



*Gathering
of
Voices*

*An Anthology of
Student Writing at
Whatcom Community College*

• 1999 •

A G A T H E R I N G O F V O I C E S



An Anthology of Student Writing at
Whatcom Community College

• 1 • 9 • 9 • 9 •

This anthology is the product of an Outcomes project to assess student learning and critical thinking.



Cover art: Detail from "Untitled," Linocut, Molly Glynn
Cover design: Karen Blakely



Molly Glynn
Untitled
Linocut, 10" x 8"

Artist's comment: When creating this print I was influenced by work done in the Middle Ages. I wanted to create a mythological being. The dragon represents a guardian of the forest.

Molly Glynn

Instructor's comment: What drew me to this print was the use of texture. In one color relief printmaking texture is often incorporated to produce changes in value.

Jeanne Broussard, Art 175

Forward

This year's *A Gathering of Voices* has a slightly new look—again. As the college continues to work with student outcomes—abilities which the faculty and administration have determined to be essential for all students graduating—this anthology changes too. This year, the essays have been arranged according to certain purposes of writing—reflecting, analyzing, and arguing—three rhetorical approaches which are central to critical thinking and learning. Of course, each essay does more than a single thing—a writer rarely simply analyzes; rather, a certain way of seeing might be dominant but combined with many others. In the end, such division is arbitrary. What's important and heartening to see is that our students seem to be very comfortable with these different approaches, these ways of thinking and seeing—the very kind of critical thinking a college-educated person ought to demonstrate and what the college had in mind in determining outcomes. One other change: We've asked several instructors to introduce the three writing purposes. Together, these comments form the Introduction.

It has been my pleasure to work on this and the previous two editions of *A Gathering of Voices*, and as I hand the editorship off to another next year, I look forward to seeing how and where it goes. Finally, thanks to everyone—faculty and staff and students—for helping in this project.

Jeffrey Klausman, DA, MFA

Acknowledgements

Managing editor, project coordinator

Jeffrey Klausman

Associate editor, submissions coordinator

Brian Patterson

Artwork coordinator

Karen Blakely

Outcomes Assessment

Barbara Hudson

Printing and Binding

Rosemary Sterling

Copy-Duplicating Staff

Submissions for *A Gathering of Voices* are collected throughout the year from students and faculty across the disciplines at Whatcom Community College. *A Gathering of Voices* is funded by the Outcomes Assessment Project of the college. For information, contact the managing editor above at 360-676-2170 or e-mail at jklausma@whatcom.ctc.edu. Thanks to everyone who has had a hand in making this anthology a success!

Contents

- 3 Introduction
Reflecting
- 7 "Where I Am From," Nils Knudsen
Analyzing
- 11 "Know Your Place in the World: On Carlos Fuentes' 'The Line of Oblivion' and 'The Bet,'" Ian Buchan
- 16 "On Edith Wharton's 'Roman Fever,'" Karla Plagge
- 21 "Critique of the Film *Enemy of the State*," Vitaliy Mouromskiy
Reflecting
- 28 "One Autumn," Nen Nguyen
Arguing
- 31 "Saving the Tiger . . . and the World," Selah Tay-Song
- 37 "Current Knowledge Regarding Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder," David Brown
Reflecting
- 46 "Solitude," Bob "Doc" Watson
Analyzing
- 49 "Folklore Teaching Basic Values," Michelle Campbell
- 52 "Mythology, Folklore, and Women," Tracey Sutton
- 57 "Madness and Majority: A Comparison of Two Emily Dickinson Poems," Nina Hickey
Reflecting
- 61 "What Do 'They' Know?" Lorrie Beaudin
Arguing
- 70 "The Realities of Marijuana," Jodi McBride
- 75 "For Confidentiality and Privacy, Every Adolescent Should Have a Choice," Krista Koeplin
Analyzing
- 90 "The Effects of Racism," Danan Powell
- 93 "Fictional Geographer," Lisa Pate
- 95 "Explanatory Synthesis of *Snow Falling on Cedars*," Chris White
Reflecting
- 102 "A Walk on the Surfside," Kim D. Erickson
- 107 "Another Man's Dream," Tom Gotchy

Artwork

- Cover Detail of "Untitled," Linocut, Molly Glynn, design by Karen Blakely
iii "Untitled," Linocut, Molly Glynn
1 "Collage Head in the Key of G," Collage, Andy Bode
19 "Untitled," Linocut, Julie Simon
25 "Grimace and the Magic Fingers," Mixed media, Lucas Erickson
35 "Untitled," Linocut, Kelley Calhoun
43 "The Artist and Insanity," Charcoal, Crystal Eve DeFord
55 "Untitled," Computer illustration, Becky Hendricks
67 "Study of Diego Rivera's 'The Architect,'" Acrylic, Sergio Ruiz
87 "Untitled," Linocut, Paula L. Casey



Andy Bode
Collage Head in the Key of G
Collage, 9" x 12"

Artist's comment: I started out by just wanting to do a simple facial structure, then ended up by giving the face complex features by using lines. I tried to communicate how simple we all really are by creating a vague face.

Andy Bode

Instructor's comment: The head created by Andy was in response to a problem that had the student collage the image of a head utilizing magazine graphics as their material. The main constraint imposed was that there could be no direct transposition of body parts (a nose could not be used as a nose and so on.) The problem provides direct experience in the manipulation of visual elements to create an image. I particularly like the use of secondary images in Andy's piece and his strong use of line and contrast.

Ene Lewis, Art 116

Introduction

Among the many ways to approach the abilities the College's Outcomes address is to focus on the different purposes every writing situation suggests. This approach is often called "problem solving" or "purpose driven" writing: What does the writer want to accomplish in a particular context? Perhaps she wishes to argue a point, analyze a text or simply reflect on an experience in her life that has in some way shaped or affected her. This year we've grouped the submissions according to three of the most common kinds of tasks students face in college courses: reflecting, analyzing, and arguing. And we've asked several English faculty to reflect on these three tasks.

Brian Patterson

On "Reflecting"

When we reflect, we hold up before us a mirror ; it allows us to look backward, both behind our eyes and into the past. When we reflect in writing, the mirror becomes the page or the computer screen, and we see in our words what is behind our eyes and behind us in time. Reflecting involves more than remembering; it is an act of construction, of imposing meaning on what we remember. Becoming *conscious* of this act of construction is one aim of critical thinking: we must learn how we know what we remember.

First in this learning process is putting our memories into words. This is more complex than it sounds, because most memories exist as emotions or sensory impressions rather than as linguistically encoded recordings of our experiences. The process of transferring such memories into language is, in fact, a process of transformation: an experience changes shape as we put words to it. And only when we have put words to can we examine that shape and trace its lineaments. In an academic setting, such examination involves "understanding . . . how individuals and cultures are affected by the interrelationships of events, expressions and systems of thought," as our college Outcomes reads.

After transforming our memories into language and examining them in this way we can communicate our reflections to others. As the "Communicating" Outcome states, accomplishing this involves focusing on a central purpose, developing and organizing the text fully, writing sentences and paragraphs that flow smoothly and clearly from one to another, and meeting the reader's expectations regarding usage of words, grammar, punctuation, format, and documentation.

This communication process usually requires a further transformation: translating our written memories into language that others can read, understand, and relate to, involving readers in the language and experience of our memories and, perhaps, helping

them find language for their own. In this way, when we hold the mirror before us, others may see something of themselves in the reflection.

Jennifer Bullis, Ph.D.

On “Analyzing”

To analyze an idea, subject or question is to carefully “take apart” the subject, seeking deeper understanding of the various components and the way they relate to each other: complementing, contradicting and building a unified whole. As readers and writers analyzing allows for leaps—for intellectual movement and bridging—for speculation about consequences and implications of an idea. Analyzing helps students demonstrate their understanding of readings, their recognition of themes and assumptions, their ability to logically and objectively draw conclusions, and their authority and responsibility in making decisions and evaluations based on their analysis of an issue. Being able to recognize a range of analytical strategies, such as the familiar comparison/contrast or cause/effect structure, means that students can assess the success of an idea, based in part on clarity and presentation—and consider various structural options when organizing and writing their own analytical pieces.

Writing analytically gives students the opportunity to demonstrate all the skills mentioned, plus the challenge of communicating their observations, conclusions, and evaluations in a clear and effective way, inviting others to extend the discussion with their own analysis and response. For example, Michelle Campbell combines her own reactions and assessment of the traditional European fairy tale and the American versions with the critical analysis of fairy tales provided by Jane Yolen, Colette Dowling, and Madonna Kolbenschlag. In the critical conversation that Campbell creates in her paper, she challenges and discusses assumptions and perceived bias with her own experience of the positive aspects of the Cinderella character. In this critical interplay, involving close reading of both the original tale and the criticism, Campbell exhibits reasoning, argumentation, and content assessment, and suggests consequences and interpretations beyond the original sources.

Analyzing encourages the development of students’ unique voices and intellectual perspectives. The critical thinking skills required in the reading and research necessary to the preparation of well organized analytical essays in turn prepare students to be careful thinkers and editors of their own work.

Anita Aukee Johnson, Ph.D.

On “Arguing”


The chances are good that in the last few hours, most adults have engaged in the complex reasoning skills of arguing and persuading. After all, we often take a stand and support that stand with examples, reasons, or facts, often with the goal of convincing others or ourselves. We think and talk about how best to allocate our time, our money, our vote. We propound our own stances and listen to others who argue that an action of some environmental, political or personal urgency should be followed.

We recognize and approve of a well written argument in a speech, debate, petition, proposal, article, essay, or letter to the editor, one in which a position is defended with a balance of logic and emotion. The Declaration of Independence is a wonderful example of Thomas Jefferson’s logical yet impassioned argument that formed our new nation’s conception of freedom in the minds of its inhabitants. A more modern argument is Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.’s “Letter From Birmingham Jail,” in which Dr. King argues for a single nation where “injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere”; we revere his impassioned statements and point-driven writing.

And so we argue. We argue to make points, to defend our positions. We argue in order to initiate change and action. We argue in order to understand and to be understood. In so doing, we learn about our own views and beliefs and the views and beliefs of others. Our arguments, for we are complex beings, include our beliefs and hopes, opinions and feelings, passions and desires; we argue with our hearts as well as our minds.

At Whatcom Community College, students are encouraged to be active members of a learning community, increasingly knowledgeable in skills of argument and persuasion. When we, as instructors, give our students opportunities to argue and persuade, we visit many of the Outcomes which the college has established as important to an educated person.

Tere Pinney, MA



Reflecting

“Where are you from?” is not such a simple question, however, especially when asked thousands of miles from home with a couple of Presidentes in my stomach and the damp Caribbean air softening reality. I began to realize that I am not from a particular town, state or even country. I am “from” the events and interactions with the people and geography of my homeland.

Nils Knudsen

Where I Am From

Nils Knudsen

Jennifer Bullis, English 101

In the summer of 1998 I left home for some fun and relaxation on the sunny beaches of the Dominican Republic. There my days started with a swim, fresh pineapple, and mangoes, followed by windsurfing, wake-boarding, and snorkeling, and ended with dancing, socializing and drinking. All of the day to day pressures of home seemed to have been washed away by the lukewarm surf and nightly tropical rains.

As I sat one hot and humid evening nursing a Presidente and trying some of my rudimentary Spanish with some locals, the question of the ages arose. "Where are you from?" A simple question when taken at face value, my answer could be one of many. I was born in Portland, Oregon; raised in Mount Vernon, Washington; and presently live in Bellingham, Washington. When asked the same question in the states, I answer, "Bellingham, about ninety miles north of Seattle." For the sake of the locals, who will probably never see my homeland, I explain the location of Washington State and leave it at that.

"Where are you from?" is not such a simple question, however, especially when asked thousands of miles from home with a couple of Presidentes in my stomach and the damp Caribbean air softening reality. I began to realize that I am not from a particular town, state or even country. I am "from" the events and interactions with the people and geography of my homeland. My homeland has rather ambiguous borders, but I will do my best to roughly outline them. North and south are the Nooksack and Stilliguamish Rivers, and east and west are the Cascade Crest and the Olympic Mountains, accordingly.

I spent the majority of my childhood growing up on the outskirts of the small town of Mount Vernon. Here my fascination with the lay of the land and the life that thrived there began at an early age. While my peers found contentment in video games or their favorite television programs, I found mine in exploring the forest that surrounded my neighborhood. What adventure! To a small boy the woods seemed endlessly full of mystery and even danger. At this young age I felt it was my responsibility, my duty, to roam the forest, to know its every corner. The knowledge I sought was "intimate rather than encyclopedic, human but not necessarily scholarly" to use the words of Barry Lopez in "The American Geographies." I wanted to hold every salamander, frog and snake. I wanted to know the names of all the trees, and the birds that nested in their branches.

Finally, when the forest was cut down and the houses went up, and all of the frogs, snakes, birds and trees were gone, I wanted to know, why?


When I asked my father why the forest had been cut down, he did his best to help me understand. He explained that before our house was built a forest had grown there as well, and that many years before that our entire town had been covered with forest. He went on to say that every day there were more people in the world, each one of them needing a place to live, preferably in an area as beautiful as ours. At a young age I realized that the natural wealth of my homeland was in danger of being covered by the expansion of humanity.

As the years went by my love for the land did not die, and with the trapping of a driver's license my stomping ground was greatly increased. Now my accessible geography was not limited to my small backyard forest, but was spread over three counties, and beyond. Now I could explore the ice caves of the Darrington wilderness, the endless logging roads of the Cultus Mountains, Fishtown on the estuary of the Skagit River, the bat caves on Blanchard Mountain, and the upper Sauk River wilderness.

One of my favorite spots, Split Rock, is the result of a prehistoric landslide. It is a sort of natural monolith that sits on the southern flank of Cultus Mountain at about twenty-seven hundred feet. Scattered around its base are many jagged, dump truck-sized boulders under which clusters of fruit bats dwell until sunset when they emerge, appearing as blotchy clouds against the twilight. Split Rock itself towers over the alpine meadow at over eighty feet in height. It is fractured in the manner of a cross, two ways down the middle. If one chooses to walk the precarious trail to the top of the rock and peer over the edge of a crack, a subterranean pond can be seen, beckoning to those willing to explore the spaces between boulders.

Atop Split Rock an old hemlock barely clings, its roots pushing wider the crack that once cradled its infant seed. Its branches are gnarled and stunted from the lack of soil and constantly pushing back rain, wind and snow. It has stood at the perfect viewpoint from which to view the place we share, the place we are from. This old weary tree has been overlooking my homeland since the first loggers and miners accessed the natural wealth of the region; it has watched as its unfortunate pines of the same cone have been hacked down and carried away to build houses for the newest residents of the land.

The old hemlock is symbolic in nature to me. There it clings to not so hospitable a host like a stubborn houseguest. This tree represents all the surviving natural wealth of my homeland. When I was a child, the land lived and breathed with me, I could never imagine that my own little corner of forest would reach such quick demise. But still, when I drive by the house I grew up in, I always point out my favorite climbing tree, no longer surrounded by its brethren, but solitary, between two houses. These trees, all of the



survivors, are a direct link to where I am from. They are reminders of what makes my homeland important to me.

For simple conversation, when asked where I am from, I will continue to answer with the name of a town. If I were truly to say where I am from, it would not be such a simple matter. I am the product and result of my interaction with the natural setting of my homeland and the people who live there. I hold a personal account in the riverbank; I walk on the forest floor. I am from old hemlock on Split Rock, dandelions, and campfire conversation; I am from sunrise over the Cascades and sunset over the Sound. I am from tomato vine and homemade wine. I am from gurgling creek and river raging. I am from dew on spider web, frost in my beard, and sweat on the brow. I am from Douglas Fir, Red Cedar, Birch, Poplar, and Viney Maple. I am from Stellar Jay, Heron, Robin, Warbler and Eagle.

Instructor's comments: The assignment for this essay asked students to analyze the notion of "place," either a physical place or a place existing in memory. Nils' essay responds, in part, to Barry Lopez's essay "The American Geographies" as well as to the ideas of other writers we studied whose works examine the meaning of "place" and "home." The essay excels at what I want students to achieve when they reflect in writing: it moves easily between examples from personal experience and *analysis* of that experience, and it expertly *synthesizes* multiple experiences in a manner that is reader-friendly, thought-provoking, and moving.

Jennifer Bullis, Ph.D.

Analyzing

Carlos Fuentes has taken two endemic problems from two different worlds and combined them to make a very dramatic point: hopelessness breeds anger, and anger explodes in varying destructive acts. I have to believe that this story looks at the philosophy that demands of the poor to know their place and be content in that place. Even when hope flashes within the human spirit, death stalks those who flee the darkness in search of light that can only faintly be seen in the distance.

Ian Buchan

**Know Your Place in the World:
On Carlos Fuentes' "The Line of Oblivion" and "The Bet,"**

Ian Buchan

Corlan Carlson, 20th Century History of Latin America

On Fuentes' "The Line of Oblivion"

Emiliano Barroso is either the dark side of his younger brother Don Leonardo or the purity that fights against all the injustices that the Don Leonardos of this world embrace in their rise to power. Your point of view will likely be influenced by your ideology towards freedom, wealth, justice, and fairness. These themes are intricately woven through out Carlos Fuentes moving Novel, the Crystal Frontier.

This is Emiliano's story, and it is the sad story of a life cast aside without the benefit of seeing the achievement of its desired end. He speaks of his generation, although not just his generation, but of anyone who dares distance himself from self-interest and champions the voice of freedom. As Emiliano questions, "What freedom is that? Is it the freedom to fight for freedom? Even if it's never attained?" (110). He realizes that failure is part of the possible cost of freedom. In understanding this, he rejects the cultural truth of his heritage, the idea that you must understand your place in society and remain there, as an adulteration of reality.

I tend to believe that Don Leonardo is the darkness that has enveloped Mexico. He is representative of a heartless elite class that refuses to turn a tender hand of help towards the vast majority of citizens who suffer in poverty. Indeed Don Leonardo's betrayal of his entire family and the distancing himself heartlessly from their pleas for help has been the pattern of Mexican Society, dating back to the beginning of the nation. It is too easy to pass judgment on the poor, labeling them as lazy and weak underachievers, while hoarding the riches that those weak helped to produce. It is far easier for the elite class to continue to remind the poor lower classes that they must understand their place in society and be satisfied with their lot in life.

It is very interesting for me to note that the picture painted of Don Leonardo throughout the entire novel is one of European aristocracy. The picture painted of Emiliano his brother, on the other hand, is of native Indian nature, with references to his father, Indian religious beliefs, the wearing of huaraches vs. bare feet and the smoking of Peyote.

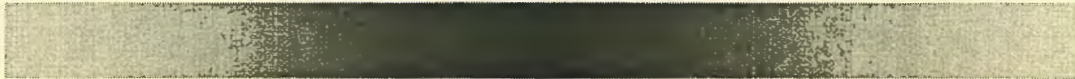
So Emiliano sits, mute, paralyzed, and unable to care for himself. He is abandoned by all those with the power to help, as they attempt to distance themselves from

the smell and humiliation of the past and build a new life for themselves divorced from the memory of their suffering. He was unable to stop the injustice that he saw, but he would not stop fighting for its end until his threat was finally eliminated, undoubtedly by a bullet in the back during an armed conflict.

The injustice that he fought to end was the treatment of Mexican Nationals crossing the border to work in the United States. His enemy was not only the *gringos* who changed the rules and unfairly used the workers when they needed them, only to abuse them when they were no longer required; he also fought the Mexican upper class who were out for their own purposes and would have preferred to misuse the workers for their own gain. Probably the most difficult battle was with the workers themselves who found it too easy to avoid the risks of agitation. Their attitude, in the end, doomed his efforts to failure. They lacked the resolve that cries for change no matter what the cost. They understood too well their place in society and were content to remain there! Emiliano paid the price, as all great leaders do, and was ridiculed and ultimately rejected by friends and family because they too had a price to pay for his defiance. How ironic that his failure was sealed not by the *gringos*, not by the wealthy Mexican class, but by those he ardently defended who would not bear the cost of freedom!

Ultimately, there are two types of success in the world. There are two avenues to two opposite views of prosperity. Don Leonardo was on the road of capitalistic venture. He was self-made and basking in the fruits of the Protestant work ethic. He pulled himself to the pinnacle through hard work and a systematic calculation of goals and risks, profit and costs. There was no room for loyalty, no room for ethics. His moral restraint revolved around his blind ambition and arrogant rise to power. He was the man of the hour who would take what he wanted from whomever he pleased. His brother, Emiliano, looked beyond the reality of physical limitations and focused on the issues of human dignity. He fought against the injustices that plagued his people who would not defend themselves. He respected those who could not respect themselves and could not rise above the centuries of constant reminding to "know your place in the world." He realized that this was not a statement of acquiescence to unseen forces that controlled destiny. This was a call. A challenge to intense self-illumination that each individual must someday look within himself and determine his worth to the world. It would not be presented to him, it would be a journey of discovery within one's own heart, where no one else could guide or diminish the scope of his own revelation. Every man must exercise his understanding of his place in the world. Everyone must then choose a level of commitment to that place. Everyone must neglect the results and fight to the end as if there was no end, only a new day to renew the struggle that threatens to destroy his place in the world.

So, Emiliano sits in a wheelchair, unable to walk, unable to see clearly, unable to talk, unable to remember. Left completely and utterly destitute and forsaken. Yet in the



cleansing rain that begins to fall upon his helplessly vulnerable position, he does remember one thing! He comes to a sudden revelation that sums up his entire existence and allows him to bask in the glow of human dignity that has pervaded his conscience. He remembers his name! He understands his place in the world and is wonderfully, happily content with that place!

On Fuentes' "The Bet"

This story has so many influences to it. Just like the characters of the story who walk with stooped shoulders, quivering beneath the weight of all the forces that conspire to bring them to despair, so this story is weighted with a treasure of rich metaphors to ponder. The Aztec culture raped and mutilated by the Spaniards contrasts with the remnants of pre-historic cave dwellers forever linked to the people of Spain. The Basque thugs, who live in the shadow of those ancestors who lived in the caves near Asturias, Spain, are linked in spirit to Leandro the bitter cab driver from Mexico City. Stone, where hand prints, paintings and blood are all that remain of that civilization inhabiting Spain 25,000 years ago reflects the makeup of hopelessness that has taken over the hearts of these poor Souls. Vultures that feed on the misfortunate and gray haired boars that send the masses to bear the risks and then greedily feast in safety, serve as reminders to the brutal self-interest of the wealthy aristocracy in both of these countries. There are so many pictures of Spanish and Mexican culture and the despair of their unfortunates.

Heart of stone. Everything turns to stone for the low class of two cultures that had blended together and then apart. They remain tied in the same despair, the same hopelessness, the same ignorant bravado that is nothing more than the hollow shell of living death.

Carlos Fuentes has taken two endemic problems from two very different worlds and combined them together in this chapter to make a very dramatic point. Hopelessness breeds anger, and anger explodes in varying destructive acts and personas. I have to believe that this story looks at the philosophy that demands of the poor to know their place in the world and be content in that place. Even when hope flashes within the human spirit, death stalks those who flee the darkness in search of light that can only faintly be seen in the distance.

Stone hearts living without feeling, without vision, without hope. Is there any wonder why the children grow up without any sense of optimism? Should it be unexpected that the hopeless children turn to stone and turn into thugs who flaunt their machismo on society? Is it surprising that the thugs gather in gangs that prey on the helpless and the weak? How many times have we seen this over and over again? The hopeless in their frustration explode in rage against anything that allows them to express the anger that has consumed their whole existence.

The Basques are no different from the Mexican lower class. There is nothing to live for, nothing worth opening their heart to. They are both lost in the stone cold existence of life without hope. They know their place in the world and have decided that there is no point in pretending they are anything worthwhile. They neglect to question their existence. Would anyone with a sense of self or even the tiniest degree of hope wager his life on a bet that was not winnable?

The bravado of Leandro, violently denies his sadness and the tears that live within his very fragile heart, covered in stone. He could stand as the rock of Gibraltar, a surface of machismo and bravado that cursed and gestured and demanded respect. The truth of the matter was that he hated his life; he hated the way he was. He hated his past and with the most violent passion he despised his future: a heart of stone. There are so many like him. We see, even in our country, the rise in Hispanic gangs whose dead eyes reflect a heart of stone. It is all the same helpless and hopeless anger, the rage that curses at its unfortunate place in life.

The hope of the story is hidden beneath the surface and, as in the Line of Oblivion, is quickly extinguished upon revelation. The sweetness of the story is dear Encarno. Could there be any doubt that her life was just as brutal as Leandro's? At least he had the sun; at least he could sleep on the velvet grass, bathed by the warm tropical breezes. Poor Encarno, she faced the cold damp winters of Asturias, wrapped in woolen socks and nursing a fire that provided only meager resistance. She faced the same obnoxious tourists, the same self-doubts, and the same reasons for cursing the world and her lot in life. She could have turned to stone, but instead she chose to pity the stone and those trapped in stone. She touched the heart of those trapped in stone for 25,000 years. Dear Encarno, dear sad Encarno, eating the "Pan de chourar" the bride's bread, the bread of tears. You can't embrace your sorrow and flaunt your anger; you can only choose the one to which you will cling devotedly. Dear Encarno, dear sweet Encarno, chose sorrow and in so doing, she pulled the heart of a lost and angry man out of his cold stone death. Her sorrow made her open and her openness brought Leandro to life! You could smell her sorrow, but you couldn't resist the dignity that prevailed in a life that knew its place in the world and was content in that place. She knew who she was and she knew her worth was far more than anyone would have expected, had they not known her. Leandro knew her and could not help falling into the dignity and hope that she radiated. He would travel half way around the world to be with her again!

There is a lot to say about the brevity of life. Would you rather die having found the meaning of life, or live in the hopelessness of death? Encarno and Leandro didn't have much time together before their unfair accident. I don't think they would have had any regrets. Leandro found a new meaning to life that lifted him above machismo. Encarno found that in her sorrow, she had discovered the truth of love that gives itself unreservedly.

The biggest question in my mind is who was the woman that went through the mind of the young Basque thug who also wanted to free himself from the stone cold heart that surrounded his existence? Dear sweet Encarno? I would like to think so!

Writer's comments: Several years ago I traveled to a small village in Mexico that was fairly remote. I felt intense sorrow for the extreme poverty that those people were living in. Yet the longer I stayed, the more I was able to see some of the qualities that those people held dearly in spite of their conditions. They were grateful for life. They were not driven to excess. They were friendly and appeared to enjoy life far more than I could. Carlos Fuentes is able to capture these feelings but still express the injustice that has forced these conditions upon a great majority of Mexico's citizens. I wanted to explore my feelings and my understanding of what Carlos Fuentes was writing, and combine those ideas with the thoughts that I personally held. I wanted to speak of the injustice, of the hopelessness, of the inhumanity that power creates. In doing this I hoped that I would be more aware of my own tendencies, my own lust for power, and my own dark intentions. If there is hope for the future, we will find it in the exploration of our own attitudes. This novel and my essay have helped to broaden my understanding of the subtleties of life and my responsibility for living.

The story becomes increasingly ironic. Alida Slade brings up a story that Grace Ansley had told her years ago: Grace Ansley's great aunt Harriet allegedly sent her younger sister out after sunset to fetch "night-blooming flowers" when she was really trying to get her sick and out of the way since they were in love with the same man.

On Edith Wharton's "Roman Fever"

Karla Plagge
English 261

In the story "Roman Fever," Edith Wharton uses hints of irony in the tone, word choice, and characters to contribute to the overall irony of the plot. The story takes place in Rome where the two main characters, Grace Ansley and Alida Slade, meet up again after many years. The plot is based on what happened years before when the two women were staying there: Alida, then engaged to Delphin but suspecting that Grace loved him, played a trick on Grace by forging a letter from Delphin inviting Grace to meet him at the Colosseum at dusk. However, the trick backfired in that Grace responded to the letter and actually did meet Delphin. Now, many years later, after both of their husbands have died, their conversation reveals to Alida the consequences of that meeting. Edith Wharton gives the character descriptions from the point of view of the other woman, allowing the reader to catch hints of the true feelings these two women have for each other. Irony is hinted specifically through the tone of Alida Slade's voice and the overall tone of the story.

The tone of voice Alida Slade uses when describing Grace Ansley is ironic in that these women are supposed to be good friends, but she describes Grace Ansley as beautiful when they were younger (hinting she is not as pretty now). "Mrs. Delphin Slade, for instance, would have told herself, or any one who asked her, that Mrs. Horace Ansley, twenty-five years ago, had been exquisitely lovely – no, you wouldn't believe it would you...though of course, still charming, distinguished" (780). Although these two women are supposed to be long time friends, the tone of voice used by Alida Slade ironically is that of someone with hidden jealousy and dislike for Grace Ansley. And when speaking of her angelic daughter, rather than being proud, Alida Slade is sad. She feels that the one thing left (since her husband and her wife's responsibilities were gone) that she needs to take care of, her daughter, doesn't cause trouble and ironically is taking care of her. Another ironic tone of voice used by Alida Slade is that of someone feeling sympathy when really Alida Slade is not sympathetic and treats what she herself says is part of a game leading up to her secret. For instance, when speaking to Grace Ansley about being afraid of Roman Fever, she says, "I remember how ill you were that winter. As a girl you had a very delicate throat,

hadn't you?" (783). Alida Slade is faking her sympathy, as we know from reading the story that it is Alida Slade who drove Grace Ansley out into the cold. The overall tone of the story is ironic in that usually when one reads about a friend having an affair with her friend's fiancé, one tends to side with the friend who's engaged. However, with the catty tone of Alida Slade and the dirty trick she played, one ironically sympathizes with Grace Ansley as the victim. These ironic tones are essential in giving the reader the underlying impression of the characters as well as the story itself.

Edith Wharton also uses irony in her word choice and phrases. While describing Babs, Grace Ansley's daughter, as "more effective" and having "more edge," Alida Slade says, "funny where she got it, with those two nullities as parents" (780). Alida Slade frequently sneaks insults while giving complements, ironically leaving the reader with a negative feeling rather than a positive one. Also talking about Babs, Alida Slade says, "And I was.... wondering how two such exemplary characters as you and Horace had managed to produce anything quite so dynamic" (782). This is ironic not only within the sentence itself but also because Babs is not the child of Horace and Grace Ansley but of Grace Ansley and Delphin Slade. Later in the story, Alida Slade gives reasons for believing that Grace Ansley did not take the letter seriously and why she does not feel guilty about forging the letter. Her reasons were that "you were married to Horace Ansley two months afterward? As soon as you could get out of bed your mother rushed you off to Florence and married you....And your marrying so soon convinced me that you'd never really cared" (785). She claims that the reason Grace Ansley married so fast was to be married before her and Delphin, again turning the table to imply that Grace Ansley was as childish as she was and stating that "Girls have such silly reasons for doing the most serious thing" (785). Ironically, Grace Ansley never got sick, the true intentions of the forged letter, but was pregnant and rushed to Florence to keep this premarital child a secret. Throughout the story, Edith Wharton constantly gives these hints of irony through her word choices and phrases that become even more ironic once the plot is learned.

As the plot thickens, the story becomes increasingly ironic. Alida Slade brings up a story that Grace Ansley had told her years ago. It was about Grace Ansley's great Aunt Harriet who allegedly sent her younger sister out after sunset to fetch "night-blooming flowers" (783) when she was really trying to get her sick and out of the way since they were in love with the same man. The trick worked and the younger sister died. Alida Slade criticizes the aunt by calling her "a dreadfully wicked great-aunt" (783) although Alida Slade used the same trick. Ironically this trick backfired for Alida Slade, and instead of keeping Grace Ansley away from her then fiancé, it brought them together. When Alida Slade brings up the letter she wrote, claiming to be her fiancé Delphin and luring Mrs. Ansley to the Colosseum, she expects Grace Ansley to be ashamed of her interest in Delphin. Grace Ansley, however, is angry instead of ashamed, and ironically it is Alida

Slade who ends up feeling a little ashamed. Alida Slade then tries to explain it as a joke, giving the funny idea of Grace Ansley waiting for Delphin outside the Colosseum in the cold. "And I remember laughing to myself that evening at the idea that you were waiting around there in the dark, dodging out of sight, listening for every sound, trying to get in" (786). This too is ironic because Grace Ansley then admits that she did not wait around outside and that Delphin showed up because she responded to the letter. Thus, the letter Alida Slade wrote to keep Delphin Slade and Grace Ansley apart brought them together. And instead of getting sick from waiting outside, Grace Ansley became pregnant by Delphin with Babs, whom Alida Slade is already jealous of. Her husband created the one thing that Alida Slade is envious of. These examples of irony within the plot build the plot itself.

The overall plot of the story is ironically unique and, put together with the irony of the individual elements, creates a wonderful story line. Although it is confusing at first, after one reads it a second time, things begin to click and the irony starts to jump out at the reader. The more one reads it the more ironic it seems. One also starts to anticipate the incredibly ironic ending. By using irony, Edith Wharton creates wonder in the reader as everything that is anticipated turns out to be completely different.

Works Cited

Wharton, Edith. "Roman Fever." Rpt. in *The Tradition In American Literature Vol. II*. Eds. George Perkins and Barbara Perkins. Boston: McGraw-Hill, 1999: 778-786.

Writer's comments: My goal in writing the paper was to show the influence of irony in the formal elements of Wharton's story "Roman Fever." Each time I read the story, different ironies would jump out at me. Although I read it approximately 5-6 times, it never became dull. In fact, it became more and more interesting. The competition between the two women is extremely entertaining and the ending is an ironic surprise.



Julie Simon
Untitled
Linocut, 9" x 6"

Artist's comment: This linocut print was inspired by a small vase filled with tulips. Behind the tulips was a scene of a beautiful sunny day. I tried to incorporate the plain beauty of the scene by making simple lines.

Julie Simon

Instructor's comment: This simple composition emphasizes positive and negative areas and lines. Relief printmaking requires careful consideration of the positive and negative in an image.

Jeanne Broussard, Art-175

According to the movie, it should be very scary to step out of the house. It seems that there will be hundreds of cameras pointed at you and people in black suits waiting to catch you when you do or say something wrong. Yet, except for a few main characters, people in this movie don't seem very concerned about all of that.

A Critique of the Film *Enemy of the State*

Vitaliy Mourumskiy

Katherine Dalen: English 102

In the movie *Enemy of the State*, director Tony Scott tries to show a kind of world where someone possessing the power and resources can find out anything about anyone. The film is about new surveillance technologies which are used to track down people, or erase their lives entirely, if so needed. The goal of the movie is to warn people about potential dangers and consequences of surveillance technology that might occur in the future. One reason for that is because the world described in the movie is not a fun one to live in. Therefore, according to the movie, technologies like satellites, surveillance cameras, and computer networks concentrated in somebody's hands are a very serious threat to people's freedom. Furthermore, it will be impossible to live in a world where authority might abuse this kind of power and use it in selfish interests. The issue is very clearly presented in the movie, showing all aspects and different points of view to a topic. The producer shows that the issue of spreading surveillance technology is a serious threat to people's rights, freedom and privacy. I agree completely with the director and his main idea expressed in this movie, but I think the movie is not realistic about possibilities of technology at this time.

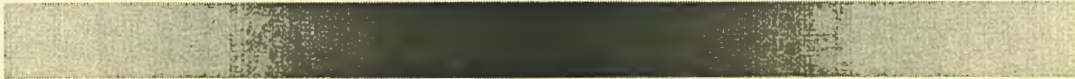
The movie starts with a murder of a senator by special agents from NSA. There is a witness to that event: a birdwatcher who tapes the entire scene. Unfortunately, people from NSA track that person down and send several killers to eliminate him. However, just before his death this birdwatcher meets Will Smith, who plays the role of Robert Dean, a district attorney in this film. The birdwatcher passes the tape with the recording of the murder to him and then gets killed by a car when running away from his killers. After that, the plot starts to develop. The people from NSA find out where the tape went and all the evidence points to Robert Dean. After a long time of running away from NSA agents, Dean finally understands why they are after him. So, he tries to get help from somebody who knows how to fight back against NSA. Finally, Smith finds a person who is able to help him fight back. This person is a retired NSA worker who knows all the secrets and ways to trick all the technology devices, and even use them for his own advantage. The name of this retired professional is Brill. He is able to help Dean understand what is going

on, and help him get rid of the NSA people. Also, he helps Dean catch Brian Reynolds, who is a corrupt, and selfish high authority figure in NSA, and one of the movie's bad guys.

Is the information represented in this movie accurate? This is an obvious question that comes to mind. Of course, all of the characters are imaginary; they don't really exist in real life. However, there are some aspects to technological developments that can actually be very accurate. I agree completely with the director that there are satellites capable of watching and taking any picture from almost any place in the world. However, I think the resolution quality of the pictures aren't all that good. In my opinion, some of the facts are probably exaggerated. For example, tracking a person in a building with some number of bugs in his shoes and clothes is possible, but in the movie, guys from NSA also had a full building plan with which they were following their suspect. I think that was an exaggeration. Of course it might be possible to do, but I think it requires some time and it would be hard to have a plan for each building.

As I said, the capability of technology is greatly exaggerated in this movie. During the episode when Dean was buying a present for his wife, a security camera in the store he was in was taping the entire thing. During that time, the unlucky birdwatcher passes his tape to Dean. Later on, people from NSA were able to detect a tape in Dean's bag by using the store's security camera. I don't think that is possible. There is no way to tell whether or not someone has any object inside any container (in this case a bag) with a usual security camera. Furthermore, the number of security cameras everywhere is unbelievable. It is almost impossible to count them; there are as many of them as there are mushrooms after a rainy day. It seems like anyone making any step is being taped and recorded. The speed with which information is passed and received is also unbelievable.

I can continue to criticize this movie for not being very realistic. First of all, I don't think anyone has the power to kill somebody in the middle of the city during the daytime, with so many witnesses around. Even if somebody does have this kind of power, most people would agree it is not logical to do it the way it was done in the movie. A car killed that birdwatcher when he was running away from his killers. It looks like there wasn't police or any other help around to get; I disagree with that. Besides that, shooting in the middle of the city is always very strange in the movies. This movie is no exception; helicopters are flying around and shooting without getting anybody's attention. It looks like police and people see that every day, almost as if it is a common daily routine. Everything seems to blow up very high, just like big fireworks. According to the movie it should be very scary to step out of the house. It seems that there are going to be hundreds of cameras pointed at you and people in black suits are trying to watch you and waiting to catch you when you do or say something wrong. Yet, people in this movie don't seem very concerned about all of that, except a few main characters.



Another problem that I see in the movie is the way NSA operates. It seems nobody among agents and workers of NSA asks anything when people get killed. Most of the workers do their job with no doubt in their mind about anything. People who were watching Dean throughout the film knew they were part of an illegal operation, but they kept quiet. The goal of the director was to warn people about total surveillance. The future might not be so bright and clear with cameras and electronic eyes, constantly watching a person. In the world described in the movie, authority abuses power and uses it any way it wants. The issue is clearly presented by the director from his point of view, though it repeats itself throughout the whole film. This issue is not actually new; it has been discussed since technology was first developed.

Those are all negative effects of this technology in the movie. However, there are positive aspects that are not being discussed. I believe that technology can be used as a positive device. For example, cameras and satellites can be used to help authorities to catch criminals. Technology itself is no danger in my opinion; the danger lies in people who are able to use these kinds of devices and possess some kind of power. If some different services use cameras, it doesn't mean they are watching innocent citizens all the time. They can use this technology to catch real criminals. I have noticed only a single case of technology being used to catch real criminals in the movie. For example, the FBI used cameras to record mobs meetings. The movie comes to a happy end only because of surveillance technology. My point is that technology can serve as a good thing in the hands of responsible people.

Enemy of the State is a good entertainment movie. However, as an attempt to show something that can happen, it is a little far-fetched from reality. It shows only potential danger, which doesn't exist now, but in fact might occur in the future. In my opinion, people were always worried about the way new technology and inventions were going to be used. As I said, technology isn't responsible for what is happening; the people are the ones who can affect and thus influence the course of events. Finally, it seems logical that this kind of issue is discussed nowadays. The movie is an echo of people's paranoia in the Information Age.

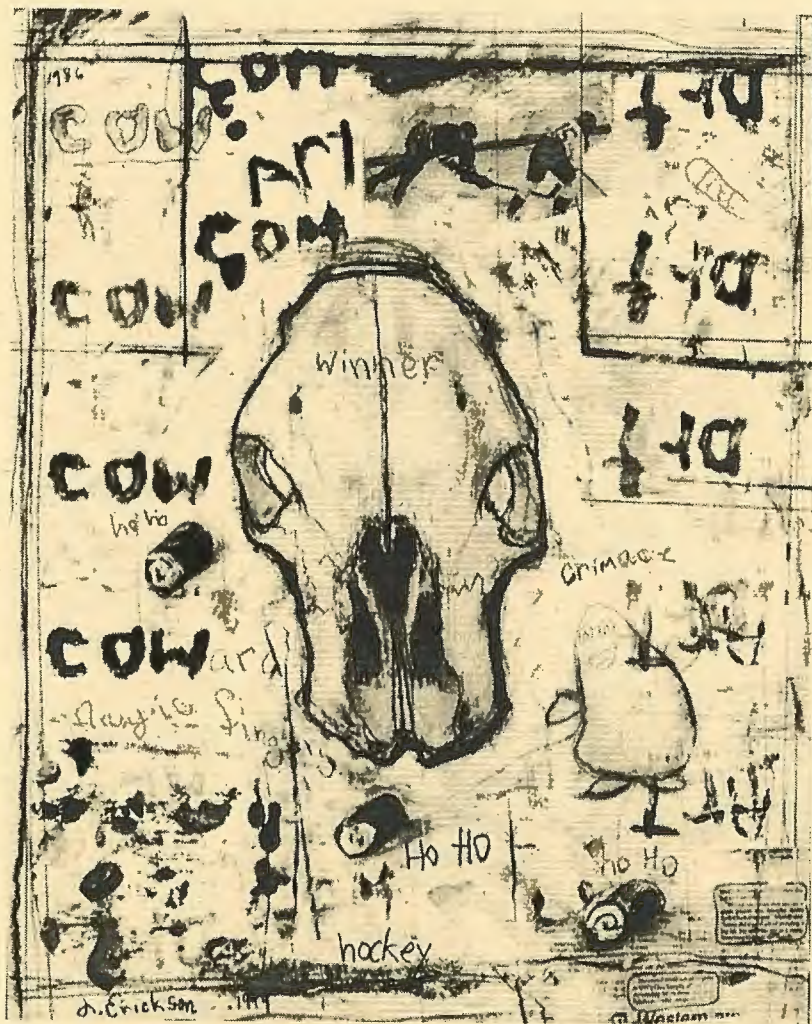
Works Cited

Enemy of the State. Dir. Tony Scott. Perf. Will Smith, Gene Hackman, and Jon Voight. Touchstone Pictures, 1998.

Writer's comments: I was assigned to watch a film and then write a paper critiquing this movie and showing any unrealistic details. I decided to watch the movie *The Enemy of the State*, because this film fits the criteria of unrealistic very well, in my opinion. In this paper, I tried to show how this popular film is hardly related to contemporary life and society.

Instructor's Note: Vitaliy Mouromskiy's paper, "Critique of Enemy of the State," was in response to an assignment that involved both briefly summarizing and critiquing a film or television show of the student's choice. This exercise was intended to make use of the student's growing critical eye/critical thought process, the student's personal exploration of their own voice and authority as author, and the student's developing awareness of audience. Vitaliy demonstrated a strong understanding of the summary skills we had been working on, developed a clear thesis, focused on a single main theme for his critique, and lead into a well structured conclusion.

Katherine Dalen, MA



Lucas Erickson
Grimace and the Magic Fingers
Mixed media, 24" x 18"

Artist's comment: I've tried to capture a sense of joy that relates team sports and the exploits of a hockey road trip despite the team policy of "Whatever happens on the road stays on the road." I am trying to portray a short story with detail.

Lucas Erickson

Instructor's comment: Each generation needs stories to entertain and define itself. The emerging artists learn to tell stories through pictures. The teachers help the young artists develop their efforts in form and expression.

Lloyd Blakley, Art 213

Reflecting

One afternoon about 3:00 PM, during the fifteen minute recreation time for pupils in the Cailay High School, an enemy rocket exploded in the school yard.

Nen Nguyen

One Autumn

Nen Nguyen
Niki Mantas, ESL 31

After three field days, my flank of army halted on the hill. My friend and I found a shady place under some poplar trees, I was lying on the green grass; my head was resting on my baggage and gun. The mailman delivered a letter for me. Oh! My letter was from my girlfriend who lived in the Capital. I put that letter to my heart for two minutes before I read it. This is the subject of her letter to me.

Dear N:

I'm sorry N! My letter comes to you so late because I was preparing my lesson for the final exam! How are you? I always remember you. I hope this war in our country finishes soon so you can return to me!

"One must live for his country and even be prepared to sacrifice all for the sake of his country because nothing is more precious than independence and freedom."

Our teacher explained that sentence to us when we were students in high school.

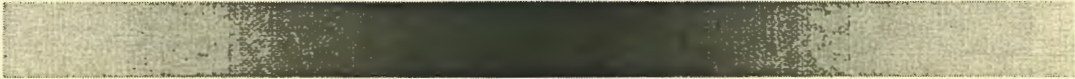
I hope to see you again. I will always wait for you. I love you!

Sincerely yours,
Thao

I made friends with Thao while we were studying in the school of education at the university. She was a freshman and I was in my third year. She wasn't very pretty. She had one beauty spot on her chin, black eyes and long black hair. When she smiled, she had dimples on her cheeks. To me, she was very beautiful.

On weekends or holidays, we often rode our bicycles to the suburb of the Capital. We prepared a picnic lunch and went to the side of a river or the green rice fields. We found a shady place under some trees, leaned back to back, looked at the blue sky, heard birds sing and talked about our future.

I graduated from the School of Pedagogy at the university and was appointed by the Department of Education to teach at one of the high schools in a town far from the Capital. I was waiting for Thao to complete her education and wanted to marry her. I waited day after day. A year passed. One day in autumn, a day that I will never forget, I



was called by the General Mobilization Order of the Department of National Defense and ordered to go into the infantry school for army education for ten months.

Thao took me to the infantry school. Before she left, she shed tears and asked me when I would come back to visit her. I said I didn't know; maybe when the war was over. She said goodbye, good luck and her eyes were wet with tears. I wiped her eyes and advised her...She left the infantry school about 5 PM on an Autumn day 1969.

After ten months, I graduated from the infantry school and I was assigned to the combat unit in the high zone to prevent the enemy from traveling to the North, to the South of the Republic of Vietnam, by the Ho Chi Minh trail in the Truong Son mountain chains.

During the year I received many of Thao's letters. One day I had permission for two weeks leave. After traveling two days I came to her house one afternoon. I was anxious; I knocked on her door. In a moment the door was opened by Thao's young sister. I asked her where Thao was; perhaps she was in her room? The young sister didn't answer. She was quite silent. I looked at her face and saw tears slowly falling down both cheeks. She spoke very slowly.

"What did you say? I can't hear you!" I said.

I followed the young sister to the cemetery. There she pointed out the grass-covered grave. Thao had died two months before.

One afternoon about 3:00 PM during the fifteen minute recreation time for pupils in the Cailay High School, an enemy rocket exploded in the school yard. Five pupils died. Twenty were injured. Three teachers were killed. Thao was badly injured and died on the road to the hospital!

I stood before her green grave in silence. I lit three sticks of incense and put them on her green grave and prayed for her.

It was beginning to get dark and the crisp wind of autumn blew. I was feeling chilly and my heart was very cold!

It was an unforgettable afternoon in autumn 1971.

Arguing

It is very important to educate the populace about the dangers which the tiger faces. By appealing to people's common sense and sympathy, the rate of decline which this beautiful creature faces can be slowed. However, even if tiger killing stopped tomorrow, the species would still be in danger from a threat which nearly every species on this planet faces: habitat destruction.

Selah Tay-Song

Saving the Tiger . . . and the World

Selah Tay-Song
Pinney Eng101

As night falls in the lushly forested wildlife reserves of Asia, the tiger celebrates a victory—its species has survived another precarious day. For another day, poachers have not yet slaughtered the last wild, free tiger. The hide of the last free tiger does not hang yet in Asian marketplaces, waiting to be sold. And when the sun set, farming and development had not yet driven tigers from their already sparse territories.

The tiger population has dropped by about 95% in this century, a decline which wildlife activists and Asian governments hope to further delay through vigorous guarding of wildlife reserves, and laws protecting tigers from poachers and dealers. Laws are not enough. The only way to save the tigers is by creating more jobs, educating the populace on the truth behind “tiger medicine,” and slowing down the rapidly growing Asian population. Carl-Albrecht Von Treuenfels of World Press agrees that “Only if we can find a way for people who share their land with tigers to make a living—other than by the animals—will we be able to ensure that these majestic animals survive” (36).

Besides being one of the worst threats to the tiger's survival, poaching is a very lucrative career, and this shows in the amount of tigers killed annually. Just in India, 94 tigers were killed in 1994, and 116 in 1995, according to the Wildlife Protection Society of India. Today, a very roughly estimated 2,500 are still alive in that country. However, as “...most poaching goes undetected . . . the real number of butchered tigers must have been much higher” (Ward 16). And while the tiger supply decreases, the price offered for their carcasses rises, making poaching even more lucrative.

Poaching is attractive because it brings in a lot of money; nearly all parts of the tiger can be sold at a high price. But can the poachers themselves be blamed for supporting their families? The economy of many Asian countries is nearly equivalent to the third world. For some people, the choice is kill tigers or watch your family starve. And thousands of people aren't even lucky enough to afford the equipment (guns, poison, snares) needed to do this dangerous job. Casting blame on powerless working class citizens will solve nothing.

Neither, apparently, will creating laws to fine and imprison those who struggle to make a living. This is made evident by the continual slaughter of tigers despite such laws. It is similar to the USA's war on drugs, where no amount of laws, fines, and police brutality will keep people from doing something that brings them profit. It would be more effective to create more, and better paying jobs, and/or to destroy the market for tiger parts.

The first solution will be no easy task. The governments of many of the countries in question are very poor. Many of the citizens have little chance for a good education. To solve the tiger problem through better jobs would call for a complete overhaul of the economic and social structures of these countries. Therefore, the second idea may be a more feasible solution.

In spite of regulation in at least ten of the Asian countries that support tigers, Woods says, a black market exists in which all parts of the tiger are sold illegally, mostly for medicinal purposes. Tiger parts are also exported and imported by countries where no tigers live, such as South Korea and Japan (38-41).

Much of oriental medicine agrees that tigers are a source of healing power. Tiger bones are said to cure rheumatism and increase the lifespan; many people think that whiskers give them strength; and consuming pills made from tiger eyes is thought to calm convulsions. The genitalia of male tigers is also consumed, sometimes costing \$320 for one bowl of soup made from it, to counter impotence and restore virility. All these parts bring more money than tiger skins, which can cost up to \$15,000 apiece, and the parts are easier to smuggle and sell (Linden 45).

Traditions and suspicions that have lasted for thousands of years die hard. Despite trade sanctions (there are 132 countries outlawing trade of endangered species), the sellers keep selling and the buyers keep buying. The only solution can be education. Only hard, scientific evidence thrown at the populace through the media, and hands on examples of how tiger medicine has failed again and again, can save the tiger from Asia's economy.

One way to change the current viewpoint about marketable tiger medicine is by giving the people a better solution. Offering free samples of herbal medicines, also a traditional part of oriental medicine, may convince people suffering from illness that there is a better alternative. There are many remedies, proven for hundreds of years to work effectively, that grow wild all over the world. For example, ginger and garlic can enhance the immune system; ginseng is said to increase virility, and mint and valerian can calm nerves. If more people all over the world knew this, tiger medicine would become obsolete. Herbal medicine propaganda must be funded by Asian Governments; after all, "Educational campaigns without government support are doomed to certain failure" (Von Treuenfels 36).

It is very important to educate the populace about the dangers which the tiger faces. By appealing to people's common sense and sympathy, the rate of decline which this beautiful creature faces can be slowed. However, even if tiger killing stopped tomorrow, the species would still be in danger from a threat which nearly every species on this planet faces: habitat destruction.

Like the population of humans worldwide, the Asian population is growing at a staggering rate. The more people there are, the more farmlands and cities are needed for

food and shelter, and the more wildlife reserves are sacrificed for this task. Not only does necessity drive the sacrifice, but greed creates the destruction as well; in Russia, forests which once supported Siberian tigers are now being clear-cut. The timber rights were sold to logging companies in Japan, America, and Korea. Tigers cannot survive this "Slow death by strangulation" (Linden 52).

Why not? Because male tigers need twenty-five square miles of territory, and they will not allow other males inside their range. Females need less, eight to ten (US Fish and Wildlife 2). For an individual tiger, that is a lot of space. Tigers used to be able to roam the entire country of India, as well as all of Indochina, several Indonesian islands, half of China, some of Russia, and even areas around the Caspian Sea. Their range has shrunk to tiny pockets of reserves in thirteen countries (Ward 15). The sparse acreage of preserved forest is enough to keep the species crawling along, but it is impossible for them to flourish.

Crowded reserves lead to fights between males, declining amounts of prey, and weakened genes. Crowding can also force tigers out of protected territory, where they are likely to be shot by farmers, poachers, or merely frightened citizens. Female tigers need up to thirteen pounds of food per day, and more when they have cubs (Ward 23). Competition for food, coupled with pollution and human hunting, can make this ration hard to find. Weakened genes caused by inbreeding increase the infant mortality rate. All of this threatens the survival of the tiger to a point of near extinction.

The obvious solution is to slow the increase of human population. For the sake of the human species as well as tigers, every person in every nation must understand that there are safe, reliable methods of birth-control, and these must be made readily available to all. A worldwide campaign to spread the use of everything from condoms to the pill could be our last chance. As our population approaches six billion and tigers numbers near zero, we must begin to wonder if having three children instead of two is really worth the destruction of not merely one species, the tiger, but several thousands of different animals across the globe.

In fact, the survival of tigers is merely a portion of what is a global problem. Poaching, selling, and habitat destruction threatens all species worldwide, including human beings. If we cannot save one beautiful, mystical beast from extinction with such simple methods as better employment, education, and using birth-control, how can we hope to save any other animals from the same fate? How, indeed, can we hope to save ourselves?

Works Cited

- Linden, Eugene. "Tigers on the Brink." *Time* 28 March, 1994: 38-41.
- US Fish and Wildlife Service. "Tiger." *Biologue Series* 1995. Online. November 19, 1998.
<http://www.nbs.gov/features/kidscorner/tiger.html>
- Von Treuenfels, Carl-Albrecht. "Tiger, Tiger, Fading Fast." *World Press* 1 December 1995: 36.
- Ward, Geoffrey C. "Making Room for Wild Tigers." *National Geographic* December 1997: 2-35
- Woods, Michael. "Tiger Economies." *Geographical Magazine* January 1997: 38-41.

Writer's comments: I struggled with the topic of saving the tigers, not because it did not interest me, but because of the emotional effect the issue had on me. Tigers are my favorite animals and the massacring of this species, and others around the globe, has always made me angry. It was hard, at first, to argue objectively and in an organized manner. Then I found that I did not want only to argue against the tiger market but to provide a solution. Under this guideline, of solution vs. blame, I managed to keep my focus. I ended up with what I believe to be a well-organized, effective paper. I am interested, as I pursue my future, in becoming involved in conservation efforts to save tigers from extinction.

Instructor's comments: In "Saving the Tiger . . . And the World," Selah found a topic she felt strongly about and wanted to argue. Using a strong proposition and several assertions to support her argument, Selah not only provides compelling reasons and statistics that prove that the future of the tiger is in danger but also ways in which solutions might be addressed. In this way, Selah utilizes skills of thinking, relating, integrating and communicating. In her reaching beyond the required assignment, Selah's solutions become a global warning based on the responsibilities of all humans to be aware of the fate of our planet.

Tere Pinney, MA



Kelley Calhoun
Untitled
Linocut, 8" x 5.5"

Artist's comment: Meat is Marvelous.

Kelley Calhoun

Instructor's comment: The process of relief printmaking lends itself to a dynamic line as shown in this print. This artist abstracted meat, sinew, and bone for her body of work over the quarter.

Jeanne Broussard, Art 175

My initial belief that ADHD was just a scapegoat disorder used by parents and teachers who were looking to avoid responsibility for misbehavior of their children or students was wrong. I have changed my attitude regarding people who claim to suffer from the disorder: I no longer see them as disruptive or misbehaving people, but as people who suffer from a serious psychological disorder that, unfortunately, is all too common.

Current Knowledge Regarding Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder

David Brown
Bob Riesenberg, Psychology 110

ABSTRACT

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder is characterized by specific behavioral symptoms that appear because of mostly unknown causes. ADHD is not diagnosed through any single test but by a checklist of symptomatic behaviors along with a thorough history check for signs of the behaviors since early childhood. The recommended treatment for ADHD is both medication, using methylphenidate, and instruction in behavioral modification.

HYPOTHESIS

I hypothesize that Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD) is highly over diagnosed and that "good old fashioned" discipline can be used to correct it rather than costly treatment programs and over prescription of medication.

DATA SYNTHESIS

CURRENT STATE OF KNOWLEDGE

Symptoms

ADHD is a disorder that is characterized by specific behavioral symptoms. Some of these symptoms include: impulsivity, inattention, motor restlessness, easy distractibility, and dangerous risk taking (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999). These symptoms are widely thought to be brought out in ADHD children because of an inability to control reactions to multiple sensory inputs (Barkley, 1998). Because of this inability to control reactions, many sufferers of the disorder have difficulty succeeding in regular learning environments (Division of Innovation and Developmental Office of Special Education, Programs Office of Special Education and Rehabilitative Services U.S. Department of Education, 1998). According to Wade Horn, a child psychologist and former executive director of Children with Attention Deficit Disorder (CHADD), and most professionals in the field, the symptoms of ADHD do not develop suddenly (Wallis, 1994). One of the main defining

characteristics of the disorder is the early appearance of symptoms, with at least some appearing before the age of 7, that creates a "clinically significant social, academic, or occupational impairment (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999). Most experts and studies agree that the symptoms of ADHD persist most often through childhood and early adolescence with a slight decrease during late adolescence and a more significant decrease further into adulthood (Elia, Ambrosini, Rapoport, 1999). The decrease of symptoms in adulthood is attributed by most to be due to an adults ability to compensate for their impulsiveness and disorganization (Wallis, 1994).

Causes

The specific cause(s) of ADHD are unknown though heredity has been shown to play a major role in its development (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999). The University of Oslo's Helene Gjone and Jon M Sundet, along with University of Southampton's Jim Stevenson, conducted a twin study in which it was found that the heritability of ADHD approaches 80%. According to a separate study performed by Jacquelyn J. Gillis of the University of Colorado and her colleagues, the risk of developing ADHD to children whose identical twin has the disorder is between 11-18 times greater than that of a non-twin child with ADHD (Barkley, 1998). Overall, 40% of children with the disorder also have a nuclear relative who also suffers (Wallis, 1994). Beyond heredity, there is also a 10% chance of developing the disorder from environmental factors such as brain injuries and maternal alcohol or tobacco use (Wallis, 1994). Due to non-response to current medications and other treatments for ADHD, researchers have begun to look for brain abnormalities that may be linked to the disorder's development (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999). While in the search for brain abnormalities, researchers have discovered a possible link between development of ADHD and a key flaw thought to be in the dopamine transporter gene or the D4 dopamine receptor gene (Hill, 1998).

Diagnosis

3-5% of children are diagnosed with ADHD (Thomas, 1999). Contrary to popular myth, there is little evidence that ADHD is over diagnosed (Goldman, Genel, Bezman, Slantz, 1998). There has been no development of an accurate objective test that can be used for diagnosing ADHD, so the specific criteria for diagnosis is based on extensive empirical research (Hill, 1998). The disorder, as described by the DSMV-IV, is a syndrome, "with good face validity and high predictability of course and medication responsiveness (Goldman et al., 1998)." Diagnosis of ADHD is done almost entirely using historical information obtained from parents, the patients, and their teachers. When diagnosing ADHD it is vital to rule out other causes of the symptoms, such as other psychological disorders like tourette's syndrome, before treatment is pursued (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999).

It is extremely important to note that a response to ADHD treatment medication is not a determinant of the disorder (Hill, 1998).

Because of the males increased susceptibility to disorders involving the nervous system, like tic disorder et al., and also due to a negative stereotype of females, the diagnostic ratio of males to females is 4:1 for the predominantly hyperactive-impulsive type of the disorder, and the ratio for the predominantly inattentive type is 2:1 (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999).

Treatment

A number of treatments methods for ADHD that have been proven to be ineffective in controlled studies are: cognitive treatments, modeling, individual psychotherapy or play therapy, restrictive or supplemental diets, mineral or amino acid supplements, megavitamins, chelating agents, allergy treatments, biofeedback, vestibular and sensorimotor integration, and perceptual motor training (Elia et al., 1999). Even though all of these treatments have been found ineffective, half of ADHD diagnosis can be managed through behavioral methods (Hill, 1998). The most effective treatment found, so far, has been stimulant medication, usually involving methylphenidate (marketed as Ritalin) (Goldman et al., 1998). Approximately 70% of children respond favorably to stimulant treatment. In the last four years, methylphenidate prescriptions have risen 390% (Wallis, 1994). Because of this increase, concerns regarding over prescription and abuse have risen dramatically (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999). To counter this increase in concerns, it has been posited that the rise in prescriptions is due to a greater awareness of ADHD, the increase in diagnosis among girls, improving knowledge of the different subtypes of the disorder, and the continuation of treatment (Elia et al., 1999).

Stimulant treatment is not without its side effects which are mainly dependent upon dose. The side effects of methylphenidate in children are: decreased appetite in 80%, substantial weight loss in 10-15%, and 3-85% suffer mild insomnia, and mild cardiovascular effects. Even with these side effects, it is safe to give stimulant medication to, at least, children with epilepsy and tic disorder (Elia et al., 1999). These side effects are the only side effects that have been found to come from the stimulant medication. Stimulant dependence and illicit drug use, contrary to popular belief, are not side effects of methylphenidate medication (Goldman et al., 1998). Although the effectiveness of stimulant medication has been proven, they have not been able to remedy all conditions of ADHD. While this is due to the fact that some children cannot tolerate the medications, more often the failure is due to inconsistency in taking the medication (Zametkin & Ernst, 1999).

Stimulant medication improves "on task" behavior, cognition, and overactive behavior (Hill, 1998). These improvements do not teach proper behavior, though, so it is

strongly suggested that behavioral therapy accompany medicinal therapy as well (Elia et al., 1999). The need for behavioral therapy is strongly supported by the generally accepted belief that ADHD undermines the capacity to learn, therefore requiring special education once the symptoms have been dealt with (Hong, 1999).

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE BY REFERENCED AUTHORS

The two articles from the New England Journal of Medicine that were referenced for this review seem to have acquired their knowledge from 39-84 sources which included books, journal articles, and independent studies. The Journal of the American Medical Association used the same types of sources as the New England Journal of Medicine but instead of listing them numerically in a reference section at the end of the article they chose to specify where and how they searched for their reference material. The author of the article in the Archives of Disease in Childhood, Peter Hill (1998), acquired his knowledge for his article by the same types of sources as the rest of the academic research articles, only in a smaller number.

Three mass media articles were used as references for this paper. Although there are no actual reference lists for any of these three articles, it can be assumed from the context of the articles themselves that the authors used personal interviews and generic research materials for their information. The reason that this can be assumed is because of the heavy use of quotes from people who are stated to be professionals in the field of research.

There is much more diversity in the ways that the knowledge for the web site articles was acquired by their authors. The article entitled, "Attention Deficit Disorder Beyond The Myths," has no individually stated author(s) but is attributed to several private and public organizations. The article by Russell A. Barkley (1998) provides no individual references either, but it does include a list of the author's credentials and states his length of time in study of ADHD. Along with the list of credentials is also a short list of other works by the same author on ADHD. Fred A. Baughman Jr., M.D.'s article provides no list of references nor does it provide any list of credentials or other works to suggest where his information for the article came from.

INTENDED AUDIENCES OF THE REFERENCES

All of the academic journals and two of the web sites used for references in this review seem to be intended for a learned audience of professional people who have a specific need for knowing the intricacies of ADHD. This is evident because of the scientific data presented within the articles and also by the ubiquitous use of words and phrases that are not commonly known or used by non-scientific readers.

The web site, "Immunize Your Child Against Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD)," was definitely written for an easily influenced audience of people who are ignorant in the advances in education regarding ADHD, or the web site might be intended for an audience of people who are so strongly opposed to conventional methods of research that they would tend to agree with any article that so strongly refutes most of the current knowledge in the realm of ADHD.

The three mass media articles that were used as references seem to be intended for an audience of people with a mild layman interest in the topic. They are humanistically informative and the information they present coincides with most of the information used in the academic research journals, but they are not very specific. The articles appear to be informative stories that are meant to raise general awareness of ADHD and the current political and social environment surrounding it.

BASIS FOR ACCEPTING OR REJECTING THE RELIABILITY OF THE INFORMATION

The reasons that I used for accepting or rejecting the reliability of the information has to do mainly with the fact that much of the same information was stated in more than one of this review's references. More credibility was also granted to the references that included their own lists of references, which gives them an air of accountability for their claims. Since several of the articles were written a few years ago I tended to regard their claims as being prevalent at the time but disproved in later years through continued research. The only information that I refused to accept was the information that contradicted the more reliable information presented in the referenced articles. A few of the claims made in some of the articles were neither supported or refuted by any of the other articles so I did not reject them, but I did not accept them either. Besides just the reference lists available in the articles, I also accepted more readily the information presented in traditionally respected forums such as JAMA and Time Domestic.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, I have discovered that in fact ADHD is a real and very dysfunctional disorder that is not highly over diagnosed or highly over medicated. The disorder has very clear-cut symptoms and definite treatments that are associated with it. My initial belief that ADHD was just a scapegoat disorder used by parents and teachers who were looking to avoid responsibility for misbehavior of their children or students was wrong. I look forward to learning more about ADHD as research progresses. I have changed my attitude regarding people who claim to suffer from the disorder. I no longer see them as disruptive or misbehaving people, but as people who suffer from a serious psychological disorder that, unfortunately, is all too common.

REFERENCES

- Barkley, R.(1998). Attention-Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder [On-line] Available: <http://www.scientificamerican.com/1998/0998issue/0998barkley.html>
- Baughman, F.(1998). Immunize Your Child Against Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD) [On-line] Available: http://www.geocities.com/HotSpring/8568/Baughman_MD_Immunize_against_ADD.htm
- Division of Innovation and Development Office of Special Education Programs, Programs Office of Special Education and Rehabilitative Services U.S. Department of Education (1998). Attention Deficit Disorder Beyond the Myths [On-line] Available: http://www.catalog.com/chadd/doe/doe_myth.htm
- Elia, J., Ambrosini, P., Rapoport, J.(1999, Mar). Treatment of attention-deficit-hyperactivity disorder. *The New England Journal of Medicine*, 340(10), 780-789
- Goldman, L., MD, Genel, M., MD, Bezman, R., MD, Slantz, P., MD, MPH.(1998, April). Diagnosis and Treatment of Attention-Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder in Children and Adolescents. *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, 279, 1100-1107.
- Hill, P.(1998, Nov). Attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. *The Archives of Disease in Childhood*, 79(5), 381-389.
- Hong, R. (1999, Feb). Center Helps Attention-Deficit Children Focus on Social Skills. *The Los Angeles Times*, Section: Education/ An exploration of ideas, issues and trends in education.
- Thomas, K.(1999, Jan). Drawing on a child's hyperactivity This is a story of a boy who roared and the dad who listened. *USA Today*
- Wallis, C.(1994, July). Life in Overdrive. *Time Domestic*, Section: Cover: Behavior.
- Zametkin, A., Ernst, M.(1999, Jan). Problems in the management of attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder. *The New England Journal of Medicine*, 340(1), 40-46



Crystal Eve DeFord
The Artist and Insanity
Charcoal, 22" x 18"

Artist's comment: This piece is about the artist and the two realities he or she must face. One is the reality in which the artist knows himself and the second is the one he presents to other individuals. The two people are actually the same person in two mindsets, and show the frustration involved when the artist cannot express himself to what he knows is his full potential.

Crystal Eve DeFord

Instructor's comment: It's theorized that with two independent sides of the brain working in harmony, we perhaps are two people at once. The artist sometimes experiences a shift in mindset and delight in the facets of who we are.

Lloyd Blakley, Art 213

Reflecting

When I stand on the bridge during the early winter months, I watch the water glide slowly and smoothly over the riverbed as it gently and continuously intermingles with the rocks and logs in its path. . . . I am not consciously aware of nature's beauty on a daily basis; however, when I gaze upon this place during a snowy winter with its big and little snow flakes steadily falling gently to the ground, I realize that this place is awesome in its beauty.

Bob "Doc" Watson

Solitude


Bob "Doc" Watson
Jessica Steele, English 100

At some time during a person's life, he or she will find a need for solitude. In "Wyoming: The Solace of Open Spaces," Gretel Ehrlich describes Wyoming as appearing vastly uninhabited yet possessing a warm, comfortable, and intimate atmosphere. Although Wyoming has thousands of square acres of land, there are less than 500,000 people. With all this territory and so few people, it is easy for me to see why she would find intimacy with her friends and neighbors and be able to find solitude when she needs it. I have found over the years that when I do not have any elbowroom or solitude, it is hard to get any thought-provoking endeavor accomplished. With fewer people around, my decisions are more substantial and practical. Just as Gretel Ehrlich finds solitude in Wyoming, I find solitude in a place of my own. For a short time, the old wooden bridge over Whatcom Creek in Bellingham, Washington, is exclusively mine, and I can contemplate in this serene and beautiful place.

Over the years, I have gone down to the old, wooden bridge on Whatcom Creek just to get away from all the noisy, energetic, and often intrusive buying and selling of the city life. This very beautiful and quiet place permits me to think about whatever I want or just get a moment to myself. Except during the summer, very few people come here and intrude on my solitude, and most of these people are men or women that fish; a few people come just to enjoy the scenery. As the season gets closer to spring, people come down here more often.

When spring arrives, I can see how the different plants and trees survived the winter and how they are getting ready for summer. Soon these plants and trees will spring forth their unique individual blossoms and leaves. During this time, the creek rises as more snow melts and comes down from the beautiful mountains that surround Bellingham, Washington. The animals and insects start coming out of hibernation, slowly at first. Before a person realizes what is happening, the animals and insects are all over everything. Before I know it, summer is over and winter is upon this quaint place.

When I stand on the bridge during the early winter months, I watch the water glide slowly and smoothly over the riverbed as it gently and continuously intermingles with the rocks and logs in its path. Over the centuries, the water has patiently carved through the large rocks and has made several holes that vary in size and depth. In different places along the creek, I can see where the water has made a ladder for the various salmon that traverse up and down the creek during their life cycle. I am not consciously aware of



nature's beauty on a daily basis; however, when I gaze upon this place during a snowy winter with its big and little snow flakes steadily falling gently to the ground, I realize that this place is awesome in its beauty.

Quite easily, I can hear the snow falling on leaves of trees and plants alike; however, the sound of silence is so quiet that it can be quite deafening. I have learned over the years to do an external inventory that involves trying to determine the source or cause of each sound that I hear. Then my ears will set each sound aside and proceed to the next until all of the sounds have been labeled and categorized. For example, I might hear the wind blowing through the tree branches as well as the branches scraping against each other. I will then identify the sound(s), which in this example are the wind and the branches, and when I have finished with the external inventory, I will proceed to my internal inventory.

This internal inventory process helps my mind wander through the different situations going on in my life and then start assembling them according to their priority. For example, I want to buy a 17-inch computer monitor; Mary, my 16-year-old daughter, wants to date a 21-year-old man and in my opinion neither person is ready for a mature relationship; I have to get two new tires for my van, or I can not go to college; I have to pay daycare for Katelynn, my six-year-old daughter; and I have only \$250 to either do all or just some of these tasks depending on whether the task requires money. As I am going through my internal inventory, I will be listening on a subconscious level to the sounds around me, so that I will immediately know if somebody has invaded my solitude zone. When somebody has, I will cease my contemplation and start to identify this new sound and source. During the winter, I do not have to worry about intrusion very much—in fact, seldom.

As Gretel Ehrlich finds her solitude in a state that looks lonely and sparsely populated, I find mine where others will not go because of the winter coldness and the semi-isolation. I enjoy how God has made this awesome habitat with every part working in harmony. I get away from all the noisy, energetic, and often intrusive buying and selling of the city life, so I can concentrate on a clearer and deeper level. As I go through my external and internal inventory, I achieve a peace of mind in which I can contemplate the different personal problems in my life. In our own way, both Gretel Ehrlich and I have found our own particular solitude that is mentally healthy.

Writer's comments: I wrote about solitude because I wanted to let other people know how easy solitude is to find. I had been a drug addict for seventeen years; I have now three years of sobriety, and having a place of solitude helps me. I never had a place where I could contemplate the problems that was going on in my life. In this essay, I wanted to describe what this place looks like, and the process that I go through to achieve a peace of mind.

Analyzing

Folktales can serve as an important means of exploring cultural differences and finding universal truths. Feminists profess “Cinderella” represents the 1950’s “helpless female” stereotype. While the lack of evidence and the use of logical fallacy cast a shadow over the feminist view, the largest problem I see with the theory is the feminist inability to recognize the positive virtues of “Cinderella.”

Michelle Campbell

Folklore Teaching Basic Values

Michelle Campbell
Anita Johnson, English 102

Mythology and folklore are the oldest forms of story telling, a way of passing on information about cultures, relationships, spirituality and life. The folk tale "Cinderella," appears to be the best known fairy tale in the world, consisting of more than seven hundred versions (Behrens & Rosen 480). According to folklorist Stith Thompson, who devoted his professional career to studying tales, "the art of the story teller has been cultivated in every rank of society" (Thompson 483). The "Cinderella" story has been scrutinized analyzed and criticized. Feminist writers like Colette Dowling, Jane Yolen and Madonna Kolbenschlag dissect the fairy tale and find it to be an attack on the liberation of women. In addition, they are concerned how these stories stereotype women's roles in society and how they could negatively affect young women. Fairy tales, in my opinion, were originally told to bring hope to children and to teach them about values and faith.

In *The Cinderella Complex: Women's Hidden Fear of Independence*, Dowling theorizes that the chief force paralyzing women is a psychological dependency to be taken care of, that she has labeled "The Cinderella Complex." This certainly suggests the origin was derived from the story 'Cinderella.' She qualifies the term as "a network of largely repressed attitudes and fears that keeps women ... from the full use of their minds and creativity" (31). Kolbenschlag in her essay, "A Feminist's View of 'Cinderella,'" attempts to clarify the relations of women and men in a broad array of human activities, for example, in literary works, the structure of family life, economic and political affairs. She equates many aspects of the tale to symbolize hidden messages of passive weakness in women and authority or strength in men.


According to Yolen in her essay, America's 'Cinderella,'" Cinderella has been distorted, misunderstood and wrongly accused, suggesting that the translations over generations have embellished the interpretation to reflect "his/her own culture orientation"(540). Allison Lurie, in her essay, "Folk tale Liberation" supports Yolen's argument stating that the stories we know best "reflect the taste of the literary men" who edited the first popular collections of fairy stories for children during the nineteenth century. They read hundreds of folk tales that had been gathered by scholars, chose the ones that "most appealed to them" as conventional upper-middle-class Victorians, and then "rewrote the tales to make them suitable for Victorian children" (338). In addition, Yolen grieves the "gutting" of older versions of "Cinderella" derived from oral tradition, which could legitimately instruct young children. She finds Walt Disney's interpretation of

Cinderella to be "...coy and condescending" (540). Also, she criticizes the media for not supplying material that give main character roles to female subjects to support an independent and strong image. On the surface, the arguments put forth by the feminists' writers seem to be possible. However, the lack of evidence with regard to children's reactions to fairy tales, coupled with the logical fallacy of generalization used throughout the essays, make their analysis of "Cinderella" unsuccessful.

I see the fairy tale as something which can be seen to give hope to children. "Cinderella" contains many positive messages as well. The image of a girl who tends to her chores, however unpleasant they may be, yet continues to have faith in her ability to somehow rise above her circumstances, and forgiving the stepsisters for all the unkind things which they had done to her puts forth a positive role model for children. Children who read the story should gain a positive set of values from it. It seems to me that the "obvious moral lessons: that surface appearance tell nothing about the inner worth of a person; that if one is true to oneself, one wins over those who appear to be what they are not; and that virtue will be rewarded, evil punished [as well as] the lessons that to develop one's personality to the fullest, one must be able to do hard work and be able to separate good from evil" are the heart of "Cinderella" (Kolbensschlag 533). Because these lessons are "obvious", I believe children relate to them far easier than they do to the belief "that as women we cannot stand alone, that we are too fragile,...needful of protection" (Dowling30).

The latest 20th century *Cinderella* movie portrays a Cinderella that is not looking to be rescued but to fall in love. This restored version of the 1950's Disney animated fairy tale does not promote a "helpless female." Cinderella demonstrates many positive messages, for example, she sings of the possibilities in life "...I can be what ever I want to be." When she is approached by the prince in a public market, Cinderella sings, "I doubt he has any idea how a girl should be treated," and the prince responds, "Like a princess?", and she says, "No, like a person with kindness and respect" (Rogers and Hammerstein). When the step sisters are getting dressed for the ball, they are singing about how they must present themselves as perfect to the prince and not conceal any flaws until after the wedding. Cinderella responds, "...shouldn't a man love you in spite of everything?" Another example is when the fairy god mother tells Cinderella, "If you want to get out of here, you have to do it yourself. The music is in you." and "...overcome your fears, you [Cinderella] are as good as anyone else" (Rogers and Hammerstein). I believe the new version of "Cinderella" can be very inspiring, motivational and educational for children.

Children have always needed reinforcement in their struggle to grow up in the world. "Cinderella" is full of lessons from which children may learn basic values by which all people should live. In addition, children should learn about values and inner worth in the home, for example, the division of labor. "Perhaps Daddy, not Mommy leaves the



house for work each morning;...or perhaps one and not the other habitually prepares the meals and washes clothes" (Pollitt 582). It is the idea that "Cinderella" embodies virtue, inner worth and the value of knowing good from evil which leads me to choose to recognize the positive side of "Cinderella." Remarkably, little research has addressed the question of the actual effect of fairy tales on children.

Children's responses to gender roles in fairy tales were examined in a study. The goal of the research was to examine the assumption that children respond uncritically to the classic fairy tales, and run the risk of internalizing the value system that governs the stories' representation of gender. One-hundred-thirteen children, ages ten and eleven, were read the traditional tales of "Cinderella," "Snow White" and "Sleeping Beauty." They were then asked to draw a picture of their favorite character from the stories. Over 40 percent of the girls drew beautiful princesses who were uniformly lovely and beautifully dressed (Westland 3). Only one of the princesses was in rags and she had long blonde hair and blue eyes (Westland 3). Among the boys, only two painted princesses, one painted a prince and nearly a quarter portrayed ugly, angry or evil women: wicked stepmothers, witches and mirrors reflecting ugly hags or evil spirits. Another quarter produced aggressive and macho representations of fierce huntsmen and wicked-looking dwarfs. The findings from this part of the project seemed to support the feminist view.

However, the children's' comments on gender roles in fairy tales put their pictures in a very different perspective. The girls were almost unanimous in denying that they would like to be princesses themselves. Some reasons to that response were the treatment of the royal family by the tabloids, their pre-pubertal repugnance towards boys and being kissed by a prince. But, what came across strongly, was the desire for independence (Westland 3).

Folktales can serve as an important means of exploring cultural differences and finding universal truths. Feminists profess "Cinderella" represents the 1950's "helpless female" stereotype. While the lack of evidence and the use of logical fallacy cast a shadow over the feminist view, the largest problem I see with the theory is the feminist inability to recognize the positive virtues of "Cinderella." Fairy tales are told to bring hope to children and can be educational in passing on information about cultures, relationships, spirituality and life. The "Cinderella" fairy tale puts forth a positive role model for children. It is the idea that "Cinderella" embodies virtue, inner worth and the value of knowing good from evil which leads me to choose to recognize the positive messages in "Cinderella."

Writer's comments: I started this assignment with the intention of focusing on the negative psychological affects that fairy tales, such as "Cinderella," have on children. However, after completing my research on the subject, I changed my view to reflect the positive possibilities that can be learned from such stories. Through my writing on this topic, I hope to broaden the reader's interpretation of the effects of fairy tales on children.

Mythology and/or folklore have the potential both to heal and to harm.

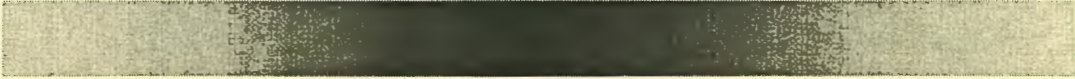
Mythology, Folklore, and Women

Tracey Sutton
Susan Lonac, English 102

Mythology, our oldest form of storytelling, is a way of passing on information about cultures, relationships, spirituality, and life. Women have used folklore and myth throughout time to pass on information from generation to generation. Today there is an element missing in our culture that has been lost through the passing centuries—oral story telling. In the last century we have seen a tremendous change in the role women play in the world; they are no longer just the giver of life and the keeper of the home fires. However, modern women have lost touch with the soul and spirit of their ancestral women and their teachings through stories. Clarissa Pinkola Estes states that “the nurture for telling stories comes from those who have gone before” (19). The healing of our culture and the earth we inhabit is hidden in these stories that lie dormant in today’s society. Reviving folklore and making it an important part of our daily lives could very well be a key ingredient to heal our world and ourselves.

For many thousands of years oral communication was the only way to pass on history of a culture, medicinal knowledge, spirituality and many other life experiences. The women who have gone before us used stories, such as “Cinderella,” to pass down information imperative to the women who follow in their footsteps. Unbeknownst to them, they were creating history in the stories they passed on, giving to the world what is now referred to as folklore or myth: communicating orally the history of their people. Mythology and/or folklore have the potential both to heal and to harm. For example, the tale of “Cinderella” was first told many hundreds of years ago and has since crossed all barriers of culture and geography. Walt Disney’s version of “Cinderella,” which is currently the best known, was adapted from the Charles Perrault version. In Disney’s version the tale sends a message to women that if we are pretty, sweet, and helpless, our prince will come and save us. This is a nice fairy tale, but it strays from the original versions, and does real psychological harm to women if heard uncritically.

On the other hand, if we take a closer look at some of the other, more vigorous Cinderella tales, we see numerous different versions that serve women better in their portrayal of feminine power. For instance, the Tanith Lee version, “When the clock strikes,” might be called “an inversion of Cinderella wherein the heroine is a witch” (496). True, this tale takes on a much darker side of Cinderella. However, it shows strength,



perseverance, and cunning. Cinderella, Ashella in this tale, uses her beauty and wit to avenge her family. She bides her time and is cunning in her approach in bringing down the Duke and the Prince. This version, in its darker form, presents a powerful and vengeful Cinderella, bent on reclaiming what was once hers and destroying what is preventing her from getting it. This version is far from the bedtime story that Disney created.

Also stronger and more intuitive than Disney's version is the Native American version "The Rough-Faced Girl," a tale with a quite different tone from the Tanith Lee version. In this version the story deals with the teaching of inner beauty. Cinderella or, Oochigeaskw in this version, shows us character traits of honesty and purity. Here, beauty is more than what we see: it is in the essence of the soul. Oochigeaskw seeing the "invisible One," when no one else can, shows beauty of the soul and purity in vision. Thus, she finds her prince, again, different from Disney's more passive version of the prince finding Cinderella.

Of course, to acknowledge the force of other "Cinderella's" is not to ignore their potentially damaging aspects. The earliest datable version of Cinderella, according to the editors of *Writing and Reading Across the Curriculum*, is "The Chinese Cinderella". This tale is a much shorter version than most other versions of Cinderella, yet the underlying theme is discernible. In China, small feet among women is a desired quality, to the extent that traditional women bound their feet ("the practice of foot binding began in the Sung dynasty—960-976 BC") (Museum of City of San Francisco). In the tale, if the king can find the woman who belongs to this shoe, which is far too small for any other, he has found his perfect woman. In this example we can see how the shoe became the focal point of the Cinderella story. Small, dainty feet and hands in a woman are equated with vulnerability and the incapability of caring for themselves. This can have devastating effects on young girls who believe that the only way to be a woman of worth is to strive for the standards set forth by the men of the time period in which they live.

The story of Cinderella, like most folklore, started as a way to pass down information. It is a tale that deals with women and their roles in society: what is and isn't desirable. But, as the centuries pass, story telling has given way to the writing of stories. Many written stories have lost the essence of their true meaning. Granted, we have wonderful written material, be it fact or fiction. The classics written by authors such as Charles Dickens and Jane Austen are valuable, well articulated works, which are great and stand on their own. However, oral story telling has a unique, mystical power of its own. Picture a moonlit night, in the middle of the forest, with women gathered around a fire, dancing and telling stories of life, love, childbearing, and death. That power, that communion, is what modern women are missing. How sad!

Folklore has not found its rightful place in today's society. Modern times are more complicated and hectic. Moreover, today's women are working (not always by desire, but

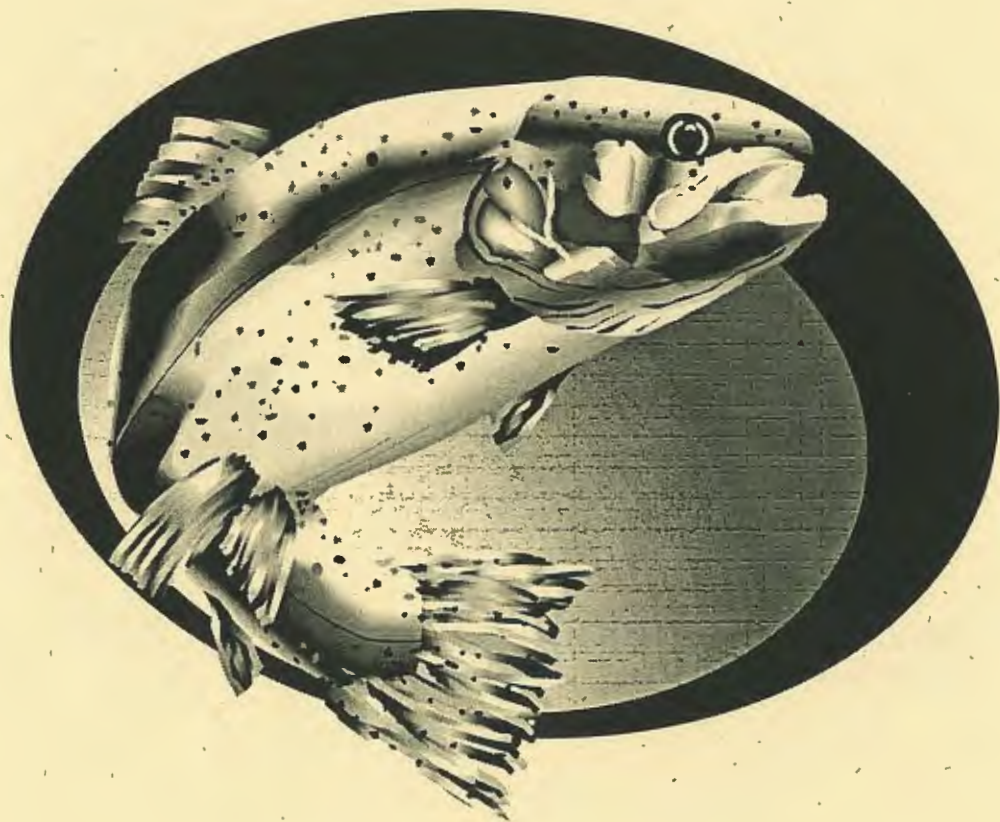
often by need), and competing in the business world against men of the modern world. There is no time for story telling and dancing in the moonlight, with board meetings and PTA to attend to. The picture of the little girl in the kitchen with grandma baking bread and telling stories is fading. This goes against the best nature of women. She has lost touch with her “wild woman archetype” (Estes 4). Estes claims that “stories are the medicine, with the healing powers to repair or reclaim any lost psychic drive that the stories contain” (15).

Women have to find their way back to the stories of the ancestors, for it is a unique and beautiful way to pass on the valuable information that women need to make complete the essence of who they are. This in turn gives them the instrument to teach life’s lessons to others. Ultimately, it is up to the women of the world to find our way back to our ancestors.

Hence, folklore in its true context could play a very important role in our lives, not just for women but everyone, for it gives us lessons about life and how to handle what it throws at us. Stories teach us about ourselves, our relationships, and raising children. Stories tell us about our land the earth and how to care for it. We have forgotten the old ways of our ancestors, and with them our culture and connection to one another and the earth. Bringing the importance of the tale of our ancestors back to the forefront of our culture could very well be the beginning of the healing of our world and the humans that inhabit it: “It is not by accident that the pristine wilderness of our planet disappears as the understanding of our own inner wild nature fades. It is not so difficult to comprehend why old forests and old women are viewed as not very important resources” (Estes 3). This is a very powerful statement; from whom will we as women learn if not from our Elders? If we don’t learn to value our ancestors, be they natural or human, we will soon be lost and never find our way back.

Works Cited

- Lee, Tanith. “When the Clock Strikes.” *Writing Reading Across the Curriculum*. (WRAC) 6th ed. Eds. Leonard Behrens and Laurence Rosen. New York: Longman’s, 1997: 496-508
- Ch’Eng-Shih, Tuan. “A Chinese ‘Cinderella.’” WRAC: 508-10.
- Unknown (Native American). “Oochigeaskw—The Rough-Faced Girl.” WRAC: 514-16.
- Estes, Clarissa Pinkola. *Women Who Run With the Wolves*. New York: Ballentine Books, 1992.
- Museum of the City of San Francisco. Online. Internet. 14 June 98. Available:
<http://shell3.ba.best.com/~sfmuseum/chin/foot.html>



Becky Hendricks

Untitled

Computer illustration, 7.5" x 9"

Artist's comment: For this assignment, I started with a photograph and I had to analyze the different shapes and shades to create a realistic illustration.

Becky Hendricks

Instructor's comment: The focus of this project was to accurately reproduce a photograph using a vector-based computer program (Adobe Illustrator). Becky's final project was successful not only for its attention to detail, but also for its creative use of color and visual interest for the viewer.

Dave Evraets, Artgr 260

It seems typical of our human nature to expound on the oddities of others. But is choosing a quiet life, uncomplicated by social pressures, so odd? Simply because one bans a tiring social life from his or her daily routine does not mean that life ceases to exist, that learning ceases to be a desire, or that desires become nonexistent. It is simply a choice to use one's limited time here on earth to focus on what is most important to the individual.

Madness and Majority: A Comparison of Two Emily Dickinson Poems

*Nina Hickey
Jennifer Bullis, English 202*

The majority of readers of Emily Dickinson's poetry may find enjoyment in her innocent, yet intelligent, way of expressing a variety of topics. Her poetry dwells in issues such as nature, death, heaven, religion, the self, and society. Of course, there are those who may not enjoy the fruits of her visions, but everyone should be capable of recognizing her intelligence and insight. One piece of information that is usually on the foreground of Dickinson's biographical past is her reclusiveness and unusual eccentricity. Two of Dickinson's poems that contain seclusion between the self and society as their central theme are "Much Madness is divinest Sense—" and "The Soul selects her own Society—." A distinct similarity between these two poems can be found within their message. In both poems, Dickinson shows the reader that each individual has the choice to choose between his or her own desires and the wishes of others. Both of these particular pieces of writing also suggest that she was aware of the perception others held of her.

It seems typical of our human nature to expound on the oddities of others. But is choosing a quiet life, uncomplicated by social pressures, so odd? Simply because one bans a tiring social life from his or her daily routine does not mean that life ceases to exist, that learning ceases to be a desire, or that desires become nonexistent. It is simply a choice to use one's limited time here on earth to focus on what is most important to the individual. This brings me to a topic that appears to have been very dear to Emily Dickinson's heart: what the soul desires versus what society expects of us.

In "The Soul," Dickinson makes the reader conscious of the ability to choose: "The Soul selects her own Society—/Then—shuts the Door—" (l 1-2). The two active verbs used, "selects" and "shuts," show the conscious resolve the individual has made. If the subject of this poem had no power over her life she would not be "selecting;" she would be "offered." By shutting the door, she is keeping out of her life all the events and people that she does not want involved.

In the last stanza of this poem the author again reminds the reader of the complicated, yet necessary, choice one must make:

I've known her—from an ample nation—
Choose One—
Then—close the Valves of her attention—
Like Stone— (l 9-12)

The first two lines show that there are many options to choose from for a direction in life, but an individual may choose only one. The reality that the outcome of these choices have the power to completely alter ones entire life direction is what makes them complicated decisions. Once the individual has made this selection, she must “close the Valves of her attention—/Like Stone—” (l 11-12). These lines imply that after the choice is made, the individual must stick adamantly by it and regulate the flow of what and whom she experiences by either blocking them out or allowing them a passageway into her life. These four lines also show that the individual is capable of making her own decisions, and those decisions may not always reflect the expectations of others. The word “stone” in line 12 represents strength, which is a necessary quality in obtaining one’s individuality.

In “Much Madness is divinest Sense—” Dickinson not only offers the reader two options, she also allows him or her to see the outcome of society’s judgement upon the individual’s choice. Lines 6-8 show these outcomes: “Assent—and you are sane—/Demur—you’re straightway dangerous—/And handled with a Chain—.” These last three lines in “Madness” firmly separate the “mad” individual from the humdrum commonness of the majority. These lines inform the reader that to comply is to be considered sensible and left alone; to voice opposition and embrace one’s internal chaos is to be considered hazardous to society’s created stability.

Simply because one does not desire to participate in the activities of the majority does not mean that the individual does not see what is occurring around oneself. In “The Soul selects her own Society—,” Dickinson shows that the subject of her poem is quite aware of what is going on around her, yet remains unstirred by whatever excitement these events may hold for others. Lines 5-8 show this:

Unmoved—she notes the Chariots—pausing—
At her low Gate—
Unmoved—an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat—

These are two examples of events in life that may excite others, but do nothing for the subject. In this sense, although society is not mentioned, it seems Dickinson is showing the difference between the solitary individual’s reaction and how the majority would react if these two events were to occur.

Dickinson also makes an attempt at revealing the contrast between the “mad” individual and the rest of society in the first four lines of “Much Madness.” The first two lines make a statement about the individual: “Much Madness is divinest Sense—/To a discerning Eye.” Lines 3 and 4 concern themselves with the nature of society: “Much sense—the starkest Madness—/’Tis the Majority.” It appears Dickinson is trying to get the message across that to a discriminating person, one willing to search for a deeper meaning in things, madness can be a form of magnificent awareness. Madness cannot be constricted to a definition that simply describes murderous psychopaths or drooling mental patients that still speak to deceased family members. Madness, if fully embraced, can be a beloved quality. It can allow an individual to see things others forget exist. In lines 3 and 4 it seems Dickinson is alluding to her opinion that society, as a whole, is comprised of commonness. This commonness is what is actual madness. Living one’s life in accordance with the expectations of others, and never attempting to achieve one’s own desires, is the barest form of madness.

With both of these poems Emily Dickinson justifies the life she has chosen to live. She makes “sense” of the life she has chosen to live. I do not believe Dickinson is trying to teach others to be mad or reclusive, or even to teach people to be nice to those individuals they may think of as crazy or peculiar. In a sense, though, these poems are quite pedagogic. They teach the reader that what appears as insane to one person may not be insane to another. They show that individuals can make the choices that affect their own lives and that these choices are what make them distinct individuals. Now is that so odd?

Writer’s comments: “Analyzing poetry” tends to frighten people. Most feel that “dissecting” and “reassembling” a piece of literature causes the enjoyment of language to become technical and systematic. I find the term “exploring poetry” to be more appropriate. Exploring poetry allows me to delve into life. Emily Dickinson’s poetry encompasses intelligence, insight, chaos, and beauty—all small portions of ingredients in understanding life. I chose “Much Madness is divinest Sense—” and “The Soul selects her own Society—” because I feel that most people experience the discord of self versus society to some degree throughout their lives. I believe it is important for each individual to seek and obtain their desires, and to allow other people the respect and opportunity to do the same.

Instructor’s comments: Analysis involves the separation of a whole object into its component parts to examine and appreciate the ways in which those parts contribute to the whole. Nina’s essay achieves additional analytic sophistication in conducting a *comparative* analysis, in which she examines one aspect of two poems for the purpose of understanding the themes of both of them better. Specifically, through its detailed explication of word choice, Nina’s essay does a superb job of analyzing the tension between the individual and society in two of Dickinson’s poems.

Jennifer Bullis, Ph.D.

Reflecting

Two months after his departure, I woke up feeling odd. I didn't know why, but something was different. It finally dawned on me, hours later, that I was contented. I had not been happy in years. I was going to have a future of my own. I was going to go back to school—not just to get a degree, but to earn a degree. If needed, and it would be, I would study twice as hard as the next person. I would sit in class with kids half my age that knew ten times more than me. None of that mattered because I would succeed. I was going to forge ahead with my life and my future. And there was no doubt that it would be a good future. Things were looking up.

Lorrie Beaudin

What Do "They" Know?

Lorrie Beaudin
Pam Helberg, English 101

It seems as though more than a year has passed since my life ended. Well, ended as I knew it. "They" can't believe it's been a year, either. I have listened to the "they's" all of my life. You know who "they" are, right? "They" say this; "they" say that. Well, "they" say that when something bad happens, there must be a reason for it. "They" say that someday you will look back on this and realize that something good has come of it. "They" say that you will come through this with flying colors. Mostly "they" repeat absurd phrases that we have heard all of our lives, because "they" simply don't know what else to say when something knocks you for a loop. I mean truly obliterates the only foundation you have ever known, right out from under you. That seems to be when "they" have the most to say. Coincidentally, it is also the time that you least want to hear what "they" say.

There I was sitting, waiting for my husband to come home from work. He came in at different times everyday due to overtime and meetings. Working the graveyard shift usually brought him home between 8:00 a.m. and 10:00 a.m. I was never sure what his mood would be, nevertheless, I was always relieved when he walked through the door. I was one of those people that always saw the positive in everything. If someone was late, I was positive they were dead. If someone said "we need to talk", I was positive they were going to inform me of a death. If my boss told me to come to the office, I was positive I was going to be fired. Yes, I was a positive thinker. That probably comes from the fact that in my adult life, there wasn't much good news. Most "conversations" with my husband were negative. In fact, truth be told, just about everything between us was negative.

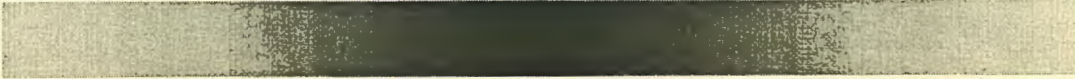
It was 11:00 a.m. before I really started to worry. Where could he be? I knew this was different from the other times he had been late. I'm not sure how or why I knew it, but I was certain. By noon, I was an emotional wreck. My daughter Emily, only one month away from her second birthday and completely unaware of the changes her life had taken that day, was no less demanding than on any other day. She still wanted to play, to laugh, and to eat. How could she eat? My stomach was rolling like an ocean during a fierce hurricane. Large waves of fear and uncertainty pounding against every inch of my body. Just the thought of food made the waves roll stronger and faster. Emily was given lunch and put down for a nap. It was now 1:00 p.m. My parents, who live downstairs, had been with me all day. We tried to avoid the topic of the possibility of Bob's tragic death in our conversation. My brother and his fiancée stopped by to visit. They too, were shocked and saddened by the news that Bob had never made it home. They stayed to support me, to

help me get through the day, and to help with my daughter and son. The hardest part would be telling my son Zachary about his father's death. When should I tell him? Should I wait for confirmation or tell him now so he can begin to absorb the loss? What if I tell him now and I'm wrong. How could I be wrong though. I knew Bob better than anyone in the world. What other possible explanation could there be? Zachary was on the verge of ten years old. He is one of most sensitive people I have ever known. Too sensitive for his own good, I sometimes think. He is so concerned with other people's feelings that he will lie about his own. I was so very worried about him. Emily was young; she would never remember her father. But Zach was different, he would remember. How would this affect his life?

We had to know what had happened to Bob. We could not just sit around waiting for the phone to ring. We called the hospital and Bob had not been admitted. According to the highway patrol there had been no accidents in the entire state of Washington on that day, so we knew he had not been in a car wreck. As a last resort, we even asked if he had been arrested. No such luck. "They" kept telling me that I should stop imagining the worst. There just had to be a reasonable explanation. I was positive "they" were right. Of course, my definition of reasonable was that Bob had been carjacked and these "thugs" had driven into Oregon with his dead body hidden in the trunk of his own car. They dumped the bloody and unrecognizable shell that housed his soul off a mountain. It would probably be months before his tattered body was found. I would have to live each and every day, terrified that the phone would ring with the news, and yet, equally terrified that the phone would stay silent, leaving me to imagine one long day after another, what had come of my husband's body.

When 4:00 p.m. brought my son home from school, I could not face him. He and his father have never had a very close relationship. However, Zach had always longed for his fathers' attention. "Daddy, would you please wrestle with me?...Daddy, would you please play catch with me?...Daddy, would you please teach me how to ride my bike?" These were phrases that Zach spoke weekly to his father. Bob would weakly reply to Zach, without fail, "Not today Buddy, maybe next week?" Even so, it would destroy him when he learned of his father's death. Zach would never have the opportunity to gain the approval and attention that he craved from his father. By 6:00 p.m., It was very gray outside. I sat in a chair in the living room, staring out the window, praying for some sign of Bob. "God, please let him come up the driveway. If his body is torn and mangled, I promise I will spend the rest of my life helping him mend. Please God. Please."

My brother Steve had notified the police department without telling me. I knew it had to be done. I was just not ready to take that step. Somehow, saying out loud what your heart already knew made it real. Until now, we could pretend that Bob was going to walk through the door with a fabulous tale of what had kept him for so long. He had



probably tried to save a deer that was caught in a trap. After releasing the deer, a giant tree had fallen on him, pinning his legs under tremendous weight, rendering him unable to move. I knew he must have been shouting my name with as much force as his lungs would permit. Having nothing but his small pocketknife available, he was able, after many hours of whittling, to shave a mighty oak into a twig. Only then was he able to drag himself out and race home to his family.

My father asked me to step outside with him at about 7:00 p.m. As the cool evening air brushed across my face, as though cold feathers were tickling me, I saw the police car in front of my neighbor's house. I was sure the entire neighborhood could hear what sounded like jungle drums. There were no drums, no music. It was the sound of my heart pounding through my chest, trying to rip itself free. My knees buckled out from under me as I fell towards my father, who caught me and looked at me with more love in his eyes than I had ever noticed before. He explained that I had to file a missing person's report before the police department could actively look for Bob. While I walked in the direction of the officer, my mind was running back into the safety and warmth of my house. Maybe, if I just went back to bed, I could command myself to wake up. But, I knew I had to keep walking.

Officer Ethier had to ask the questions, but I didn't have to like it. No, it is not possible that Bob got lost. No, he was not out drinking with friends. No, there was absolutely no chance that he was with another woman. Bob had spent 22 years in the Marine Corps. He exemplified honor, duty, and loyalty. There was not a single person that knew Bob, who would ever consider any of the options thrown at us by Officer Ethier. I informed him that if Bob had left of his own free will, he would have, without fail, taken his bowling balls. I realized how stupid that sounded when it came spilling out of my mouth. Nonetheless, it was the truth. Bob lived for bowling. He would never dream of leaving his most prized possessions (his two bowling balls) behind.

I was grateful to see 9:00 p.m. arrive. I could put the kids to bed. They had been kept busy all day and evening by my mother and were ready for sleep. My mother was a Godsend. I would not have survived the day without her. Not because she took care of the kids for me, rather it was the way she touched my shoulder as she passed, or looked into my eyes trying to comfort me. All this while she was trying to deal with her own pain. How do you help your daughter grieve? Is there a right way? A wrong way? There were no answers.

By 10:00, there was nothing left for anyone to say. We knew Bob must be dead, and that nothing would ever be the same again. How was I going to support the kids and myself? To think about money at a time like this seems trivial, and yet, that's what was going through my mind. I phoned my Mother-in-law, who lives in Connecticut, on the advice of Officer Ethier. In part to inform her that her son was missing, but also to ask if

she had heard from him. I knew Bob would never call her, but I did as I was told. She, being the pillar of support that she had always been, suggested that my brother had probably murdered Bob. Well, that makes sense. They do bowl together. Maybe Steve had been upset with Bob's performance last week at the bowling alley and murder was the only solution. Staring out the window into the darkness of the night, I continued praying that I would see the glimmer of headlights turning into our driveway. It didn't happen.

At 10:48, just minutes before Bob's shift was to start, the phone rang. I knew in my heart that the police department was calling to inform me they had found Bob's body. My Mother answered the phone and was running to me, her arm outstretched and a look on her face that I had never seen before. I knew by looking at her that I didn't want to take the call. I also knew that I had no choice. "Hello?" My heart was again pounding like native drums. "Lorrie, it's Bob. I was with another woman last night. You should call an attorney!" As he said this to me, I could almost not make out the words he was uttering, as he was laughing when he said them. "I'll try to call you tomorrow."

That was the end of my life, as I knew it. He did call the next day. He wanted to meet me at the mall to talk things over. "Oh, and by the way, would you bring my bowling balls with you?"

Well, I did agree to meet with him. It seems that all his overtime and all those many meetings had a name. Despite this, we decided that we would try to work it out. What choice did I have? I couldn't stand the sight of him, yet how could I go on without him? I wasn't a single parent. Not only that, but I didn't know how to be a single parent. That was not in the plan. How could I possibly support myself and two children? I had to make this marriage work, no matter what it was going to take. Bob said he wanted to try to work things out. So, Bob came home. Each day that he was home was harder than the previous day. I was terrified that I would say or do something that he would disapprove of, something that would justify his leaving again. Five nights after his return was a bowling tournament that he had been looking forward to, as though he were a child waiting for Santa Claus. Steve, not wanting to make things worse for me, decided to bowl with him as planned. Bob's attempt at a reconciliation was nothing more than an assurance that his bowling team would not disintegrate before his eyes. He was willing to compromise himself by spending five more days with me, if it meant he would be able to bowl. The morning after the tournament, true to form, Bob moved in with his girlfriend.

As the days after his final departure turned into weeks, I decided I needed to plan for my own future. I started the process of trying to figure out what the future would bring. What kind of job could I get? There aren't many want-ads for homemakers in the newspaper. If I was going to ever be able to provide for myself and my kids, I would have to go back to school. It was very easy to decide what field to go into. As I watched the news and read newspapers and magazines I learned that computers are the future. I was

tired of looking back. From this point forward, I will only look toward the future. That meant computers would be my future. I also love the thought of discovering a problem and being able to rectify it. In all honesty, I did give some thought to the fact that being in this field would certainly afford me some of the pleasures that money can buy. Such as heat, electricity, and food. I researched the programs available and just knew that what I wanted was a Computer Support Specialist degree. Not that I knew anything about computers, but I could learn. I would learn.

As I became more and more sure of myself, with each passing day, I realized that our marriage was Bob's failure, not mine. I was by no means a perfect wife, anymore than Bob was a perfect husband, but I have more integrity, more compassion, more loyalty, in my little finger than he possesses in his entire body. The affair was not the problem. That could have been forgiven. The unforgivable act was the cowardly way he chose to inform me. He didn't come to me and discuss his feelings or any problems that he had. He chose to end a 17-year marriage with a phone call filled with laughter. That could not be forgiven. Never! There was no yellow brick road, nor any wizard powerful enough to eradicate his cowardice. The hours I spent mourning his death, planning his funeral, could never be erased.

Two months after his departure, I woke up feeling odd. I didn't know why, but something was different. It finally dawned on me, hours later, that I was contented. I had not been happy in years. It felt great. I was going to have a future of my own. I was going to go back to school. Not just to get a degree, but to earn a degree. I would do whatever it took to get into the Computer Support Specialist program. I would take all of the prerequisites. If that meant I would have a heavy load, so be it. If needed, and it would be, I would study twice as hard as the next person. I would sit in class with kids half my age that knew ten times more than me. None of that mattered because I would succeed. I was going to forge ahead with my life and my future. And there was no doubt that it would be a good future. Things were looking up. It was as though while standing in a downpour, wondering "why me?" you glance up. At that precise moment the rain stops; the clouds part incredibly slowly, and you see the first bashful rays of sunlight to shine in years, and they are shining only for you. You begin to feel the warmth of the sun on your face. You don't just see the rainbow, you discover that you are standing smack dab in the middle of the pot-o-gold.

It would have been easier, emotionally, had Bob actually died that day. There would have been no divorce lawyers to deal with or to pay. There would not be the anxiety of allowing my children to be around his girlfriend, who came with a truckload of her own baggage that I don't want influencing my children. Plus, all of those wonderful funeral plans that I made for him would not have been wasted. And believe me, there have been times when I desperately wanted to put those plans into effect. However, I would have

never allowed myself to see him for what he truly was. I would have gone through the rest of my life mourning a man and a marriage that had never existed, except in my imagination.

As I look back on the past year, it turns out “they” were right. Something good did indeed come out of this; me. While at times, I am still a little nervous about what the future will bring, I am enjoying every single moment along the way. “They” were also right about me coming through this with flying colors. I have not just survived this past year, I feel as though I am surfing on top of a rainbow. Bob had no right, nor did he have my permission, to turn my life upside down. Well, he did it anyway, and I am so much better because of it. You know, “they” say that you should be careful what you ask for because you just might get it. Evidently, without realizing it, I asked for a great life, an extraordinary family, and a second chance. I must have asked, because that is what I’ve been given. And I will cherish it all forever.

Writer's comments: I based this personal essay on Alice Walker's "Beauty: When The Other Dancer Is The Self." In order to convey my feelings, I wanted the reader to understand how I ended up where I am today and how fortunate I feel to be here, without trying to sound as though I was having a pity party. I hope that worked. I also felt it was important to add some humor in order to keep the reader's attention.



Sergio Ruiz
Study of Diego Rivera's
"The Architect"
Acrylic, 22.5" x 18"

Artist's comment: My goal was to get the same degree of color as the painting "The Architect" by Diego Rivera.

Sergio Ruiz

Instructor's comment: The problems I assign are generally quite abstract and based on visual fundamentals. I also expose students to a broad range of artists and their work. The level of influence that this provides is based on the choice of the student. Sergio's work reflects a strong personal point of view and an ability to integrate a broad range of styles.

Ene Lewis, Art 116

Arguing

Through education, people have become aware of the permanent effect that acid, LSD, and PCP can cause on one's brain and body. Yet, when the argument that marijuana also has health hazards and negative physical effects comes up, the world seems to shun the idea and insist on believing that marijuana is a "soft" and harmless drug. But the idea of marijuana being a harmless drug is a myth; it is a myth which has allowed people to divert their minds from the realities and consequences of the drug.

Jodi McBride

The Realities of Marijuana

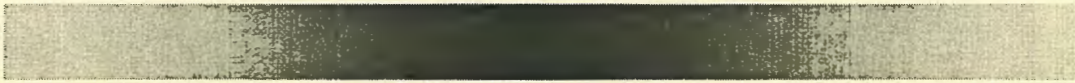
Jodi McBride

Tere Pinney, English 101

America's streets and homes are filled with drugs—from over-the-counter medicines to illegal drugs such as heroin, cocaine, acid, and marijuana. Throughout the course of time, Americans have been informed of the hazards of drugs through Drug Awareness Programs, stories from friends and family, and personal experiences. The government has tried, and is trying, to make the public aware that cocaine and heroin are extremely addictive and are easy to overdose with. Through education, people have become aware of the permanent effect that acid, LSD, and PCP can cause on one's brain and body. Yet, when the argument that marijuana also has health hazards and negative physical effects comes up, the world seems to shun the idea and insist on believing that marijuana is a "soft" and harmless drug. Marijuana has somehow managed to named, "the alternative drug." The idea of marijuana being a harmless drug is a myth. It is a myth in which people have allowed to dilute their minds from the realities and consequences of the drug.

Throughout my teenage and young adult years, I have stood on the sidelines as a witness and watched as my friends and acquaintances have given their lives over to the world of marijuana. I have seen how smoking pot has taken away all the goals and ambitions of my friends' lives. One of my friends, who has incredible artistic talent, has thrown away opportunities to work for major designing companies because of his lack of motivation. Instead of working on and finishing his portfolios and making a few deadlines, he spent his time smoking dope and screwing around. He has lost all motivation to do anything productive. He hasn't been able to keep a steady job because he has allowed marijuana to rule his life. I have seen other friends constantly coughing and having sore throats even though they don't smoke cigarettes or have a cold. I believe that it is the marijuana smoke that has been so hard on their lungs and is causing the sore throat symptoms. I have seen intelligent people lose their short-term memories and become ditzy and stupid due to smoking a lot of pot. I have seen how marijuana causes the lack of ability to focus and concentrate, even to the point where two of my friends have died as a result of driving while they were high.

Marijuana is a harmful drug. There are many dangerous aspects of the drug, both physical and mental, that are overlooked and ignored. In order to understand the physical and mental hazards of the drug, it is necessary to know the contents of marijuana. The active ingredient in marijuana, which causes the mind-altering effects of the drug, is called delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). The level of the THC determines the potency of the



drug (IPRC 1). Throughout the years, marijuana has been hybrid, which increases the level of the THC and the potency of the drug. In addition to the harmful nature of marijuana's active ingredient, there are several inactive ingredients.

The inactive ingredients of marijuana are found in the smoke. The contents of the smoke are "carbon monoxide, nitrosamines, benzopyrines, and over 60 cannabinoid compounds. All of these are respiratory irritants and potential carcinogens" (IPRC 2). Not only can all of these elements lead to laryngitis, bronchitis, and coughing, they are potential carcinogens that can cause lung cancer. Studies have shown that, over a period of time, chronic use of marijuana does cause precancerous cells, which can lead to lung cancer. Marijuana is not a drug to be taken lightly nor to be considered less harmful than smoking cigarettes. As a whole, including both active and inactive ingredients, marijuana has a very negative physical effect.

Not including the respiratory irritants and potential carcinogens, there are many other very real negative physical effects of marijuana. The drug can lower one's immune system and increase the pulse and heart rate. With chronic use, marijuana can also take a major toll on one's reproductive system by causing irregularities in the menstrual and ovulatory cycles and reducing sperm count. It can also cause a decrease in estrogen in females (IPRC 2). These are just a few examples of the physical dangers that marijuana can cause. As well as these physical dangers of marijuana, there is one more exceptionally dangerous effect that marijuana can have which occurs when pregnant women use it.

It is common knowledge that pregnant women should not take any drugs. But some people may believe that it is not a big deal for pregnant women to use marijuana because it is a so-called soft and harmless drug. The truth is that marijuana can be just as harmful to pregnant women and their children as any other drug. Scientists are still researching the effects from marijuana being used during pregnancy, but they do know that "...marijuana crosses the placental barrier" (IPRC 2). A psychologist named Peter Fried performed a study on children who were exposed to marijuana before they were born. He followed 150 children, 35 of which were exposed to marijuana before birth. Fried noted that, "Up to age 3, they [marijuana-exposed children] showed no effects from marijuana. But by age 4, the marijuana-exposed children began to show slight lapses in memory and perception skills when compared to their counterparts" (MurpleWeb). Other studies showed that as the children grew older, they showed significant signs of difficulty performing decision-making tasks (Murple.net 1). Although marijuana and pregnancy studies are inconclusive, there is enough proof that pregnancy and marijuana mixed can cause a great physical danger.

In addition to the physical dangers of marijuana, the drug can also greatly effect one's mind in a negative manner. The idea that pot opens your mind and makes you creative and smart is a myth and a lie. The fact is that "Marijuana clouds the mind,

interfering with the memory, speech, comprehension, and decision-making ability" (IPRC 3). While a person is high, they may feel relaxed, happy, and creative; but these experiences are not the reality of what is going on. The reality is that marijuana is slowly clouding and destroying a person's mind. When a person's mind is clouded or shaded by marijuana, it can lead the person to other problems with performing certain skills.

One of the major skills that is effected by the usage of marijuana is in completing psychomotor skills. Psychomotor skills are tasks that are "of or pertaining to a response involving both the brain and motor activity" (Webster 1090). One thing that people like to do while they are high is go for a "space-ride," which means to get high and go cruising in a car. People don't realize that driving while they are high is very dangerous because their psychomotor skills are not functioning normally. When people are high, their "Driving performance is impaired due to altered perception of space and time, and reduced ability to make quick decisions" (IPRC 2). People, especially teenagers, have been greatly effected by marijuana impairing their psychomotor skills. In 1993, 4,293 teens age 12 to 17 were treated in emergency rooms after using marijuana (MurpleWeb). Also, a "...federal study of 350 hospitals doesn't identify the teens' diagnoses, but marijuana has been linked with everything from heartbeat fluctuations to car crashes" (murple.net 1). Psychomotor skills are only one of many skills effected by marijuana.

Other areas that are effected by marijuana are communication skills, and short-term memory loss. According to Reality Check Health Organization, marijuana "...impairs attention and memory, hindering the users ability to concentrate, solve problems, learn and retain new information" (Reality 2). Because marijuana users' attention and memory skills are hindered, it can be hard for them to do well in school and other activities that involve a focus and discipline. Not being able to solve problems and retain new information can lead to problems with communication and discourage a person from even trying to accomplish a project. Marijuana can, and does, greatly effect a person's communication and short-term memory abilities. Another mental danger involved with using marijuana is the belief that it is not dangerous at all.

Many people believe that one of the benefits of marijuana and not other drugs is that it is not addictive. Well, these people are correct in the sense that it is not physically addictive. But, marijuana is mentally addictive. Marijuana causes what is called amotivational syndrome, which leads to an addiction. Amotivational syndrome causes "a massive and persistent loss of ambition that is replaced by chronic apathy and passivity toward goals and the future" (IPRC 2). Because marijuana causes the user to lose the desire to do anything, the user has no desire or reason to quit using the drug. Eventually, the person is dependent on the drug because they need to be constantly high in order to feel "normal." These people who are constantly smoking pot may also have mental cravings for more marijuana. This is because marijuana is "highly fat soluble" which means that it can

be absorbed into fatty parts of the body such as the brain, liver, lungs, and the reproductive organs (IPRC 2). When marijuana is liquefied and absorbed into the brain, a person's executive function becomes a difficult task. Executive function, which is performed in the front of the brain, is the ability to weigh information and reason to make decisions. Also involving the executive function of the brain "...scientists have recently identified receptors [a sense organ that is sensitive to stimuli] to marijuana. When drugs bind to brain receptors, they produce sensations that lead to cravings," for more marijuana (MurpleWeb). The facts that marijuana causes amotivational syndrome and binds itself to a person's brain receptors, causing cravings for more marijuana prove that marijuana is an addictive drug, mentally.

Although many people believe the delusion that marijuana is a harmless drug, the realities are quite opposite. Marijuana does have negative physical and mental effects that need to be taken into consideration by advocates of this "soft" drug. Instead of misleading people with the idea that marijuana is a "soft" and harmless drug, authorities need to be emphasizing that marijuana, as well as other drugs, can be very harmful to one's physical and mental health.

Works Cited

- Associated Press. "Marijuana sends kids to hospitals, Drug Czar says." MurpleWeb: Anti-Drug Propaganda. Online. 11-18-98. <http://www.murple.net/drugs/pot-kids.html>.
- "Indiana Prevention Resources Center Factline on Marijuana." *Marijuana-IPRC: Factline*. Trustees of Indiana University. August 1, 1998. Pages 1-4. Online. 11-18-98. <http://www.drugs.indiana.edu/publication/iprc/factline/marij.html>
- Random House Webster's Dictionary*. New York: Random House Inc., 1995.
- "Questions and Answers." *Reality Check: Q&A*. Online. 11-18-98. <http://www.health.org/reality/ques.html>

Writer's comments: When I began working on my argument paper, I was not very confident that there were many health hazards involving marijuana and I knew that almost everyone I know smokes or had smoked it. So I chose to challenge myself by taking the view that marijuana is harmful. As I researched the topic, I made notes of personal experiences and of the health aspects of marijuana. I then narrowed my list by deciding which aspects of the topic I thought were the most important to cover. From there, I began writing and, with the help of my outline, everything fell into place. When I completed my rough draft, I rearranged sentences, paragraphs, and words to make the paper flow and be complete.

Instructor's comments: Jodi McBride effectively combines factual information with personal information, including her beliefs, values, and feelings, in order to argue that illegal marijuana usage is a harmful activity. Her facts and feelings are presented without evasive or logical fallacies, and are backed up with support and examples from her experience and the experiences and gathered facts of others. Her tone is strong and controlled, yet underpinned with concern and warning to her reader to beware of the dangers she has seen, felt, discovered, and researched. In her argument, Jodi thinks and reasons, asserts and defends, feels and believes—all effectively.

Tere Pinney, MA

I believe that individuals have a right to decide for themselves and that an adolescent girl is competent to decide for herself about her pregnancy.

For Confidentiality and Privacy Every Adolescent Should Have a Choice

*Krista Koeplin
Bob Riesenber, Psychology 110
Anita Johnson, English 102*

Adolescent abortion in the United States continues to be a complex and perplexing issue for families, health care professionals, educators, the government and youth themselves. Adolescence is "the period of development between the ages 10 and 19 years" explains Mapanga in her article that talks about problems related to adolescent pregnancies and abortions. The question of adolescent abortion remains as controversial as ever; "it is like arguing for the right to burn the American flag--politically, it is a tough case no matter how right the reasoning" states research that battles with abortion's hardest cases (Carlson & Cramer, 1990, p.25). Some people think that abortion is an individual's choice, and some others think that adolescents should *not* have a right to decide for themselves. However, research questioning if parental involvement in teenager's abortions should be required proves that requiring parental involvement in a minor's abortion is "likely to do more harm than good" (Rodman, 1991, p. 157). I believe that the laws requiring parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies should be repealed in the United States. Judith Hollis-Triantafillou who believes a woman should have a choice, agrees with me saying that the pregnant adolescent girls "with unplanned conception should be able to decide freely and independently whether or not they wish to continue with the pregnancies and, if not, to have access to quick, easy, and safe early abortion as their legal right" (1996, p.1151).

Adolescents need a right to decide for themselves

Since I know a couple of people who have had abortions, I am concerned about the law in America that requires parental involvement in teenage abortions. I feel that I qualify to make this argument that such laws should be repealed because most of the research I found was clearly against forcing parental involvement in adolescent abortions. Also, my previous experience with people who have had abortions supports this opinion.

Two of my friends in Finland, both under 18 years old, got pregnant and had abortions. The government paid for the medical procedure, and the abortions were done

early in the pregnancies. One of these girls was able to talk to her parents and they supported her choice. She feels good about her own decision (Anna Pelkonen, personal communication, December 16, 1998). The other girl was already a single mother of one baby, and could have not been able to handle another baby at that point of her life. She also didn't want to carry the pregnancy to term and give the baby up for adoption, so her decision was to get an abortion. She didn't have a good relationship with her parents so she made the decision on her own, and her friends were there to support her. She felt a little "empty" after the abortion, however, she also told friends that she felt relieved and happy because she felt like she had done the right thing for herself (Tiina Oksanen, personal communication, June 15, 1995). She is still just mothering the one child. She is very happy and outgoing, showing no signs of depression or sadness because of her abortion. An abortion study based on 4,977 respondents states that although women may experience some distress immediately after having an abortion, "the experience has no independent effect on their psychological well-being over time" (Edwards, 1997, p. 193).

If Tiina had had to tell her parents about her pregnancy and abortion, and involve her parents in the decision making, it would have been a stressful and very emotionally rough time for everyone since her father is an alcoholic and most likely would have been abusive (Tiina Oksanen, personal communication). Tiina herself warned us not to tell many people about her pregnancy/abortion because she didn't want her parents to find out. I feel like it was definitely good that one of my friends could involve her parents in her decision about abortion, and I also feel that it was important for my other friend to have a right to choose who she wanted to involve in her pregnancy decision.

Another fact why I feel like I qualify to make this argument is my aunt who is a doctor for adolescent girls in Finland. She worked in an abortion clinic for a year as part of her medical school training, and she saw abortions being done. She feels that the whole operation is inhuman, and she would never want any of her three girls to have to go through that (Pirjo Evesti, personal communication, June 10, 1997). She also agrees with Felice and Boulter, who wrote an article about adolescent's abortion saying that when teenage girls can make their own decision, whether it is keeping the baby or terminating the pregnancy, they will "express satisfaction with their ultimate pregnancy decisions" (Felice & Boulter, p.750). Felice and Boulter's research is valuable to me. I think they were very successful in explaining their main points; background supported with statistics, legal issues, and psychological concerns about parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies. Research by Slife and Rubinstein support their finding: "the most common reaction to abortion among both minors and adults is a relief" (p.224). Slife and Rubinstein wrote a reliable article about people who do and don't allow adolescents decide about abortion without parental involvement.

Adolescent pregnancies involving parents “may cause parent-adolescent alienation, making the situation worse” (Slife & Rubinstein, 1992, p. 221). This supports my opinion: the laws that make parental involvement necessary in teenage pregnancies and abortions should be repealed because they are hurting more than they are helping!

Do adolescents have a choice?

Are teenage girls under eighteen-years-old old enough to decide what they want to do with their bodies? Some people would say “no”, because they are legally under age, but on the other hand some others would say “yes”, because they see teenagers as individuals with a right to choose. Of course, opinions depend on the issue; abortion, however, is “one of the most emotional issues of our time” (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 220). The fact is that of the “one million pregnancies that occur annually among American teenagers, about 400,000 occur in minors younger than 18 years of age, of which 41% are terminated by elective abortion” (Felice & Boulter, 1997, p.748).

Felice and Boulter succeeded in their research about adolescent’s right to confidential care when considering abortion. Their research states “Legislation mandating parental involvement does not achieve the intended benefit promoting family communication, but it does increase the risk of harm to the adolescent by delaying access to appropriate medical care” (Felice & Boulter, p. 746).

Many people still disagree that abortion is acceptable; some people are against it because of the medical reasons, some because of their religion, some just do not think abortion is right, and the list goes on. There are people who think that abortion is an individual’s choice and that everyone should only decide for themselves. Research by Slife and Rubinstein states “adolescents are as able to conceptualize and reason about pregnancy treatment alternatives as adults are” (Slife & Rubinstein, p.221). Felice and Boulter agree with Slife and Rubinstein when they state “summaries of well-designed research conclude that most minors 14 to 17 years of age are as competent as adults to provide consent to abortion” (p. 750).

Adolescents are competent enough to decide

I believe that an individual has a right to decide for herself or himself, and that an adolescent girl is competent to decide for herself about her pregnancy. I have my religious beliefs against abortion, and I wouldn’t want to go through it, nor would I want my adolescent daughter(s) ever to go through it. However, I believe that a parent can cause more harm to their child and to the relationship between them and their child by forcing their daughter to get an abortion or forcing her to carry the pregnancy to a term against the adolescent’s will.

If someone else decides for a pregnant adolescent girl to get an abortion against her own will or decides that the adolescent girl should have the baby against the girl's will, there is a big chance that "she must undergo psychological stresses" (Slife & Rubinstein, p.220). Possible symptoms are "aggression, depression, self-esteem problems, and feelings of guilt and worthlessness, feelings of helplessness and hopelessness, loss of energy, and sleep and appetite disturbances" proves research of depression on adolescent mothers (Wilcox, Field, Prodromidis & Scafidi, 1998, p.567). Wilcox, Prodromidis and Scafidi used 155 adolescent girls in their research. That proves me that their work is based on careful and time consuming study.

There are many opinions about adolescent pregnancies, and there are states that have laws that require parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies and pregnancy termination decisions. People in general are found to more worried about adolescents terminating the pregnancy than about them "staying pregnant and rearing a child" (Carlson & Cramer, 1990, p. 25) states research that carefully discusses about abortion's hardest cases. Carlson and Cramer's article is very informative and presents good, valid information. However, "there is no evidence to indicate that adolescents are more vulnerable than adults to psychological harm as a result of abortion" (Slife & Rubinstein, p.220). As long as the adolescent feels like she is making the right choice for her, she, most likely, will feel good about her decision. I wish that adolescents could always have the right for independent choice. Compared to Scandinavia where I come from the American law requiring parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies is very hard for me to accept.

Adolescent pregnancy and abortion issues in Scandinavia

In Scandinavia there is no such argument whether parents should decide for their children about abortion. It is always the individual's choice because people in Scandinavia believe that for "confidentiality and privacy, adolescents should have the right to make their own decision" (Slife & Rubinstein, p.221).

In Scandinavia, there are many safe and friendly clinics where teenage girls can go to find out about sex, birth control, abortions and more. All the services (doctor's appointments, etc.) are free for every citizen. Fees are covered by the government. All the files and information about the patients are fully confidential. Adolescents in Scandinavia talk about sex with their parents more than adolescents in the USA. On the other hand, here in the United States, where we have the "highest adolescent birth rate of all developed countries" (Felice, Feinstein, Fisher & Kaplan, 1999, p.517) we have a lack communication about sex between adolescents and their parents.

I have learned through my class discussions with peers and professors in college (in the United States) that most states don't have a lot sexual education in schools, and second, most parents don't teach their children very much about sex related facts. In fact,

research by Carlson and Cramer supports my finding by saying “communication about sex between parents and children is stuck in the Dark Ages” (1990, p.24). I take it that in America “sex is the point of separation, the country into which parent does not travel with a child” (Carlson & Cramer, p.24).

Unfortunately, many teenagers do not have a confidential person to go to when they need advice concerning sex and pregnancies. That leads to a serious problem; teenagers get pregnant and they do not know what to do. The fact is that even when it is required by law that parental involvement is necessary in adolescent pregnancies, “teenagers who don’t want to talk to their parents often find a way to avoid it: they go before a judge, or they go out of state. They might also wait until their condition becomes obvious and have dangerous second-trimester abortions” (Carlson & Cramer, p.24).

On the other hand, in Scandinavia, a teenage girl who thinks that she might be pregnant would likely go to an adolescent clinic to find out for sure that she is or is not (all testing would be free of charge). If the girl was found to be pregnant, the doctors and counselors would advise her to make the right choice for her. Of course, I believe with Felice and Boulter that “adolescents should be strongly encouraged to involve their parents and other trusted adults in the decision regarding pregnancy termination” (1997, p. 746).

Unfortunately, adolescent girls don’t always want to involve their parents in their pregnancy decisions, and for that reason there are also psychologists available that can help the girl to make to right choice for her. The adolescent girl can choose to carry the pregnancy to term and keep the baby, give the baby for adoption, or get an abortion. A psychological study of adoption and pregnant adolescent girls shows that it is not very common for pregnant teens to give a baby up for adoption due to “social sanctions, low level of knowledge, anticipated psychological discomfort and lack of support form helping professionals” (Custer, 1993, p.890). I believe that Custer is right. However, her opinion is based on a sample of only twenty-one unmarried adolescents and their significant others, so other reasons can also be true. Adoption, however, is a good “alternative to parenting” (Custer, p.891) and to abortion. Every adolescent girl should have a right to speak up and decide what they want to do. Unfortunately, the government of the United States doesn’t agree with me, they are against my beliefs, and Slife and Rubinstein helped me to see that.

Slife and Rubinstein’s article about an adolescent’s choice to decide for themselves presents facts that support my ideas. It is good to note that their article was written seven years ago, and some changes might have taken place. It is valuable to my research that Slife and Rubinstein recognized the opposition to my argument. My opposition includes many states in America and their law makers.

The government's view on adolescent pregnancy

The Supreme Court "has assumed that adolescents are less likely than adults to make sound decisions when they are faced with an unintended pregnancy" (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 223). However, "the available evidence on health care decision making generally suggests that adolescents are as able to conceptualize and reason about treatment alternatives as adults are" (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 223). I think consideration should be given to abolishing mature minor standards in determination of whether minors are able to obtain an abortion without parental notification or consent. It is hard to imagine a minor too immature to make a decision but mature enough to rear a child. I believe that for the individual's sake, we should not have laws that make parental involvement necessary in teenager pregnancies.

Unfortunately, in 1998 "The House voted 276-150 for a bill making it a crime for anyone who isn't a parent or a legal guardian to evade parental involvement laws in the pregnant teenager's home state by taking her to a state that imposes no requirements on underage girls seeking abortions" (P-I News Services, 1998, p.3). There are now "more than 30 states" (P-I News Services) that require parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies, and many people would like to keep it that way.

Supporting parental involvement in adolescent pregnancy

There are many people supporting the new laws that require parental involvement necessary in adolescent pregnancies; people who will not agree with my argument that parental involvement should not be forced. There are people against my opinion who will say "God created us - every one of us; and we do not have right to kill one another." Some will simply state that "Abortion is murder!" Some are not so much against abortion as they are against what I am saying about the individual's choice. There are people who think that no one under 18 years old can decide about a medical operation like abortion for themselves without their parents' permission.

My opposition also believes that "adolescents and adults differ greatly in their abilities and experiences in making sound decisions, and that parent-adolescent alienation is usually greater when the parents have *not* been involved" (Slife and Rubinstein, p. 221). In short, most parents feel like they have a right to know what is happening to their adolescent daughter. I understand that! My point is, that if most adolescent girls do, indeed, "actively involve adults to whom they feel close [in their pregnancy decisions]. Even when not required to, the majority of minors seeking abortion involve at least one *parent* in their decisions" (Felice & Boulter, p.749), why do people make a big fuss about needing a law to force that? I believe that the adolescent girl should involve her parents in the decision making if she wishes, but in the end it is her body. I don't see how the law should

force the parental involvement, especially in cases where the parents don't have enough patience and love to deal with the fact that their adolescent daughter is pregnant.

Negative response from parents

In other words, there are families that can't quite control their feelings and anger. There are families that will, as part of their culture, turn their backs on their adolescent daughter who has gotten pregnant out of wedlock, because they are so ashamed. There are also families that are abusive, and will not be able to support their adolescent daughter being pregnant. For this reason, many "girls are afraid of being kicked out of the house or otherwise being punished by their parents" states research that questioned teenage girls about what they would do if they were pregnant (Lange, 1998, p.1). Lange interviewed seven teenagers and three mothers.

Research on abusive and dysfunctional families by Felice and Boulter shows that "violence is at its worst during a family member's pregnancy and during the adolescence of the family's children" (1997, p.750). If parents cannot give support, or are forcing their adolescent daughter to either get an abortion or carry the pregnancy to term against the girl's will, most likely the consequences will be worse than letting the teenager decide for herself.

The adolescent girl who really wants an abortion but who "is too afraid to tell her parents could travel to states without notification or consent laws" (Lange, 1998, p.1). Research also states that "if those girls were forced to tell their parents, they'd put it off as long as possible" (Lange p.1). The longer a person waits to get an abortion, the more complicated it gets. Adolescent girls desperately seeking an abortion are also found to rely on unsafe abortion methods that "may be induced by the girl herself, by nonmedical persons or by health workers in unhygienic conditions" (Population Today, 1998, p.1). These are choices that a scared adolescent might make, feeling like no one understands her or loves her. Abortions by just anyone are obviously unprofessional and unsanitary and can at worst be fatal. Miller's study makes me worried even more about pregnant adolescent girls because, when an adolescent cannot have an abortion without parental involvement, they might decide to get the abortion done illegally. Miller spent two years studying survivors of illegal abortions (from the time when ALL abortions were illegal) and found out that unprofessionally performed abortions are truly a nightmare. Here is an example from Miller's article an example of illegal abortions:

The technique of criminal abortionists wasn't limited to a coat hanger. Many of them injected some kind of caustic substance, --bleach or something like that--into the uterus. The uterus would contract to get rid of the irritant, but there was a high risk of complication. (Miller, 1993, 49)

Miller also states "Potassium permanganate [dark purple salt] was another common choice" (Miller, 49). However, the salt crystals "did a lot of damage to the vagina" (Miller). The risks of infections are also extremely high in these illegal abortions. Also, the longer a person waits the riskier getting an abortion gets, for example, the slightly higher risk of negative response to abortion on a teenager is "related largely to [adolescent's] tendency to delay" (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 225).

Some parents might reason their opposition to abortions that they believe it is safer for the teenager to carry the pregnancy to term than it is to have an abortion. But there are risks in being pregnant when a teenager, "Pregnancy in adolescence is associated with premature birth, low birth weight, prenatal mortality, increased infant mortality and maltreatment of children" (Mapanga, 1997, p.16) states research of adolescent pregnancy. It is also found that "unmarried, poorly educated single mothers are likely to feel a sense of guilt and loss" (Mapanga, p.16) during and after their pregnancies.

A pregnant adolescent girl who does not want to have a baby can be forced by her parents to carry the pregnancy to term. This is not good either, if the adolescent girl does not want to co-operate; because by drinking alcohol and smoking cigarettes or by doing drugs the fetus has little chance of developing into a healthy person. The fetus is "the developing human organism from 9 weeks after conception to birth" (Myers, p.80). In a case like this some people might say that it would be better to abort the baby instead of having to deal with placing the child in foster care. Especially a child whose mother uses drugs or alcohol during the pregnancy, because they will be most likely suffering from dependence on the substance (drugs or/and alcohol). Drugs and alcohol can effect the baby's mental health as well as her/his physical health. For example, children with FAS (Fatal Alcohol Syndrome) have "small, misproportioned head and life long brain abnormalities" (Myers, p.80).

I don't think it is smart to force an adolescent girl to have a baby against her will because she would most likely just run away from home and have the abortion performed illegally and unsafe. That would impact the relationship and the trust between her and her parents. If the girl was forced to stay pregnant, she would easily develop anger towards her parents and towards the baby. She could choose to abuse the human life inside of her by drugs and alcohol. She would be very stressed and so would her parents. Best, again, would be to let the adolescent choose for herself.

Support groups could help

All parents with adolescent daughters are not mature and can offer support about their adolescent daughter's pregnancy. So it is better for the daughter and the parents that the parents are not forced by the law to be part of the daughter's decision. Adolescents with unloving and/or abusive parents are better off getting support from support groups,

where they can talk to people “who have problems similar to their own” (Myers, 1998, p.499) and where they can independently decide for themselves. Of course it is great if pregnant adolescents can involve their parents in their decisions, but not everybody can.

Parents, however, can have an impact on their children and they can build trust between themselves and their children. When adolescents trust their parents and know and respect their parents’ values, they don’t have to be worried about being abused or forced to make a decision against their own will.

Parent’s ideal role

I believe that as a parent everyone has a right and responsibility to share their values and ideas with their children. Parents also have a responsibility to be mature and not get out-of-control and start yelling or become abusive when they find out that their teenager daughter is pregnant. That won’t help any, instead, it will most likely just make things worse.

Parents should be able to listen to their children and advise them, teach them about their beliefs and values. Parents should be able to explain why they think a certain way, in this case, why the adolescent should keep the baby, give the baby for adoption, or abort the baby. Also, it would be important that parents could tell their children that they will not be left alone. Parents should be able to stand by their child, and even if they do not agree with their adolescent’s choice, they should be able to tell their child that they love them and care for them, and that they will do their best to support the choice. It is important to remember that “when parents support their daughters decision - whether to abort or to carry to term - and permit their daughter to make her own decision with their assistance, the probability of a positive outcome is increased” (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 224).

Psychological problems as a result of someone else deciding for a individual

It has been found that if someone else decides for an adolescent girl about her body telling her what she must do, that it will put the girl through some “psychological stresses” (Slife & Rubinstein, p. 220). Of course, the amount of stresses and other symptoms depend on the individual. Not everyone reacts the same, but most likely an adolescent girl would have to deal with anger. Because if the girl really wanted to keep the baby, she would feel devastated having to get an abortion.

Anger

On the other hand, if the girl really wanted to abort the baby, but her parent’s decided that she must carry the pregnancy to term, the adolescent girl would be frustrated and angry. Anger is common when “another person’s act seems willful, unjustified, and avoidable” (Myers, p. 405). The information that Myers has to offer is incredible; his

textbook is filled with psychological explanations and careful research. His research is significant to my paper and I can trust his results and use it in my work knowing that the information is valid.

Myers also mentions that “expressing anger can actually arouse more anger” (p. 412). Research on adolescent anger found that “the adolescent patient’s efforts to undo and repair losses often take the form of hostile, accusatory, and coercive demands that defend against loss and depression” (1990, p.512) states Maryke Cramerus. Cramerus has many others supporting her findings about adolescent anger, that is why I see her research accurate. Anger, unfortunately, is not all that most adolescents (who can’t decide for themselves) to go through, they also experience depression.

Depression

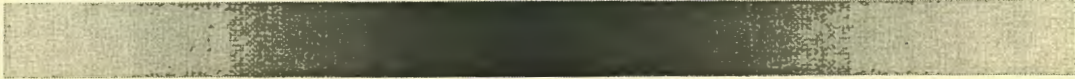
Depression is a very common symptom that people have after they are forced to do something that they did not want to do. Research about depression in women states “life events and the absence of social support were the most robust predictors of depression” (O’Connor, Thomas & Hawkins, 1998, 767). Psychologists believe that people should have freedom to make their own choices to be able to develop without any serious problems. As Myers puts it “negative thoughts feed negative moods” (p. 472) meaning that “even small losses can temporarily sour our mind” (p.473). So if an adolescent girl is forced to make a decision against her will, she will most likely to undergo depression. Not only will she be struggling in the vicious cycle of depression but she will probably also suffer from stress.

Stress

Stresses are personal; “how stressed we feel” (Myers. p. 518) depends on the individual. However, having a baby or abortion are found to be “significant life changes” (Myers. p. 518) and closely related to stress. Research states that “Having an abortion creates stress for women who morally oppose abortion and who lack their partner’s or parent’s support” (Myers, p.528). This supports my opinion how important it is to have caring and understanding parents to support adolescent’s pregnancy choice. Parents’ support is very important in adolescence, the time when adolescent is forming their identity.

Forming an identity

Famous psychologist Erikson explains; “some adolescents forge their identity early, simply by taking on their parents’ values and expectations. Other adolescents may adopt a negative identity that defines itself opposition to parents and society” (Myers, p.122). Psychologist believe that individuals should have freedom to make decisions and especially in adolescence girls and boys should “try out different selves” (Myers, p.122) to



find out who they are, but it is impossible if parents are not giving freedom to their children and are forcing them to act their way. This will negatively impact adolescent's process of self-esteem.

Self-esteem

Self-esteem is based on a person's "sense of self" (Myers, p. 438). It is very important for an individual to form a clear self-image, meaning that the person knows what they like and want. The self is the "organizer of our thoughts" (Myers, p. 438) believe humanistic psychologists. It has been found that people "even remember information better when they have encoded it in terms of themselves" (Myers, p. 438).

People who feel good about themselves "have fewer sleepless nights, are less likely to use drugs, are more persistent at difficult tasks, and are just plain happier" (Myers, p. 438). This supports my opinion; it is important to help adolescents to form a good self-image, so that they feel independent and good about themselves, and they are able to reason and make decisions for themselves. If parents don't support their children's choices and opinions and force their children to act certain way, the children won't have much freedom to develop high self-esteem and they won't be very happy. Parents can help their children to avoid developing a low self-esteem and encourage their children more to be outgoing and independent. Adolescents should be brought up with a right to decide for themselves.

Conclusion

Being logical and realistic, I believe that the laws that require parental involvement in adolescent pregnancies should be repealed because these laws are harming more than they are helping. People should see adolescents as individuals with individual backgrounds and individual plans for their futures. Adolescents should have the freedom to choose; if they want to get abortions, become parents, believe in God, become vegetarians, drink alcohol, or become nuns! In the end it should be their individual choice to live a life that they think is best for them. We cannot be responsible for all the psychological problems that a teenage girl will have to go through if we force them to keep their baby or get an abortion. It must be the individual who decides for themselves and for their body.

Parents can advise their children and guide them to the "right" direction, but adolescents should have a right to make their own decisions about their bodies. We can only hope that they make the decisions that bring them the most happiness.

References

- Carlson, M., & Cramer, J. (1990, July 9). Abortion's hardest cases. *Time*, 2, 22-27.
- Cramer, M. (1990). Adolescent anger. *Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic*, 54, 512-524.
- Custer, M. (1993). Adoption as an option for unmarried pregnant teens. *Adolescence*, 28, 290-902.
- Edwards, S. (1997). Abortion study finds no long-term ill effects on emotional well-being. *Family Planning*, 29, 193-195.
- Felice, M., & Boulter, S. (1996). The adolescent's right to confidential care when considering abortion. *Pediatrics*, 97, 746-752.
- Felice, M. E., Feinstein, R. A., Fisher M. M., & Kaplan, D. W. (1999). Adolescent pregnancy-current trends and issues:1998. *Pediatrics*, 103, 516-522.
- Global estimates of unsafe abortion. (1998, November). *Population Today*, 26, 1-3.
- Hollis-Triantafyllou, J. (1996). A woman's choice. *British Medical Journal*, 313, 1151-1152.
- Lange, J. (1998). Girls against abortion notice Spokane-area teens oppose bills requiring parental notification [Review of the *Spokesman*].
- Mapaganda, K. G. (1997, April). The perils of adolescent pregnancy. *World Health*, 50, 16-18.
- Miller, P. G. (1993, May). The worst of times. *Psychology Today*, 26, 46.
- Myers, D. G. (1998). *Psychology, Fifth Edition*. New York, NY: Worth Publishers.
- O'Connor, Thomas G., & Hawkins, N. (1998). Family type and depression in pregnancy: factors mediating risk in a community sample. *Journal of Marriage & the Family*, 60, 757-773.
- P-I News Services. (1998, July). House passes bill to restrict abortions for teenager. *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, 3.
- Rodman, H. (1991). Should parental involvement be required for minor's abortions? *Family Relations*, 40, 155-161.
- Slife, B., & Rubinstein, J. (1992). *Taking sides; Seventh edition; Clashing views on controversial psychological issues*. United States: The Dushkin Publishing Group, Inc.
- Wilcox, H., Field, T., Prodromidis, M., & Scafidi, F. (1998). Correlations between the BDI and CES-D in a sample of adolescent mothers. *Adolescent*, 33, 565-575.

Writer's comments: I wrote this paper for both English and Psychology, combining research skills with the discipline of psychology. I argue that parental involvement in adolescent abortions shouldn't be forced by any law because I believe that a young girl knows what is best for her. I base my position on psychological research, personal interviews, and being raised in a country where abortion is always the woman's personal choice. My topic raised many questions and disagreement, which I expected. I talked about my writing with many of my friends and members of my family, it was very interesting. During the process of writing this paper, I learned how to be a patient writer; to rewrite my text over and over again. I found rewriting the most helpful, because every time I rewrote I added or changed something that made it more coherent. I have benefited from this writing process; I have been able to use my knowledge about researching and putting together a research paper in my other classes as well.



Paula L. Casey
Untitled
Linocut, 12" x 9"

Artist's comment: The carving is a portrait of Sri Yuktasvar, Yogananda's teacher. My intention was to capture the wisdom and tranquility possible through the technique of linocut. Simple lines and a black ink muted with brown contributed to the overall effect. The technique is well suited to portraits.

Paula L. Casey

Instructor's comment: This print is a good example of using a variety of lines to build a portrait. Students learn in relief printmaking to remove the block's surface until only the lines that are to print remain. Careful planning of the print is necessary because not only does the image have to be cut in reverse, but it also must be cut flopped.

Jeanne Broussard, Art 175

Analyzing

Like Kabuo, in the novel Snow Falling on Cedars, I'm loyal to my heritage and am very proud of who I am—as a person, an African American and a male. So because of my unwillingness to assimilate, I find myself in the same situation as Kabuo, locked out, judged, guilty before proven innocent, and unaccepted in society

Danan Powell

The Effects of Racism

Danan Powell
Pam Helberg, English 101

Racism is an infectious parasite that has always and will continue to eat away at mankind's attempts at establishing equality. Racism is a potent weapon used to divide people for various reasons. It has also been used to conquer as well as control the victims pinpointed for such injustices. The levels of division can range anywhere from the color of one's skin to religious beliefs, physical appearance or financial status, weight or nationality—racism knows no bounds. Racism can extinguish the flames of love; it can prevent people from becoming friends; it can cause people to believe or feel hatred towards designated members of society. *Snow Falling on Cedars*, by David Guterson, deals with many issues, but racism plays an important role throughout.

While submerged in the paragraphs of this novel, I found myself slipping in and out of reality. Visions of past personal injustices crept to the surface as I struggled to keep the novel and my personal experiences separated. Reminiscing about injustices that had been committed against me caused an overflow of anger, and I immediately felt a common bond with Kabuo. I too have lived a life on trial simply because of the tone of my skin. A trial that never ceases but continues to overlap into my daily life forcing me to remain defensive—forcing me to assume the role of the criminal simply because of the majority's (Caucasians) preconceived racist ideas. I could relate to the pain and frustration of a man on trial for something he did not do, feeling helpless and presumed guilty regardless of the facts. The courtroom was merely an abstract representation of Kabuo's life in America since the war and probably even before the war. He was on trial now for a murder that he did not commit, but his life would remain on trial simply because he was of Japanese descent.

As a black man in America, I feel as if I must disprove this false stereotype that has been placed upon me. I must prove to the jurors (White America) that I'm not what they have portrayed me to be. I'm not a thief; I'm not a robber; I'm not a drug dealer; I'm not a dim-witted jock, but I'm a hard working man who has paid the same dues or probably more, and I shares the same dreams as most of my fellow Caucasian Americans. There are African Americans who choose to represent themselves in a negative light, but I should not be grouped or categorized with those individuals.

Kabuo and numerous members of San Piedro Island's Japanese community shared the same dreams as the island's Caucasian community. Kabuo was not a cold-blooded murderer; he didn't have a personal vendetta against Carl Heine; he wasn't a cold-hearted

individual but a very emotional person with an intense passion for what he believed to be right. His family worked hard to obtain the American dream; they worked to save money with the hope of one day owning their own strawberry field, so they could rise above their mediocre level of living. They were close to achieving their goal until the vise of racism clamped down hard around their lives and severed the strides that had been made.

America was at war with Japan, and that was reason enough to blacklist anyone of Japanese descent. The war portrayed Japanese descendants as enemies, regardless of the fact that most of the island's Japanese community had been established there for several generations and vowed loyalty to their new country. I see Black Americans in the same light—portrayed as the enemies and most times treated this way.

Racism often outweighs facts, and the author does a good job of showing how facts are avoided or overlooked when emotions overrule common sense. Concentration camps for US citizens of Japanese descent illustrated how emotions can overrule common sense. The automatic assumption by Horace Whaley (island coroner) that the wound on Carl's head came from a man who had been trained in the Japanese art of stick fighting also illustrated how emotions continued to outweigh other facts.

After the emotionalism subsided and Ishmael allowed common-reasoning a chance to function, he exposed a fact that could not be overlooked—the report from the lighthouse. Presenting this newfound information to the sheriff prompted a second investigation of Carl's boat. Upon closer inspection of the boat, the sheriff found evidence that should have been obvious the first time; it shouldn't have been overlooked for any reason—but it was! This evidence might not have been overlooked had Kabuo been caucasian, or had there not been a war.

Kabuo's reaction in the courtroom or lack thereof was perceived as a coldness that somehow connected him to the murder. The true fact of the matter was that within his Japanese culture, few spoken words were encouraged and in addition to that, the effects of the war left Kabuo and Carl without very much to say. Under pressure and feelings of helplessness, Kabuo did what came naturally to him. He believed that his behavior reflected honor and honesty. However, it seemed that racism impaired the judgment of the jurors and most other island citizens so that they automatically associated his reactions with those of the Japanese enemies from the war.

Like Kabuo, I don't always carry myself in a manner that's easily decoded by people outside my own race and cultural background. Often times, I attempt to do what comes naturally to me, but unlike Kabuo, I've found that it can be detrimental. For example, I've have learned that as an African-American male in America; I must first consider the comfort level of my fellow Caucasian Americans then all other non-white Americans and lastly my own. I'm responsible for creating a comfortable atmosphere when walking down street, standing in line at the grocery store, using an ATM machine or when

initiating conversation. I am obligated to remove any sense of fear that Caucasians Americans could and often do have about black men.

While walking down the street, I find myself crossing to the opposite if a Caucasian woman is venturing down the same side alone. Before I became aware of this fact, I would often walk past a white-woman or cross the street at an intersection where a white-person was alone in the car and he or she would immediately clutch their purse or race to lock the car door. While working in environments where the majority of the population was Caucasian, I learned that I needed to assimilate to the Caucasian ways of living, talking, thinking, and socializing in order to be accepted. Anything that deviated from the majorities' (Caucasian) idea of normal was considered backward, wild, unintelligent, aggressive, and unacceptable. Like Kabuo, I'm loyal to my heritage and am very proud of who I am—as a person, an African American and a male. So because of my unwillingness to assimilate, I find myself in the same situation as Kabuo, locked out, judged, guilty before proven innocent, and unaccepted in society.

This story and examples from my own life experiences should reinforce the fact that racism restricts the natural and benefits no one. It kills, blinds, destroys, separates and impairs. We should not come to conclusions or preconceived ideas about anyone based strictly on an emotion or a popular belief. We should sift through the emotions, get to the facts and make an individual decision based on the information retrieved. If we don't, lives like Kabuo's and my own will remain on trial.

Writing this essay has brought to me the realization that the only true local geographer I know is a fictional character. This is a sad thought and has led me to agree with Barry Lopez regarding his stance on Americans and their knowledge of the geographies in the United States. Consequently, I will take the time to get to know my "local geographies" and to encourage others to do the same.

Fictional Geographer

Lisa Pate
Jessica Steele, English 100

In "American Geographies," Barry Lopez writes about the importance of knowing our local geographies. Lopez describes local geographers as people who have taken the time to study the land in which they reside; he labels them geniuses of the land. Without local geographers Americans would forget how the land originated and what it was like before commercialism and politics polluted it. Lopez feels Americans do not take the time to study their surroundings, and by being so naive we are subjecting ourselves to losing the land our ancestors worked so hard to preserve.

David Guterson's novel *Snow Falling on Cedars* is a story set in the early 1940's; it is about a romance during World War II between a young Japanese girl named Hatsue and a young white boy named Ishmael. This story takes place on an island out in the San Jauns called San Piedro Island. In this novel, David Guterson has brought the meaning of a local geographer to life through the character Hatsue.

Guterson gives many examples of Hatsue's local knowledge. One line in the novel, which intensified my understanding of a local geographer, was: "Hatsue found under the birch trees a half dozen destroying angels and pointed them out to her daughters. They were pure white and lovely, she explained, but fatal to eat. She pointed out, too, the maidenhair fern nearby; the black stems, she said, retained their shine in a pine needle basket's weave." This is a great example of what a local geographer is supposed to be, someone who knows the land so deeply that she was able to teach her daughters how to use it's natural foliage for making baskets. Guterson's descriptiveness of the land, seen through Hatsue's eyes, makes me believe she is a true local geographer. Besides using her knowledge of the land to aid in making crafts, Guterson also illustrates how she uses the land to aid in her cooking: "she had collected the stems of wild ginger for seasoning rice and yarrow leaves for tea." Hatsue has grown up on an island, which she has a kind of intimacy for; she has taken the amenities of the land and learned how to use them in her everyday life.

Not only does Hatsue use the amenities of the land; she also relates to other people through what she sees and feels on the land. For example, in one part of the book, Guterson depicts Hatsue and Ishmael discussing oceans; Ishmael believes that all oceans run together at some point or another. Hatsue, on the other hand, believes oceans do not mix and that they are all separate. After reading Lopez's essay, these words in *Snow Falling on Cedars* had new meaning to me. The ocean is being used as a metaphor for relationships, and Hatsue believes different colored oceans do not mix; therefore, people of different nationalities do not mix.

By using the amenities of the land, and relating to other people through the land, Hatsue has become part of the land. The forest for example, has become a sort of "safe haven" for Hatsue to go when she is feeling overwhelmed and needs time to herself. She relates to the quietness of the forest because, she herself is a quiet person who takes her local geographies in with great detail and imagination. The whisper of the trees, and the ocean that surrounds her, have many secrets and truths hidden behind them. It is as though Hatsue has learned from the land how to keep her innermost thoughts private and to herself. These emotions are a reflection of her relationships with the people in this novel.

Guterson has brought to life the meaning of "local geographer" in *Snow Falling on Cedars*. Lopez would be proud of Hatsue and her local knowledge, if only she were a person in the United States who has really put this much effort into knowing her local geographies, instead of a fictional character in a book. Writing this essay has brought to me the realization that the only true local geographer I know is a fictional character. This is a sad thought and has led me to agree with Barry Lopez regarding his stance on Americans and their knowledge of the geographies in the United States. I have made a decision to personally take the time to get to know my "local geographies" and to encourage others to do the same.

Writer's comments: I was inspired to write "Fictional Geographer" while reading the novel *Snow Falling on Cedars* and Barry Lopez's essay "American Geographies" when I realized I do not know anyone who truly knows their local geographies except the fictional character Hatsue, from the novel. Then, after writing this essay, I was inspired to take the time to get to know my local geographies. Whenever I am walking through a park, or just driving down the road, I look at things a lot differently than before. I look at things carefully so I will never forget how they are now, and I can only imagine how they were in the past.

On December 7th, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and thus began the events that would forever change the lives of Ishmael, Hatsue, Kabuo and Carl—four characters in David Guterson's novel, *Snow Falling on Cedars*. That event, Pearl Harbor and WWII in general, was not only the turning point in relationships involving friends and lovers, but it also drastically altered each of their futures forever.

Explanatory Synthesis of *Snow Falling on Cedars*

Chris White
Pam Helberg, English 102

It started off innocently enough: four children being raised on a small desolate island located in the heart of the Puget Sound during the 1920's and 30's. They were the sons and daughters of local fishermen and farmers who aspired to live the quiet island life that their parents had grown accustomed to. Together they played children's games in the island's woods and combed the barren beaches for sand dollars and butter clams. Unfortunately, the children's lives had begun in an all too surreal setting. Their lives were about to be turned upside down. On December 7th, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and thus began the event that would forever change the lives of Ishmael, Hatsue, Kabuo and Carl - four characters in David Guterson's novel, *Snow Falling on Cedars*. That event, Pearl Harbor and WWII in general, was not only the turning point in relationships involving friends and lovers, but it also drastically altered each of their futures forever.

David Guterson's book, *Snow Falling on Cedars*, takes us through a series of flashbacks and reminiscences that ultimately leads us into a courtroom where a Japanese-American, Kabuo Miyamoto, is accused of the murder of a longtime friend and island-native Carl Heine. Unfortunately for Kabuo, there is still a hint of segregation and slight racism that is pumping through the veins of San Piedro's townspeople. Their feelings stem from the attack on American soil during World War II by the Japanese. All the Japanese-Americans were instantly labeled spies or disloyal American citizens by the majority of the island's residents. Immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Japanese immigrants and Japanese-Americans were corralled and forced into internment camps where they made the choice to either fight their families and reject their Japanese ancestry or remain locked away until the war concluded. This trial was not only a fight for Kabou's life but also for the respect and dignity that his fellow Japanese-Americans rightfully deserved. Local reporter Ishmael Chambers was covering the trial, as well as all of the other news circulating around the island. However, Chambers had more than just a story at stake in

the trial; he was there to admire from afar the longtime love of his life, Kabou's wife, Hatsue Miyamoto.

Ishmael Chambers grew up the son of the island reporter and publisher of the San Pedro Review. He was an active young boy who enjoyed working in the island's strawberry fields and in his spare time he walked the desolate beaches searching for horse crabs with young Hatsue Imada. It was on one of these days, patrolling the beaches for geoducks, when Ishmael and Hatsue shared their first kiss. From that moment on, Ishmael's fondness for Hatsue grew into an undying love. However, these feelings could not be publicly mirrored by Hatsue. She had been raised to romantically interact with marry only a Japanese man who came from a well-respected family. Hatsue resented her parent's strict rules and carried on her sexual relationship with Ishmael up until the day she was taken off the island by the U.S. government to an interment camp in California. On the night before her departure, Ishmael and Hatsue met at their usual rendezvous-- a hollow, fallen tree on the island's rocky shore.

This was to be their last meeting, and they both knew it. It was on this rainy night that they first had intercourse, and it was during sex that Ishmael said, "I want to marry you, Hatsue" (Guterson 213). She never answered. Ishmael's question kept echoing in her mind during her first few months in the internment camp, but that changed when she met Kabuo. Meanwhile, Ishmael was drafted by the Army and was immediately sent to serve in the war in the Pacific. Ishmael was a timid soldier who didn't appreciate being placed in the circumstances into which he was thrown. During his first and final battle, he hid behind a seawall while he watched his fellow soldiers being picked off by the Japanese infantry. He was found by a commanding officer who ordered Ishmael over the wall. Chambers had only taken a few steps when he was hit by bullet in the left arm. Ishmael awoke in the ship's infirmary, where, to his surprise, his left arm had been amputated at the elbow and carelessly thrown into a corner like a rag. It was at this point that Ishmael proclaimed his hatred for the Japanese, and especially Hatsue, whom he hadn't heard from in months. Chambers was discharged from the armed forces and returned home to the Pacific Northwest.

Ishmael felt ambivalent towards his home when he returned after the war. There wasn't much to do for a man of twenty-three with only one arm. He soon moved to Seattle where he attended college. However, Ishmael felt as though he couldn't fit in there either because "he was keenly aware of his pinned-up sleeve, and troubled because it troubled other people" (Guterson 31). Ishmael was soon on his way back to the island. He had developed a psychological disorder known as "post-traumatic stress."

Post-traumatic stress is defined by the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* as "the development of characteristic symptoms following exposure to an extreme traumatic stressor involving direct personal experience of an event that involves actual or

threatened death or serious injury, or witnessing an event that involves death or injury” (ASA 424) To Ishmael, losing his arm in the war and “seeing his own fingers curled against the wall, how white and distant his arm looked, though nevertheless he recognized it there, a piece of trash on the floor” (Guterson 251), are the stressors that the DSM discusses. Ishmael would “ten years later still dream of that” (Guterson 251), which would explain why he was never able to fit in with his one time friends. Ishmael was preoccupied with trying to look and act the same way he did before he left for the military. He wanted back into his familiar routine. Unfortunately because of the war and the loss of his arm, it wasn’t going to happen, and Ishmael realized this. Once more, Hatsue’s marrying Kabuo did not help matters. Chambers came home to find the love of his life, the woman he planned on marrying, with another man. Ishmael was surrounded by things that reminded him of his once promising life. A man who lived the promising life was Carl Heine. However, Carl had his own posttraumatic stress to deal with.

Before the war, Carl and Kabuo had been great friends. Kabuo’s family had worked and lived on the Heine farm for a number of years and eventually made an offer to Carl’s father to purchase seven acres of valuable strawberry crop. Carl’s father agreed to the offer, much to the dismay of his wife, Etta. Etta Heine was a bitter, heartless old woman who didn’t care much for the Japanese, nor for the fact that they had the audacity to ask to buy seven of her acres over ten years. The Miyamotos were two payments away when they learned that they would be taken to the camp in California. Carl Sr. told them the land was theirs, a deal had been struck, and not to worry about the money until they returned. Etta seemed happy to hear about the encampment of the Japanese, saying, “They’re Japs, we’re in a war with them. We can’t have spies around” (Guterson 126). Before Kabuo left for the internment camp, he loaned Carl Jr. his favorite bamboo fishing rod as a gesture of their friendship. When Carl showed the pole to his mother, she made him return it even though she could see that it hurt him. Both Carl Sr. and Carl Jr. resented Etta’s feelings towards the Japanese, especially the hard working Miyamoto family. While Kabuo was detained in California, Carl was drafted into the U.S. Army. Serving in the war forever changed his opinion of the Japanese, including Kabuo.

Carl served on the U.S.S. Canton, which was stationed somewhere in the Pacific. On one unfortunate day, an Japanese explosive hit the ship. The boat slowly sank while crewmen scrambled for safety. Carl struggled to save his own life while he helplessly watched fellow sailors lose their own. He was one of only a lucky few who survived the disaster. Carl never forgot about the incident that he endured aboard that ship, not even when he spoke with his childhood friend, Kabuo, after the war.

While Carl and Kabuo were off fighting in W.W.II, Carl Sr. passed away. Etta saw this as a chance to sell the family farm, including the seven acres that were leased by the Miyamotos, and live the rest of her unhappy life comfortably. Kabuo confronted Etta

when he learned of the sale and demanded that she ask the new property owner to sell him back his family's land. She flatly refused and slammed the door in his face. Kabuo, left with few alternatives, went to ask Carl for his help. Carl, who had just agreed to buy back his childhood property, told Kabuo that he had to talk it over with his wife, Susan Marie. Susan Marie asked Carl why he didn't just agree to sell to his longtime friend, Kabuo, and Carl responded that "it comes down to the fact that Kabuo's a Jap. And I don't hate Japs, but I don't like 'em neither. It's hard to explain. But he's a Jap" (Guterson 297). Carl's reversal of feelings towards Kabuo stemmed from the incident aboard the *Canton*. The fact was that the Japanese, including Japanese-American Kabuo, were responsible for the posttraumatic stress that Carl was experiencing. The DSM states that this is a normal reaction for people who suffer from posttraumatic stress: "The person commonly makes deliberate efforts to avoid activities, situations or people who arouse recollections of the experience" (APA 425). The DSM also reports that "the person commonly makes deliberate efforts to avoid thoughts, feelings, or conversations about the traumatic experience" (APA 424). This would explain why Susan Marie had trouble getting Carl to open up, or in Guterson words, "explain or elaborate...she attributed this to his war experiences" (Guterson 295). She was right. However, not everybody on the island was suffering from posttraumatic stress in reaction to the war. Young Hatsue Miyamoto suffered from something entirely different.

Hatsue Miyamoto grew up the oldest of the Imada brood. She was a beautiful young girl who enjoyed spending her spare time doing odd jobs for the island's wealthy residents. At age fourteen, Hatsue was named Strawberry Princess, an honor bestowed on only the prettiest virginal Japanese girls. She was admired by all of San Piedro's young men. However, there was only one boy that Hatsue had an eye for. That lucky boy was Ishmael Chambers. Ishmael summoned up enough nerve to ask Hatsue to the beach, where they could dig up horse clams and wade in the ocean. It was on this day at the beach that Ishmael first kissed Hatsue. It was also on this day that Ishmael first professed his feelings for Hatsue by saying, "I like you...I've always liked you, Hatsue" (Guterson 99). From this day on, Ishmael was completely infatuated with Hatsue, even spying on her at times. It is not that Hatsue did not feel the same for Ishmael; it was merely that her parents had rules and customs that she was to abide by at all times. The most prominent of these rules was that Hatsue was not to socialize romantically with anyone other than Japanese men. She was being raised a respectable Japanese woman, and her parents expected her to marry a respected Japanese man. At age thirteen, Hatsue was enrolled in classes on how to properly sit, walk, stand, and even serve tea and dance *odori*. Mrs. Shigemura, the teacher, was also a bit of a soothsayer. She warned Hatsue that "White men would desire you and seek to destroy your virginity...white men carried in their hearts a secret lust for pure young Japanese girls" (Guterson 84). Shigemura added that white

men were “egomaniacs” and that she should “stay away from white men...and marry a boy of [her] own kind whose heart is strong and good” (Guterson 84). Hatsue was sent to Shigemura with the intent that she learn and remember that she is first and foremost Japanese. She never received the opportunity to forget.

Only a few years later, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Shortly thereafter, the local Japanese-Americans were falsely labeled spies and supporters of the enemy. They were ridiculed on the streets, at school and even at their homes. The F.B.I. conducted routine inspections of all Japanese-Americans’ homes. It was during one of these inspections that Hatsue’s father was arrested. The federal agents found a box of dynamite in the Imada’s work shed. Though Mr. Imada pleaded that the dynamite was used exclusively for blowing up tree stumps in their field, it was considered a controlled contraband. Amid the hysteria that followed the arrest, Hatsue became confused about being Japanese. She had been told as a child that the Japanese were “seeking union with the Greater Life” (Guterson 201). If they were, in fact, peaceful people, then she wondered, why did they bomb Pearl Harbor? Hatsue’s frustration reached its pinnacle and she admitted, “I don’t want anything to do with them! Do you hear me? I don’t want to be Japanese!” (Guterson 201) Hatsue had become fed up with the ancient Japanese customs and bigotry. She wanted nothing else but to be happy, whether it be with Ishmael or whomever. She was her own woman, with her own ideas. Social psychologists refer to this as “cultural estrangement.”

The *Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin* defines cultural estrangement as being “the extent to which individuals believe (a) that their ideas, beliefs, or values differ from those of most Americans [in this case Japanese] and (b) that they do not fit in with mainstream American (Japanese) culture” (Cozzarelli, Karafa 1). The article adds that a person who feels culturally estranged feels “powerless over the control of personal events” (Cozzarelli, Karafa 2), in Hatsue’s case, her admiration for Ishmael. Hatsue felt alienated by her surroundings and prevailing social norms and values. She was in love with Ishmael and yet couldn’t publicly display her feelings because she feared she might get into trouble with her parents. Hatsue was “unhappy to deceive the world,” and felt as if “she had betrayed them in a way that was nothing less than evil” (Guterson 175). Despite all of these feelings of guilt and disgust, Hatsue boarded the train that took her and her family to the internment camp in California. It was there at the camp that she settled with Kabuo and began a relationship that would lead them to marriage and, eventually, the trial.

With all the different characters and their unique histories and personalities, it seemed as if it would be difficult to determine what caused them to act the way they did. However, Guterson masterfully illustrated the traumatic effects that a war can bring even to the smallest and most remote communities. Readers of *Snow Falling On Cedars* will

undoubtedly have a greater understanding for these consequences and their profound effect on not only the Americans of WWII, but also the Japanese-Americans. But when it came down to it, the four characters all had one thing in common (besides psychological disorders): they all had their lives drastically changed forever on that fateful day, December 7th, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Works Cited

American Psychiatric Association, *Diagnostic Manual of Mental Disorders*, Washington D.C., 424-29.
Cozzareli, Catherine and Joseph Karafa. *Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin*. March, 1998.
Guterson, David. *Snow Falling on Cedars*. New York: Vintage Books, 1995.

Writer's comments: I wrote this essay in response to an English 102 assignment that asked us to give an explanatory synthesis on why there was feelings of ambivalence and racism in the main characters of David Guterson's book "Snow Falling On Cedars." The essay required extensive research in order to find the reasoning behind these thoughts. To my surprise, once I began researching and writing the essay, it seemed to flow quite naturally. I felt rather confident when I presented the paper to Pam, which is definitely not the norm when turning in essays. I am extremely thankful for all of the help that Pam, and my aunt Betsy, gave me in revising, and finally submitting, this essay.

Reflecting

My aunt was always coming up with ideas like going to the Aztec Hotel, the Eden Rock, or the Fountainbleau, and pretending we were guests so we could lounge around by the pool acting like we were supposed to be there; as far as she was concerned, we were. My aunt had a tendency to live life like it was one big fantasy, and there was nothing she liked better than for me to star in it.

Kim D. Erickson

A Walk on the Surfside

Kim D. Erickson

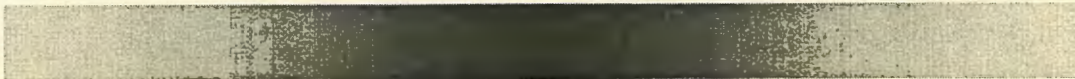
Wendy Borgeson, English 101

The summers on Miami Beach were always hot and sticky, with air so salty I could literally wipe it off of my skin. But at least in the summer, there weren't so many tourists. At that time of year, the raisins (people over sixty that spent all of their time baking in the sun and turning their skin into leather) were mostly year round residents. They all drove these huge cars called Sedan de Ville, Continental, or El Dorado. Real boats. Regular land yachts. I think most of the locals felt like the wealthy retirees from up north were taking over. People drove up and down Collins Avenue in ninety-five degree weather with a hundred percent humidity, cruising the main drag with the top down and the air conditioning on full blast.

For me, those summers were glorious. My Aunt Grace would drive down to wherever we were living in South Miami, pick up my brother Duke and I, and take us home with her. She always had a convertible, and I never felt so alive or excited as I did when we jumped into that car with the top down. As soon as we were far enough from the house, she would let us climb up onto the folded canvas top behind the back seat. Off we'd go to the Julia Tuttle Causeway, that manmade connection to vacation land, and fly through the hot Miami night with the wind in our faces, waving our arms high while the magic of neon surrounded us. (One good bump, and we would have bounced off of that car like a couple of basketballs). We'd be off on a great adventure, and the feeling was better than any carnival ride could ever possibly produce, because you knew that it was just the beginning of a ride where anything could happen, probably would happen, and it would last for weeks. Who knew what my wild, wonderful, crazy Aunt had planned for us this year. The not knowing didn't matter; it actually added to the excitement because what ever she had up her sleeve was bound to be great.

Everything she did was great. At least for me it was, because I was the favored one. At home, Duke was our *Mommy's boy*. He was fourteen months older than I was and her first born, so that's how I saw it, but not here. Here I was special. I was it. I was the daughter my Aunt could never have. I was the "Golden Girl": *The most cherished child on Miami Beach*. I loved it.

In June of 1965, I had just finished up with the fourth grade, and my family was living in an area called Cutler Ridge. It was a sprawling neighborhood in South Miami made up of streets with tropical names like Caribbean Boulevard and Martinique Drive. We lived on Jamaica. The names of the streets were supposed to give people the feeling



that they lived in the islands, in some exotic place other than a middle class housing development filled with three bedroom ramblers that all looked alike. School was over; it was summer again, and I couldn't wait for Aunt Grace to come and get us. She had moved to a new apartment on Bal Harbor Island (a very exclusive part of Miami Beach) and she had a Penthouse with a view. There was a winding marble staircase from the lobby to the mezzanine; all of it was beautifully furnished, very grand, and very expensive. There was a huge swimming pool and a dock where we had our own shrimp pots hanging over the side, so we could take our poles down and fish any time we wanted. Best of all, there were candy and pop machines. Aunt Grace always kept a crystal bowl full of quarters, and we ate and drank ourselves sick everyday while she was at work.

She owned a place called Surfside Beauty Salon, where she ran a successful business bleaching hair, building elaborate do's, and manicuring the wealthy elite ladies from the area. (She was a platinum blond in an electric blue jumpsuit with strappy high-heeled sandals). Sometimes we went to work with her, but lots of times we just hung around the apartment acting like Eloise at the Plaza. We'd ride up and down in the elevator, swim in the pool, play (or bang) her baby grand piano, run up the marble stairs, slide down the banister, fish on the dock, and eat candy until one of us threw up. It was exhausting having all day to be completely unsupervised.

Of course, going to work with her could be fun too. We could walk down to the beach to go do some bodysurfing, jump waves, play in the sand, and talk to *lots* of strangers. Or we could walk around Surfside and check out the Gigolos. Competition was pretty stiff in the off season, so they really had to stand out to get noticed. This year they were wearing paisley Nehru jackets with bright ascots or big medallions. Even at almost ten years old, I knew these guys didn't really like the women they went out with; I just didn't quite understand why they did it. It was quite awhile later when I realized it was because most of them were gay, and they did it for the money. I'd say that for the most part they were relatively harmless, great escorts for the raisins, and they sure could dress! Duke wasn't as interested in being around all the colorful characters on the strip as I was, or at the shop shampooing hair (I got to be the shampoo girl) and listening to local gossip. I thought it was all fascinating and wonderful; I was right where I belonged. I also went home that year in a paisley Nehru pantsuit *with a medallion!* Of course, I also went home with black knee high boots, a red and black mini dress with a great big tear drop cut out of the stomach, and a bleached blond Twiggy hair do. Twiggy was a skinny little super model whose hair was parted on one side and cut like a boys, while the other side swooped down long and hung over her eye. I thought it was very hip, but I was pretty sure there was going to be trouble about letting her strip the color out of my hair like that. My parents weren't too happy with her when I got home, and I was the only fifth grader

that year with roots. They wouldn't let me bleach it again, so for months I looked like I was wearing a brown beanie on my head.

One night Aunt Grace was finishing up at the beauty shop when she looked at us with this really mischievous look in her eye and said, "Let's go out to dinner." That was fine with me; I always wanted to go out. Besides, she was up to something, and I couldn't wait to find out what it was. Duke just rolled his eyes and said, "Oh no, here we go again." He knew by that look that we were going to do something silly, and that he was probably not going to like it. She was always coming up with ideas like going to the Aztec Hotel, the Eden Rock, or the Fountainbleau, and pretending we were guests, so we could lounge around by the pool acting like we were supposed to be there; as far as she was concerned, we were. My Aunt had a tendency to live life like it was one big fantasy, and there was nothing she liked better than for me to star in it. Needless to say, this didn't exactly thrill my brother. He was like a fish out of water during these antics, but thrived on them.

We went back to the apartment and got all dressed up for a night on the town while Aunt Grace made reservations for us at Tony's Fish Market. Tony's was a really nice restaurant, but I was a little apprehensive about going. The last time we were there was after we had been to see the movie, "The Music Man" where I had too many of those cute little plastic orange drinks, and after two or three bites of my fillet mignon I threw up in my plate. It seems like one of us was always overdoing it and getting sick. But that happened a few years ago, so nobody remembered me. This time I had the lobster.

Aunt Grace taught me at a very young age to always order the most expensive thing on the menu, or it wasn't any good. By the time I was six, I could make short work of dissecting and devouring an entire Maine lobster, and it took my parents weeks after I got back from a visit with her to get me down off my high horse and stop acting like such a big shot. Sometimes I really embarrassed my Mom when we would go out to breakfast after church on Sunday. We always met her friend, Cupie (just like the doll) Bloomfield, and her son Bruce. It was a real treat for her to not have to cook, and she saved all week from her grocery money to have enough to take us. She usually had about five dollars for the three of us to eat, including the tip. So when the waitress started taking orders and I piped up and said "I'll have a shrimp cocktail please," my Mother was mortified. She couldn't have paid for it, so she said, "You'll have biscuits and gravy like everybody else, Miss High and Mighty!" Then to Cupie she said, "Her Aunt Grace spoils her so bad when she goes to visit, it takes me *weeks* to straighten her out every time she gets back!" It was true; I *was* a real Miss Priss. Of course, I also believed it was my God given right to have the best of everything. (Boy did that notion cause me some trouble later on).

We sat at a window table at Tony's, so we could see the boats in the marina, and by the time the food came, we were having a great time. We all had little umbrellas in our

cocktails (ours were virgin) and everyone was being *so* nice to us. Then, as soon as I finished the last bite of my dinner, out came all of the employees. They were carrying a beautiful chocolate cake with a sparkler in it, singing Happy Birthday, and walking *right* Toward me! Duke looked like he just might die. He knew my birthday wasn't until August. As a matter of fact, he was born in June, and his birthday was before mine! So what was all this fuss about? He had no choice but to go along with it. After the cake and ice cream, the owner of the restaurant took me for a private tour of the kitchen where everyone continued wishing me a Happy Birthday. And it didn't stop there. No way! The night was young and we hadn't even taken our little party to the Jockey Club yet.

After we left the restaurant, we moved our celebration back to Bal Harbor, but we dropped Duke off at the apartment on the way; I don't think he could stand it anymore. We walked into the Piano Bar (kids were allowed back then), and Aunt Grace carried on the birthday farce, introducing me to everyone and telling them to wish her favorite niece a Happy Birthday. We closed up the night with me sitting on the piano singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." I was having a fabulous time and feeling really special that my Aunt would do all these funny things for me. Then I looked at her, and it occurred to me that she was having more fun than I was. It was truly a night to remember and one that I would always treasure.

We went back home soon after that. Back to Cutler Ridge, back to school, and back to real life. The fairy tale was over, and we were safe and sound after another wonderful summer. The next year Duke decided not to go, and I can't say that I blamed him since it did tend to be all about me. Besides, that year a little of the magic was gone for me too. I was older by then, and somehow things just didn't seem quite right, so eventually I stopped going, too. I didn't really understand at the time why Aunt Grace seemed so different. Everything about her had *always* been *magical*. She could make things *happen*; she could take an ordinary day and turn it into the time of my life. But I guess that everything changes eventually. She just wasn't happy anymore, and the sparkle had gone out of her eyes. Maybe the "good life" had finally caught up with her.

The last time I saw her, she was very sick. It turned out that she had some kind of cancer and didn't tell anyone for a long time. She didn't tell anyone until it was too late. I don't think she could bear to shatter our illusion of her, or perhaps her illusion of herself. So she kept her problems inside. For most of her forty-two years, she lived her life *exactly* the way she wanted to and never settled for less than the best, or if she did, she never let on. She was wildly exciting, one of a kind, and generous to a fault. I like to believe that she wanted to keep the magic alive forever in my mind. It worked.

Writer's comments: I grew up in Miami, Florida, a very colorful place; Miami Beach was even more so. Now, as a returning adult student at Whatcom Community College, I realize just how much the exposure to that eccentric place and time has given me to draw from. In the fall of '98 my English teacher, Wendy Borgeson, asked me to choose a single event that stood out in my mind as the subject for a narrative essay. I never dreamed that I would enjoy the assignment so much, or that writing it would touch me so deeply. It is a story that I have always wanted to share, and thanks to this publication, it finally happened. My aunt was my inspiration, but it was my teacher that encouraged me to dig deep and to write it down.

Instructor's comments: Kim was asked to convey a meaningful experience to an audience that she thought would benefit from the sharing of that experience. The benefits to the audience could include inspiration, new knowledge or insight, identification with a situation, or entertainment. The desired outcomes for this assignment included communicating through writing, speaking, and listening. Students composed narratives, read selected passages to the class, and talked about their topics and their writing process to the class. These activities were also designed to develop student awareness of life experiences and cultural differences. Kim gave us a child's perspective on an important woman in her life, her aunt, providing a perspective that was different from how adults would view her aunt. She also gave us a glimpse of what it was like to grow up in Florida in the 1950s and early 60s. Kim demonstrated an ability to show a meaningful relationship through a series of humorous anecdotes.

Wendy Borgeson, MA

Passing boaters must have thought they were witnessing a madman in action. None of our group could believe what Bear had done this time even though we had all grown accustomed to Bear's unique sense of style. For Bear, this boat bashing had been a bold statement. Even though his future remained uncertain, Bear had made sure there was no easy path back to where he had just been.

Another Man's Dream

Tom Gotchy
Susan Lonac, English 101

My normal activities and thought patterns were joyously disrupted today by a letter that appeared in my mailbox. I knew instantly from the randomness of the coffee stains, the distinctiveness of the handwriting, the three different pens that attempted to function but were pronounced dead from abuse, and the Australian post mark, it was from my friend Bear. He had reached another port of call in his unique sailing adventure around this planet.

My wife and I spent our first 11 years together living aboard a small wooden schooner. We were attempting to create a life for ourselves, avoiding some of society's pressures while maintaining a level of adventure both of us longed for. During this time I had the good fortune to meet Bear, a person so unique, I immediately came to the conclusion I was meeting a one of a kind individual. At first glance, without seeing the depth of the man inside, any person could be easily rushed to judgment by Bear's outward appearance. Looking past his unkempt exterior, however, one quickly sees many great qualities. He is not judgmental of people, giving each person the benefit of the doubt no matter what predicament he might find them in. He is able to laugh at himself and this world in situations where others would be brought to tears. He possesses a buoyancy that floats him above life's negative moments when other people would be sinking fast.


Late one summer evening while walking through our marina parking lot, adrift in the unconsciousness of my own daily routine, my first meeting with Bear would come as a shock, followed by curiosity, and eventually friendship. With towel and soap in hand and nearly to the shower, I was suddenly startled by loud grunts emanating from a dilapidated station wagon off to my side. Spinning to my left I saw the car rocking from side to side as a huge, hairy man emerged from his sleeping quarters in the back of the wagon. The passage of time has clouded my memory of our exact opening words, but many other details remain vivid and clear. Bear and his dog Poopsy were residing in the car until they could sleep onboard the boat he had recently purchased. Even though the boat's interior was torn apart and lacked floorboards and a berth in which to sleep, Bear had still tried

sleeping in the cold dampness of the bilge. This arrangement proved to be too uncomfortable, so the parking lot had become their chosen home. Looking past him and into his car, I noticed that it was filled to the point of overflowing with what looked like junk to my biased eyes. Bear had just emerged from his den, a hole dug into his belongings, tailor made for an exacting fit. His mattress consisted of two gigantic bags of dog food that were surrounded by the remains of three dismantled chain saws. Precious belongings to be sure, but not what most people would consider normal bed partners. Familiar smells of the logging industry drifted from his direction, Bear's cologne for the month. He said he had just gotten through planting trees amidst the destruction of Mt. St. Helens. He had the look of being in the blast zone himself. Knowing immediately I had never met a man like Bear before, I felt like fleeing, but the friendliness of his eyes, and the laugh that is his trademark, filled the emptiness of the parking lot and kept me engaged. During this first meeting I wondered if he was dealt a full deck. Now almost 20 years later I am wondering if it is not me who is lacking a few good cards.

Bear quickly became a welcomed member of our close community of friends living aboard their boats. These boats varied from our own small classic schooner to large expensive yachts. The people ranged from construction workers to doctors, spanning international boundaries. It was a very diverse group with Bear occupying a niche all to himself on the far end of the spectrum.

He solidified his position on this spectrum the day he took an ax to his boat, removing its cabin and deck upon finding that rot had invaded its structure. It would have been a very sad moment for anyone who had just found decay in their dreams. He lamented very little over losing his shelter and having to spend his meager savings rebuilding. Because I had become a good friend, I was invited to witness and photograph the removal of the boat's topsides. This scene is etched in my brain forever: Bear straddling the top of his beloved vessel, his back-lit silhouette against the blue sky and bay, ax swinging, delivering repeated fatal blows to his home. At the same time that wood chips and sweat were flying in all directions, Bear was verbally questioning his own sanity and wondering whether he was doing the right thing. In two hours what had not floated away with the tidal current was lying in small chunks in the bottom of the hull. Passing boaters must have thought they were witnessing a madman in action. None of our group could believe what Bear had done this time even though we had all grown accustomed to Bear's unique sense of style. For Bear this boat bashing had been a bold statement, rebelling against his own weakness of procrastination. Even though his future remained uncertain, Bear had made sure there was no easy path back to where he had just been.

Rebuilding a boat is a huge project for a trained shipwright. For Bear, possessing no woodworking skills and limited money, it was a monumental endeavor. We all wondered if he would ever complete the task. I tried placing myself in his shoes and found



the situation overwhelming and deeply depressing. We all worried what sort of toll this would take on our friend. None of us truly understood how strong willed and determined he was. The drama lay in the fact that Bear was still in the very real process of finding out for himself. Many of us thought there was a good chance that the Saint Jude (named for the patron saint of lost causes) would never see open water again. Few saw any good reason for rebuilding the boat in the first place. Why not let it die like all wooden boats eventually do? It would soon become just another memory like the numerous thirty-five dollar automobiles Bear had abandoned in friends' back yards up and down the coast.

For over a year Bear toiled with his dream. He expressed the notion that he not only wanted to make the boat livable, but also strong enough for possible ocean travel. How he maintained a positive attitude we will never know as we watched him each day covered with glue, sweat, and fiberglass dust. Even when Bear was cleaned up, he was covered with gook. Rebuilding proved to be grueling work. He lost his marginally paying job as the marina night security guard, through no fault of his own. Marina politics. Through adversity Bear would soon have a new motto to live by. My wife created a card which included a picture and quote from Bear's mentor, Tristan Jones, a world renowned single-handed sailor who consistently chose adventure over creature comfort. The card was posted overlooking what Bear would call the "destruction zone." It read, "When in danger, when in doubt, hoist the sails and bugger on out." For Bear, words to live by, and words he took to heart. Don't let the pressures of society pull you down. In a life-threatening storm, trust your inner wisdom and your boat. Safety lies in the open ocean, not near the shallows where most people reside and find comfort. Steer your own course, mate!

Part way through the rebuilding of Saint Jude, our live-aboard community lost an inspirational young member to a cancerous brain tumor. Clance had put up an amazing fight for his life. He inspired everyone close to him by accomplishing more in his last year than most of us will in our lifetime. He spent little time asking "why me," instead focusing on making dreams come true. In the midst of his battle with cancer, Clance went off to Nashville and recorded his first music album. Recovering from a second major brain tumor operation, he set off for Australia to see the outback and its people. He bought a small oceangoing sailboat and began making plans to sail around the world when he recovered. Watching Clance, the way he danced around the outside edges of his life, I knew without a doubt he had all the necessary talents to sail across any ocean. All he needed was a fair length of life. Clance never got his chance. Even with his incredibly positive attitude fighting cancer, he lost the battle, never getting the opportunity to fulfill his dream of sailing across an ocean.

Bear and Clance had become close friends through all of this, their unique personalities meeting on a level the depth of which few of us could really appreciate or comprehend. After Clance's death, Bear commented to me that he was going to complete

Clance's dream in memory of an individual who had given all of us a gift of fresh perspective and joyous outlook on our precious lives. I knew that Bear was very serious in his comment and not to be taken lightly. Bear's problem was that his seafaring skills were non-existent and he possessed a boat which most people would not trust their lives to. From outward appearances, not a very likely candidate for a global adventure - better left for men and women with huge egos and money to burn on the latest ocean-going vessels. Any detractors Bear might have had at this time, he was about to prove wrong and out of touch with the reality he was living in.

Upon the completion of the new Saint Jude, the first test was sailing her down the Washington-Oregon Coast to her new home in Berkeley, California. In October, this is a very serious adventure for even seasoned sailors in well-tuned boats. Few would do it single-handed, and I know of only one who would do it in the Saint Jude, that person being Bear. He completed his trip down the coast, an adventure that could fill an entire book. Problems arose on the trip that would have caused most people to flounder, but not Bear. Adversity had become Bear's friend and constant companion, allowing him to function one problem at a time, as if chaos were just a normal fact of daily life. Jokingly, he said his main problem arose while making his life-sustaining coffee during the constant gales. His Coleman stove kept flopping about, threatening to catch his boat on fire while boiling coffee sloshed onto his arms.

I will never forget the day Bear and I were working at the marina refinishing a boat together not long after his coastal trip. Since Bear had worked at the Marina as a security guard, most of the patrons knew him. Few knew him very well, though, and I would not hesitate to say many of them looked down on him. They were not able to see beyond the dirty clothes, dented rusty car, and a boat that looked like many that the marina personnel were constantly in the process of trying to refloat after sinking to the bottom from neglect. They were unable to see past his rough exterior to a person whose parents were both college professors and had raised a college-educated son with an imaginative mind. Most only saw a man going nowhere, incapable of generating the necessary money needed for living the good life. On this particular day all the "sailors" were returning in their boats from a big race out on the bay. A couple of them had noticed that Bear had been gone for a good while and asked where he had been. Upon hearing that he had sailed his boat down the coast with no motor, and in October, I could literally see their mouths drop open in disbelief. I saw egos taking huge hits as it quickly dawned on them that this individual, whom they thought they had towered above, had beaten them to the punch. Bear had completed a feat they had been unable to accomplish, even with their expensive, more than capable boats. It takes a unique person who can confront the inner demons that become apparent during any ocean passage; few possess the talent or desire to confront these

demons alone. Of those who do, Bear is somewhat unique in that he is very much a people-oriented person.

Bear spent the next few winters living in his home town of Berkeley, California. During the rest of the year he gained knowledge as a sailor working on numerous fish tenders in Alaska. Alaska and the characters it draws were right up Bear's kaleidoscopic alley. He is quickly bored with "normal" people and is drawn to the extreme. He could fill a book with stories just from all the crazy people with whom he has conferred at laundromats and libraries. I believe Bear has logged more time talking to schizophrenics than most psychiatrists and probably has a better understanding of them, too. I know he shares more in common; his dreams attest to that. Dreams which tenaciously survived through long bouts with reality now began to flicker back to life, fueled by self-confidence gained through experience at sea, and a distant voice which would not die away. Just as interplanetary gases coalesce to form stars and planets, Bear's dreams were consolidating into a real concrete form.

A couple of years ago Bear decided that before he himself went over the edge, it was "now or never," concerning his dream to sail the South Pacific. With Clance as Bear's guiding light, Bear set sail on a journey that has taken him through the Marquesas Islands, Fuji, and now to his latest destination, Australia. He has visited many remote islands, entertaining the Native people, I'm sure, as much as they have entertained him. In many ways Bear is a throw-back to earlier times before modern sailing vessels and sophisticated sailors became the norm. Bear is the sort of person kids still flock behind when walking the streets in these remote islands. He is the sort of person these people admire because he has done so much with so little. He is also the kind of person capable of developing friendships so deep that he would devote a major portion of his own life to honoring another man's dream. In some inexplicable way, Bear has taken all his close friends on his journey. I for one would like to thank him for that.

Writer's comments: The seed for "Another Man's Dream" grew from an insight I had while reading one of Bear's letters. His success at solo adventuring is closely related to his ability to intimately travel with friends close in "mind." While most people would find this arrangement inadequate, for Bear it's a hidden source of energy that he has utilized to fuel his own personal growth and quest for adventure. Because Bear is such a colorful person, I struggled with the common problem of what to leave out. I agonized over what individual readers would see written between the lines and what control I might have over such things. I still wonder as I look over this essay after a long absence.

