiculous figure of the god--irrational in the first instance, silly in the second. Quattrocento and later Renaissance artists also depicted Ares as a rather offensive character, which is indeed interesting, since Ares as the Roman warrior god Mars elicited honorable respect and devotion from the military and citizenry of ancient Rome. Both the writings and artworks that concern themselves with Ares prove he was as physically appealing as the rest of the Olympians--beautiful in form with the strength to match. But these two characteristics alone placed Ares within the circle of immortals--in wisdom, cunning and honor, Ares was obviously lacking.

Sandro Botticelli's painting Mars and Venus recalls no particular myth--a nude Mars (hereafter Ares) rests, apparently in deep, exhausted sleep, while Venus (Aphrodite) is alert and watchful. Obviously a tryst between the lovers, the scene's interest, actually lies not in the two reclining figures them-

selves, but in the actions of the baby satyrs in the upper portion of the background. One satyr wears the war god's helmet, while one of his companions struggles with weaponry. Peeking from within Ares' abandoned breastplate is another satyr. The war god himself is obviously unaware of the mockery the mischievous satyrs make of his occupation. Ares's physical situation is also interesting in that as the god of war, he should be ever cautious and defensive, wary and alert. Here, Aphrodite is the watchful one, while Ares lies exposed and helpless. The god's very relaxed and slack attitude suggests no strength. A warrior and soldier would at all times be in control of his surroundings; Ares seems controlled by the naturally weaker woman, Aphrodite, and so loses power to physical love.

The epic poem The Odyssey offers another example of Ares's foolish behavior in the face of love. The bard Demodocus sings the love of Ares and Aphrodite, about how the scheming Ares waits for an opportunity to visit his lover in Hephaestus's absence. The lovers enjoy themselves, become entrapped by the smith-god's net, and are surprised by Hephaestus's return with the other Olympians. The words are spoken: "Ill deeds never prosper; swift after all is outrun by slow; here is Hephaestus the slow and crippled, yet by his cunning he has defeated the swiftest of all Olympian gods . . ." (Homer VIIIa 334). The weaker, lame god makes a fool of the much stronger Ares, and by his wits alone is able to shame the war god. Once again, the stronger is overcome by the weaker. Ares's plight seems an envious one to the assembled male gods; his fearless and bloodthirsty image greatly tarnished, yet the Olympians each wish Ares's position were their own.

Ares as a romantic and sentimental lover is also ridiculed by a Roman poet, Ovid. In his works on love, Ovid explores the nature and virtue of love and beauty. Well aware of the brutal and war-like nature of Mars, Ovid writes:

What if Venus should snatch the arms of fair-haired
Minerva
What if Minerva should fan torches of love into flame?
Who would approve it if Ceres ruled on the ridges of
woodland
Tilling the fields that law gave to Diana for hers?
How would Apollo learn to brandish a sharp-pointed
spear-shaft?
Wouldn't Mars look a fool stumbling the Orphean lyre?
(I: 7-12)a

This very brash and ruthless nature of Ares is most clearly described in The Iliad. Ares, fighting in the Trojan War on the side of the Trojans, does inspire the fighting men to press on and to believe that victory will be theirs. His very presence on the battlefield gives the Trojans strength and confidence. Ovid's point, then, is clear: Mars in any guise other than that of a soldier would be ridiculous.

Ares was seen by the Greeks as murderous, bloodstained, and ruthless: "thea . . . incarnate curse of mortals" (Hamilton 34). Ares fought for the sake of destruction; only carnage and bloodshed gave him pleasure in battle. He killed ruthlessly and

without pity, so much so that even his own father Zeus hated the sight of his son. But as fiendish as Ares and his battlefield companions Phobos ("panic") and Deimos ("fear") were, Ares flew to Olympus with whines when wounded or bested (Hamilton 34) a Strange then, that the terrible war god ran as a coward when opposed by the goddess Athene. Not so strange to the Greeks however, because Ares did not match Athene in wisdom and strategy in battle. Athene and Ares fought on opposing sides and for different reasons in the Trojan War: Athene for the loyalty and honor that the Greeks represented, and Ares for the love of Aphrodite and destruction. In The Iliad, when the force of the battle seems to go against the Greeks, Athene inspires Diomedes to attack Ares, then wounds the war god herself. Homer relates:

Diomedes then lunged, and Pallas Athene drove the spear into the pit of Ares's stomach where his belt of mail went round him. There Diomedes wounded him, tearing his fair flesh and then drawing his spear out again. Ares roared as loudly as nine or ten thousand men in the thick of a fight . . . so terrible was the cry he raised. (V: 836-42)

It is interesting that Homer uses the word "fair" to describe Ares's body. Perhaps the poet intends more with that word than to physically depict Ares. Homer then relates how Ares, in great pain, presents himself in all haste at the throne of Olympus. Inspect closely the plea of the war god:

Father Zeus are you not angered by such doings? We gods are continually suffering in the most cruel manner at one another's hands while helping mortals; and we all owe you a grudge for having begotten that mad ter-magant of a daughter, who is always committing outrage of some kind . . . had I not run for it I must either have lain there for long enough in torment among the ghastly corpses, or have remained alive but without strength through the blows of a spear. (V: 871-885)

The immortal whines and cries over sufferings, while forgetting his greatest pleasure is in the punishments and suffering of mortals. The tables turned, the war god complains that Athene's actions against him are outrageous and cruel. It seems that Ares feels it is just to whip mortals into murderous frenzies against one another, yet the very wrath he campaigns for is too much for even the fierce war god to face. Ares speaks of the outrage Pallas Athene commits yet thinks nothing of the carnage and bloodshed inflicted by his own hand. He then comments his situation would have been most grave indeed had he not "run away" from the very destruction he so loved. Zeus the father answers:

Do not come whining here, Sir Facing-both-ways. I hate you worst of all the gods in Olympus, for you are ever fighting and making mischief. You have the intolerable and stubborn spirit of your mother. . . . (V: 886-889)

What might Zeus be saying here about his own son Ares? Clearly he does not literally mean Ares "faces both ways" but, that while Ares delights in the bloodshed and destruction he causes, at heart he really is but a coward, and Zeus and the Olympians know and despise this. Later, demanding revenge for the lives of his sons and companions, Ares storms from the halls of Olympusa Athene follows, and by force disarms him, saying, "Madman, you are undone; you have ears to hear with and that is all; you have lost all judgment and understandinga. . ." (XV: 102-104)a Ares was once again undone by a female, perhaps weaker physically, but much stronger mentally and much wiser.

One artwork which depicts Ares's blind rage is Mars Punishing Cupid by the Italian painter Manfredi, dated 1605-10. This work shows a blindfolded Cupid being whipped by a very intense Ares. It is not clear what Cupid has done to infuriate the war god, but Ares goes about the business of punishment with vicious strokesa Aphrodite gently pleads with him to cease as her doves, the birds of peace, fly away, startled by the relentless manner of Ares. Again, the war god shows no compassion or ability to listen and reason patiently with a clear mind; to cause harm and pain is all he knowsa This is Ares's same attitude on the battlefield: blinded by rage, he sees no other manner in which to conduct himself.

Ares as the Roman war god Mars occupied a revered position in the Roman Pantheona As the father of Romulus and Remus by the Vestal Virgin Rhea Silvia, Mars was considered the greatest divine statesman next to Jupitera As patron of the state, he was greatly honored by the army of Rome, owing to the warlike nature of the nation.a The importance of Mars in Roman culture and society was most clearly understood in that he was considered to be the founder of the Roman race. Originally an agricultural deity, Mars gave his name to the month of March (Martius Mensis)a and was asked to protect the people and their fieldsa Thus it is easy to recognize the stature and position of Mars and to understand his importance in Roman societya

The obvious difference between Ares and Mars is that one was seen as savage yet ridiculous, and the other was seen as warlike yet respectable. To the Greeks, however, the goddess Athene was clearly Ares's better in battlea For the Greeks honored and respected wisdom and cunning in war above sheer strength, and Ares commanded no respect in either of these two attributesa Ares represented all things foolish in mindless destruction, and the manner in which the war god was depicted in classical literature by Greek writers supports this representation.

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Indiana University Press, 1957a

The Evaluation: Laurie writes with flair and confidence. The curious and comic depictions of the Greek god of war are carefully presented and well supported.

Sedgwick's Big Score

by Rebecca Hyland

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Create a fable that leads to a morala

In San Francisco there is a small park called MacArthur Park. It provides vegetation and shelter for a small family of squirrels. There was a Mama, a Papa, and three babies. The oldest was named Pete, the middle one was named Theresa, and the youngest one was named Sedgwick. Pete was the most intelligent of the three kids--a real go-getter. He always helped Papa go hunting for nuts, always helped Mama sweep up the empty nutshells, and even helped Papa construct their new nest after the old one was destroyed (some bored human schoolboys violently hurled pebbles at it one fall afternoon). That was a most traumatic day in the life of the MacArthur squirrels; it was also the day Sedgwick was born. Sedgwick was trouble right from the start. He never helped around the nest, never listened to his parents; he just sat in his room all day and listened to sick, demented Chipmunk records. "Why can't you do something about that boy?" Mama pleaded. But Papa didn't have any answers. Rather, he preferred to pretend that Sedgwick didn't exist and would change the subject with "Guess what me and Pete did today?"

Sedgwick always acted like he didn't care about anything or anyone, least of all his father. The truth was that he didn't care about himself; he felt worthless in the shadow of Pete's radiant "good boy" halo. He was insanely jealous of Pete and the way good things seemed to just fall into his lap. Sedgwick wasn't dumb by any means; he was just different and had difficulty finding an outlet or any appreciation for his talents. As a result, he never got anywhere in the "normal" world no matter how hard he tried. So he created an escape--The Disciples of the Forest.

The Disciples of the Forest were a gang consisting of Sedgwick, Roger "Ramjet" Robin, Chuckie "Cheesehead" Chipmunk, "Cramps" Crow, and Secret Squirrel from the squirrel clan on the other side of the park. It was sort of a novelty to call themselves Disciples of the Forest--in reality they lived in a tiny sliver of land in an over-industrialized city. But the name fit, as the whole purpose behind the Disciples, what banded all these

misfit creatures together was their creation of a home away from home--an ethereal and majestic forest where they reigned over all other life forms. For all their tough talk and attitude, they were really all right kids who just felt lonely and confused. All they really wanted was somewhere where they felt like they belonged. The only bad thing they did was the source of these visions of ethereal and majestic kingdoms. That's right, they did drugs, all kinds. Usually they burnt oak or elm leaves (as a result of all the smog and pollution in San Francisco, the leaves of the trees in their park had turned hallucinogenic). But sometimes, if they were lucky, they could score some pollen from the old lady's garden a few blocks away. There were all kinds of magic powders to be found there: tulip pollen, daisy pollen, chrysanthemum pollen, or, the sweetest of the sweet, moonbeam lily pollen. Every day they'd sleep till noon, then leave their nagging, criticizing families behind and meet at their designated turf underneath the concrete park bench in search of their next high.

Sedgwick was the designated leader of the Disciples; he was the one who organized meetings, got in contact with the pollen dealers from the other parks across town--the overall "tough guy" and by far the smartest Disciple. One day Sedgwick got some great news from The Disciples' pollen dealer: He had gotten hold of a bumper crop of moonbeam lilies. This caused the whole gang to shriek with joy and excited anticipation. They had a big party that night with Lucifer Larry, their dealer, and his gang, The Lords of Blasphemy. The Disciples all got a bit too silly on their lilies, and were thrashed to a bloody pulp by The Lords of Blasphemy, who had built up an incredible tolerance to the stuff. The Lords then proceeded to ransack their homes and dismember their families.

The next morning Sedgwick awoke with a jump. The whole lily party and resulting massacre turned out to be just a dream. The dream made him realize that leading a gang of delinquents was not the way to be; that maybe his parents nagged him because they cared about him and were concerned about the downward spiral towards oblivion that his life had become. "Oh, man!" Sedgwick thought to himself, "I'll never touch them killer leaves again!" He kept his word and became a fine, upstanding member of the forest. His Mama beamed with pride, Pet and Theresa were so happy to have him back in the family, and his Papa couldn't believe what a wonderful son he turned out to be. A year later, he even led the forest's annual "Say No to Pollen" parade.

The Evaluation: Ms. Hyland has modernized an old story form with an up-to-date subject and a sharp sense of humor.

1

A Freewriting Response to Katherine Mansfield's
"The Garden Party"

by Anne Kaider

(English 102--Dodds)

The Assignmenta Do a focused freewriting about Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden Party." Choose a character from the story or its setting and explain your responsesa What did you like or dislike? What memories or associations did your reading trigger? How are you like or unlike the story's characters? What questions do you have? Don't plan what you'll saya Don't censor your remarksa Don't correct your mistakesa Press yourself to explore the story and your responsesa

The Garden Party didn't seem real to me. Laura and her family were like characters in a story, which, I guess, is what they are! But what I mean is that they didn't seem to me to be of too much value in learning about life because they didn't seem to portray any part of life realistically. Laura made me tired the way she was constantly running here and there. She "flew" she "skimmed," well, I cant think of any more examples but I'm sure there are some. She seemed hyperactive to me! Anyway, I didn'ta understand the way she reacted to deatha I know its supposed to mean that she finally realizes there is more to life than parties, etc, but I couldn't see that too wella It seemed to me that she took the experience and just had to find something good in it, like the mans peaceful look , so she could fit it into her own world where nothing bad happeneda I meana she did feel bad and try to stop the party and it's too bad she couldnt have followed up on that feeling. It was a start anyway. But I don'ta think the death taught her that much. I think facing the widow in the kitchen did much more. It seemed afterward that her whole visit was a sort of adventure but I dont know that it changed her that mucha She says that she has no class consciousness but she is wrong, of course. When she is with the workmen and takes a bite, of her sandwich, to be more like their kind of person she reminded me ofI cant remember his name, but it was a story we read in a class oncea Where the boy and his mother sit near a black lady and her child on the bus and the mother has a hat like the black womana The story where the black lady punches her because she offers the little child a coin. Anyway, the son it

that story deliberately sat next to a black man to show the world that he wasn't prejudiced, as well as to irritate his mother of course. This is the same thing Laura does when she tries to show that she is just like a working girl and doesn't think herself better. It's a sort of overcompensation for feelings that you have but don't like having, I guess. If you are aware of it at all. It's actually a form of prejudice in itself, maybe.

I did like some parts of the story particularly, like the part when Laura gets off the phone and notices the air drifting here and there and the beams of light on several objects. That reminded me of some times when I was little and we lived in a brick two-flat in Chicago and we used to leave the kitchen door open in the summer, and the windows in the living room for a cross draft as we didn't have air conditioning. The breeze going through the house was just like Laura describes. And the sun would at certain times land right on the lampshade next to the couch in a little beam just like the little spots of sunlight Laura notices. I used to put my hand in it to see if it would burn a hole in my hand like it was supposed to do in paper if you reflected the beam off a mirror.

There were a lot of mentions of flowers in the story and the party itself is compared to a flower's closing its petals when it's over. I'm not sure what that is supposed to mean, but I guess it has to do with the beauty and perfection of Laura's family. I don't think it's a good comparison if that's it because flowers are beautiful, but they are also not as fragile as they seem. I worked for several years as a floral designer and discovered that flowers are really much more sturdy than I ever thought. Laura's family is too shallow and weak to be compared to flowers of any kind. They are more like colored confetti than a flower.

The Evaluation. Although Anne has written "off the top of her head," so to speak, she has explored in significant directions. She moves from immediate reaction to social analysis, literary comparison, personal memory, speculation, and judgment--all with no forethought or planning. She has produced a range of insight, feeling, vivid language, and evidence that she might use in a more fully developed, tightly organized, closely reasoned, and carefully polished piece of public writing, like a thesis-support essay.

Their Eyes Were Watching God
de Big Convention of Livin'

by Lisa Kaufman-Lindahl

(English 102-Mottla)

The Assignment: English 102 research paper

Love is a funny thing; Love is a blossom;
If you want your finger bit: poke it at a possum.

(old African-American
folk rhyme from Dust
Road)

Thesisa

Janie Mae Crawford's first two husbands, Logan Killicks and Joe Starks, taught her how to fully appreciate what she wanted and needed: to love freely and fully. Without first experiencing life with these two men, she would never have recognized her third husband, Tea Cake Woods, as her perfect mate for life.

I. Janie Mae Crawford's Vision of Marriage

II. Husband One: Logan Killicks

- A.a What he represents
 - 1. To Janie's grandmother: security
 - 2. To Janie: the end of the vision
 - 3. To this reader: the "shoulds"
- B.a Life with Logan
- C.a Lessons learned

III. Husband Two: Joe Starks

- A. What he represents
 - 1. To Janie: change and chance
 - 2. To this reader: identity through association
- B.a Life with Joe
- C.a Lessons learned

IV. Husband Three: Tea Cake Woods

- A.a Life with Tea Cake
- B. Why he is Janie's perfect mate
- C. What their life together representsa
- D.a Tea Cake's death

V. Janie and Her Husbands

- A.a She needed Logan first to love Tea Cake later.
- B.a She needed Joe to love Tea Cake latera

Zora Neale Hurston's Their Eyes Were Watching God is a novel to be remembered and cherished. We must remember this book for what it can teach us about life and cherish it for what it would teach us about freedom and love.

Their Eyes Were Watching God is about Janie Mae Crawford's search for perfect love and the perfect freedom that comes with it. How does she recognize it when it comes along? To know sweet, one must have tasted sour. Without Logan Killicks and Joe Starks, Janie's first two husbands, she never would have been ready to love Tea Cake Woods, her third husband, her perfect mate.

Janie Mae Crawford has a vision of marriage. She wants "sweet wid mah marriage lak when you sit under a pear tree and think." And Logan Killicks, the "ole skull head in de graveyard," doesn't exactly fit Janie's pear tree dream. Janie's grandmother, Nanny, chooses Logan Killicks for Janie and at the first sign of Janie's sexual maturation, decides that Janie must be married right away. ". . . Logan Killicks is chosen by Janie's grandmother for his sixty acres and as a socially secure harbor for Janie's awakening sexuality" (Johnson 46). Nanny wants Janie to have the security and safety that Logan Killicks can provide and although traditional marriage may be "fundamentally oppressive," it still represented some semblance of freedom to those black women who were "formerly enslaved," a which Janie's grandmother was (Bethel 15).

To Janie, though, Logan Killicks surely meant the end of the pear tree! She could never explain that to her grandmother and so, after much rumination, Janie decides that she will love Logan after they're married: "She could see no way for it to come about but Nanny and the old folks had said it so it must be so. Husbands and wives always loved each other and that was what marriage meant" (38).

Janie took some comfort in this, and waited for love to come. "This identification of marriage with total fulfillment, however, reflects her immature consciousness" (Kubitschek 22). One critic has written that by marrying Logan Killicks, Janie "replaces her search for identity, as seen by the pear tree, with a search for romantic love in marriage" (Bethel 15). It is my feeling, though, that Logan Killicks represents the classic "shoulds" in a woman's life. They're not always the same for everyone, but every woman has experienced at least one in one form or another: you should "wait" for marriage; you should marry; you should marry someone who can take care of you; you should be happy with what you've got.

Janie wonders what is wrong with her because she isn't happy and she doesn't love Logan Killicks: "his toe-nails look lak

mule foote" (42)a Janie waits "a bloom time, and a green time and an orange time" (43) but love doesn't come.

In her discussion of Eyes Watching God, biographer Lillie P. Howard writes: "Killicks is too set in his ways to treat Janie like a real woman; instead, he treats her like the livestock on his farm" (97). Logan was not entirely unfeeling, though. When Janie mentions in an off-hand way that she just might run off and leave him someday, the thought gives him a "terrible ache," but he never shares his feelings with Janie.

While she is married to Logan, Janie's spirit remains intact, though she "knew now that marriage did not make love" (44)a and this is what she learned from Logan Killicks.

While Logan is off buying another mule so Janie can do more work about the place, Janie sits cutting seed potatoes in the sun. Down the road comes Joe Starks, looking straight ahead. Why does Janie run to the pump and start pumping away to get his attention? She is younga and she is curiousa and she is not entirely innocent. Janie Mae Crawford Killicks wants to see who this stranger isa

The stranger talks a good game and Janie is impressed. While Logan never said a "pretty" worda this Joe Starks talks pretty right from the start. "you is made to sit on de front porch and rock and fan yo'self and eat p'taters dat other folks plant just special for you" (49)a

He was heading for a place where he heard they were starting "a town all outta colored folks" and where he aimed to be a "big voicea"² Joe Starks stays around a while, though, and he and Janie meet every day. He wants her to go with him.

Janie has learned a few things, and she takes time with her decision because "he did not represent sun-up and pollen and blooming trees" (50). He does stand for "change and chance,"^a though, and the next morning Janie decides to go with him. She runs off with him to escape from Killicks and the "puny straitened space" she occupies with him and because Joe speaks for "far horizon" (Callahan 101)a

After the dream of love in marriage dissolves, Joe Starks appears to be what Janie wantsa a man with ambition, energy, drive--a handsome man, a smooth talker. She looks at Joe and she is proud. Janie isn't bowled over with romantic love, but she knows she will have things nice and she will have things pretty.

With regard to the small matter of Janie marrying her second husband without divorcing her first, one critic has asserted that her first marriage was never consummated; thus no divorce was necessary (Howard 99)a Howard writes that she has drawn her conclusions from Janie herself: "She was petal open but he was no pollen bearing bee" (99)a But I disagree. First, I cannot imagine that Mr. Logan Killicks did not avail himself of his husbandly pleasures with his young bride! Second, I feel it isa simply indicative of Janie's character not to be concerned about it. Janie was ready for change and unlikely to trouble herselfa with this matter of propriety. I just don't think it would have been important to her.

In giving us Joe Starks, and in having Janie spend almost twenty years with him, Hurston shows us a life that many women have witnessed and as many have lived, to a greater or lesser degree: a life where one's identity is determined by one's at-

tachment to a man, and further, where the decision has been consciously made that that will be enough: "Maybe he ain't nothin' . . . but he is something in my mouth. He's got tuh be else Ah ain't got nothing tuh live for. Ah'll lie and say he is. If Ah don't, life won't be nothin' but uh store and uh house" (118-19)a

There were similarities between Logan Killicks and Joe Starks. Each was secretly afraid that Janie might leave him, and each was too macho to confide his fears to her. "Both Killicks and Jody refused to share themselves; they did not know how" (Howard 104)a. They were both men of property, hardworking. In Houston A. Baker's analysis of the text, he writes that "in Janie's fantasy of the pear tree, Logan Killicks and Joe Starks represent the busy, industrious bees" (36)a. Robert B. Stepto has written that each of her first two husbands imposed definition on Janie, "notably a rural and agrarian space on one hand and a somewhat urban and mercantile space on the other," but he considers this only as a matter of providing "social structure" to the text (6)a. They were alike in spite of very distinct exteriors, but the exterior of Joe Starks was palatable enough for Janie to spend many years of her life with him.

Joe Starks was not a bad man. He gave Janie everything except freedom, but freedom was something she needed to feel whole. Joe was a classic chauvinist, of course; he took Janie along with him because he needed a pretty woman on his arm where he was headed. It wouldn't do for a man with his plans and ambitions to be without a woman, and Janie completed his picture of what a man of his stature should look like.

"In her life with Starks in the new black town of Eatonville Janie discovers that Jody views her as an appendage" (Callahan 102)a. Thus, life lived with Joe Starks causes Janie's spirit to lie dormant a while. "Plenty of life beneath the surface but it was kept beaten down by the wheels" (118)a. It's as though Mrs. Mayor Starks existed at the expense of the real Janie. She watches life but doesn't participate. It just wouldn't do for the Mayor's wife to jump around on the croquet grounds or sit on the porch and tell lies with the common folk.

Over the years, Joe Starks took to tearing Janie down, with the hope of thus drawing attention away from his aging self, and little by little Janie realized that Joe was not the man she thought he was a

something fell off the shelf inside her. Then she went inside there to see what it was. It was her image of Jody tumbled down and shattered. But looking at it she saw that it never was the flesh and blood figure of her dreams. Just something she had grabbed up to drape her dreams over. . . . She found that she had a host of thoughts she had never expressed to him, and numerous emotions she had never let Jody know about. Things packed up and put away in parts of her heart where he could never find them. . . . She had an inside and an outside and suddenly she knew how not to mix them. (112)

Joe Starks' concern over appearances gets the better of him. In fact, it ultimately kills him. When Janie tells Joe that he

is not only "a man, but is an impotent man at that, the revelation of the truth kills him" (Gates/Johnson 74)a Janie insults Joe in front of a group of men, and Joe Starks is never the same. He eventually takes to his bed and dies, believing that Janie has put a spell on him.

Marriage to Joe Starks teaches Janie that there is more to life than having things pretty and nicea Though being married to the mayor raised Janie to "a pedestal of property and propriety" (Johnson 46)ā she learned that it's a lonely roost.

After Joe dies, and Janie is alone, she finds that she "jus'a loves dis freedom.ā Her soul has re-emerged (Callahan 100)a Then along comes Tea Cake Woodsa right from the startā Janie feels as though she has known him all her lifea The first thing he does is teach her to play checkers, something Joe had always said was "too heavy fuh [her] brains" (147)a Tea Cake thinks it's natural for her to play, and he doesn't let her win, either. In the time since Joe Starks' death, the real Janie has had a chance to come out of hibernation. "When Tea Cake arrives, Janie and her soul are ready" (Callahan 106). She is relaxed and free.

They begin a courtshipa Janie and Tea Cake go fishing in the middle of the nighta Tea Cake teaches Janie to drivea They go here and there and play as they please and Janie isn'ta troubled by what other people may think; she truly falls in lovea And Tea Cake loves Janiea "Nobody else on earth kin hold uh candle tuh you, baby. You got de keys to de kingdom" (165)a

Janie has learned so mucha She knows her heartā and she want to be with Tea Cake. She knows, too, that if she and Tea Cake stay in Eatonville, the folks there will only compare Tea Cake with Joe Starksa Janie wants a new life and decides to leave her home to find one.

Houston Baker wrote that "Starksā property gained through industriousness, enables Janie's freedom,ā and "she sells Starksā store to finance" her relationship with Tea Cake (36)a That is only partially true.a Perhaps if Janie did not have the status she had by being Mrs. Mayor Joe Starks, she might not have been able to live so freely, and without Starks' store, she surely would not have been financially secure, but Starksā money did not finance Janieās relationship with Tea Cakea She didn't even bring the bulk of the money from the sale of the store with her when she left Eatonville to marry Tea Cake.

She did bring some of the money with her, though it was not to "finance" her new life with Tea Cake. She brought it with her because she was cautiousa She knew she was taking a risk and though she had decided that it was worth it, Janie was smart enough to prepare herself, just in case. She brought it in case she needed to finance herself and she never told Tea Cake about ita

Tea Cake found the money, though, and it created the first love lesson they learned togethera He took that money and made quite a party with it. Janie sat at home and feared the worst: he was with another woman; he'd left her; he was dead in a ditch. When Janie learns what a good time he was having, she's only hurt that he didn't think to share it with her. But Tea Cake had been afraid to let her witness his "commonness." Janie lets him know in no uncertain terms that she aims to share and share all of his life with him "don't keer what it is" (186)a

Tea Cake and Janie live and learn and love. Janie experiences all with Tea Cake, all that she has never experienced before: all those subtle degrees that love can span. Surely, she had never felt jealous before, but she does with Tea Cake. Janie has never truly known violence before, but she learns it at Tea Cake's side, as he is a man not to shrink from a challenge. "Tea Cake represented intensity and experience" (Howard 107),^a but without her prior experiences with Logan Killicks and Joe Starks, Janie never would have recognized the freedom that Tea Cake represented, nor reached out to snatch it with both hands as she did.

By telling us the tale of Tea Cake and Janie, Hurston shows us not only a perfect love, but also a woman's perfect freedom. "By chronicling Janie's development, [the author] presents feminist readers with a map of a woman's personal resistance to patriarchy" (Meese 71).^a Janie is finally unencumbered by others' expectations, and even her own unrealistic ones.

"They change each other, and as their love dissolves jealousy and possessive authority, each becomes a freer individual by virtue of their life together" (Callahan 107).^a Tea Cake is Janie's perfect complement, the other side of her coin.

Having given Janie her perfect mate, many would well wonder why the author does away with him after they have had such a short time together. To me, though, Tea Cake's death and Janie's ultimate content only further serve to illustrate the author's intention to show us that Tea Cake was Janie's genuine mate. With my first reading, I found Tea Cake's death so profoundly sad that I cried. Though I still cry, I know now that his death was completely appropriate. It really didn't matter. Janie had known her perfect love and it was enough.

Had Janie met Tea Cake at sixteen, would she have loved him? Naw. She would have been afraid of him and the easiness of his ways. At that time, if given a choice between Tea Cake Woods and Logan Killicks, Janie would have chosen Logan, if only as the lesser of two evils. She was still too much under the influence of her grandmother and still so very young and naive. Janie needed the yoke of Logan Killick's farm to recognize the free rein of Tea Cake Woods.

If Tea Cake and not Joe Starks had come down the road by Logan's farm that day, would Janie have left her husband to go off with him? I think not, because Tea Cake would have had nothing but his grin and Janie would not have seen the light it held. If given the choice between Tea Cake and Joe Starks then, she would have chosen Joe for the promise of the future that his "big voice" held. Janie needed the time spent on Joe Starks' pedestal to feel the feet-on-the-ground satisfaction of loving and being loved by Tea Cake Woods.

Notes

1 Zora Neal Hurston, Their Eyes Were Watching God. Illinia Books edition. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1978, 43. All quotations to follow are from this text, unless otherwise noted.

2 The story in Their Eyes Were Watching God takes place mainly in the town of Eatonville, Florida. It is a real place, and Zora Neale Hurston was born there. As in the novel, it was ". . . a pure Negro town-charter, mayor, council, town marshall and all" (Hurston, I Love Myself 28). Hurston's father was at one time the mayor of Eatonville and some of the laws that he wrote are still consulted today. The town store there was owned by a Mr. Joe Clarke. And in Hurston's "The Eatonville Anthology," one can read about Mrs. Tony Roberts, who comes to the store to beg for food. Mrs. Tony can be found in Their Eyes Were Watching God with little variation.

And Furthermore...a

Zora Neal Hurston knew what she was writing about. She lived her life fully and freely. What many, including her peers, may have considered her two biggest detriments she considered to be her two greatest strengths: her womanhood and her race, and she never apologized for either.

Missy Dean Kubitschek wrote that "Only a manifestation of natural power, the hurricane, ever dominates Janie. Her soul remains triumphantly her own" (21). The same is true for Zora. She, like Janie, was a questor, never allowing outside interferences to get in her way.

Hurston published more work than any black American woman before her (Bethel 10) and Their Eyes Were Watching God is considered to be her finest. She wrote it under "internal pressure in seven weeks" and said in her autobiography that she wished that she could write it again. She wrote, "In fact, I regret all of my books. It is one of the tragedies of life that one cannot have all the wisdom one is ever to possess at the beginning." But to me Their Eyes is all it should be.

Zora traveled extensively, collecting folk lore and traditions to be cherished forever. She never gained the recognition that she deserved because she never bowed to what anyone else wanted her to do and she never behaved as anyone else demanded that she behave. Zora Neale Hurston's eyes were watching God.

--LKL

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The Evaluation: Ms. Kaufman-Lindahl writes a model research paper. Her thesis is original, precise and complex. It is well supported primarily by her own observations on the text, and secondarily by the critical commentaries, which she often modifies with her own views.

The Meaning of Human Experience: Jean Paul Sartre

by Lynn Koppel

(Philosophy 105--Hartman)

The Assignment: Write an expository paper on an article or book by one of the authors included in the textbook. Provide an evaluation of the author's position and state your own views

Jean-Paul Sartre imposes his answer to the central existential question through various forms of literature including novels, short stories, and plays. One of his most well-known works is a play entitled No Exit, an existential portrayal of Hell. His three main characters prove man is what he does, and man must accept his punishment accordingly. Sartre expresses to the reader an important relationship regarding freedom, responsibility, and choice as the characters reveal themselves.

With the exclusion of heat, Sartre depicts Hell unconventionally. For instance, Garcin, Inez, and Estelle are placed in a relatively normal room with three sofas and a bronze statue. There is no single torturer as the deceased ones had expected. Instead, each will act as the torturer of the two others. Now, one may not understand how this form of torture could be effective since the people involved do not know one another; however, as the personalities of the characters evolve so do the conflicts between them. These personality conflicts prove to be more than adequate punishment for the inhabitants of Hell.

To expand upon this, the characters will be described briefly, exemplifying the traits most pertinent to the issue at hand. First, there is Garcin who the reader learns is a coward. As a soldier he fled from war, was caught, and soon thereafter was executed by a firing squad. Next, there is Inez who is a lesbian. She and her cousin's wife, Florence, had an affair. Florence then leaves her husband for Inez. This action resulted in the suicide of her husband. Because Florence could not live with the guilt, she turned on the gas one night while she and her lover slept. Last, there is Estelle, a very vain woman. She seduced many men in her lifetime and eventually caused her husband, Roger, to commit suicide. He takes his life after watching Estelle drown their baby. Obviously, all of the characters' actions result in the punishment of residing in Hell with each

other. This truly is torture for the trio because all three deny their faults in some manner. Their denials allow them to prey upon each other's weaknesses and act as each other's consciences. Furthermore, they all remind each other of what they have done. "I am condemned to be wholly responsible for myself" (Stewart/Blocker-Sartre 517)a. This quote simply sums up the situation each of the characters has experienced. Now they need to deal with their consequential torture in Hella.

Inez accepts her faults quickly and becomes the perpetrator of most of the conflicts; however, she still shows emotion towards the possible signs of a love/sex relationship between Garcin and Estelle. Inez counteracts these attempts by exclaiming that Garcin is cowardly to run to a woman for comfort. Inez further reveals that Estelle has lied to him about his cowardness in order to preserve her ego in hopes of receiving pleasure. Garcin therefore realizes that it is to Inez that he must prove himself. By ignoring Estelle, Garcin angers her. Without going into any further details, the reader can understand the unending cycle of torment.

Sartre validly relates a relationship of freedom, responsibility, and choice to this situation in No Exit. Freedom leads to a person's total responsibility for becoming what he chooses (Stewart/Blocker 514)a. Human beings have the capability for becoming something different from what currently describes them. Those actions that an individual takes determine who they are and what becomes of them. For example, in Garcin's case he had a choice whether to fight or to flee. He chose to flee, which labeled him a coward.

In an excerpt from Being and Nothingness Sartre writes ". . . he [man] is responsible for the world and for himself as a way of being . . . Furthermore this absolute responsibility is not resignation; it is simply the logical requirement of the consequences of our freedom" (Stewart/Blocker-Sartre 514-15). Sartre also states that everything that happens to an individual is his. Garcin's human emotional decision not to fight was his prerogative, and he not only holds full responsibility for it, but also he learns that action represents him and even symbolizes him. According to Sartre, there are no accidents in life and Garcin deserved to be executed. He chose that consequence based on his motive of fear. It was a matter of choice.

Just as it was no accident that Garcin be confronted with his dilemma, it was no accident that all three of them were put together in the same room. For further exemplification Estelle says, "It's mere chance that has brought us together."a Inez replies, "Mere chance? Then it's by chance this room is furnished as we see it . . . And what about the heat in here? How about that? I tell you they've thought it all out. Down to the last detail. Nothing was left to chance. This room was all set for us" (Sartre 14-15)a.

I tend to agree with Sartre's philosophy of existentialism. I believe that all human beings must make decisions in their lives and take responsibility for them. We have to choose what kind of values are important: these values are often influenced by society. If one commits a crime he should take full responsibility for his wrong decision and be prepared to be labeled a criminal.

In No Exit, Sartre's characters make wrong decisions which negatively affect their top priorities of life. Consequently, each person's choice was detrimental to that person's future whether he/she knew it consciously or not. Garcin did not want to be a coward. His main purpose in life was to be masculine. When he could not even face death with courage, it became his worst fate because his main purpose in life was defeated. Estelle's top priority in life, on the other hand, was to be the most beautiful and attractive woman possible. However, true inner beauty was missing to fulfill her concept. Furthermore, Estelle could not move past her vanity to see the wrongs she committed. She took two lives: her baby's life directly and her husband's lie indirectly with her own selfishness. It was her vanity that was her ultimate fate. And Inez just wanted to be happy in love; however, she went about it in a crooked manner. She encouraged Florence to commit adultery which resulted in the death of Roger. Her sexual preference was her fate in the end. Therefore in Hell, Garcin will deal with his cowardness, Estelle will deal with her vanity, and Inez will deal with her sexual preference towards women. Garcin exclaims near the end of the play, "And can one judge a life by a single action?" Inez replies, "Why not?" (Sartre 44)^a Sartre means that if that one incident contradicts the person you most want to be, then that action alone is enough to judge your life by. Garcin had stated earlier, "I aimed at being a real man." He made his choice deliberately^a

--"A man is what he wills himself to be." Inez adds, "You are - your life, and nothing else" (Sartre 45)^a

Again, I agree with Sartre. You must perform things in life to prove who you are and what you want to be. Choices are always confronting you and those decisions you make cause a change in your course of being. If one decision opposes your highest value of yourself; that one choice can govern your future^a I also believe, however, that people do have a capacity to change and become more worthy. But the majority of the population would take the easy route of denying their faults to themselves^a Estelle is good example^a She thinks that her fate is all a mistake. It is easier to deny the truth than to change oneself for the better^a

In conclusion, existentialism tries to find the meaning of human existence. Sartre proves that man is determined by his actions and that he is responsible for himself and those choices. Estelle, Garcin, and Inez illuminate these ideas validly in the one-act play No Exit. Although I agree with Sartre's philosophical views, I believe there are a minority of individuals who have the capacity to make good and to redeem themselves^a

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The Evaluationa This paper provides an interesting exposition that is informative and thought-provoking. It is rich in specific detailsa The student also gave a fine presentation of this paper to the class and answered questions well.

The Woodie

by Joe Kubica

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Write a personal essay in which you focus on an incident which helped you grow. Give it a clear descriptive as well as narrative component.

Aix Spona, crested bomber, woodie. They all refer to the same bird, the wood duck. For years I have been trying to shoot a wood duck. No success. But all that has changed.

My quest for one of those majestically plumed birds had become an obsession with me. I would lie awake at night staring at a wall, dreaming of a pair of wood ducks that would one day hang there. I voraciously devoured any information I could find on the woodie. Stacks of yellowing mildewed hunting magazines littered the basement floor. I went to every trade show that came to town so I could talk to the experts. My collection of woodie paraphernalia rivaled that of any rock-star-smitten teenager. I had to get a woodie soon or I would go insane, although my wife would argue that I already was.

It was October 28, opening day of duck hunting. I rose early and arrived at the farm well before the first light. Our blind was a simple wooden frame covered with chicken wire and cattails so it would blend in with the marsh. A bone-numbing chill filled the air as an ominous storm front rolled in. The rank, musty odor of decaying vegetation permeated the marsh. The woods to the south resounded with the cackles of pheasants and the harsh barks of squirrels, voicing their irritation at my intrusion. The once-lush trees were barren, their leafy burden scattered on the forest floor. The sky was black as pitch, with forboding shadows racing across the tangles that sought to impede my movement. At the blind I relaxed, waiting for the sun.

The marsh began to awaken as the sun rose. Early-rising orioles flittered among the browning cattails, weaving intricate patterns in the sky. The unharmonious sound of cackling geese drifted across the marsh. The raspy gabbling swelled as the geese rose off the water. The bugling echoed through the trees, increasing until all other sounds were engulfed by the clamor. Mallards and teal buzzed over the blind unhindered, as if daring me to shoot. The sun began to burn off the fog. My watch read 7:15. Legal shooting time.

In the distance I heard the echoing booms of searching shotguns, their iridescent flames lighting up the morning sky. Out of the north a flock of woodies turned and slowly circled toward the decoys. The birds were silhouetted by the burnished gold of the morning sun. Their wings whistled as they slipped through the trees at breakneck speeds. They flew in tight formation, their wings beating in time to some unheard cadence. The air was rich with the melody of woodies singing over the marsh. Two woodies dropped out of the large flock to pass over the decoys. As if in slow motion, my gun came up and steadied on those two blurred shadows. I held momentarily and fired; the explosion rocked the marsh. A single feather floated down, spiraling out of the cold October sky. A splash in the direction of those fleeing shadows told me my aim had been true. Out in the middle of the pond lay the two woodies that I had dreamed of for so long. But the killing of these birds left me feeling hollow.

The trophies are there, on my wall at home -- a male and female wood duck in full plumage. Yet, somehow, something of them is lost. So I don't hunt woodies any more. I can't. Birds so lovely and natural belong where I sought them . . . in the wild.

The Evaluation: Perhaps Joe dispels some common myths regarding the hunter mentality. The writing is fresh in detail and sentencings. The essay engages as it reveals an observant, sensitive, and caring hunter-voice.

The Secret

by Jeanette Larkin

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Write a personal essay in which you focus on an incident which helped you grow. Give it a clear descriptive as well as a narrative componenta

The Higgins bus stopped two blocks east of Harlem Avenue. My mother ushered me to the door, followed by her boyfriend, Joey. We stepped out and waited for the bus to pass before crossing the busy street. Silence was our domain. The destination, Kolbus Funeral Home, grew like a storm as we solemnly approached.

At 10:30 a.m. blinding sun exposed every crevice of Chicago. But alternately, night reigned inside the funeral home. I stood silently in the entryway. Oversized red draperies covered the windows. Healing sun was not permitted entrance. The carpet, burnt red with splatterings of indigo blue, cast the walls in cream. Sparse illumination from three table lamps barely lit the room. Surely there were blood thirsty monsters ready to spring, crouched in the dark shadows.

I spotted my reason for coming and froze. A shiny gold coffin sat at the far end of the room. The lid was open like an invitation to death. It was then that I retreated into fantasy. My father was not dead. He was pretending. At any moment he would raise his head and announce himself among the living. I took an oath to keep his secret; my lips were sealed.

Suddenly, I was introduced, without mercy, to each of the mourners present. "This is your great Aunt Helen." "This is Bob, an old friend." I smiled sweetly and endured the comments. "Why, you were just this big the last time I saw you," they would gesture. "So you're how old now?" "Nine," I replied, shifting my weight apprehensively.

Following the long formalities, I scanned the room, avoiding the haunted corners and examined the pained people scattered across the room like dice. Next to me was Aunt Barbara. She wiped swollen eyes with a white Kleenex and spoke in hushed tones with unfamiliar people. Mom, pregnant and due at the end of the month, sat with Joey as far away from the coffin as possible. Her eyes (also avoiding the corners) were glued to the dark carpet. My paternal grandmother knelt over her son, perhaps praying for him to be reanimated.

While still in the entryway, I caught puzzle pieces of conversation. "Too young," protested an angry bear voice. "I'ma sooo sorry," consoled some do-gooder. "He's in a much better place now," announced a cackling witch. These utterances drifted into my thoughts and for a fleeting moment I forgot the secret. Maybe my father had died. But then I came to. The pain that filled the room was unnecessary. My father was alive.

Next, I bounced into action. Needless suffering had to be erased and I took my part as the eraser. Dizzy with excitement, I moved from mourner to mourner. I was cute. I was funny. And if that didn't work, I was simply sweet. I was an actress and the oppressive room at Kolbus Funeral Home was my stage.

After an hour of satisfying performance, I sat next to my quiet mother. Without my cue, my eyes locked in mortal combat with the coffin. I had not yet visited the polished gold tone coffin and with good reason. In a vision I stood above my father and he winked at me. Consequently, I giggled and gave away his secret. Nevertheless, I found myself fatally attracted to his resting place. It was finally time.

I made my way across the room. People stared and people pointed; I started to sweat. I approached my goal on tiptoes, absently surveying flowers as I went. My heart raced. "Loving Father," announced the wreath picked out for me. It had tiny pink and yellow carnations, blue daisies, and baby's breath. Wasting time, I stopped and savored carnation scent. My heart pounded, but I forced myself on.

I ran my hands along the smooth steel of the casket and reached the kneeler. There my breathing ceased. My father looked sick. His face had the same hue as the cream cushions which held him. Waxy skin appeared to melt from his face to unknown depths of the coffin. I could almost see my father's hazel eyes through his transparent lids and his yellowed teeth through his equally sheer lips.

A single tear sprouted from my left eye, and one unrelenting shiver did a tap dance on my spine. I still refused to breathe. If I released a breath it would blow away his remains like dust. Was he dead after all? Was it the secret and not the pain that was unnecessary? In panic, I began to plead quietly with my father. "Please, please tell me you're alive. You're just pretending, right?"

In a dream state I watched his chest rise and fall. I released my own breath in relief. Wiping a single tear from my cheek, I turned away from my father and from death. Once again I vowed to keep his secret. My lips were sealed, but so were his.

The Evaluation: Jeanette poignantly and movingly tells of the sights, sounds, feelings, and thoughts which made her father's funeral memorable. The speaker convincingly reveals that unique tie between father and daughter.

Detour

by Inga Launer

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Describe a place you know well and convey its dominant impression through carefully selected imagery.

I don't know why it occurred to me to take this short detour today, of all possible days. I decided quite suddenly as I saw the familiar green exit sign flash by overhead. I don't often visit Chicago anymore, and have even less reason to find myself in the old neighborhood where I grew up. As I pull up along side the curb, I realize that it must have been in the back of my mind for a long time, like a piece of unfinished business.

Walking across the cracked pavement, I note how bitter cold and bright the day is. A snowless winter day that reminds me of many others, long ago, when I hurried along this same spiked iron fence. I untuck my chin long enough to glance skyward at the silent clocktower rising gracefully to its culmination -- a tall copper spire, long since weathered to a soft seafoam green. It would be wonderful to again hear the bells chime the familiar melody that would remind us to stop our games and hurry home to dinner. At this time of the day though, the most I could hope for is to hear them strike the hour.

I realize that even though time has distorted the memory somewhat, I am still awe-struck by its sheer size and grandeur. I ascend the nearest of the two sweeping staircases that lead from the street to the exterior balcony. These stairs have always reminded me of Cinderella at the ball -- especially on the day that I myself floated up them dressed in a gown of white satin and lace.

I pause outside to take in the pale grey, roughly-cut granite facade. It has become sooty and waterstained with age, but it has lost none of its inherent dignity or beauty. It is all of a piece: a magnificent, turn-of-the-century gothic structure of flying buttresses, pointed arches, and spires dripping with crockets. It could surely hold its own against nearly any of the great cathedrals of Europe.

The door swings open effortlessly despite its formidable size and weight. The old radiators clank and hiss as I pull off my gloves, sniffing from the cold. The musty smell of dust and

dry heat mingle with the distinct odor of incense that has found its way out to the foyer as if to perfume the streets outside

Inside the dim, shadowy church, the quiet descends on me like a great, soft blanket. As my eyes adjust to the light, they are drawn up the length of stately fluted columns that reach up to meet the successive arches of the long, towering nave.

The curves of the vaulted ceiling still wear the colors of a Monet sunset touched with goldleaf, just as I remembered. And at first glance, the stained-glass windows are like a kaleidoscope of exquisite jewels.

My footsteps echo through the emptiness as I make my way down the center aisle, past row upon row of the long oak pews, worn slowly to a satiny patina by thousands of pairs of hands. I notice the faint scent of floor wax and lemon oil that has permeated the wood throughout the years.

Ahead, beyond the ornate brass and marble rail, the main altar glows with tiers of silently flickering candles. Pristine marble statues rise out of a small cityscape of white spires that line the front wall and mimic the outer architecture. Sprays of pastel gladiolas are stepped symmetrically through this inner sanctuary, reflecting a sense of order and discipline.

As I lower myself into a pew, a hundred fragmented memories come to mind: girls in uniforms of crisp white blouses and blue pleated skirts, boys with neat haircuts and navy blue ties; the old women in their babushkas and flowery hats, whispering their rosaries through dry lips; the sing-song chant of a priest in long-forgotten Latin

I wonder how many hundreds of hours of my youth did I spend in this place? Yet many of these magnificent details seem to have escaped my recollection. Or perhaps I am really just seeing them for the first time now, no longer distracted by a young girl's thoughts of never-ending tomorrows. My reverie is broken by the changing light pouring through the stained-glass window above me. It illuminates the swirling dust motes and casts colorful patterns on the floor.

Being in this vast empty church again brings me more than a new appreciation of its timeless beauty; more than a sense of peace and tranquility. I feel as though I am part of its history, just as surely as it is part of mine.

The Evaluation: Romantic and rich details recall not only the writer's childhood but the history and power of the church.

Personal Revelations

by Will Lutman

(English 102--Mottla)

The Assignment: Focusing on one of the elements of the short story (plot, character, setting, etc.), the students were to write an interpretive and analytical paper on one of the short stories in the text.

In the short story "Revelation," Flannery O'Connor's omniscient narrator penetrates Mrs. Turpin, exposing her inner-self and laying bare dissonance common to all humanity. When reading, I began to feel I knew this excessive woman. We have all known the type: she thinks she is better than everyone else. She made me feel that if I left her in a room full of friends, she would stab me in the back by explaining how I am "common, trashy, bossy or stupid." She often showed these attitudes when speaking: "I'll tell you," she said and laughed merrily, "I sure am tired of buttering up niggers, but you got to love them if you want them to work for you." Feeling so perfect, she can find fault in anyone. However, each reading produces further insights about humanity, and I began to recognize the character's purposes within a greater theme: as Mrs. Turpin experiences her revelation O'Connor shows how even the most narrow minded may learn and grow through extraordinary events.

The first reading reveals Mrs. Turpin as a shallow soul. She is constantly saying one thing while thinking another with disdain. "When you got something," she said, "you look after it." "And when you ain't got a thing but breath and britches," she added to herself, "you can afford to come to town every morning and sit on the Court House coping and spit." As I read, I found Mrs. Turpin deplorable. She is pretentious and narrow-minded. Her inner-self exposed by the narrator provoked my anger. She is so smug and self-righteous her character could compel any reader to detest her.

Also, by sharing Mrs. Turpin's personal thoughts with us, the narrator shows how she sees herself. For example, one passage shows how she sees herself as faultless. "Sometimes at night when she couldn't go to sleep, Mrs. Turpin would occupy herself with the question of who she would have chosen to be if she couldn't have been herself." As she lies in bed she imagines

Jesus giving her the choice of being only "trash or a nigger." She reinforces our feelings toward her with her decision: "She would have wiggled and squirmed and begged and pleaded but it would have been no use and finally she would have said, 'All right, make me a nigger then but don't make me a trashy one.' And he would have made her a neat clean respectable Negro-woman, herself but black.¶ This passage demonstrates how important her rankings and her grand hierarchy of people are to her

From the narrator's insights and because of the strength of her convictions the reader forms conclusions about her personality. She thinks Jesus would use those names when speaking, showing that she believes Jesus would rank those people the same as she does. She is so presumptuous that she believes Jesus would make her "herself but black.¶ The passage incites the reader to label her as prejudiced and self-absorbed.

In the second reading I started to see deeper. It is easily seen that she ranks all people "decent or trashy,¶ by both color and possessions. Yet, in the passage where she ranks people and she ponders, "the complexity of it," the author suggests where her kind of thinking can lead. The narrator explains: "Usually by the time she had fallen asleep all the classes of people were moiling and roiling around in her head, and she would dream they were all crammed together in a box car being ridden off to be put in a gas oven." With this reference to the Jewish atrocities, Nazism, and Hitler, O'Connor, through the narrator's insight, shows how her simple thoughts are evil and dangerous. It is often this simple prejudice that a forceful leader twists into heinous acts against humanity.

The third reading revealed little new about Mrs. Turpin, but while I was analyzing Mrs. Turpin's character the most important theme of the story was revealed to me. When I formed my opinion, judged her as prejudiced, and ranked her in my mind, I suddenly realized I was thinking like her. I should have felt sorrow and pity that my fellow human had these problems, but I didn't. It is inherent in human nature to develop our own self-image, and "our own place" within society. As we find this "place," we often see ourselves as more significant than other people and the center of the world. People have an inherent tendency to classify objects, actions, animals and other humans. As we meet other people, we often file them into mental categories, opened by our first impression of them. Often our impressions are prejudiced by what a friend or acquaintance has told us, before we even meet someone. If we are unaware of this human tendency, we may become a Mrs. Turpin.

In the ending, Mrs. Turpin's revelation gives us hope but leaves us to wonder. As she was shown that we are all equal in God's eyes, she realizes a new order of things: "Yet she could see by their shocked and altered faces that even their virtues were being burned away." She was shown by God that her virtues are no greater than those of the people she looked down upon. This concept of ultimate equality is as important to us as it is to Mrs. Turpin.

After Mrs. Turpin's revelation, O'Connor leaves us wondering if she has been enlightened. "In a moment the vision faded but she remained where she was immobile." We are unsure where her revelation will lead. The author leaves her ready to turn either

way toward goodness or selfishness, with only a suggestion to her decision. She hears the crickets as "the voices of the souls climbing upward into the starry field and shouting hallelujah." I never really decided if this event was monumental enough to cause her to live within her true religious morals; but O'Connor has taught me something. It's not my place to judge!

The Evaluation: Mr. Lutman increased the value of the assignment and the interest of his paper by taking the reader through his re-evaluations of the main character in successive readings. In the process he skillfully links the world of the story with the world of the reader, the fictitious character and real-life audience.

The Turmoil of Marriage

by Mary Kay Manion

(English 102--Kumamoto)

The Assignment: In about 500 words explicate a poem of your choice, with particular attention to its technical discipline so as to buttress your sense of the meaninga

The ache of Marriage:

thigh and tonguea beloved
are heavy with ita
it throbs in the teeth

We look for communion
and are turned away, beloved
each and each

It is Leviathan and we
in its belly
looking for joy, some joy
not to be known outside of it

two by two in the ark of
the ache of ita

--Denise Levertov (b. 1923)a

Marriage is the union of two people in body, mind, and spirita It is a bond of love, honor, trust, and devotion. Such a bond is so special that it takes two very unique individuals who are willing to sacrifice anything for the other. Marriage is a journey of two people on a road that leads to forever. The road may be evenly paved; often it is very rocky, full of hills and valleysa It is the latter of these two which can make a marriage tough to bear. Denise Levertov's "The Ache of Marriage" is about the trials and tribulations that two people endure in a marriage. According to the poem, pain and joy are intertwined in marriagea The poem implies that the couple must find a way to confront and accept both the pain and the joy. The pain involved in this confrontation and acceptance will be explicated through Levertov's use of imagery and alliterationa

The first stanza emphasizes the pain a couple often has to go through. In lines three and five, alliteration comes into play; thigh and tongue; it throbs in the teeth. The t and th makes the stanza sound heavy, emphasizing the weight of the pain often borne by couples in marriage. The heaviness is brought out more as indicated in line four: "are heavy with it." The "thigh," being heavy with pain, could represent trying to run in order to escape the anguish. The "tongue," also weighed down with pain, could convey a couple of meanings. It might mean one or the other or both are unable to express their thoughts to one another, signifying lack of communication. Not knowing what each one is thinking can be very awkward. No one knows what to say, and nothing is solved. According to the poem, pain can often bear down and put a lot of pressure on people, especially those who are so close to each other. Pressure often feels like a lead weight pressing on the mind and the heart and can be very difficult to deal with. From this analysis, one other possible significance of the word tongue is that because of this pressure, there might be words said between the two in anger and frustration, words they don't mean to say. Line five, "it throbs in the teeth" signifies again words thrown into the air that neither truly wanted the other to hear. When dealing with these kind of heart-wrenching emotions, people often act from the heart and not the mind.

Because pain of the heart is so great it can make a person blind to the world around him. It makes people act without thinking. This pain can be, quite possibly, worse than any type of physical pain experienced. It takes a lot of time to ease this suffering and to work things through. The second stanza explains the couple's search for answers on how to rid themselves of the hurting, but they encounter difficulties in doing so. Line six states, "We look for communion." Communion can mean sharing, which is what couples are supposed to do: share their lives with each other. What this line means to me is that the couple is looking for some sort of compromise, but are having trouble reaching an agreement. Line seven, "and are turned away, beloved" indicates the troubles they are having in obtaining a mutual sharing of one another. The placement of the word beloved in this line seems to indicate that it is uttered in a forced and deliberate way. This gives the reader a feel of their separation. The couple is looking for the joy of togetherness in the turmoil of their marriage.

The separation of two people who have spent much of their time together can definitely create upheaval in a marriage. This turmoil is much like a monster churning within. In stanza three, the upheaval is compared to the biblical sea monster Leviathan, believed to have swallowed Jonah, one of the prophets. The "we" is Jonah, being swallowed "in its belly" (line 9). The image portrayed here is of the couple right at the heart of their conflict and also the absolute worst and most painful part. They are trying to look for joy, but none is known at this point. The "it" in line twelve ("not to be known outside of it") refers to the belly, which is comparable to the deepest part of their turmoil. Along with conflict mixed in somewhere is supposed to be happiness. What the poem says is that the couple will only know happiness as long as there is conflict; outside of that, it is

not obtainable. It is almost as if the poem is saying the two go hand in hand; if they have happiness, then conflict is lurking around the corner and vice versa. It seems as if the couple will never find pure happiness.

Finding happiness is probably the hardest part in making a marriage work. It seems as if it is a never ending battle, one that can make a person think that this has got to be one of the most horrible experiences in a lifetime, one that can test the strength of a marriage. Stanza four emphasizes the fact that it is just the two of them in the worst part of heartache. Internal alliteration becomes evident here:

in the ark of
the ache of ita

The k sound makes the lines sound choppy and sticky, like the problem is clinging to these people and will not disappear. It also gives the lines a harsh and brittle and piercing sound, like pain which often feels like stabbing and piercing. Imagery once again comes into play. The ark is symbolic of Noah's ark. As were the animals, the couple consists of two (a matched pair). As Noah's ark was looking for refuge from the great flood, so the couple is looking for shelter from the hurting. Their ark is floating in a sea of pain, searching for an end to the turmoil in their marriage.

In "The Ache of Marriage," Levertov employs many biblical references because marriage is a holy sacrament not to be taken lightly. At the end the couple is more aware of the acceptance of the pain they have to face within their marriage. It may take a lot of pain and sacrifice and searching, but the reward in the end can be a marriage full of pure happiness, strengthened from the struggle both people have endured. Marriage is a long journey and the road is not always even, but if two people are willing to make sacrifices for the other, the bond between them will become unbreakable and the couple may look ahead to a smoother voyage knowing what they may face again.

The Evaluation: Mary's rigorous self-scrutiny and scholarly intelligence, crystallized in thoughtful hypothesis and closely-observed details, finely decode the subtle dynamism of Levertov's poetic language and theme.

"Flowering Judas:" A Different Interpretation

by Lisa R. McBride

(Literature 115--Burwell)a

The Assignment: Analyze a short story in terms of an element of fiction.

"Flowering Judas," by Katherine Anne Porter, is a puzzling story. The setting is a Mexican town during the revolution, but it's not actually a tale of war. The conflict is not an external one, easily defined, but rather it occurs within the heart, mind, and soul of Laura, the central character. And then, of course, there's Laura herself, the biggest puzzle of all. Here she is, the protagonist -- the heroine -- and yet we can't seem to make an emotional connection with her inner being. The author has purposely, it seems to me, provided us with scant information concerning Laura's emotionality. We view her much as those around her do; we haven't much more insight into her motivations than they have. It's my belief, however, that the author has given us small clues which suggest that Laura, despite her considerable efforts of will, is a woman of suppressed emotions, perhaps even hidden passions.

The first emotion we see in Laura is anger. Braggioni tells her, "I am tempted to forgive you for being a gringa, Gringita!" And then we read ". . . and Laura burning, imagines herself leaning forward suddenly, and with a sound back-handed slap wiping the smug smile from his face. If he notices her eyes at these moments he gives no sign. We can well imagine Laura's anger at Braggioni's insult--we see it in her eyes, even if the revolutionary does not. But Laura doesn't admit to the emotion, even to herself. Quickly she recovers her stoic poise.

Another emotion lingers, even after the anger is forgotten. Laura is continually haunted by "uneasy premonitions of the future." She fears that she is being stalked by a horrible death, death by mutilation. She denies what she sees around her because she believes that her "negation of all external events as they occur is a sign that she is gradually perfecting herself in the stoicism she strives to cultivate against that disaster she fears, though she cannot name it." All throughout the story we're allowed glimpses of Laura's fear. Considering her involvement in the revolution, it's logical to assume that Laura is in jeopardy. But the author makes it clear that Laura's fears are

more a foreshadowing of danger within her than of actual physical danger. However, does the author mean to imply that Laura fears she will discover she is a shell of a person, a woman without passion? Or does the author want to convey the impression that Laura is afraid of being overwhelmed by her suppressed emotions should they every surface? Here the author stops short of revealing her purpose, preferring to lay the burden of decision at the feet of her readers.

At this point we know that Laura is capable of negative emotions--anger and irrational fear, at least. But is there more to her soul? Is it possible to feel anger but never know joy? Can one fear but never love? A well-rounded character would be privy to the full spectrum of human emotions. But is Laura a well-rounded character, or is she forever lacking a basic element necessary for completeness?

"You think you are so cold, Gringita!" Braggioni informs Laura. "Wait and see. You will surprise yourself someday! May I be there to advise you?" Braggioni may be fat and self-absorbed, but we have no reason to doubt his judgment of Laura's character. He is a politician--he has made it his business to see through other people and to use them for his own benefit. Braggioni doesn't really understand Laura, but he seems to glimpse more within her than she would willingly reveal. In the same paragraph we are told that Laura lets her mind wander, but not too far. "She dares not wander too far." We could take this to mean that she fears Braggioni and needs to pay attention to him, but I interpreted it as meaning that Laura keeps tight rein on her thoughts because she is afraid of where they might lead her.

Mysterious too, is Laura's past life. We know that she was raised a Roman Catholic, but that she has, for some unknown reason, forsaken the religion of her youth. She is, however, still very much influenced by her upbringing. Her morality, her sense of duty, her idealism--all of these traits stem from her childhood. Aside from her religious background, however, we're not told very much about her past. We are told that she can take no pleasure in recalling her previous life, and that she is plagued by "remembered afflictions." There is little concrete proof to support my speculations, but my instincts tell me that Laura was hiding from something in her past, not simply searching for a cause to lend passion to her life.

Braggioni puzzles over Laura's motivation in joining the revolution. We puzzle, too. He asks Laura if she works so hard because of love for a man. "No," she replies. And yet, we are clearly given the impression that there is more to Laura's feeling toward Eugenio than is actually stated. I think the author plays upon the reader's desire to believe that there is a "natural" reason behind Laura's devotion, rather than an abstract cause. In other words, the author knows that the reader will assume that Laura has motives similar to the ones found within each of us. She leaves it to the reader to decide why Laura chooses to live as she does. I don't believe that Laura joined the revolution out of love for Eugenio, but I do believe that she feels something for him. Consider Laura's thoughts as she prepares for sleep, "1-2-3-4-5--it is monstrous to confuse love with revolution, night with day, life with death--ah Eugenio!"

Ah Eugenio! These small words hold such power of emotion within them--they are an expression straight from the heart. Here is a solid clue that Laura does feel more than we might first imagine.

The final piece in the puzzle is Laura's dream. On a very basic level I believe her dream is important simply because of its occurrence. I think she has the dream because of powerful thoughts and emotions within her that she denies and doesn't wish to face. Even though she cries, "No!" and awakens, I don't believe that Laura can stop the dream or the emotions it represents (guilt, sorrow, perhaps even love.) Freud called the dream a "royal road" to the unconscious. He believed that dreams were a form of wish-fulfillment for our repressed emotions and desires. He also believed that impressions and experiences from childhood play an important role in the development of one's character. I don't agree with all of Freud's teachings, but I do believe that dreams are inexorable, always reminding us of the bits and pieces we thought we had swept beneath the rug of the subconscious. Freud's ideas help us understand Laura a little better. They also lend credence to my belief that Laura has fought long and hard to suppress her emotions, and that she almost succeeded. I feel that Laura does not want to experience her own emotions, which are often painful. So, instead, she feeds off the emotional experiences of others, borrowing her passion from them. I would like to believe that the ending of the story provides an opportunity for Laura to get in touch with her feelings. If she continues to deny her emotions she will remain as untouchable, unfathomable, and unfulfilled as she is when we leave her. Laura is truly a puzzle. Her intriguing story, however, should serve as a reminder that all emotions, even ones which cause us pain, should be cherished as part of the experience of being fully alive.

The Evaluation: Ms. McBride's well-written essay explores in depth the subconscious attitudes of Laura in "Flowering Judas," showing how the "return of the repressed" may be seen as a force in character development. The essay is provocative, clear, and finally compelling, and demonstrates an unusual grasp of psychology as well as literature.

Workplace Drug Testing

by Jerry J. Meek

(Business Ethics--J. Stone)

The Assignment: This nine-part assignment involved articulation of the student's moral judgment on an issue plus a supporting philosophical argument. The paper had good research, clear and relevant writing, and a strong argument for the moral judgments.

A.a Facts

This nation is facing a very difficult predicament. Some would trace the roots of this plight to the free-spirited and radical changes which transpired during the 1960's. Others maintain that the genesis of this issue began many decades if not centuries before that. The problem is drug and alcohol abuse. With symptoms of low productivity and poor product quality, many would diagnose this civil dilemma as one of the causes for our nation's decline in the world's marketplace. According to the Research Triangle Institute, a North Carolina-based research organization, drug abuse cost the U.S. economy \$60 billion in 1983 (Battling 53, Kaufman 52). By 1987 that estimate had swelled to over \$100 billion (Bacon 82, Bensinger 44). What can be done to decelerate this alarming cost of drug abuse in America's workplace? Ronald Reagan's answer was to proclaim a war on drugs. With that in mind, on 15 September 1986, Reagan signed an executive order calling for the drug testing of a broad range of the federal government's 2.8 million civilian employees. This was to open the door to what is now a more than \$200 million-a-year industry (Kupfer 133), the business of urinalysis. It has also opened the door to what some have called the ebb of the Fourth Amendment and has exposed all of us to the presumption of guilt.

The present use of drug testing in corporate America is burgeoning. Almost 60% of the companies with 5,000 or more employees presently have drug programs that include drug testing (Bacon 84). American laboratories are said to be cranking out more than 20 million drug tests a year, of which some 85% will be used for corporate pre-employment screening (Kupfer 134). While less common, many small and medium sized companies are also

following suit. Even "bastions of liberalism" like The New York Times are testing employees, job applicants or both. "It's nothing short of phenomenal the extent to which employers have gotten religion on the drug issue in the last five years" (Bacon 82) says Mark A. De Bernardo, special counsel for domestic policy of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and executive director of the Institute for a Drug-Free Workplace. However, the fact that the U.S. government insists on a "drug-free workplace" for all federal contractors (or face losing their federal contract) makes the phenomenon a bit more transparent. Despite a plethora of misconceptions regarding testing accuracy, a recently released state-wide Gallup Poll indicating 64% of Illinoisans surveyed favor workplace drug testing (WGN 11/29) suggests even the general public is getting behind the effort.

One of the greatest anxieties of all companies considering drug testing as well as those who are to subject to testing is the possibility of something called a false positive. A false positive is when testing indicates drug use, when, in actuality, drugs have not been used. A large portion of testing inaccuracies have been attributed to human error. Misidentification, misplacement, and poorly trained personnel have been cited as chronic problems of many testing labs. In fact, the government recently designated only four of the hundreds of labs throughout the country as labs that meet government testing standards. Many of the false positive results can be attributed to something called cross-reactivity. The most commonly used drug screening test is the enzyme multiplied immunoassay technique or EMIT (Kupfer 134). While the test is said to be extremely sensitive, it is not precisely specific. Common over-the-counter pain relievers such as Advil, Datril, and Nuprin (all of which contain ibuprofen) sometimes show up as a positive for marijuana; eating poppy seed buns or taking cough syrups with dextromethorphan could yield a positive for morphine; common cold remedies like Contac, Sudafed, and other decongestants containing phenylpropanolamine test out as amphetamine use; certain antibiotics yield false positives for cocaine. While most studies would insist that EMIT has an accuracy rate of over 95% (Lunzer 442, Bensinger 46, Kaufman 52), many feel the meaning of a positive test result can be far from certain (Kupfer 134, O'Keefe 35). In fact, one independent study reported an incidence of nearly 67% false positives among a group of 160 urine samples (O'Keefe 35). It should be noted, though, that the EMIT is meant to be only a preliminary screening. Positives are to be confirmed by the use of more expensive testing procedures such as gas chromatography/mass spectrometry tests (GC/MS). When preliminary screening is combined with confirmation testing, the results are virtually 100% accurate (Bensinger 46, Kupfer 134, On the Job 30). However, according to Northwestern University's Lindquist-Endicott Report, one-third of those companies that use drug screening tests such as EMIT do not use confirmation testing if initial screenings are positives (Kupfer 134).

B.a Further Related Topics

There are many other issues that come into play in the grand scheme of workplace drug testing. One serious problem with cur-

rent pre-employment drug testing is that it seems to be geared to isolating those who use marijuana, even casually, rather than filtering out the most pernicious of drug abusers. It has been my experience as a production supervisor that the most insidious drugs in the workplace today are the drugs that most contribute to the estimated \$100 billion a year in social costs due to drug use (in the form of decreased productivity, increased absenteeism, workplace accidents, medical costs, and theft) are cocaine and alcohol. But the chronic cocaine and alcohol abuser can evade testing positive in pre-employment assays by abstaining for but a few days. Cocaine leaves the blood system in less than four days, alcohol in but hours (Lunzer 442, O'Keefe 35, Horgan 24). By contrast, marijuana can be recognized in urine more than twenty days after use, nearly three times more than any other commonly used drug, with even second-hand or passive inhalation being detectable. This leads us to another problem with drug testing in that analysis fails to discriminate between the casual and chronic user. Because frequency of use can not be determined, as one author wrote, testing can not discern "between a secretary smoking marijuana on the weekends and an AIDS-ridden prostitute smoking \$100 worth of crack a day" (Horgan 24).

Another pertinent question might be: Is it unethical not to drug test if worker safety is at issue? Other issues that should be examined more thoroughly concern the backdrop to drug abusers. What are the social factors that lead to drug use? How can we, as the pedestrian citizenry of the U.S. or the managers of our nation's factories, reduce the stresses and pressures that may induce abuse. As Sandy Padwe once wrote in an essay on drug abuse involving professional athletes, drug abuse is but a symptom of a deeper malaise (28).

C.a Moral Judgments

There are many moral decisions that must be made when considering the implementation of a drug testing policy. One of the most important issues is that of civil liberty. It can be asserted that it is morally incorrect for an employer to invade the privacy of an employee's body or to dictate what one can or cannot do when not on the job. In the majority opinion concerning *Skinner v. Railway Labor Executives' Assoc.* (a case concerning the drug testing of railway employees), U.S. Supreme Court Justice Kennedy believed that blood and urine testing involves a physical intrusion, that "the process of collecting the sample to be tested which may in some cases involve visual or aural monitoring of the act of urination, itself implicates privacy interests" (Farber 14). While few would dispute the need or the moral correctness of random drug testing in safety sensitive situations, the argument cannot be reliably extended much beyond. This is particularly valid when no cause has been shown for testing. As some civil libertarians have been heard to say, "as long as employees do their work well, inquiries into their off-duty drug use are no more legitimate than inquiries into their sex lives" (O'Keefe 73). Many civil libertarians are further concerned by the fact that urinalysis can now also detect pregnancy, heart disease, epilepsy, diabetes, severe depression, schizophrenia and manic-depression (Hentoff 26, O'Keefe 35). Present

tests can also detect chemical "markers" that may suggest a person is at a high risk of developing diabetes, arthritis, or cancer (Hentoff 26).

Another issue that requires a moral judgment concerns the consequences of a positive drug test. In pre-employment testing, most would agree that the penalty for a verified positive test would be no job offer from the company. But what about present employees that test positive for drug use? Here the course of action is not so clear cut. Many would again feel that discharging the individual is morally correct. Others, however, feel that rehabilitation is a more morally humanistic approach. In fact, part of the government's "mandatory" drug-free workplace program dictates that companies provide something called an employee assistance program. This is a confidential consultation service that, among other things, allows employees an avenue to seek treatment for drug abuse problems.

D.a Ethical Reasoning

No one can dispute the ethical reasoning behind random drug testing for workers in safety-sensitive jobs. The destruction of a pristine bay along the Alaskan shoreline caused by the oil spill of the EXXON Valdez, or the study done by the Federal Railroad Administration (FRA) recognizing 34 fatalities, 66 injuries and more than \$28 million in property damage resulting from "toxins use" in 45 train accidents from 1975 to 1983 (Farber 14) can attest to that. Further, most would feel moral justification in the testing of airline pilots or nuclear plant employees. Many would continue that pre-employment testing is justifiable because it filters out potential problem employees. Proper screening methods can greatly reduce the problems and social costs associated with on-the-job drug use such as high employee turnover, poor production and quality control, and towering insurance and health care expenses.

Some would reason that it is morally correct to test all present employees because then there would be no prejudice as to who would be tested. As country singer Tom T. Hall wrote, "If you hang all the people, you'll get all the guilty." But many would say testing all employees would significantly reduce employee moral and fracture the employee/employer trust when employees must prove their innocence against the presumption of guilt. Therefore, testing present employees should be used only when there is overwhelming indication of on the job drug abuse.

E. My Moral Judgments

I believe that pre-employment drug testing (with confirmation testing) is morally correct as it provides the company with a reliable method to protect itself and its employees from the problems caused by workplace drug abuse. I also believe that it is essential in safety-sensitive situations that there be no drug use, and I therefore argue that random drug testing is morally correct in those situations. However, I feel that unless there is some significant evidence indicating workplace drug abuse, there is little moral justification for testing non safety-sensitive employees. Also, if you are going to test you are

morally required to use only reliable testing labs and to use confirmation testing for positives. I also believe that if an employee tests positive it should be the moral responsibility of the company to offer rehabilitation for first time offenders. But a positive test would also leave that individual in a position to be randomly tested over a limited period after rehabilitation.

F.a The Moral Principle Behind My Position

I believe most moral principles would support the morality in testing safety-sensitive employees. The Utilitarian would say that the greatest utility for all would occur if these jobs were manned by individuals who were not abusing drugs; testing would be the only way to assure this. A Rule Utilitarian would say drug testing is ethically correct because drug testing would be required by the moral rule that says it is wrong to put others in harms way because of an employee's drug use. This rule is morally correct because there would be greatest utility for all by removing drug abusers from safety-sensitive jobs. A Rawlsian might say that worker safety must be a precursor to all basic liberties; without it there would be no basic liberties. Also a Rawlsian would say that testing safety-sensitive workers would also protect the least advantaged from harm. Finally, a Rawlsian would say that under the veil of ignorance everyone would want to be protected from the possible harm that someone using drugs may present.

A Utilitarian would say that by using preemployment drug screening you would reduce the potential social costs that on the job use might produce. This would give the greatest utility for all as opposed to allowing a person to be hired only to create costs in the form of poor quality or reduced production. A Rule Utilitarian might say pre-employment testing is ethically right as it would be morally wrong to hire someone who is abusing drugs. Obviously there is much greater utility in not hiring a drug abuser than in hiring one.

A Rawlsian would realize that safety is necessary to insure all of the basic liberties. New employees statistically have a greater injury rate than experienced employees and possibly endanger others around them in the process. There must be some way to expose those who would further enhance their chances of injury or injuring someone else by the use of testing. Further, this protects the least advantaged, those working around the drug abuser, from injury. Finally, if you were to be the co-worker of a new worker you would not want him to be using drugs. It would under no circumstance be moral to test for anything other than drug abuse, unless specified beforehand.

The testing of present employees in non-safety-sensitive situations can be ethically indefinite. However, if an employee has gone through pre-employment testing without showing signs of drug use and the employee's work habits have not indicated drug use, I feel that all of the principles we have studied would think it unethical to have mandatory testing. I believe that a Rawlsian would say freedom from undue search and freedom from

presumption of guilt can be extended from the basic liberties. A Rawlsian would also want, from behind the veil of ignorance, that the pedestrian citizen would not be forced to prove his innocence

G.a A Defense

The biggest attack on my moral judgments would come from the Nozickians and the principle of freedom from coercion. But surely even a Nozickian would feel that testing would be necessary for safety situations, as the Lockean proviso provides for exceptions when the situations of others will be worsened. Whether or not a Nozickian would extend that same understanding to a pre-employment test is unclear, but I feel he should. Poor workmanship and low output affects everyone in this society. If we, as managers, can positively affect any of the causes of these problems, we would be serving every customer. Ignoring workplace drug abuse and those who abuse worsens the situation for all.

Some would say pre-employment drug tests do not stop a person from doing drugs; they force only "momentary" abstinence and therefore are ineffective against workplace drug use. This would be partially true. But no single test would be totally effective short of daily assays. Therefore, pre-employment testing must be but one component of a larger comprehensive drug program that should include education, training, confidential consultation, and, if necessary, rehabilitation. This approach may allow for casual use, but if casual, off-hour use does not affect work performance it should not be part of the company agenda other than to try to dissuade through education. It is not a company's sovereignty to dictate morality on home activities. After all, is the purpose of employee drug testing to "eliminate illegal drug use, not just focus on those who are addicted," as J. Michael Walsh, the designer of Reagan's zero-tolerance program, wants us to believe (Horgan 24) or is it to stop drug use in the workplace?

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The Evaluation: The paper had good research, clear and relevant writing, and a strong argument for the moral judgmenta

Palatine Food Pantry

by Janell Nooleen

(Speech 101--Choice)

The Assignment: Write a 5-7 minute speech to persuade your audience to perform some definite, observable act

Now that Thanksgiving is almost two weeks behind us, I hope you've all recovered from the huge feast shared with your family or friends. You probably had a dinner much like our family. Let me show you what our menu looked like. The important thing is not that you identify each item on our menu but that you get an idea of how many things we had for Thanksgiving dinner. We had turkey and stuffing, mashed potatoes and gravy, green bean casserole, creamed onions, sweet potato souffle, stuffed mushrooms, jello salad, cranberry bread, banana bread, pumpkin bread, rolls and relish tray. Oh, yes, we had some wine with our dinner too, and coffee with our dessert which consisted of peanut butter banana cream pie and pumpkin yogurt pie. Long lists are pretty boring to listen to, aren't they? Well, my point is that my Thanksgiving dinner - like the menu I read to you - was just too much.

Let's talk about the families of John Smith and Jane Doe. What do you suppose their menus for Thanksgiving dinner looked like? Let me give you a clue - they looked much like the one here. This one I think you can all easily read - peanut butter, baked potato and tap water. I didn't have much to put on this one, so I could use quite large letters. Incidentally, this menu isn't much different from their menus for every other day of the week, the month or maybe even the year.

The names I mentioned are fictional but they are symbolic of dozens and dozens of families or senior citizens within the Palatine area. People who for one reason or another cannot afford to buy proper food. If those families had been aware, however, of the Palatine Food Pantry, they, and others like them, could have had a much nicer Thanksgiving meal because the Food Pantry, through donations, distributes food and other household items to families or individuals in need. They cannot do it without voluntary donations, though, and I would like to persuade each of you to donate non-perishable food items or groceries to the Palatine Township Food Pantry by December 20th of this year.

I talked to Kris Freeman last week. Kris is a caseworker for low-income families in the Palatine area and she told me of some of the particular needs these families may have and where these families come from. They range from senior citizens with only social security to rely on to young, single parent families who can't make ends meet. Some of these families receive food stamps to cover grocery expenses so they don't need food items from the Food Pantry. They're in need of items not provided by food stamps, such as paper products or personal hygiene items. Imagine life without laundry or bar soap, shampoo or toilet paper. Some families are unable to pay utility bills. By receiving food from the Food Pantry, they can save on groceries to cover their utility costs.

There are approximately 83,000 people within the boundaries of Palatine Township and the surrounding unincorporated areas. According to Kris, the Food Pantry assists an average of 50 families from this area each month, or about 150 people. That's as many as five to six classrooms full of students here at Harper. That's each month so you can imagine how many donations are necessary to accommodate everyone seeking help. Since this is the community in which we either live, work, or go to school, the chances are that we may know some of these people, perhaps without realizing it. They could even be a next door neighbor, or, how about that nice older couple down the block who used to encourage you when you were a small child learning to ride a bike? Now that he can no longer work, how well do you think they are doing?

Most of the churches and schools, including Harper, as well as large companies and scout troops in Palatine, hold canned food drives to help stock the shelves of the Food Pantry. But these shelves are still far from overflowing. Kris told me that this time of the year the shelves are very full because we're at the "giving" time of year when people are more inclined to think of the less fortunate. However, by summer the cupboard gets pretty bare. The needy don't stop needing though, so the more goods donated now, the more they'll have left when June, July and August roll around.

This time of year especially, there are many charities you can donate to or become involved in. The reason I think that this one makes the most sense is because it's something we can all afford to do, both financially and time-wise. If some of us are able to give ten cases of chicken noodle soup, hey great! But, if we can only give a can of beans it will still make a difference and, if we all give a can of beans, it will make an even bigger difference. Since a lot of you are still living at home this could be virtually free for you. Just grab a can (or two) from the pantry on your way out the door - your mother will never know the difference. All of us in this room travel very close to the Food Pantry several times a week - it's just over on Plum Grove Road, so there's no big deal about just stopping by on our way to classes or Woodfield and dropping off our donations. It'll only take a few minutes.

This Food Pantry idea is important to me personally because I was one of three children raised by a single parent with an inadequate salary. One Christmas season a local men's organization showed up at our door with enough groceries for a great Christmas

dinner. My mother was really embarrassed at first (receiving charity was not her thing) but after those men left, I remember my mother unpacking the groceries with tears running from her eyes and thanking the powers that be because her children would eat well this Christmas. Today I'm thankful that part of my life is in the past and that my family is able to repay that act of kindness. Believe me, it's much more satisfying to help someone else out instead of having them help you out. It's really nice to feel good about yourself and when I read in the Daily Herald about the community's involvement in the Food Pantry, it struck a chord.

Food, like a lot of things, is most important when we don't have it. When we have all we need, we don't think twice about it. But, let's think twice about it and help make it a little less important to some of our needy neighbors.

The Food Pantry is located in the Palatine Township offices at 37 N. Plum Grove Road - just one block north of Palatine and Plum Grove Roads. They're there from 8:30 in the morning to 4:00 in the afternoon on Mondays through Fridays.

Hey, after the 14th or 15th of this month, finals will be over and you'll have plenty of time to drop your donation off before the 20th, or, do it now while it's still fresh in your mind. Remember, some day your family or someone you care for may need a service like this - hopefully very temporarily. Anyway, let's make sure that by getting our donations to the Food Pantry by December 20th, there will be an ample supply on the shelves should any of us need it in the future.

Thank you.

The Evaluation: Janell chose a timely topic and related it well to her classmates. Refraining from overdramatizing the need, she includes relevant statistics, testimony, and personal experience which lends credibility to her thesis. Janell's request is clear, simple and ultimately persuasive.

The Downfall of the Iron Curtain in Hungary

by Magda Pataky

(Writing for College, English as a Second Language--Holper)

The Assignment: The final project in this English as a Second Language composition class is to write a 7-10 page research paper according to guidelines used by American universities. The students were allowed to choose their own topics in order to focus their attention on content as well as the mechanics of the paper.

The term "Iron Curtain" was first used by Winston S. Churchill on May 12, 1945. He wrote: "An iron curtain is drawn down upon their fronts . . ." ¹ He used it to describe the wall of oppression that fell around the countries of Central and Eastern Europe that were occupied by the Soviet Armies after World War II. The Iron Curtain was the symbolic meaning of the Communist governments' total shield against free democratic expression of the people. Western radio and T.V. broadcasts were disturbed constantly and there was not true information exchange between Communist and Western countries. The average citizen of a Communist country wasn't allowed to travel abroad to Western countries. Visitors from any Western countries were given a hard time to move freely in any Communist country. The so-called Iron Curtain shielded the free world from the many atrocities that were committed by the Communist governments. Those who didn't want to give up whatever they worked for in their whole lives were killed or transported to Siberia which was equal to execution. Stalin, the Soviet leader, was the bloodiest-handed Communist after World War II. He caused the murder of between 12 million to 15 million Russians and others in the occupied countries, including Hungary. In Hungary, he did most of his killing through his hand-picked henchman named Rakosi who was installed as the Prime Minister of the Communist Party. After Stalin's death, Imre Nagy became the Prime Minister in Hungary from July 4, 1953-1955. Nagy was a Communist and a veteran Bolshevik. Born in 1896, he fought in the Russian Revolution of 1917 which helped Lenin to power and formed the basis for the Soviet Union. Nagy spent fifteen years in the Soviet Union studying agricultural problems and making propaganda broadcasts to his native country Hungary. When the Red Army occupied Hungary

at the end of the second World War, Imre Nagy returned first to become Minister of Agriculture (1944-45) and then the Minister of the Interior (1945-46). He again served as Minister of State; then he became the Prime Minister of Hungary.^{2a} His career was not atypical of the hundreds of Kremlin agents who flooded into Hungary after World War II. But Nagy was no ordinary Communist. He believed in national independence and freedom even under a Communist system. His patriotism and the love of his Hungarian homeland and its people made him an even bigger hero of the freedom-loving Hungarian nation. Imre Nagy said in his political testament:

I do not deny my Hungarian nationality and ardently love my Hungarian homeland and my Hungarian people. True patriotism, together with love and respect for other peoples and nations are the basis and essence of proletarian internationalism.³

He rejected the Stalinist concept of an authoritarian, arbitrary and autocratic regime. During his short-lived government, he tried to establish as many reforms as he could to brighten a little the very dark era of Stalin-Rakosi. His program posed a big danger to the Soviet imperialism.

His reforms and beliefs drove the small Hungarian nation on October 23, 1956 to the very first break in the so-called Iron Curtain. Hungary revolted against the Soviet occupiers. Unfortunately, the U.N. didn't respond to the Hungarian freedom fighters' call for help. Finally, on November 4, 1956, the Hungarian Freedom Fighter Radio Station broadcast these last words:

People of the world, listen to our call.
Help us not with words, but with action, with soldiers and arms. Please do not forget that this wild attack of Bolshevism will not stop. You may be the next victim. Save us . . . Our ship is sinking. The light vanishes. The shadows grow darker from hour to hour. Listen to our cry. Start moving. Extend to us your brotherly hands . . . God be with you and us.⁴

The revolution was crushed by Soviet tanks. Thousands of Hungarians including children lost their lives for the same principles that Imre Nagy believed in. Nagy became a prisoner through Soviet treachery. Hundreds of young people who took part in the freedom fighting and were under 18 years of age were put behind bars. They waited for their "18th birthday present" from the ruling Communist regime which meant hanging for their participation in the revolution. This happened because by Hungarian law no one was allowed to be executed under the age of 18.

Imre Nagy was executed on June 16, 1958. His body together with more than 300 bodies including those youngsters were buried in secret in a potter's field.⁵

Many mothers, fathers and close relatives somehow knew what was happening behind the tall wooden fence. They came to mourn

their loved ones secretly. Thousands of Hungarians fled to the Western countries after the lost revolution in 1956. Many of them left Hungary against their free will, but this decision was far better than becoming a martyr of the revolution. My father-in-law was one of them. He left the country at the last minute when the bloodthirsty A.V.H. members (same as K.G.B.) were after him as one of the main characters in the revolt. People like him kept alive the many sad memories and tried to pass it to the next generation by commemorating the events of October 23rd each year. The memory of those whose bodies lay in the unmarked potter's graves always brought back bitter feelings in many of us abroad and at home.

The Hungarian freedom fighters of 1956 had been the moral and political precursors of the martyrs of Tiananmen defeated by tanks.⁶

After suppressing that revolt and executing the moderate Communist leader Imre Nagy, Moscow tried a new form of bribery: it allowed Hungary wider latitude in economic experimentation than any other East bloc country, in exchange for political orthodoxy.⁷ This economic experimentation caused prosperity for a while, but left the country in \$20 billion dollar debt at the end of the "goulash communism" era.^a

As years went by, the cold war always lessened. The information exchange between the people who lived in Hungary and abroad gradually expanded. At the end of the 1970's and the beginning of the 1980's, the Hungarians could express little by little their criticism of Communism. Those who were too loud ended up in political prisons.^a

During the thirty years of Communist dictatorship, the ethics of people changed drastically towards work. Everyone was guaranteed work that no one really took pride in. Slowly but steadily the standard of living fell far behind that of the Western countries.⁸ Since Gorbachev's election as party chief in 1985, the hopes of the people began to grow in the captive nations of Eastern Europe. His politics of "perestroika" and "glasnost" have transformed the Soviet Union and made possible a transformation of international relations as well.

Party boss Janos Kadar who had replaced Imre Nagy and ordered his and hundreds of freedom fighters' deaths after 1956, was ousted in May of 1988.^a

The moderate reformer Karoly Grosz replaced him. Karolya Grosz soon "had been disgraced before any angry population."⁹ In January of 1989 a multiparty system was born. The next election to be held was to be in spring of 1990.

On March 17, 1989, Hungary signed the Status of Refugees, "pledging not to force fleeing foreigners to return to their own countries."¹⁰ In June of 1989, 15,000 East Germans were able to immigrate through Hungary after this agreement to West Germany, where they were given automatic citizenship.^a

In May of 1989 the electrified barbed-wire fences were removed by Hungarian soldiers along the Austrian border. "Quite literally, the Iron Curtain started to come down."¹¹

On June 16, 1989, thirty one years after their murder, Imre Nagy and his fallen freedom fighters were given a decent funeral. Five coffins draped in black contained the remains of the betrayed and murdered leaders of the revolution; the empty sixth

coffin symbolized the unknown martyrs. Thousands of people paid their respects on this occasion. Many of them visited their homeland for the very first time since they were forced to leave everything behind and weren't allowed to return even to visit under the Communist government.^{1,2}

This funeral gave the deepest emotional catharsis to all of those who never seemed to believe that the once dark and heavy Iron Curtain was becoming only a bitter history. I was one of them. The release of the thousands of East Germans through Hungary against the demands of the East German Government, the dismantling of the fence between Hungary and Austria, and the repatriation of the Hungarian freedom fighters signaled the fall of the Iron Curtain in Hungary.

Notes

- 1 Andre Fontaine. History of the Cold War, Part I, p. 243. 1972a
- 2 Laszlo Fekete. A Magyar Forradalom Történelmi Kiértékelése, p. 123, 1966 Brussels
- 3 Imre Nagy. "On Communism: In Defence of the New Course" p. 306. Remember Hungary, London: Thames & Hudson, 1957a
- 4 Laszlo, Varga. "The Hungarian Revolution and Struggle for Freedom As Reflected in Domestic Radio Broadcasts" October 23 - November 9, 1956, New York, Free Europe Press, 1956a
- 5 L. Wieseltier. "Totems & Taboos" The New Republic 1989, a p. 24.
- 6 B.W. Neland. "Man of the Decade" Time Jan. 1, 1990, a p. 48.
- 7 Ibid. a p. 49.a
- 8 I. Volgyes. "Hungary: Dancing in the Shackles of the Past" Current History November, 1989, p. 384.
- 9 B.W. Neland. "Man of the Decade," Time p. 49, Jan. 1, a 1990.a
- 10a Ibid. a p. 50
- 11 Ibid. a
- 12 M.R. Meyer. "The Tumult of the Tomb," p. 45, Newsweek June, 1989.

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- Volgyesa Imrea "Hungarya Dancing in the Shackles of the Past.â
Current History Novemberã 1989a
- Wieseltirea Laszãoa "Totems and Taboosa" The New Republic
1989a

The Evaluation: Mrsã Pataky has combined a sense of historical background with present-day circumstances to explain very clearly the recent freedom acquired by her fellow Hungariansã Because she and her family lived through these tragic times, her paper has combined personal feelings as well as an excellent description of national events that help us to have a better understanding of the downfall of the Iron Curtain in Hungaryã

Pathedy of Manners

by Karen Richardson

(Literature 105--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Discuss the poem and focus on one or two contributing characteristics

At twenty she was brilliant and adored,
Phi Beta Kappa, sought for every dance;
Captured symbolic logic and the glance
Of men whose interest was their sole reward.

5 She learned the cultured jargon of those bred
To antique crystal and authentic pearls,
Scorned Wagner, praised the Degas dancing girls,
And when she might have thought, conversed instead.

10 She hung up her diploma and went abroad
Saw catalogues of domes and tapestry,
Rejected an impoverished marquis,
And learned to tell real Wedgewood from a fraud.

15 Back home her breeding led her to espouse
A bright young man whose pearl cufflinks were real
They had an ideal marriage, and ideal
But lonely children in an ideal house.

20a I saw her yesterday at forty-three,
Her children gone, her husband one year dead,
Toying with plots to kill time and re-wed
Illusions of lost opportunity

But afraid to wonder what she might have known
With all that wealth and mind had offered her,
She shuns conviction, choosing to infer
Tenets of every mind except her own

25a A hundred people call, though not one friend,
To parry a hundred doubts with nimble talk,
Her meanings lost in manners, she will walk
Alone in brilliant circles to the end.

--Ellen Kay (b. 1931)a

Pathedy: a coined word formed from the Greek root path--(as in pathetic, pathology) plus the suffix -edy (as in tragedy, comedy)

The poem that I have chosen to write about deals with some sad realities. Its subject is the intelligence, talent and resources that a woman has wasted only to become an upper class clone. The speaker points to the many parts of herself that the woman has put aside with a general tone of sadness and perhaps a touch of grief for the things that this woman has given up.

The irony here is irony of situation. Given the intelligence of this woman combined with her wealth, I would expect her to be a career-oriented person, or at least a great pursuer of knowledge. I would also expect her to live a happy life. However, in the poem I find that the only career this woman had was one of being like everyone else in her social class. The knowledge she sought of her own accord consisted of learning how to tell real china from a phony. Happiness is never mentioned in the poem, leaving me with the distinct impression of unhappiness. These types of contradictions throughout the poem slowly reveal both the subject and the speaker's attitude toward it.

The poet creates the irony with the use of particular words from beginning to end. To begin with, the word "Pathedy" in the title is a word that (the editor tells us) the poet made up by combining parts of other words. When I first read that word, I didn't think much about it. After reading the poem a few times I wondered what the poet meant when she concocted the word. Does it stand for pathetic - tragedy? I think that it does. That alone creates a contradiction right off the bat. What is a pathetic and/or tragic about manners? That is what the poet tells us in this poem.

In the first stanza we are briefly introduced to a bright, attractive and well loved girl. "At twenty she was brilliant and adored, Phi Beta Kappa, sought for every dance." The poet tells us in just those first two lines what kind of potential this young woman has. The second stanza takes an immediate twist by telling us more about her and what she is like despite her great mind.

She learned the cultured jargon of those bred
To antique crystal and authentic pearls,
Scorned Wagner, praised the Degas dancing girls,
And when she might have thought conversed instead

Instead of developing her own mind, this young woman was being trained to be like everyone else around her. She seemingly accepted this readily enough, as the poem says nothing of her doubts until later on. The next stanza is a continuation of this theme.

She hung up her diploma, went abroad
Saw catalogues of domes and tapestry,
Rejected an impoverished Marquis,
And learned to tell real Wedgewood from a fraud

Here this young woman is traveling overseas and still her focus is so very narrow. She broke a heart along the way, but she did find out how "to tell real Wedgewood from a fraud." That line was pivotal for me in understanding the absurdity of this woman's waste of time and mind.

In the third stanza she comes back home where she marries an eligible young man. The importance of social class is stressed here along with material objects. This is the first stanza that starts out sounding happy and then turns sad, creating an irony within itself:

Back home her breeding led her to espouse
A bright young man whose pearl cufflinks were real.
They had an ideal marriage, and ideal
But lonely children in an ideal house.

The first thing that I noticed was that it was her "breeding" that caused this man to marry her - not her beauty or wit or intelligence. That, to me, is sad enough. But to point out that his "pearl cufflinks were real" is truly materialistic. This says nothing of the man aside from the possibility that he has money. Did she marry him or his cufflinks? Apparently she married his ability to buy the cufflinks. The part about their "ideal but lonely children" I felt was about the children who are born into wealth and are raised by nannies and sent away to boarding schools. They rarely see their parents and, in fact, are most likely very lonely.

The last three stanzas deal with this woman in the present tense. This is when it became most obvious to me that the speaker was actually expressing something like grief for all of the things that this woman gave up on her road to sameness. Especially in the sixth stanza, I found this prevailing sadness and an image of this woman all alone now with not even a hobby to occupy her mind.

But afraid to wonder what she might have known
With all that wealth and mind had offered her,
She shuns conviction, choosing to infer
Tenets of every mind except her own.

For all that life had to offer her, this intelligent woman chose to follow others instead of taking her own path. Now, later in her life she doesn't dare wonder "what if . . . ?" Even at this late stage of the game she has no thoughts of her own and she continues to think only what everyone else thinks, as if she has no mind of her own!

Finally, in the last stanza, the use of language again saddens me as I am hearing that this woman hasn't even got any friends to whom she can turn in her loneliness:

A hundred people call, though not one friend,
To parry a hundred doubts with nimble talk.
Her meanings lost in manners, she will walk
Alone in brilliant circles to the end.

It is difficult for me to sum up this stanza simply because I react to it in a highly emotional manner. I empathize with her to the best of my ability; she is a woman who, through actions that she chose to take during the course of her life, has ended up alone. It doesn't matter that "a hundred people call" if none of them are friends. All they want to do is gab and gossip. Such talk may occupy time, but it does not occupy the mind nor the heart that is aching. The second part of the last stanza I believe sums up the subject and the attitude very neatly and quietly. Since her college days, this woman has been nothing but the "manners" that she learned from her own kind of people. She is polite and agreeable and never thinks of her own mind, but she is not herself anymore. And very, very sadly indeed, she will remain so for the rest of her life.

To close this paper I want to state that at first I didn't choose to write about this poem. The one I did choose is irrelevant; the point is that this poem came back to me when it was the furthest thing from my mind. It has a haunting quality to it that involves the irony and the exceptional use of words. My subconscious would not let me forget about it until I wrote about it. I found myself feeling very sorry for this real or imaginary woman, and trying to decide if I, in her position, would have made the same choices as she, or if I would have chosen to follow my own lead. It is impossible to know, of course, but I would like to think that I'd go my own way. But wouldn't we all like to think that . . . ?

The Evaluation: Ms. Richardson writes a thoughtful analysis of several qualities which power the poem and she reveals her special connection to it.

He Knew I Knew

by George Rolph

(English 101--Dodds)

The Assignment: Write a personal experience essay in the participant's role. In a series of vignettes describe a significant time in your life and the discoveries you made about that time.

I had to be seven years old and all I lived for was baseball. Dad took my brother and me out in the backyard and pitched to us hour after hour. One day Dad asked if I would like to go to the St. Louis Cardinals' baseball game. I couldn't believe it. It was like a dream come true. So the next night we piled into the car with the next-door neighbor's father and his two sons and off we went. When we got there the crowd was large and noisy, and I was so small I couldn't see anything but people's butts. I was kind of scared, but Dad took my hand and we made it to our seats just fine. There were many things I remember, like the big scoreboard, or coming close to catching a foul ball, but what I remember most was the food Dad let me have, hot dogs, popcorn, cotton candy, and pop. He let me eat as much as I wanted. I was like a kid in a candy shop with a hundred dollar bill. It was the time of my life.

I fell asleep in Dad's lap on the way home, and the next thing I knew I was waking up in my bed the morning after. I lay there for a few moments thinking about the night before. He had picked me over my two brothers to go to the ball game and I didn't know why. It had been the evening of my short life. I wanted to tell him how much fun I had and tell him how much I loved him for taking me. It was a love that started that night and a love I have never once doubted to this day. So, I ran down the stairs to tell him, but he had gone to work. When he got home from work I climbed up on the couch next to him. We talked about the ball game and the great evening we had had together. I was about to tell him what he meant to me but when he put his arms around me and started to watch the evening news I didn't have to because he knew and I knew.

One day shortly after the ball game I was in the car with Dad. I was a young inquisitive boy who asked him question after question. Finally, after a few miles of questions he said, "I have a question for you. Why do you ask so many questions?" I said, "Because you know everything." That's when he told me

something I'll never forget. "If you keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open you will learn a lot." He loved sharing all his opinions and thoughts with me, and that made me feel so important. Then that thought of mine came to me again and I wanted to tell him. I didn't. I knew there would be another time so I just asked him another question. Besides, he already knew and I knew.

It was not long after our question-and-answer car ride that Mom was cooking dinner one wet, rainy summer afternoon. I walked into the kitchen and asked, "Is Dad home?" She said, "You know your father doesn't get home this early." I replied, "I thought you told me it was bad luck to start dinner before Dad got home." I don't remember her reply, but it was a little while later the phone rang. It was the hospital. Dad had slid off the road and dropped twenty feet into a creek. The metal ring from the steering wheel had punctured his head right above his right eye and the doctors didn't know if he would make it. The next thing I remember was sitting in the back seat of the neighbor's car. My mom and brother were crying hysterically and all I could do was sit and watch the scenery fly by at jet-like speed. I knew that he wasn't going to die because he had many more questions to answer. Besides, I had to tell him something, something important. He lived, of course, but when he came home from the hospital I never talked to him about it. That was okay, because he knew and I knew of our love.

When I was finally as tall as the top of the car, Dad took me pheasant hunting. The first couple of times I just walked along with him and got in his way. But I could tell he enjoyed having me with him, and it was great, a son just being out with Dad. A couple days after our second hunt, he asked if I wanted to carry a real shotgun the next time we went. I was ecstatic and couldn't wait. That evening he brought home a .410 shot gun and I got a crash course on its use and care. My first real hunt was only two days away. It was a fun evening and I asked a million questions and he answered them all.

I hardly slept for two days. I think he was just as excited as I because we were up and on our way earlier than usual. After the first hunt, hunting was to become a fall ritual from that day on. We joined a club, bought a hunting dog and hunted well into my middle twenties. The only reason we stopped was that the government took our land away. But that first hunt was more than just a hunt. We were now a team, an inseparable team. Not once over the years did he go without me or I without him.

It was the start of a new phase in our relationship. It was better felt than described. I guess you could say that in the hunting field he tried to make a man out of me and mold me into the kind of person he wanted me to be. Then one evening a couple of years later, sitting at the kitchen table drinking beer, we got to talking about those hunting days. About all those great shots, all the ones that got away, but especially about all the time the two of us just spent together. We talked and drank until my eyes were closing. Finally I stood up and said, "I have to go to bed." That's not all I wanted to say, but that was okay. And then he said, "I'll see you in the morning." I knew that's not all he wanted to say, but that was okay, too.

One spring day, later in life than I care to say, I walked into my parents' house and asked whether I could move back again. Yes, it had been another disastrous love affair, and it was time to hide behind Mom and Dad's apron strings again. It had happened numerous times during the years and I knew what the answer was going to be. So when I asked Dad whether I could move home again until I got back on my feet, his eyes got big and he said, "Sure, your mother and I miss you not being around and we hope you never leave again." No matter what I did he was always behind me. He never gave me long lectures, only sound advice. He never harped on me, and gave me plenty of room to find out about life on my own. We were very close but I always had room to breathe. He just made sure he was there when I needed him. I loved him so. Even though I knew the answer before I asked him it still gave me a great feeling inside, and I wanted to tell him how I really felt, but all I said was, "Thanks Dad." As I walked back to my bedroom, I knew that was not all he wanted to tell me, but once again, that was okay.

I had stayed about three months and moved out into my own apartment. When the day came, I went over to help him into the car for his final trip to the hospital. Like a warrior badly outnumbered he had fought cancer for two years. He had lost and only he and I knew. As we walked arm and arm down the driveway he told me he wouldn't be back. I knew he was right. It took all my power not to break down. I knew what I had to tell him, but every time I tried to talk, the tears swelled in my eyes. I quietly helped him into the car and our eyes met. I knew instantly I didn't have to say a word.

My family and I put him in the hospital on Sunday, and when I walked into the room on Tuesday evening I knew he had been right. I sat down next to him and picked up his hand. His only sign of life was the cancerous bowling ball in his stomach, barely moving up and down. His hand was cold. It wasn't the hand that had led me through the aisles of the ball game. It wasn't the hand that had led me across all those dangerous streets of life and it wasn't the hand that he had put on my shoulder when he was especially proud. It was cold, the kind of cold when death is near. I sat there and just stared at him, and I wanted to jump up and tell him my innermost thoughts, hoping he would sit up and tell me his, but I didn't. I got up and left the room. As I drove home, the more I thought about it the more it came to me: it didn't matter because he knew and I knew. He died two days later without a whimper.

The day after Dad's death was probably the toughest day of my life. I put my best suit on and prepared to see him lying in peace. As I approached the casket I could feel the tears well up in my eyes. I had left home early, and when I got there, I stood before him in an eerie, chilling silence. I started to cry. I cried harder inside than out because that's the way society says men have to cry. I cried so hard my stomach was like a pretzel. I cried because I missed him, I cried because he had dedicated his life to me. I cried because he had given me so much, and I

cried because I needed him to answer more questionsa I cried because I wasn't ready to be the man he wanted me to be. Or was I? I cried because I realized how much I had meant to him and how much he had meant to me. But I have never shed a tear because we never once spoke the wordsa "I love you.

The Evaluation: George Rolph writes with detail, a imagination, feeling, and insight about the nearly wordless bond of love he shared with his fathera His is the kind of writing that sticks in my mind long after I've finished it--a series of images potent with emotion and understanding. And that's the kind of delicious after-taste good writing should leavea

Paradise Lost

by Stephen Schneider

(English 101--Davis)

The Assignment: Mr. Schneider was asked to write a critique of a short film, analyzing both its content and its effect on viewers.

Rolf Forsberg's Ark is a frightening and futuristic film that predicts the destruction of the earth's fragile environment. Forsberg writes and directs this fearful vision of our possible future. The film draws a parallel between the planet and the biblical Ark in which Noah escaped the Flood. Forsberg implies that if we continue to neglect the environment, the world's "ark" will be destroyed.

This film envisions the future as a sterile and decaying place--inhospitable to mankind. It is a place where people must wear plastic suits and gas masks to survive. The air has become so bad that people use their telephones to call daily recorded pollution reports. Forsberg portrays these people as mindless, empty shells of humanity who are hostile both to each other and the environment. He believes that much land is being raped by people's indifference and desire for quick profits. Forsberg visualizes this idea by setting his film encircled with rusted-out factories and power plants left to wallow on the banks of a polluted river. Ark sends a clear message that the environment will be destroyed by our greed and foolishness if society's priorities remain unchanged.

Probably the most shocking example of pollution is in the film's opening scene: an old man limps along a railroad track wearing a mask and plastic body covering as if he were exploring Three Mile Island. But as the film continues, it becomes eerily apparent that an area much greater than Three Mile Island has been contaminated. This old man is the main character, and actually never speaks in the film; his actions speak louder than words as he searches the barren land for remaining signs of life. He collects small animals and plant life that still exist, then takes them home so they might be saved.

Home is a greenhouse. Life in this greenhouse centers around a small pond which contains a few plants and small animals. As the old man nurses the animals back to health, the

pond begins to thrive. Then, perhaps the inevitable happens as the empty people outside the greenhouse want in--just as people wanted in to Noah's Ark. Forsberg's view of people is harsh. He sees them as greedily taking from others what they have no right to have. First, they took from Mother Nature until she had no more to give. Now, they want into the old man's greenhouse, even if it means destroying it. They shatter the greenhouse when the old man doesn't let them in, and the pond is ruined forever. The destruction of the pond symbolizes the greater destruction of the environment.

Ark sends a clear message that the environment will be destroyed by our greed and lack of foresight if we do not change our ways. Rolf Forsberg paints a bleak future for this world because people, in his view, do not respect the natural world. The pond demonstrates the hope that is possible; it did, after all, come back to life.

The irony of Forsberg's ark is that unlike Noah's, it is impossible to get off.

The Evaluation: Mr. Schneider has written with confidence and grace, expertly weaving plot summary with analysis to capture the film's symbolic meaning and impact.

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Feasibility Study: Use of Voice Recognition
Technology for Automating Hospital Patient Charting

by Brad Schubring

(Technical and Report Writing--Burwell)a

The Assignment: Write a ten-page analytical
report on a topic of immediate practical
importancea

Voice recognition technology has greatly improved over the last ten years. This report will discuss how this technology works, what current applications make use of this technology, and the feasibility of adapting it to automate the charting of patients in hospitalsa

The American Nursing Crisis

This nation is facing a crisis in health care. Nurses, the primary health care givers in hospital environments, are becoming fewer and more difficult to hire. Nurses who remain on the job are finding their work loads increasing dramatically as fewer nurses give care to more patientsa

One of the biggest and most important responsibilities a nurse performs is the charting of a patient's condition during her/his shifta The patient chart is a legal document as well as a tool to evaluate patient care. Frequently, because of the increased work loada a nurse may not be able to update a chart until after the shift is over. The nurse is then forced to remember several important items of the examination or take time to document data, such as vital signs and medicationsa The problem becomes more acute when the nurse experiences increased fatigue from a rigorous shift, and does not remember exactly what was done and when during a patient examination. Patient care ultimately suffers as a result (Schubring)a

Voice recognition technology could help a nurse record data from examinations and medication. But how feasible would such a system be?

Voice Recognition Technology Definition

A voice recognition system is a technology in use which automatically displays a user's spoken words on a monitor screen. These words can be edited, formatted, and otherwise manipulated

as if the words were manually keyed, like using a word processing program.

The words can be used in word processing, databases, and other types of software programs for use in reports and other data formats. Some systems can even identify the user's voice pattern, and match the pattern to the user's name.

Voice Recognition System Description

Four basic parts comprise a modern voice recognition system:

- A headset, which includes a microphone for the system user
- An IBM-standard personal microcomputer
- A voice recognition system board (installed in the computer)
- Voice recognition system software (installed on the computer hard disk)

The system user turns on the system and then begins speaking into the headset microphone. The microphone changes sound energy into an analog electrical signal and transmits the analog signal to the voice recognition system board.

The voice recognition system board changes the analog signal into a digital signal. This digital signal is then changed into phonemes, or small parts of speech (Murchison).

The phonemes are then recognized and "interpreted" as words by the system software. A special "language model" is used by the software to create words from the phonemes. The size of the voice recognition system vocabulary is determined by the system software. Some voice recognition software programs are so sophisticated that artificial intelligence is used to determine which homonym (words which sound identical, but have different spellings and meanings) should be used in a given text.

Voice Recognition Technology Use in Industry

Several types of voice recognition systems are in active use. One application assists the court reporter. Computer monitors are given to a presiding judge and a reporter. These officers of the court can see a real-time generated transcript of each case. All words spoken are directly and automatically transcribed into the court record. Completed transcripts can be formatted into a report and printed to produce a hard-copy court record file.

Another application of voice recognition technology is used to assist the physically disabled. A voice recognition system is used to replace a keyboard, a mouse, or other entry device which cannot be used easily by the handicapped. Data entry, word processing, and even computer programming have been performed by physically-disabled people. The technology allows these people to feel useful, and have gainful employment.

Radiologists (medical specialists who study X-ray slides) also use voice recognition technology to create reports. The radiologist needs to create a report in the most timely manner possible. If a dictated tape of his report must be manually transcribed, the report then fails to be timely. Voice recognition technology speeds the process by eliminating the need to transcribe a report manually. It is especially useful when words need to be transcribed quickly, and manual transcription is not practical (Rudd 3).

The purpose of this report is to explore the feasibility of voice recognition technology for hospital patient charting. The current procedure for patient charting is that the nurse records the following on a paper report:

- when the patient was examined (time and date)
- what the vital signs were (blood pressure, pulse, breathing rate etc.)
- what medications were given, and in what dosages

As already discussed, nurses frequently cannot take time to record each entry onto the chart until much later in the shift, or even after the shift has ended. A mistake in entry on the chart may change how the patient is treated and could result in tragedy. Hospitals, doctors, and even nurses have been held liable for errors in medication or other treatments, so anything which could assist the nurse in making more accurate and timely entries in the patient chart would be welcome (Schubring). Advantages of such a system are that changes in patient condition can be recorded immediately with no interruption in patient care. This is especially useful when a patient is in critical condition and deteriorating rapidly. But would the current "state of the art" in voice recognition technology be able to adapt to the special needs of health care?

What an Automated Patient Charting System Would Require

A voice recognition system adapted to automated patient charting would need to have specific medical words and commands in its software to work successfully in the nursing environment. The vocabulary of such a system must, of necessity, be able to recognize many different words and yet be specific enough to recognize medical nomenclature.

The headsets used in standard voice recognition systems are typically "hard-wired" (physically attached by a cable) to the system board. However, nurses need to remain mobile so a headset must be used which implements a radio-frequency (RF) antenna to transmit the analog signal to the system board.

Current Systems Available

Speech Systems, Inc., a Tarzana, California supplier of custom application-based voice recognition systems, has created a system for radiologists and has experience with many other types of industrial applications. A typical Speech Systems application

for radiology report generation costs from \$35,000 to \$47,000a However, proposed patient care applications were too broad and required more vocabulary capacity than Speech Systems was capable of (Murchison)aa A system would need to be developed with a much greater vocabularya

Dragon Systems, of Newton, Massachusetts, has recently introduced a new voice recognition system which has a dramatically larger vocabulary than previous systemsa The DragonDictate Voice-Typewriter system is a flexible, powerful system which has a vocabulary of 30,000 wordsa It can recognize several users' voices, and runs on a 33-megahertz 80386 IBM-standard microcomputer. This \$9,000 system can display words at the rate of 35 to 50 words per minutea The system includes headphonesa the voice recognition system board, and system software (Brennan)a

The DragonDictate Voice-Typewriter has a unique editing and turn-on/turn-off featurea To delete a misspoken word, the user says "oops." To turn on the system, the user says "wake up," and to end operations, the user says "go to sleep" (Chicago Tribune)a

One Dragon System customer, CIAI of the Boston, Massachusetts area, is testing a modified DragonDictate system for use in emergency room triage (assigning care priority for emergency room patients). The success of this test could determine the ultimate feasibility of using voice recognition technology in automating patient charting (Boleska)a

CIAI is also testing different applications using the Dragon System for patient carea Some suggested variations on such a system area

- 1) The nurse would wear a headset with an antenna to transmit voice signals to a base stationa The base station would then send the voice signal to the system board. Advantages to such a system are that fewer, less-costly modifications would be neededa Disadvantages of this system are that the nurse could not see the words spoken until returning to the nursing station. She would need to edit her report later in her shifta

- 2) The nurse would still wear a headset with an antenna, but a computer monitor would be located in each patient's room. Advantages would be that the nurse could see the words she spoke. Disadvantages of this system are that patient rooms have considerable equipment already installed, and a monitor would create an intolerable clutter (Schubring)a The addition of monitors would add complexity and expense to the systema

- 3) The nurse would wear a headset attached to a hand-held computer with an antenna and a voice recognition system board. The board would digitize (change analog voice signals into digital signals) the user's voice, then transmit the digitized signal to a base station. The base station would send the digitized signal to the host (main computer), which would then recognize the digital signal and generate the cor-

responding words. These words would be transmitted as data back to the hand-held computer worn by the nurse

Advantages of this system are that the nurse could see her words on the hand-held computer almost immediately, and her mobility could be retained

But the disadvantages are significant.

- Hand-held computers add a notable cost and complexity to the system.
- Subdividing a critical function of the voice recognition system board could create operational and compatibility problems
- Hand-held computers would need recharging every second shift, so productivity might be reduced.

Each of these systems would still have the capability of being able to print out a hard copy of the patient chart if a doctor or nurse required one. But the printer used should be of the ink-jet or laser variety, as a dot-matrix or other impact printer would be too noisy for the nursing environment, especially on the night shift (Schubring)

In a recent informal survey, three nurses were asked their opinions of such a system being used in a critical care environment. Two out of the three enthusiastically endorsed a voice recognition system to help them in patient charting. The third nurse favored traditional forms of charting.

Nurses also favored the first version of the proposed system discussed in this report. They felt that an extra monitor in each patient's room would add too much clutter to an already-crowded room, and a hand-held computer might be too clumsy to wear. The nurses also believed that words generated with the voice recognition system could be edited and formatted later in the shift. A complete patient chart could be completed later, according to their preference and work load.

Conclusion

Nursing and patient care are at critical junctions. If technology can lighten the work load of a nurse and ease the nursing crisis, then a system should be created to meet those needs. Hospitals could purchase such a system for less than the cost of a nurse's annual salary, and could experience a return-on-investment in eighteen months to three years.

Savings to the hospital would include a dramatic reduction in overtime pay for nurses. Hospitals would also enjoy more accurate patient charting, resulting in better communication between doctor, nurse, and patient. Another advantage to hospitals and nurses would be that a reduction in risk of litigation would occur as a result of better and more accurate patient charting.

Voice recognition technology could be the new tool for the medical care field. Radiology, forensics, emergency room triage, and patient charting will all benefit from use of this technology.

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The Evaluation: Mr. Schubring's feasibility study is, above all, useful, demonstrating how "cutting-edge" technology may be used to improve health care services in hospitals today. Moreover, the study is carefully researched, well organized, well written and fully developed. It is truly of immediate practical importance.

Non-Manual Behaviors in American Sign Language

by Judy MacPherson Schumacher

(Linguistics 105--Dobbs)

The Assignment: The Linguistics 105 students are required to write a three to four page term paper on one area of Linguistics. They are encouraged to write on linguistic aspects of a language other than English, if possible.

Hearing people, after having had the opportunity to observe deaf people communicating in American Sign Language, frequently comment on the signers' expressiveness, the amount of emotion shown in their facial and body language. To be sure, all speakers in all languages convey not only linguistic content, but emotional affect as well. (Affect has been described as how the speaker feels about she/he is saying.) Human beings convey affect through many devices, such as facial expression, body language, and--in spoken languages--vocal intonation.

In American Sign Language (ASL), however, a great deal of linguistic content is communicated through particular facial expressions and body postures. In other words, if you watch people signing in ASL, while some of the facial expressions and bodily movements you notice may indeed relate to speaker affect, others are actually elements of the language itself. Linguists refer to these elements as non-manual behaviors. You may also see references to "non-manual markers" and "non-manual signs."

ASL's non-manual behaviors can serve grammatical or lexical functions. Certain non-manual grammatical markers (or grammatical signals) are used to indicate whether an utterance is a declarative statement, a yes/no question, a "wh" question, etc. For example, to ask a yes/no question in ASL, signer would employ a forward tilt of the head, accompanied by raised eyebrows and wide open eyes. A "wh" (who/where/what, etc.) question does not require the same pronounced forward tilt of the head (although some people will tilt their heads slightly, either forward, back, or to one side). The "wh" question is asked with furrowed brows except when the question is rhetorical, in which case the brows are raised. (Rhetorical "wh" questions are much more common in ASL than in English.)

It is important to remember that spoken languages are intended to be received auditorily, while signed languages are meant for visual reception. It therefore makes sense that, while spoken English "marks" or "signals" yes/no or "wh" questions with vocal intonations, ASL employs visible markers to accomplish the same task.

Question markers aren't the only non-manual grammatical markers in ASL. There are several others, including the markers for conditional (if . . . then) statements and for negation. Incidentally, the negative marker--furrowed brows, pursed lips, and a side-to-side head shake--is sufficient to negate a statement: one need not sign "no" or "not." A simple declarative statement is implied by the absence or any of these grammatical markers.

There are also non-manual behaviors which convey lexical information. In some instances the non-manual behavior is used in conjunction with a manual element, but the non-manual behavior is still a necessary component of the sign. In other instances the non-manual behavior alone serves as the complete sign.

When a non-manual behavior alone functions as a sign, it is often analogous to whispering in a spoken language, in that it is frequently associated with communication which is intimate in nature or intended for a restricted group. A good example of this is the sign a woman might use in telling a close friend, "I have my period"--quick, slight puffing outward of one cheek.

Another way in which a non-manual behavior can function alone as a sign occurs when it is used as a synonym for a manual sign. This is especially useful when the signer's hands are full. For example, in place of the manual sign "finish" (meaning something has already happened), one might use a non-manual behavior which resembles the mouthing of the word "fish." It is important to note that this is not one deaf person's attempt to produce the English word "finish" but is in fact a conventional non-manual sign.

There are some signs in which neither the non-manual nor the manual component alone would be considered a complete sign. A good example of this is the sign for "all gone." As the open hand is raised in front of the mouth, it is part of the sign to blow a short burst of air at the palm.

Non-manual behaviors are also used to distinguish between signs having identical manual components, such as the signs for "success" and "finally," which have different meanings in ASL usage. It is only the non-manual component of "finally" (the lips parting as if forming the sound "pah") which signals the difference.

A final note. The research in this area is very new. Researchers are just beginning to identify non-manual behaviors which serve as time adverbs, modifying the concepts of past or future. There are different manual signs, for example, for the concepts of "long ago" and "recently"; now ASL researchers are looking into a non-manual marker which they believe modifies "recently" along a continuum, from "fairly recently" to "very, very recently." This is just one small detail in an area of research which is wide open.

This paper discusses only a few of the ASL non-manual behaviors identified to date. As research into ASL continues, linguists may uncover "new" non-manual behaviors which are currently incorrectly attributed to speaker affecta

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The Evaluation: Ms. MacPherson Schumacher has written an interesting and informative paper delineating some non-manual aspects of American Sign Language (which is a totally different language from American English) and comparing these aspects to their counterparts in spoken English

The Walk

by Meryl Squires

(Eng 101--Thoreson)

The Assignmenta Students were asked to use a personal experience as a starting point to discuss an issue they believed would be of interest to any one of three audiencesa 1) a general audience of peers, 2) a group of professionals (e.g.ª doctors, educators), or 3) a notable individual of the past or present (e.g.ª President Bush, Martin Luther King)a meryl's paper is designed as part of an application to the dean of admissions at a major universitya

As a child, I was an avid reader. I especially enjoyed adventure stories like Robin Hood (a real favorite) and Indian stories such as Chief Black Hawk, Horse of Two Colors, and Crazy Horse. I would listen to stories my mother would tell me. Mom is an American Indian and I enjoyed hearing stories about my relatives and ancestors. I always pretended I was the hero or heroine in the stories, wondering what it would be like to really be on an adventure, pitting myself against the elements, testing my courage in the face of danger. Mom would also reassure me whenever I came home in tears, ridiculed and chided by the neighborhood boys that I couldn't do things they were doing because I was a girla I remember her telling me often and with real conviction that girls could do anything boys could do. I could do anything I really wanted. All it took was mind over matter; that was the secreta

Life changed quickly, financial problems beset my father'sa business and, because I appeared older, I went to work full time as a waitress at the age of thirteen. One thing after another occurred. Mom had to go to work full time, Dad was troubled with money worries and became withdrawn and angry because of expensesa My parents divorced and my family literally fell apart. I was entirely on my own in my own apartment when I was fifteen. I had to leave school in order to support myself and I missed the education I had always enjoyeda Time passed, I married and had

three beautiful daughtersa In my mid-twenties, I became a model and, by the time I was twenty-eight, I had my own modeling business and was working very hard. Unfortunately, growing and working in a large city like Chicago, I had become disillusioned with people. It seemed that everyone I had contact with had adopted the credo that other people were to be used for selfish gain. Shamefully, I confess to having once adopted that very philosophya

A succession of illnesses finally culminated in a stay at Northwestern Memorial Hospital. I was thin, had been working too hard, and was generally unhappy with lifea In reflection, I find it interesting how quickly one begins to value life when it's almost taken awaya

I remember overhearing one intern sarcastically comment to another that "this broad is in such bad shape she won't make it to thirty." It took me a moment to realize they were talking about me when they thought I was unable to comprehend their conversation. I felt an anger build within me that ignited a deep yearning to be well and get out of that place and show those interns that they were not going to dictate my futurea I healed remarkably fasta

That was in late 1979a In the ensuing monthsa I felt this great need to experience life, having not yet lived any of those dreams of my childhooda I had, in essence, done nothing with my lifea So I sold my businessa No, actually, I gave it away to a girl who worked for me. I quit modeling and spent time on making myself healthier and stronger. I wanted to get back to basics, to regress in time both mentally and physically, and get out of this fast-paced, cold, city world in which I lived.

I began pouring over scenic pictures of this beautiful country, wishing I could see more of it slowlya One evening, my daughters and I tried to think of ways to travel without use of a car, for a car moved too fast for me and we would miss too much of what I wanted to see. We eliminated biking after some consideration because Dori, my youngest, was too small and my dog, Sadie, was not accustomed to being around bikesa Jokingly, I quipped, "Well then we'll walka Yeah, we can walk to Yellowstone Park.¶ My husband, who was watching television, overheard and snorted "Walk? Ha. Sure, you'll be walking,¶ and he started laughing. It's difficult to describe just what went through me when he said that. I just said quickly, "Yes, I think we will walk.¶

On April 30, 1981, my three little girls (ages twelve, eleven, and eight) and I took our first steps on a journey that was to take us from Chicago to Yellowstone National Park, carrying packs as big as we were and, for five months, never sleeping indoorsa

Writing this now brings back so many memoriesa Memories of torturously painful, bloody feet. My feet bled and hurt the entire distancae At one pointa I tried swathing my feet in bandages and socks and hobbled down Route 20 in Iowa without shoesa But the bandages tore quickly and I was no better off. Another timea in Nebraskaa one of my toes became so infected it showed signs of infection spreading up my foota The pain was so intense I could not sleep. I began to think that my toe might have to be removed and momentarily thought that that may be a

blessing. However, we were out in the open, away from any towns or people and I had to do something. Relying on my prior research before starting the walk, I made up a paste, from an old Indian recipe for drawing out snake poison, of camphor and some herbs that I had brought with me in a first aid kit and wrapped my foot with it. Remarkably, the pain diminished. I was able to sleep and the next morning all signs of infection were gone. Even now, I have a deformed bone in my foot attributed to the extreme weight of the pack I carried.

I remember, too, the cold nights when we first set out on our walk. It was so cold that Sadie's water would be frozen the next morning. Then in Wyoming on the Morrissey Road overlooking the Cheyenne River, the heat was almost intolerable at 107 degrees. There was little shade on that old trail. We would erect a sheet and lie under it to try and escape the heat of midday, walking only during the early morning and late evening.

Memories of going hungry stay with me today. Sometimes there were such far stretches between towns that we could not carry enough food. On one of those stretches, we tried to make it to Lynch, Wyoming, at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, twenty-five miles away, and all we had to eat was half a hamburger bun each. It was a Friday and small town stores are only open a short time on Saturdays and closed on Sundays. If we wanted to eat, we had to get there or go hungry till Monday when the stores would reopen. So we walked in the heat. We had difficulty moving very fast because we were weak from lack of food. We made it to the Bozeman Trail. I found some immature sunflowers and we broke them open for the seeds. I found some good cactus so we had a meager lunch of immature wild sunflower seeds and sliced cactus. We pushed on. We made it to Lynch just before the store closed. Peanut butter never tasted so good!

One time we lost one of our canteens of water by forgetting it on one of our breaks. I do not think we lost anything else after that. Going thirsty can be a terrible way to learn a lesson. Another time we went thirsty because of a tornado.

We had just passed Oglala on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation when the sky became an ugly dark green. I knew we were in for a storm so we tied down everything and set up the tent. We were inside the tent when the winds hit. We heard the roar that sounded like a train. I knew it was a tornado. We were terrified. We were all thrown about together and lifted off the ground. Doris, my youngest, was next to me whispering. We felt ourselves suddenly airborne and just as suddenly bounced on the ground all twisted up in our tent. Then, suddenly, it was over. We lay there stunned for a few moments. I checked to see if everyone was all right. Miraculously, all we had were bruises. Later that evening, an Indian police officer came out thinking we were dead because someone reported they saw us go flying through the air. We didn't know then that our real problem from the tornado was yet to come. The next day we found our water supply destroyed with no other water sources available. The day became very hot. We walked twelve miles without water. Finally, out of desperation, we found a small hollow in the earth where some chalky water and wet earth sat from the previous evening's storm. We dredged it up sieving it through our bandanna. I do not think I have ever tasted anything so rank in my life.

I have wonderful memories, too. Memories of freedom, freedom from the hassles of modern life. The freedom of feeling your spirit join the eagles flying overhead; the closeness I shared with my wonderful daughters, watching them skip and jump over little waterfalls and turning cartwheels in streams near our camps; and the exhilaration of reaching the top of the Big Horn Mountains after a two-mile climb and looking out on the world below. I remember the sightings of wild animals, from rattle snakes and coyotes, jackrabbits and mule deer, golden eagles and turkey vultures. Then there was the wondrous moment when a mountain lion that had stalked us up in Bear Trap Meadows in the Big Horns crossed in front of us with her two cubs. And there was the regal moose we spotted near Yellowstone. But I think one of the most wonderful memories is that I actually lived an adventure, and I laugh to myself when I think about it.

I also remember the wonderful people who helped restore my faith in humankind again. Many times we were met with warm welcome and given food and help, as well as directions and local information that aided us enormously. I wish I could thank these people once again for their warmth and generosity.

Turning back was never a thought, although there were many times the journey was so hard we could have. I remember a time when we were fifty-four miles from Yellowstone and had camped off the road a distance at a place called Jim Creek. It was there we spotted a bobcat as we came down the trail and that night as dusk settled a great horned owl flew into the tree overhead. We camped there for three days. I was so physically exhausted that I needed rest. Improper diet and the stress of carrying a pack weighing fifty to eight pounds for ten to twenty-five miles a day had taken a toll on me. I had lost over twenty pounds. As we were coming down the trail from Jim Creek, ready to resume walking, I slipped on some loose rock and fell hard (with the weight of my pack) on my knees. I winced as pain seared through my legs and I cried out. I became so angry. It seems foolish now, but I raised a clenched fist to the sky and shouted at the emptiness that nothing was going to stop me now. Not even if my legs were broken. I would not quit. I would crawl if necessary. I felt a deep determination that has never left me and is with me today. My daughters helped me up. My legs were not broken but I limped the remaining distance, arriving in Yellowstone on my thirtieth birthday.

As I look back, I have the feeling of success for living an adventure and achieving not only the goal of reaching Yellowstone but also achieving a dream of my childhood. I have another dream and another goal. I have always felt a lack in my education and have wanted, for many years, to return to college and obtain my degree. I feel I have much to offer and can in some ways make a meaningful contribution to society, to give back in some way to humanity something for I feel I have received so much. But as I return to college I return a much wiser person.

I have shared with you an experience that changed not only my life but my approach to life as well. It was an adventure that may have begun in spite or because of a "dare" but when finished, it taught me what it takes to succeed, to succeed in life and to also succeed in character.

I would like to share with you some of the deeper, perhaps more meaningful things I learned on my walk. These were lessons I learned that have become a part of me.

I learned discipline, the discipline it takes to set a goal and then to take the steps, sometimes tedious and painful, to achieve that goal.

I learned the importance of organization; losing something necessary for survival in a veritable wilderness can be dangerous, as well as painful. Keeping things in their proper place took on a new importance and became a new way of thinking.

I learned persistence, which is just another word for stubbornness, for it was sheer stubbornness that kept me walking mile after mile, overlooking painful, bloody feet, persisting in spite of painful sores on our backs from our heavy packs. Our bodies ached every day and yet we went on. Proving a point became less important than simply "not quitting."

I learned resilience: to keep getting up every time I fell, to endure freezing weather in the beginning, the tornado in South Dakota, torrential rains in Nebraska, 107 degrees in Wyoming. I learned that we do not survive the elements for surviving denotes a struggle for existence; instead, we endure them, we last, we bear with patience.

We learned to appreciate small blessings, like clean water for the many times we went thirsty and simple food for when we went hungry; a shower, shampoo, clean dry clothes; all of these things took on new meanings for us.

As stubborn as I was, I had to be adaptable for every day would bring something new for me to deal with, like the mountain lion that stalked us in the Big Horn Mountains or the bear in our camp in Eagle Creek. I had to adjust to whatever a new day would bring and use it to our best advantage.

I learned to count my blessings, to approach life humbly, yet confidently. There were many other things I learned, but the most important, I think, is I learned self-confidence. I learned what I could achieve if I put my mind to it. While learning the humility of the soul, I learned the greatness of my spirit and I gained freedom, freedom of the spirit vanquishing the vexations of the physical body.

No trumpets heralded our arrival at our destination - indeed, it was rather a quiet moment. Snow was falling softly. The pine forest on either side of the road was silent as we trudged that final mile. As I crossed over the boundaries of Yellowstone Park, I looked back over the long road we had traveled. We had really made it! I felt a thrill of accomplishment go through me. Since that time and because of that journey, I have gained a new respect for myself, along with confidence and a knowledge that I can achieve anything if I put my mind to it.

The Evaluation: The experience is a strong starting point; it is dramatic, extraordinary, and revealing. Meryl plays to that strength by massing and selecting significant details of the journey and arranging them with skill and grace.

The Darkest Hearts

by Kathleen Ulin

(English 102--Barbara Hickey)

The 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

As the undefended reader journeys into the landscape of Flannery O'Connor's literary world, a seemingly unfounded feeling of uneasiness and uncleanness develops towards the characters. These emotions are far from unfounded. The entities that people her stories are deformed in either mind, body, or spirit (Muller 47). One cannot read Flannery O'Connor and not be affected by the persistent presence of her grotesque characters. This is precisely the reason for O'Connor's abundant use of the grotesque (Fitzgerald 40). O'Connor felt that "modern life has made grotesques of us all" (Lawson 41) and therefore such extremes of incongruity were necessary in order to reach her audience (Walters 32). "To the hard of hearing you should, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures" (qtd. in Walters 32). Ours is an apathetic society, well-adjusted to the horrific, unnatural extremes by which we should be outraged. O'Connor created these "cultural grotesques" in order to make a grotesque culture perceive its own perversion (Muller 46). These corruptions of humanity are displayed in their full profanity through the characters in "Revelation."

The physical deformity in "Revelation" augments the message of the grotesque. Although the physical deformities presented in "Revelation" are not extreme, they still have strong illustrative power. It is important that the story opens in a doctor's waiting room. There, the degeneracy that is present at all social levels is depicted by the fact that all have illness, physical or otherwise (Muller 46). a microcosm of society's ailments at large (Hendin 120). A large part of that physical grotesque is simply ill, apathetic humans. This is very apparent in O'Connor's male characters. The white-trash boy, for instance, suffers from an ulcer as well as from a strange lethargy. The boy moved only once in the story and that was to ". . . draw one leg up under him . . ." (O'Connor 173) when Mary Grace attacked Mrs. Turpin.

The boy is little more than a physical presence. He remains a nameless listless victim of society's indifference and evil. Also, it is interesting that both the boy and Claud suffer from ulcers, a painful, corrosive condition, and that the only other male in the room appears to be dead. In O'Connor's literary world the men are either ". . . old, asleep, dead, diseased, or mutilated, or murderers and thieves" (Hendin 121). This negative depiction of the male role is reflective of the emotional and spiritual limitations placed on men by society. It is not acceptable for a man to have displays of emotion or devotion as it is for a woman. These life-denying restrictions can leave a man incomplete or spiritually "dead," emotionally "mutilated" or just plain "asleep." Men appear to have no positive purpose in her stories perhaps a reflection of her perspective of the limited, prohibitive male role in the real world.

O'Connor's use of the morally grotesque is one of her strongest weapons. The moral degeneracy of the characters is related throughout the waiting room conversation. The whole discourse is extremely superficial, outrageous and offensive with topics ranging from "fat people" to "niggers." Here O'Connor uses her great talent for dark humor to expose the sheer hypocrisy of her characters' supposed moral virtues. When discussing the difficulties of ownership and "niggers" (168), Mrs. Turpin, the pleasant lady and the white-trash woman regardless of their conflicting opinions are all equally convinced of their moral standings on the matter. However, one perspective is just as immoral as the next. Mrs. Turpin's statement "I sure get tired of buttering up niggers but you got to love em if you want em to work for you" (168) is just as awry as the white trash woman's refusal to "love no niggers" (168). The reader cannot help finding the situation as humorous as it is bleak.

This self-righteous morality is present in all the characters but nowhere is it stronger than in Ruby Turpin. It is harsh yet appropriate that Ruby Turpin is named from turpene meaning to soil, defile or pollute (Hendin 145). There most certainly is nothing pure or genuine about Ruby's ideology. Ruby "emerges as a high-toned Christian lady whose sense of social and moral superiority, extreme self-absorption and pride border on narcissism" (Muller 47). Her sense of self is needless to say, distorted and askew. The result is her "assured sense of her own superior position . . . to the rest of the human race" her sickly obsessive behaviors with social hierarchy, people's feet and material possessions and her false virtue (Walters 110). Mrs. Turpin's complete unawareness of the absurdity and falsehood of her existence as is evident in her inquisition of God (177) furthers her moral incongruity. She is not only oblivious to her immorality but has so convinced herself of her perspective that she no longer even questions her beliefs. "The door to her mind has long ago swung shut." It is the ultimate immorality to allow oneself to become so satisfied with one's perspective and dogma that questioning becomes out of the question.

Mrs. Turpin is the epitome of the "cultural grotesque" (Muller 46). She is the unsubstantial, idolatrous result of society's ability to twist and deprave life. The spiritual grotesque is almost over-displayed in her. Mrs. Turpin's religion and spirituality are so distorted and idolatrous it is

profanea She is ". . . utterly out of harmony with the world and with Creation . . ." (Muller 50)a This is manifest in her obsessive imaginary conversations with Jesus regarding her placement in the worlda These discussions betray her words of devout belief by showing her constant questioning and challenging of the religion, of herselfa She has Jesus tempt her with physical attractiveness, instead of "being a good woman" (170)a with being a "respectable nigger" (166) instead of white trash (166)a, and basically by being anything other than what she is. Ruby is more obsessed wand haunted with the idea of God than with belief in one (Browning 15)a Ruby Turpin does not believe in Christianity;a she believes in Turpinism.

Ruby's world is a highly structured one where there is a place for everyone, and everyone is put in his deserving place. She spends her time mimicking God by designing thisa social/spiritual architecture (166)a Her attempts to fit God into her outline of the universe create a fallacious yet hysterical hypocrisy. Therefore, when Mary Grace delivers the message that Mrs. Turpin is a wart hog from hell, Ruby's perspective is simultaneously thrown askew and corrected. An angry role reversal in which Mrs. Turpin questions God rather than the Christian tradition of God questioning his believers occurs: "What do you send me a message like that for? Exactly how am I like them? (177)a Her demand for an explanation results in a revelation of her heaven, and even that is distorteda "Her heaven is a celebration of violence, a universal chaos in which everything is destroyed" (Hendin 130). All members of society are present, from white trash to blacks to lunatics to "those like herself and Claud" (O'Connor 178)a She is forced to see the falsity of her spirituality, her virtue, and herself, and her social hierarchy is torn asunder.

At first glance, Mary Grace appears to be self-indulgent, disrespectful, bizarre young womana Her physical attributes are portrayed as being less than desirablea She is ". . . fat, ugly, and disliked" (Hendin 124)a She alternately makes loud, ugly noises through her teeth, turns her lips out, and attains an almost purple color in her face (O'Connor 170-71)a To dismiss Mary Grace this limitedly, however, would be grossly inadequatea Mary looks and acts like a demon, permeated by the evils of the world, but she also has the "rage of angels."a It is true her rage contains the evils of the world, but it is just as true that her anger is a just and righteous onea The anger is a dual-edged sworda On the one hand, Mary's rage is that of the angry world she lives in, ugly and destructivea On the other, it is anger one feels at justice denieda Mary's attack on Mrs. Turpin is a riotous mix of this justice and rage. Mary is rightfully provoked by the astounding ignorance and bloated pride in the people around her, but her driving force is the fury she feels for this kind of lifea It is her prerogative to be offended by such iniquitous beliefs, but the rage is her own and should be kept as such. The reader must remember that Mary is the only individual that has experienced the outside world. She is educated, open to the influences of new ideas and people. She alone has the frame of reference that allows one to see the degeneracy present. Mary is the only one aware enough even to perceive of the wrongness of the situation. Mary is above those around her.

Ms. O'Connor's use of the grotesque in "Revelation" is amazingly effective in forcing the reader to see the perversity in which we all live. Some may find the grotesqueness in her stories so pervasive as to be excessive (Martin 177). However, simply because a story is grotesque does not mean it is inherently worthless. Society is jaded by the daily horrors of life and it takes something as startling as a Ruby Turpin to provoke introspection. O'Connor writes her literary characters as direct reflection of real people (Orvell 45). The fact that Mrs. Turpin's grotesqueness is her own doing through the misconception of her self, brings the reader to the realization that we are all guilty of Ruby's crime (Muller 49). Ruby's only criminal act is her sad interpretation of the infinitely numerous messages that society delivers of a limited view of herself. Ruby simply tried to create some order, some sense of the chaos around her. She only tried to make her life livable. We cannot be righteously angry with Ruby for something we are all guilty of. As O'Connor said, life has made grotesques of us all, and perfection of any kind, much less a perfect life, is impossible for imperfect beings. Judgment should take place only in and toward ourselves. Anything else is as grotesque as Ruby Turpin herself.

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The Evaluation: Kathy's insight, coupled with her refined style, elucidates a complex story rife with meaning.

Art Work of Leda and the Swan

by Adrienne Wells

(Humanities 120-Classical Mythology--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Conduct research on a topic in classical mythology. Explain an ancient myth and show how later thinkers, writers or artists have interpreted that mytha

THESIS: Most artists have given Leda and the swan a theme of sensuality and romanticism instead of confusion and feara

OUTLINE

- I. Introduction
- IIa Background history
- IIIa Works of art that portrayed sensuality
 - A. da Vinci
 - B. Bacchiacca
 - C. Michelangelo
 - D. Artist Unknown
- IV. Works which portrayed different themes
 - A. Artist Unknown
 - B. Danzi
 - C. Correggio
 - D. Yeats
- V. Conclusion

Throughout almost every period in history artists have been fascinated by the strange and unusual. This is probably why Greek myths were so popular a subject to paint. Hundreds of paintings and sculptures have been made to represent different Greek myths. Perhaps one of the most intriguing myths is the myth of Leda and the swan. Many pieces of artwork have been made by inspiration from this story, but most artists differ in their interpretation of it. Most artists have given Leda and the Swan a theme of sensuality and romanticism instead of confusion and feara

Leda was the wife of Tyndareusa Zeus noticed Leda one day and he fell in love with her. He came to her in the form of the swan, in order to disguise himself from his jealous wife Hera (Kirkwood 60)a From this intimacy, Leda had four children. The exact manner of birth and paternity of these four children varies in different versions of the story (Kirkwood 60)a Sometimes the two boysa Castor and Polydeucesa are hatched out of one egg and the two girlsa Helen and Clytemnestraa are hatched out of another. Sometimes there is only one egg, and sometimes only Helen is hatched from an egg (Kirkwood 60)a Usually Polydeuces and Helen are the children of Zeus and Castor and Clytemnestra are the children of Tyndareusa It is Helen for whom the Trojan War was fought. This story of Leda and the swan has become the inspiration for the following pieces of work.

Leda and the Swan by Leonardo da Vinci is the first of many paintings I found that portrayed Leda with the swan as a romantic, sensual occurrencea In this painting, Leda is nude, and she is the central part of this painting. Her face resembles that of the Mona Lisa, which is also one of da Vinci's paintings. Leda's hair is braided, but a few wisps on both sides of her face appear to be blowing in the breeze. She appears calm and happy, because her countenance shows a hint of a smilea Leda has her arms around the swan's neck, which makes her upper body curve slightly towards the swan. The swan is on the right side of the painting. This swan is very large, in fact, the size of a man. It has a long, thin neck, large wings, and a big body. The swan's wing is wrapped around the back of Leda, as if a man was putting his arms around her waist. The swan's beak is pointed toward Leda's face and the swan seems to be looking directly at Leda. Leda's face, however, is turned the other way and she appears to be looking at the ground. The swan's beak is slightly open. To the left of the painting there are two young children. They might be cupids or they might be Leda's childrena They are both curly-haired anda they are both malea One of the children is holding flowers and he is standing up looking at Leda. Leda's eyes might be looking at him instead of the ground. The other child is lying down and he has his arm around the child who is standinga He is also looking up. The background of this oil painting consists of trees, a lake, flowers, hills, and a farmer off to the lefta

Leonardo da Vinci definitely concentrated on the sensuality of this event. There is no reverence or awe shown in this painting. Leda seems quite happy and content, and there are no signs of fear, confusion of distress (Bulfinch 128)aa

Il Bacchiacca's version of Leda and the Swan is quite similar to da Vinci'sa This painting is also done with oil. Leda is again the central focus of this painting and she is nude. Her face is pointed toward the swan and she appears to be very contenta Her hair seems to be braided or perhaps she is wearing some type of wreath around her head. Her arm is draped around the swan's neck and with her other arm she is holding her breast in her hand. She is sitting on a rock. The swan is on the right side of the painting. This swan is more the size of a normal swan, unlike da Vinci's man-size swan. The swan's wings are outstretched and one wing appears to be touching Leda's back. The swan's head is pointed toward Leda's breast. His beak is open and it seems as though he is going to kiss the breast that she is

holding. There are children in this picture also. There are five children (even though Leda was said to have only had four) and they are playing with cracked open eggs and pieces of eggshells. The artist even made it look like some children are hatching out of eggs, symbolizing Leda's union with the swan. Some of the children have dark hair; others are fair-haired. They all appear to be male. The background of this picture consists of trees, rocks, a path, and a building with some people in front of it. This building is so far into the distance that I can't tell who the people are or what they are doing (Campbell 172)a

Il Bacchiacca, like da Vinci, was more interested in the romantic aspect of this story. His Leda is very calm and unconcerned about being made love to by a swan. Bacchiacca even makes his scene more playful by creating a swan that is about to kiss Leda on the breast.

Michelangelo's Leda and the Swan is quite different from Bacchiacca's or da Vinci's. Leda is lying down on what appears to be a red couch or cloth of some type. Leda is drawn as a side view so her head is in the middle of the painting and her feet are at the left end of the painting. She is wearing a very beautiful, elaborate hairpiece; it almost looks like a crown. The hairpiece is gold with little pearls that cover the top edge of the band. Leda is again nude, but her body is more masculine looking. Her arm draped behind her looks more like the hand and arm of a man than a woman. Her legs also appear more masculine in shape. Leda's legs are apart and the swan is in between them. The swan is a little bigger than normal size but not as big as da Vinci's swan. Like Bacchiacca's swan, this swan's wings are outspread. Leda's right arm is crossing over her body to rest on her left leg. The top of her right arm is around the swan's neck. The swan's head is between Leda's breasts and she and the swan are embracing. There aren't any children in this oil painting and the background consists of the red couch (Stratford 34)a

Michelangelo's painting shows Leda making love to the swan. He was obviously concerned only with the strange idea of a woman and a swan. Leda shows no signs of confusion or of frustration. Michelangelo was interested in portraying only the sensual aspect of it. There is an identical statue of this painting (author unknown) which recreates the sensuality of Michelangelo's work.

Although most artists concentrated on the sensuality of Leda with the swan, there are a few who didn't. In the following works, a number of different perspectives will be presented. The artists of these works didn't focus on the romantic ideals of the previous artists, but rather on other more important things.

Leda Protecting the Swan is a sculpture done by an unknown artist. This work is quite old and very damaged. Leda's arms and head are missing and the swan's head is missing. Leda's body is partly nude and she is half crouching. Her garment has been folded and gathered in a way which is impossible for actual cloth (Carpenter 124)a. Because of this illusion the artist has sacrificed truth for light and shadow. The detailing and the flowing lines made by the sculptor stimulate this pose into action (Carpenter 124)a. The feeling here is not one of sensuality, but more a feeling of real love. Leda is protecting the swan.

here, which gives a feeling of almost motherly instincts toward the swan. This portrays Leda with her swan as more of a serious event, instead of a sexual event.

Vincenzo Danzi's sculpture called Leda and the Swan shows another interpretation of the story. Leda is tall, slender, and fully clothed. Her garment appears to hang loosely on her because of the folds Danzi created. She has a belt around her waist and the straps of her garment fasten in front. Leda's right arm is around the swan's neck and her left arm is extended upward so she can put her hand in her hair. Her hair is very long and thick. Most of it is plaited and Leda is holding some of the plaits in her hand. Her right leg is on top of what appears to be a shell. I cannot figure out the significance of the shell in this statue because nowhere in the story of Leda and the swan is a shell mentioned. Leda's head is turned towards the swan and she is looking down at it. Her expression is one of love and admiration. The swan is a little bit bigger than a normal swan. Danzi did an excellent job on the swan because you can see every feather in detail. The swan has a large, slightly opened beak. He is pointing his beak at Leda's shoulder and appears to be embracing her there. As in many other art works, this swan's wings are extended and one wing is folded around Leda's back (Avery 234).

Danzi's statue differs from the other works of art because his Leda is fully clothed. From this sculpture you do not get the feeling of sensuality that is portrayed in the other works of art. Leda appears to be truly in love with this swan, not just playing with it. The swan also appears to be more interested in Leda than he appeared to be in the other works.

In this final painting, a little of both themes is portrayed. Correggio, the artist of this Leda and the Swan, shows the sensuality and the fear and confusion. This painting tells the entire story of Leda and the swan because each section of the canvas is devoted to a different part of the story.

Correggio's painting has three pictures of Leda. Off to the far right side of the painting is the first part of the story. Leda is standing up with her arms outstretched. She appears to be trying to push the swan away. She is nude and her expression on her face is one of confusion and maybe even fear. Her hair is pulled back from her face, but it is not braided. The swan is of normal size. He is pursuing her even though she is trying to push him away. The second picture of Leda is the central focus of the painting. She is sitting down on some rocks with her gown under her. She is still nude, except that this time she is not afraid of the swan. She is looking down at the swan with a smile on her face. Leda is definitely not portrayed here as being frightened or confused. The swan is in between Leda's legs and she is holding one of his wings in her hand. His neck is stretched up to Leda's chin and he appears to be kissing her there. In the third picture of Leda and the swan, Leda is getting dressed. Two women who must be Leda's handmaids are attending to Leda. Leda is looking up toward the sky. The expression on her face is one of bewilderment and at the same time happiness. Leda is watching the swan fly away. In the top right hand portion of the painting, the swan is flying away. This sym-

bolizes the return of Zeus to Mount Olympus after his intimacy with Leda. On the left hand side of this painting there are three children playing. One appears to be a cupid because of the wings on his back. The other two might be children from the union of Zeus and Leda, but it is impossible to tell from the painting. The background of this painting consists of trees, rocks, hills, and a cloudy sky (Stratford 1)a

Correggio's painting was similar to the other paintings in the background, the scenery and the focal point of the painting. In every painting, Leda's intimacy with the swan was the focal point. Correggio, however, was the only artist who considered the fact that Leda might have been confused and frightened when a swan tried to rape her. Although he did portray the confusion, he was still more interested in the sensuality and romanticism.

The final work I have chosen for this paper is not a painting or a sculpture. It is a literary work of art, and I feel that it presents the most interesting interpretation of Leda and the swan. The work of art is William Butler Yeats poem "Leda and the Swan." In this poem, Yeats uses a lot of word color and imagery. He begins the poem with the words, "A sudden blow . . .", bringing forth the idea of the strength of the swan and the strength of the event. He describes the swan as having great wings. He creates the picture in your mind of a huge swan raping a terrified girl. The fear of Leda is even described more when Yeats says, "How can those terrified vague fingers push / The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?" (Abrams 1359)a When Yeats talks about the feathered glory, he is referring to the fact that the swan was Zeus (Abrams 1359). Yeats continually implores how Leda feels. Leda, in his description, feels helpless and confused, especially when she feels the strange heartbeat of the swan (Abrams 1359)a In the last stanza of this sonnet, Yeats is foreshadowing the events which are to come: "A shudder in the loins engenders there / The broken wall, the burning roof and tower / And Agamemnon dead (Abrams 1359)a This is referring to the fall of Troy. Yeats saw Zeus's visit to Leda as an annunciation, marking the beginning of Greek civilization (Abrams 1359)a The shudder in the loins is the union of Leda and Zeus. From this intimacy, Helen was born, and she was the cause of the whole Trojan War (Abrams 1359)aa The lines about the broken city refer to the fall of Troy. Agamemnon's death will come about because of Helen and the war. When one of Artemis's sacred deer was killed, she required Agamemnon's daughter's life as a replacement. Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter. Because of this, his wife had him killed. But probably the most interesting part of this poem is the question Yeats asks in the last four lines. Yeats wonders if Leda gained any wisdom or knowledge from the god himself. Did Leda become all-knowing as the gods were? Probably not. The intimacy shared by Zeus and Leda was not one of love but of lust. Yeats best describes Zeus's feelings toward Leda in his last line: ". . . Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?" (Abrams 1359)a Zeus cared nothing for Leda. All he wanted to do was fulfill the lust he had toward her.

Yeats's poem best describes Leda's story. She was frightened and confused when the swan tried to rape her, as any woman would have been. There is no sensuality portrayed in his poem. Yeats concentrates more on the struggle between Leda and the swan.

Most of the artists have given Leda and the swan a theme of sensuality and romanticism instead of confusion and fear. Even the famous painters such as da Vinci, Michelangelo and Bacchiacca saw Leda's story as a sensual one. I can't think of any rape that is sensual. Perhaps the reason for the interpretation is because of the period that the art came from. Interestingly enough, I never saw one painter treat the story with a reverence for the god; not even the older sculptures gave the god respect. Yeats's poem is the only work which respected Leda and her feelings. By leaving out the sensuality and the romanticism, the artist has a chance of staying much truer to the original story.

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The Evaluation: Adrienne had read the Yeats poem on Leda and the swan in another class. Through research for this paper, she discovered many artists had depicted the same story. Comparing the works led her to reflect on the nature of art and myth. Her paper is creative and insightful.

Life in Galesville

by Leslie Whyte

(English 101--Herriges)

The Assignment: Students were to write a 750-word essay in the poet's role. Special attention was to be paid to developing a style, a personal warmth to the piece. I encouraged students to mix the poet's role with any other role we had studied--participant, reporter, critic, etc.

I once lived in an obscure little town located on the West River, which feeds directly into the Chesapeake Bay. Galesville is so small it does not exist on Maryland maps--people living twenty minutes away have not heard of it--but I miss its quaint, picturesque houses comfortably set back from the road, the infamous West River Market accompanied by the aroma of fresh bluefish and pork barbecue sandwiches being cooked inside, and the swift-moving sailboats cutting gracefully across the glass-like surface of Sue Creek, leaving ripples in their wake.

There were days when I was content to sit in solace upon the bank of the river watching the sailboats and occasionally wading out to help one get unstuck or just to feel my toes squish into the mucky bottom--sometimes spying the shadow of a small crab lurking nearby or stepping on a clam shell embedded in the mud. On one particular evening, just as the sun departed leaving rosy-pink streaks gradually fading to periwinkle blue, my father and I spied a horseshoe crab. He was big--about the size of a large silver platter. We stood perfectly still, watching him creep slowly across the sand, using his tail to help propel him along. It almost seemed like he was suspended about an inch above the sand, so noiselessly did he move, but I knew this was not so, for I could see his tracks. He floated along at the bottom and then suddenly disappeared, as though he had discovered he was being watched and did not appreciate the invasion.

Some nights, I would take walks down to Dixon's Dock and sit at the end facing into the wind. On still nights, I would lean against a post in a reclining position. On stormy nights, water swirled and swished underneath the dock and occasionally sloshed up between the cracks to splash me. During the winter, the river rarely froze up, and on cold, clear nights, I went there with my father to look at the stars. He would sometimes bring his tele-

scope, but even when he didn't, I enjoyed the simple freedom that the water made me feel

During the summers, we would go sailing on the bay for week at a time. On one such trip, we were anchored out in a creek--far from civilization--and I remember thinking that the stars looked like sparkling diamonds on a velvet tapestry. The sky was so bright that night, that it was almost like day. Just after my brother and I had retired for the night, my father peeked through the hatch and told us to come up on deck quickly. We scrambled out through the hatch. My father did not say anything, only pointed to the sky. I looked up and saw the most unusual display of color--mint green, pastel pink, baby blue, with hues of purple mixed in. "The Northern Lights," my father whispered. I have never seen anything like it since.

One October morning, I woke up at six and slipped out of the house in my nightgown with the dog, Sandi. I took the shortcut through the fields and plunged headfirst into the cold water. Sandi, being a Labrador, followed suit, and we swam together out to the first buoy in the gray dawn. I clung breathless to the buoy and threw sticks for Sandi to retrieve. Suddenly an Osprey landed on the marker closest to me, and I discovered it had a nest on top. Unfortunately, Sandi had seen it too, and she swam over to the marker, barking. The osprey flew away. I turned back towards shore disappointed and sorry I had brought the dog. I never told anyone about that secret morning--not even my father--and I probably never will. I never knew, until now, how many things I miss seeing--all the things I took for granted while I lived there. My father still resides in Galesville, and when I visit him, I feel sorry for everyone who does not know it exists.

The Evaluation: I found this essay particularly balanced. Upon my first reading, it became clear that it had more to do with the author's relationship with her father than the apparent focus on setting would seem to indicate. Leslie moves the reader in close for pinpoint sensations associated with her state of mind. The "periwinkle blue" of the sky is a striking description, and is closely linked with the moment she spied a horseshoe crab with her father. Also effective are her "mood" verbs, as I like to call them. On page two, water "sloshed up between the cracks" of the dock. Uniting her memories of Galesville with those of her father at the conclusion of the essay is a nice touch of dovetailing. Here her recollections transcend the past and become part of the present--for the place is simply an aura that surrounds the man.

What Makes Writing Good?

The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

Dennis Brennen

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

Annie Davidovicz

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

Carrie Dobbs

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

Jack Dodds

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

Barbara Hickey

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

C. D. Kumamotoa

I value any writing, poetry or prose, that takes risks of enacting its own unique vision of the universe, objectified in a style that is enlivened by sustained purpose and intelligence, lucid logic, inventive details, and individualized and arresting dictiona

Barbara Njus

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

Peter Sherer

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

Joe Sternberg

I like writing shaped for a specific audience and powered by a well-delineated personaa I like economical writing. I like writing infused with fresh, vivid words and graceful sentences. I like details and clear purpose.

Harper Student Writers on Writing

Writing is reliving the past. And while writing the central experience in "Naive Pride," I relived all the emotions and reflections, sensations and attitudes which made it seem unreal, almost fantastic, at the time I strove to preserve that ambiguous quality and, at the same time, to keep a focus on its central theme: innocence and experience

--Macedonio Aldana

I love to read and wish I could write truly, original work. Unfortunately, not all of us can write novels or screenplays, but we can all learn to research a subject thoroughly and communicate what we have learned in a written report.

--Catherine Amargos

I'm the original follower of a different drummer. As a result, my writing tends toward the unorthodox, taking the reader off the beaten path. I strive to write outside the mainstream of traditional thought, and consider it the highest compliment when my writing provokes the response, "Gee, I never thought of it that way before."

--Valta Creed

I found the skills from my technical writing class very helpful while working on this presentation [CNTRLOG: Study Phase Report]. Three of the most important rules I followed were:

- 1.a Underlining important focal points.
- 2.a Using visuals and charts to support facts whenever possible.
- 3.a Spending more time revising for a style that is "clear, concise, fluent, exact and likable."

--Carole Davidson

I come from a large family, so the ability to express myself, to make myself heard, is important to me. Writing is one form of expression, and if done well, with commitment to truth and attention to the needs of an audience, it can change mindsets, or at least cause people to consider in a new light an issue or situation.

--Mary Doherty

This research paper [on Sarah Orne Jewett] was a requirement for an American literature class. I chose Jewett as its subject because I enjoyed her writing style, particularly her character portrayal. Therefore I made this the focal point of the paper. I chose to use brief character descriptions and the integration of direct quotations to demonstrate the author's talent for creating charming characters.

--Judy Domeracki

What I enjoy most about writing is that it forces me to come to a full understanding of both my intellectual perception and my emotional response to the subject matter. After I complete an essay I feel how full the world is with possibilities. It gives me great satisfaction.

--Marya Flynn

Why I write? I write for enjoyment when I write a story my main goal is to please myself, because if I don't like what I have written, how can I expect anyone else to. For that reason, I never pick a topic which I don't like--if I can help it. As for tricks when I write, they are few:

- 1)a I write all my ideas down in whatever order they come to me.
- 2)a I try to use fresh, imaginative approaches to an idea
- 3)a I edit my ideas so they will make sense to anyone.
- 4)a I work on a story until I like it
- 5) I put the story aside for a day or so and then reread it. If the story doesn't entertain me and make sense, then I will rewrite it until I am happy with the result.

--Jerry Giba

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

--Martha Harnack

When I write, it's very important for me to cover a subject from all angles. Most of the time there is more that can be said, that I could keep going and going, and I have to cut myself off. I tend to write everything in one sitting, and then go back later only to make minor revisions. If I try to write a little and leave it for a while, I can't seem to pick up the thoughts I started with.

--Barbara Heinze

When I write, I don't use working notes--an outline seems to restrict. I have to be interested in my subject, and I write what I'd like to read. A few of my helps: Grandma's Remington, a new bottle of White-Out, and Beethoven's Ninth.

--Laurie Hussissian

In the essay, "The Cradle Will Fall," I used a dogwood tree to tell about events that weren't concrete to me. I rely on previous experiences when I write, and that helps me create a more authentic voice. My writing is complete when I can leave my typewriter smiling.

--Cynthia S. Hubble

Writing is a form of self-expression, as is art, music, and dance. Some people will like what you have to say, others will not, and some won't want to give it a chance at all. However, the paper is always there to listen to you, and if the ideas and language flow fluently, the end product can be very satisfying. Your thoughts and feelings are your own--be confident of what you know or have learned. Chances are someone else will be interested too.

--Lynn Koppel

My paper originally was going to be a comparison/contrast of Mrs. Turpin from Flannery O'Connor's "Revelation" and Gimple from Issac Singer's "Gimple the Fool." While working on the second or third draft of this original paper, I uncovered the concept embodied in my final essay on just Mrs. Turpin. I have learned that good writing often develops over many drafts. The changes in concept writers encounter when rewriting is an important part of the writing process.

--William Lutman

What inspired me to write about this poem ["The Ache of Marriage"] is a relationship in which I was involved when I found the poem. I applied my then-painful feelings to the poem. The writing just came from within which is how all writings should be.

--Mary Kay Manion

Words are my passion. What power they possess, springing to life under my pen, giving form and substance to the ideas behind their birth! What joy it is to find "le mot juste"--the just right word--and to feel that others might read what I have written and be touched by the magic of the words.

--Lisa R. McBride

I have three rules for writing an effective term paper: Outline, outline, outline. While I say that jokingly, I have found the time spent outlining pays huge dividends. In writing, as in life, planning is the cornerstone to any lasting success. Also, "Don't do note cards." They take too much time and you sometimes lose the flavor or context of the piece. Instead, photocopy the article or section to be used (as well as the title page) and use a highlighter to accent what is usable.

--Jeffrey J. Meek

My entry is not a work of "writing" but a speech, which lends itself better to an oral delivery than a written one. Important to me while developing the speech, though, was that my audience recognize the same significance in the subject matter as I did. In any writing or speech, the value is found when an audience "feels" what the author tries to express.

--Janell Nooleen

For me, the best, most efficient and pleasurable means of communicating is by the written word. My thoughts flow through my fingers and onto the keyboard far better than through my faltering speech. In my profession as a technical writer, writing provides a most satisfying and rewarding career.

--Brad Schubring

I believe that good writing must paint pictures in the reader's mind as well as elicit emotional response and create a certain sound within the reader's mind, thereby creating another world in which the reader becomes empathetic in some way with the story. If my writing has any of these factors I give credit to my love of reading.

--Meryl Squires

I believe that few things in life are as important as being able to write well. For me writing is an extension of my thoughts, a way to express my feelings. It is my most challenging but also my most enjoyable creative outlet.

--Adrienne Wells

When I begin writing I never know what I'm going to write, until I've already written it. The words just seem to pour out of some part of myself I never know exists until I pick up a pen. I discover something new about myself every time and that's what keeps me inspired.

--Leslie Whyte

A Teacher Writes about Writing

What My Student Don't Like about Me

by Jerome A. Stone, Philosophy Department

What my students don't like about me is that I make them write. Why do I do it? Because writing forces you to figure out exactly what you need to say and to say it as clearly as you can. In addition, I make them support their claims with relatively cogent arguments. A person who cannot write is like a baseball pitcher without a fastball. Likewise, a person who cannot make an argument is like a pitcher without a curve. You may be able to get by with a limited arsenal, but it is a severe handicap.

Many people have a number of spelling or grammatical errors that they habitually make, but frequently these boil down to three or four main mistakes. Again, to go to the great American metaphor (since we have neither Homer or Holy Bible in common), if an athlete has three or four weak points and twenty strong points, what should she do? Continue to make the same mistakes? Of course not. That is why, if a student has more than a minimal number of writing mistakes in a paper, I require the student to hand the paper back with corrections, twice if necessary, before getting credit for the assignment.

People need to write to communicate and they need to write in official, standard English so that they don't look unintelligent. Perhaps we should be tolerant, but in reality the Pygmalion principle is operative here. If you would apply for a job in an office with your tie tied neatly, so also you should write with your words spelled and tied together correctly. Our writing, at least most of it, involves public exposure.

Finally, clear and simple writing is usually preferable. It gets its job done and the job of writing is to communicate.

You should always assume that you will need to revise your writing. Writing is not like having a baby. You don't have to keep the first thing that comes out.

Writing is the second medium of communication that we have developed, speaking being the first. To live effectively you need to be competent in both media and to live wisely you need to learn how not to be deceived or subject to triviality in both. The practice of writing will help you to be effective and dialogue wisely in the written medium.

Finally writing is a type of communication and all communication requires feedback to be evaluated. To write something and then send it forth as if you were finished with it is like shooting an arrow without finding out how close to the bullseye

the arrow reached. We write in language and all language is subject to Murphy's law. Speaking and writing are not finished until you have gotten feedback to discover the degree to which you have been understood. You have not finished writing until you have gotten a response and then, most likely, rewritten and perhaps written yet again.

Like any skill, writing takes work, but to write well is extrinsically worthwhile and sometimes even enjoyable. Now you understand why I require what my students don't like.



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F A C U L T Y

Congratulations to the instructors whose dedicated teaching has contributed to the successful writing of their students.

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Greg Herriges

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Kathi Holper

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Joseph Sternberg

Jerry Stone

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