

a **Gathering of
Voices**



*An Anthology of Student Writing
at Whatcom Community College
1997*

Cover art:

Samantha Lowry
Renewal
Linocut, 10" x 8"

Artist's note: *I find my voice becomes stronger, more empowered, after a period of reflection and going within. The onset of winter is the earth's way of gaining strength before she emerges with beauty and grace.—Samantha Lowry*

Instructor's note—Linocuts from Art 175: *The selection of linocuts that appears in this anthology represents the range in variety possible through this printmaking medium. Some of these prints are finely cut and highly detailed, others are boldly cut with expressive line and simplification of form. In each of these examples the artist has successfully melded the technique and craft of relief printmaking with the expression of his/her own vision.—Karen Blakley*

Forward

An announcer for the New York Yankees commented last year on the cleverness of the signs at the Kingdome, where the Seattle Mariners play. His colleague replied, "Of course, they *read* in the Northwest."

It's true. We here in the rainbelt have little choice but to enjoy coffee shops and bookstores--and there are few greater pleasures. Returning to the Northwest after three years in the Intermountain West of Idaho and Utah, I was struck by just this fact: people in the Northwest love to read. There seems nothing better than a latte and a new book.

Of course, people here also write. There are more writers per capita than almost anywhere else in America--and possibly the most when all the "closet writers" are accounted for. (The contemporary poet Galway Kinnell said, "We all write poetry; the trouble begins when we tell other people.") Together, the writers and readers--and all the writers/readers out there--form a literate community that is invaluable and--just as much as the mountains and the Sound--make the Northwest a great place to be.

With the publication of the 1997 *A Gathering of Voices*, I am happy to see that the students and faculty at Whatcom comprise a vibrant part of this reading and writing community. Writing goes on in any number of classes in all the disciplines. Overworked psychology, biology, and math instructors, for instance, regularly assign writing projects because they recognize what academics--who read and write as a way of life--too often take for granted: that writing is demonstrating thinking, and thinking is taking a voice in a community of thought.

The idea of education changes over time and in response to "the times," but one idea seems to remain constant. Just as the Latin *educere* means "to draw out," so does education "draw" students into a wider discourse community. Students learn not only the content of the various disciplines but--more importantly because more long-lasting--the conventions of thought in the disciplines and across academics. In short, students learn "to think within a community," and that thinking is demonstrated when they can present original ideas in conventional ways. This task, of shaping ideas to the conventions while allowing conventions to shape ideas, may be the primary task of education, now and in the next century, as employment patterns change and the need for "flexibility" and "communication skills" becomes the only constant we can count on.

A Gathering of Voices provides a wonderful forum to showcase how we at Whatcom are doing in this endeavor. The excellent writing contained in these pages testifies to the quality of the thinking that is being stimulated across our curriculum. It is my hope that this anthology serves as a valuable pedagogical tool and a stimulus for further work of high quality. Congratulations to all student writers and instructors who have contributed to these pages and to all those who continue to contribute to our community of writers and readers.

Jeffrey Klausman, D.A.
Composition and Rhetoric

Preface

When I agreed to take on the task of coordinating the production and publication of this third edition of *A Gathering of Voices*, I expected it to be a lot of work. I didn't expect to be as moved and impressed by the collection of essays as I was. As I read and typed, imported files and formatted pages, the diversity of voices, breadth of experience, and beauty of expression continued to capture my attention and imagination. "Just Around the Corner: Timmy's Opportunity" by Maureen Lyons moved me to tears as did Karen Copps' "Surprise in the Family Tree." The piece for Abnormal Psychology on Neomi Bann's post-traumatic stress syndrome was inspiring and informative. I was pleasantly surprised to read about how Rosie the Riveter captured the imaginations and dreams of American women during and after World War II, forever changing the roles of women in this country. I found myself cheering for these writers and their subjects, disagreeing respectfully with some, and proud to be a part of the English composition faculty at Whatcom Community College.

As a composition instructor, I spend my days at Whatcom helping students find their voices and assisting them to be as clear and as thoughtful in writing as they can be. Students often come to writing apprehensive and resistant, their minds full of all the "dos and don'ts" they've picked up through the years. In English 100 and 101 we often begin with personal experience essays, and, as those collected herein reflect, this approach often elicits the most powerful, insightful, and moving essays of all. Once students gain confidence about their writing skills by writing about what they know and care about, they can then move on to tackle more complex writing assignments: synthesis, argument, research. This edition of *A Gathering of Voices* is a grand representation of Whatcom's Writing Across the Curriculum program, a program which instills in students the need for clear expression in all disciplines.

As you read these essays, I hope you find them as wonderful, creative, and inspiring as I did. They truly do reflect the faces of the students at Whatcom Community College, the amazing blend of ages, backgrounds, and interests that make this such a rich and enjoyable learning and teaching environment.

Many people worked to make this publication possible, and they deserve praise and acknowledgment here: Barbara Hudson for letting me take over her office for a few days, the Library staff for putting up with my excessive use of their printer, Linda Ruthrauff for typing last minute submissions and her cheerful disposition, Karrie Tribble for the same, Karen Blakely for the artwork and her patience, Rosemary Sterling in copy duplicating for guiding me through the publication process, Jeffrey Klausman for keeping me focused and on task, Sherri Winans for getting me into this, and all of the students and instructors represented within these pages.

Pamela Helberg, M.A.
Composition and Rhetoric

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An essay for Administration of Justice 100

Instructor's note: Each quarter I ask my ADMJ 100 students to write a term paper on a topic of their choice that is criminal justice-related. I have found that some can be a struggle to read and other, like Deborah's, an absolute joy. I believe the difference to be the student's desire to write and their passion for the topic they choose. This writing is on the issue of domestic violence; it is well done and not only raises some questions but offers some answers. I learned from reading this paper; I hope you will too.—

David W. Richards

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE: IS THERE A JUSTICE SYSTEM?

by Deborah A. Crocker

Unlike murder, assault, theft, robbery, shoplifting, and even loitering, the term domestic violence in itself does not constitute a "crime." Domestic violence depicts acts of violence executed in a household against a family member. Typically, the woman in the home endures the abuse inflicted by the man of the house. Generally the man beats, rapes, and threatens the woman with further violence, and eventually causes her death. ¹Unfortunately, domestic violence is the leading cause of serious physical injury to American woman. Domestic violence, by far, exceeds the amount of common crimes that we hear about on a daily basis. Domestic violence is the "secret crime" of American society.

Women who suffer abuse are not nameless women; they are our mothers, sisters, daughters, neighbors, and coworkers. Society feebly advocates against domestic violence, and subsequently establishes *impotent* laws against this "secret crime." For the women of America, this simply demonstrates America's rhetoric versus reality, or talk rather than justice. Typically, when a woman sustains abuse, her community provides little support. Almost everybody turns a blind eye to the victims' dilemma. They do not want to interfere, to become involved, or to

¹ Whatcom Crisis Center

make unfounded accusations against someone that they know based solely on one woman's word.

Quintessentially society blames, patronizes, doubts, and passes judgment on the victims' story. Conceivably we label her a codependent, an enabler, and a woman who simply asked for it (abuse). Society tends not to view the victim in the same light as they would view a victim of other, more acceptable, crimes.² "Can't you just leave?" expresses a simpleminded yet common question asked of the victim. Leaving her home, her family, her world, and her husband really is not that easy. Domestic violence does not merely begin nor end at physical violence.

America's rhetoric is anti-wife beating. There are conditions though—our adversarial justice system requires apparent evidence of the beatings. This includes but is not limited to broken bones, bruises, lacerations, and/or permanent injury of one form or another.³

"Apparently the harm to the victim must be at least greater than simple assault, and generally less than aggravated assault." The legal definition of assault is described as: ⁴An act of force or threat of force intended to inflict harm upon a person or to put the person in fear that such harm is imminent— an attempt to commit battery. The perpetrator must have, or appear to have, the present ability to carry out the act. Combining the definition of assault with the latitude of simple assault, yet less than aggravated assault I believe America's justice system still condones wife beating. These two comparative definitions propose a theory that normal daily beating of a wife is acceptable, yet just don't get too carried away or we will have to do something about it.

HISTORY OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

The history of wife beating may be traced to the beginning of time, to religion. Domination of women by men is fundamental in most religions to repress and persecute the weaker sex. For example, Christianity spells out male dominance quite clearly in many passages of The Bible.

For exemplification the proverbial Adam and Eve: An evil serpent happened to live in the same garden with Adam and Eve. This evil serpent logically explained to Eve the benefits of eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil—the tree that the Lord told them not to eat from. Consequently, she ate of the tree, and then wickedly seduced Adam into eating of the tree

² Justifiable Homicide, Cynthia K. Gillespie

³ Battered Women, A Psychosociological Study of Domestic Violence, Maria Roy

⁴ Legal Terminology with flash cards; Cathy J. Okrent

also, which made the Lord God (a man) very angry. Eve's punishment for angering the Lord God was to suffer pain, through pregnancy and menstrual cycles, endure many sorrows, and ultimately be ruled by her husband. Christianity established an incredibly long-lasting precedent for women to be secondary to men. Christianity still rules the majority of Americans today.

Additionally, Christianity also commands⁵ "wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the savior of the body. Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the women be to their own husbands in everything." Christianity has an enormous impact on people and communities. Even the American constitution is based primarily on the Christian religion. For women, religion can be a formidable handicap.

While religion is a major factor of women's submissive plight in society, history plays a puissant role as well. For instance, Henry the VIII of English rule: He is a well-documented spousal abuser— of the worst kind. He initially inherited his first wife, Katharine of Arag'on, the wife of his brother, when his brother died. He disliked her immensely and took a new wife Anne Boleyn. A little matter such as divorce did not dissuade him, for he married Anne secretly and eventually declared his marriage to Katharine invalid. Katharine was a ruined woman at that point, and subsequently disappeared. Unfortunate for Ann she only provided him with a female, not a male, heir and eventually King Henry beheaded (another divorce would not be seemly) her. King Henry VIII then married his third wife, Jane Seymour, who had the foresight to bear him a son, yet she died somehow anyway. Next came Anne of Cleves, then Catherine Howard, and lastly he married Catherine Parr. Catherine Parr did outlive Henry VII, for she wielded considerable power, she became Queen Dowager, and she lived a pretty fortunate life considering her predecessors' fates.

Modern times in Britain proper are little better for the royal women. Explicitly, former Princess Diana is no longer a princess, no longer her royal highness, and no longer a custodial parent of her two sons. She eventually forced herself to live with the fact that she married for political reasons, and her husband kept his old girlfriend. After their much publicized divorce, he retained the castles, the titles, the status, and again their sons. For in Britain, he is a man with legal rights, and she is only a woman with none.

⁵ Ephesians 21-33

Unfortunately, we founded American law on British common law-the customs of the people. In other words, what the heard majority of a nation felt was correct (women were not majority, nor heard). ⁶The Commentaries of the Laws of England (1765-1769) by Sir William Blackstone, exhibited great influence in the American colonies. The colonists used this scripture as their chief source of information for establishing laws. Blackstone condoned wife beating. He stated "For, as (the husband) is to answer for her misbehavior, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with this power of chastisement, in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices or children." Consequently America formed their first pro-wife beating laws in Mississippi in 1824. Society not only accepted wife beating but expected it as well. Marital violence was considered one of the inherent privileges of men.

Finally, 45 years later, in 1871 Alabama and Massachusetts revoked husbands right to beat wives. The records show that ⁷"the privilege, ancient though it be, to beat her with a stick, to pull her hair, choke her, spit in her face, or kick her about the floor, or to inflict upon her like indignities is not now acknowledged by our law."

North Carolina also helped lead the progressive movement for women. Three years later, in 1874, North Carolina successfully revoked men's right to beat their wives. However, the same law exempted the husband from facing prosecution; just in case he did beat his wife after all. The blind eye theory applied. ⁸"If no permanent injury has been inflicted, nor malice, nor dangerous violence shown by the husband, it is better to draw the curtain, shut out the public gaze, and leave the parties to forget and forgive." Pennsylvania, in 1886, attempted and failed to pass a similar law, while the other states simply ignored the wife beating problem. Historically, unlike a typical assault case, courts allowed husband's to beat wives. The justice system supported this decision by claiming that if the wife provoked the husband she deserved the beating.

Modern day times claim to be fair and nondiscriminatory towards woman. Yet I wonder the true meaning of fair and nondiscriminatory. Most recently the O.J. Simpson case is an excellent illustration. He beat his wife, she had proof, and nothing was done. O.J. was a football hero to America, a star, an athlete, a good guy. He couldn't do those things could he? Photos, witnesses, police records, hospital records, and nothing could convince America of his crimes.

⁶ Zeleny, World Book Encyclopedia.

⁷ Fulgham vs. State, Alabama and Commonwealth v. McAfee, Massachusetts State vs. Oliver

Eventually, like many domestic violence victims, Nicole Brown died a violent death. Evidence withstanding, the jury found O.J. not guilty of *criminal* involvement with his ex-wife's death. Yet, in a recent civil trial the jury found him *financially* responsible for her death and ordered him to pay monetary compensation to her survivors. What kind of message is America sending to future generations—to the world? Perhaps we are saying, "In our country, for a nominal fee, one can beat, maim, abuse, and murder women."

AWARENESS

Domestic abuse generally results in acts of violence and is essentially a display of dominance. There are several known factors that contribute to this form of assault, as well as many different varieties of abuse. Emotional abuse is by far the most wide spread domestic disease in America's communities. A person can experience emotional abuse without ever being subjected to physical violence. *A threat of force* or an act of force defines assault. Some men resort to highly effective threats of violence in order to intimidate a woman without ever actually raising a hand her. This form of assault can be accomplished by invading her privacy, playing upon her fears, isolating her from the outside world, accusations her of unfaithfulness, constantly criticizing her, and destroying her personal property and private treasures.

The psychological effects of emotional and physical abuse are countless. Most victims of domestic violence suffer from low self esteem, financial barriers, extreme fear, and emotional dependence. Everything that makes her whole the abuser strips away, and leaves a only shell of the person the victim once was behind. She becomes a reflection of what the abuser desires. These batterers are masters at inflicting emotional abuse. Emotional abuse also effectively imprisons the victim underneath the batterer's thumb for extensive periods of time, and ultimately is acutely beneficial to the abuser.

The fear of immediate repercussions proves more frightening than the repercussions themselves. For example, an animated horror movie can scare us all senseless. We will hear sounds in our home that normally we do not hear. Shadows dance across the walls and jump out at us. The refrigerator clicks and we jump through the ceiling. Bad dreams creep into our beds at night. We derive this psychological effect from watching only two hours of a make believe

movie on a 24 inch electrical screen that we could turn off at any time with a click of a button. Imagine this nightmare is reality, the scary movie is your life, and the monster is your husband. You see this monster every day, every night. You sleep with him, raise his children, wash their clothes, cook his meals, share a life. You are under his control, and a plastic button will not shut him off, like the television set. Emotionally abused victims live that horror movie every minute of every day..

With one addition, physical abuse is exactly the same as emotional abuse. The body is also traumatized. He beats her, throws her , kicks her, stomps upon her, rapes her, bites her, and degrades her until she feels so traumatized that the thought of leaving him is incredulous.

SEEKING HELP

To stop the abuse cycle a victim must realize first that she *is* abused. Most women tend to feel ashamed and do not place responsibility where it belongs—on the abuser. In order to overcome this natural inclination of shame she must to understand that no one ever deserves beatings, for any reason. Once she reaches these conclusions she is normally ready to seek outside help. This can be the most difficult step of all.

A victim changes her whole life at this point, most likely to survive. This stage of reaching outside the home for help is the most dangerous time for the victim. ⁹“Primarily partners murder women when they attempt to report abuse or to leave an abusive relationship. Approximately 30% of all female homicide victims are killed by husbands, ex-husbands, or boyfriends.” This equates to four women every day killed by her partner.

Seven main issues of the seeking help stage lead to women’s stress or break-downs. They are:

Reality problems

Parenting and childcare

Housing

Financial survival

Legal aid

Support system/therapy

Protection from the abuser

In order for a woman to restrain from the

“going in and out of the re-

⁹Whatcom Crisis Center, October 1996

¹⁰The Battered Woman’s Survival Guide-Breaking the Cycle, Jan Berliner Statman

relationship” dilemma, she needs aid in some very basic factors. It is essential for the members of her community to provide aid. They are:

Once she has reached the decision of seeking help she is up against her community as

Factor	Emotion
Economic barriers	Extreme fear
No place to go	Degradation
Main identity crisis	Shame
Love for partner	Anger
Responsibilities	Stress
Religion	Guilt
Children	All inclusive

well as her partner. She will face ostracism from family friends, her church, as well as the legal society. ¹⁰There are over 1500 domestic violence centers or family crisis centers in the United States alone to help the victim through her nightmare. It is not unusual for the abused to be unaware of the help that is available to her. This unawareness is due to the “secret” of society,

and isolation of her life by the batterer. Centers will help her if she is in immediate danger and then goes on to advise her on the recommended course of action for her to follow.

THE LEGAL PROCESS

The legal system in our country is just beginning to recognize and give credit to the “Battered Woman Syndrome.” Our laws desperately need to change; for there is no minimum nor standard sentencing applicable to the abuser once convicted. This most likely stems from the fact that just 100 years ago beating one's wife was legal and expected. While our country is going through this evolution, our women still need to cope with the here and now. Since Amer-

⁵ Ephesians 21-33

ica possesses an adversarial justice system, the crime victims must provide tangible proof of abuse to give credence to their tale of violations.

The only socially accepted form of ascertaining that abuse really has occurred is certification of bruises, lacerations, broken bones and her death. At times the abused is her own worst enemy. For example; in the past she may not have pressed charges against the abuser. She may, out of fear, lie to the police, to the hospital, to family, and to friends. This is understandable in the psychological sense, but rarely holds up in a court of law. Even though concrete evidence of physical abuse can be provided society's acceptance of this reality is still poor at best. Even our police departments, judges, and attorneys still tend to turn the blind eye to this heinous crime against women. Victim's also desperately need protection, and sometimes the police department provides it (for given periods of time with the proper legal documentation). Distressingly, we have too few police, and far too many criminals. The abused can not feasibly be protected 24 hours a day, seven days a week for the rest of her life. But if these were possible, female homicides would decrease dramatically. There is no easy solution for the safety and protection of a victim. The way to change things is society partaking as a whole. We need to stop saying "there is nothing I can do."

SOCIETY

Our society must grow beyond the religious impact, the medieval days, as well as cave man mentality. Dragging one's wife down the boulders and into the cave days are long gone. It is essential for the community to become involved. Our media coverage is even next to nil on domestic abuse. We have virtually hundreds of television channels, and not one of them discusses domestic abuse on a regular basis. I would think that the most physically dilapidating impairment, and the deadliest crime against women would warrant a regular dissertation in the media. We hear about Bosnia, Cuba, Indonesia, and starving children around the world. We watch in fascination the political scandals, soap operas, and repeat movies. With our breath held, and our fingers crossed we gape at the stock markets, the latest arson episodes, the all important flooding of the rivers, and the blown gas pipes. We listen in horror of pet farms abuse of dogs, pollution of our wet lands, deterioration of our ozone, predictions of rain for the weekends, and seemingly other more important stories nightly on television.

Never do we hear about the four woman in America who were murdered that day by their partners, let alone the 5800 woman who were beaten within the last 24 hours. Never do we hear their names, see their faces, live their nightmares. Never do we contribute money to savings accounts set up for the victims by local banking institutions. (Probably because there are not any accounts set up for them, by their community.) While we are ingesting our daily news of political events, beautiful people, and our environmental issues keep in mind that in the background women are dying, and we are doing nothing to prevent it from occurring. Systematically our inaction to help women is our only action. Maybe, just maybe if we take a stand against hurting the woman in our country new laws would be formed, and consecutively passed. Spousal abuse would be allotted an automatic sentencing like shoplifting, burglary, theft, and DUI's. Someday maybe we will protect women in the United States. In order to achieve these lofty goals we must educate our communities. We must support all victims, regardless of the situation. We must set appropriate sentencing standards.

In the time it took me to research and write this one paper, over 12,000 woman were abused by their partners in their own homes, in our communities, next door to us, down our streets, in upstairs apartments, across our towns, and around the world.

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An Essay for Anthropology Honors Program Special Topics Seminar

Instructor's note: *The fall quarter 1996 Honors seminar in Cultural Anthropology studied the origin of evolution of language. The students wrote essays each week responding to some rather difficult readings. Through the essays students were able to explore ideas presented in the reading and demonstrate their understanding of the material. The assigned topic chosen by Pamela for this essay was "Discuss the meaning and importance of the following three aspects of language structure: predictability, grammaticization, syntax."—Allan Richardson*

Author's note: *I intend to pursue a degree in anthropology and therefore was excited about an in-depth study of language origins. Mr. Richardson encouraged active participation in discussion and allowed the class to take its own direction as we became involved in brainstorming. This particular essay assignment was to define how the innate human ability for language, unique to man, sets him apart from other species. In researching and composing this paper, I discovered a perspective on humanness I had not considered before.*

THREE ASPECTS OF LANGUAGE

by Pamela Sorensen

The three main aspects of language are predictability, grammaticization, and syntax. These three elements, especially syntax, set the human species apart from other species. Without these three elements, human language would consist of purely lexical items and lack the cohesiveness and variety of abstract thought. As humans, we have the distinct characteristic of speaking in complete abstract ideas.

The first aspect is predictability. This is the relationship between an entity, or rather our perception of that entity, and a quality. The fact that humans are able to determine what qualities are associated with the correct entity is, according to Bickerton, determined by our species' biology (p. 50). This basic aspect conveys how our species analyzes what it thinks the world to be.

Grammaticization is the glue that holds our sentences together. It allows us to clarify relationships between words in a sentence. Some examples are above, before, many, from, and may. The ability to use grammatical terms is also, apparently, an innate ability exclusive to the human species.

Syntax is the most important aspect of language. It is believed to be the one thing that most clearly defines humans as different from other species. Bickerton writes of a “recipe for how to construct sentences (p. 56).” Somehow we are able to acquire formal sentence structure without any conscious effort.

Humans are apparently the only creatures on earth with an innate ability for these three aspects of language. This built-in capacity for language makes us unique in the world. The capability to speak in formal, constructed sentences, automatically and unconsciously, is mind-boggling.

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A Trio of Essays for English 100

Instructor's Note: Betty Schueler and Karen Copps wrote and revised these out-of-class narrative essays winter quarter for my English 100 class; both essays were submitted to and passed the English 100 reading panel at the end of the quarter. The assignments that inspired Betty and Karen to write these essays were both based on an essay called "Growing Up With Trux," by Ron Fimrite, in our text *Transitions*. The assignment that Karen responded to reads like this: "Tell a story about a person, perhaps a family member, in order to make a point about that person, about your relationship with him or her, or about your family." The assignment that Betty responded related to the first line of Fimrite's essay: "Like most kids, I learned about sports from my father" (128). For this writing assignment, I asked students to consider this sentence and to write their own essay on this topic: "I learned about ____ from my ____." Betty immediately began to work on an essay on learning about the joys of reading from her mother. In the course of working with Betty and Karen, I shared with them a narrative essay I had written a year earlier on my own love of reading. I have been asked to publish that essay here, along with their essays. All three of these essays are narratives: they tell a story to make a point—**Sherri Winans**.

WHY I READ

by Sherri Winans

This past spring break while basking in the California sun with a month-old copy of *Harper's Magazine*, I read an article I've been puzzling over ever since. In it, author Arthur Krystal announces that he is "Closing the Books"—he has quit reading, fiction in particular, because he no longer has any desire to do so. He implies that novels can't really teach him anything anymore, if indeed they ever did: "It's easy enough to say that books are important, but what exactly does this mean? Just how *necessary* are Proust, Henry James, Dante, Baudelaire, Wordsworth? Has reading them truly affected the course of my life in anything but a professional sense? Although a book may sometimes overwhelm the idealistic or easily impressionable (Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther* led to a spate of suicides after its publication in 1774), does literature . . . really affect our dealings with others?"

Now I have a Master's in literature, a job teaching composition, and three books stacked beside my bed, two in my gym bag, and rows and piles scattered throughout my small apartment. Reading has drastically altered my life, and I am in

no way one of "the idealistic or easily impressionable."

I began to get an inkling of what reading would mean to me on a cloudy spring day in 1966. I was seven. My sisters and I were spending the afternoon at Grandma Hinshaw's house, as we often did, and we were restless. I had "practiced the piano" (played at least ten times each of the two songs I knew in John Thompson's *Teaching Little Fingers to Play* piano book), "helped" Grandma cut the fresh green beans for the evening meal, and chased my three-year-old sister Tresa through the kitchen several times, when Grandma decided the weather was good enough for Beckie, who was five, and I to go outside to play. We pulled on our sweaters, and ventured out.

After exploring the yard, jumping on the bumper of Grandpa's ancient Buick that was partially buried in the backyard, and peeling some of the bark off the trunk of the lordly elm tree, we settled on "house" as the game of the day. Grandma reluctantly handed over one of her quilts, which we draped over the picnic table. Inside, daylight filtered through the "cracks" in our "walls"; and dolls, tiny doll blankets and bottles, plastic teacups, and *Jack and Jill* magazines littered our grass "floor." Beckie and I fought like husband and wife. Soon, Beckie announced that Tresa was more fun to play with, and she retreated into the house. I was alone.

I "cleaned house," then sat back against the criss-crossed legs of the picnic table, opened a *Jack and Jill* magazine, and quietly, delightedly, read.

I remember that it started to rain lightly. I remember that Grandma called to me to ask if I was "okay out there in the rain." I remember that she let me stay out, even though her quilt was getting wet. I remember feeling that somehow, she understood about the comforting privacy of an afternoon under a blanketed picnic table reading *Jack and Jill*.

Since that time, I have often snuggled up in a small place and lost myself in reading—in my overstuffed reading chair, under my covers at night, in the window seat in many an airplane, in a front-and-center theatre seat before many a movie. Often enough, I still get that feeling I had in my little "house" that day long ago, that magical, romantic feeling that happens when I am engrossed in, enchanted by, a story.

I cannot even imagine feeling about literature as Arthur Krystal does. The act of reading has taught me how to treasure solitude, to value my own space and my own mind, to create for myself a little world in which I am free to do as I please. The nov-

ls, poems, plays, and essays I've read have revealed the world to me; my reading has led me to get to know and to celebrate the virtues of "different folks," to learn languages, to think critically, to write. My life is dramatically different than it would have been had I not read. I cannot imagine quitting my lovely, romantic ritual of reading.



Author's note: *As a returning adult student, I had not written an essay for a very long time. I had taken college level writing classes 20 years ago, but I wanted to take English 100 as a review before going on to further college classes in the present. When I began the assignment to write a narrative essay, I decided to write about the process by which my mother helped me to appreciate reading. My purpose in writing on this topic was to pay tribute to one of my mother's many influences on my life. I wanted to say "Thanks Mom" in a way that any reader could relate to.*

PATIENCE PAYS OFF

by Betty Schueler

I first learned the joys of reading from my mother. Mom was an avid reader herself, and she wanted to instill a like interest in me. However, this plan took quite some time to come to fruition because, while I learned to read, it was several years before I really began to enjoy it. I was in the "slow" reading group in the first grade, and for approximately six years after, I seldom read anything that was not required for classes. I continued to be a slow reader until I developed a personal interest in reading. Mom, on the other hand, was a fast reader, and she knew from her own experience how much pleasure one gets from reading. She also knew what a useful skill "marathon reading" can be. Because she read copiously in many subjects, Mom had a wide range of information to utilize. She wanted to pass this skill and knowledge on to me.

Mom read voraciously. Her reading material was mainly what were then termed self-help books. Nowadays, this kind of reading might be called Esoteric or New Age. A sampling of her range of interests would include Eastern philosophies, crystals, UFO's, channeling, alternative medical therapies, and organic gardening. However, her interests weren't restricted to only such subjects as these. She also read the classics of fiction, the current best-sellers, and anything else that piqued her interest. Mom was fascinated by many subjects, and she knew that this enriched her life. She also knew that this same fascination would improve my life as well. Like most mothers, Mom wanted to give me something special—a particular joy or interest of hers. Since Mom's driving interest in life was reading and learning, she was convinced that she should pass this interest on to me.

Slowly, perhaps by the time that I was 10 years old, I began to pay attention to

how much enjoyment my mom derived from reading. I noticed that she read every available minute, and I saw the intensity of her interest. I began to wonder just what it was that I was missing. My mom had bided her time; she had spent years providing the proper role model for an accomplished reader. When I was 12, her patience finally paid off. I started to read "unrequired" texts. In fact, I started to read everything in sight. At first, however, I was only reading all of the teen stories that happened to be in sight at the time. After that, I branched out to other types of fiction—science fiction, fantasy, and historical fiction, among others. It was still several more years before I was willing to tackle non-fiction that was not required reading for school.

After I started to really enjoy reading, I remember many happy trips to the Bellingham Public Library to return a stack of books and to borrow more. As I developed a personal interest in reading, my reading speed also increased. Mom never lost patience at having to go AGAIN to the library. She was very supportive of my new-found obsession: she took me to the library often, she had suggestions as to what else I might enjoy reading, and she never told me to go and find a dictionary when I asked her to define a word!

As my reading skills and interests expanded, Mom was probably smiling inside. If she had previously been disappointed in me because I had not enjoyed reading, she had hidden it well. It wasn't until years later that Mom told me that she had started to wonder if the hospital had switched babies on her. She said, "No child of mine could not WANT to read!"

After my mom died in 1984, I really missed being able to discuss books with her. By this time, we had been reading some of the same books for years. It was like having our own private book discussion group. When I picked up her belongings at the hospital after her death, the books seemed more a part of her than her garments or her hairbrush. I found myself crying over a book that she had not finished. I no longer remember the author, but the title of that book has remained in vivid memory. It was called *Everything Speaks To Me*. This phrase seemed to sum up Mom's personal philosophy so well. Later, I had little trouble parting with the rest of her personal effects—except for her books. I still have many of the books that were so important to her. When I spend time reading her books, I almost feel as if I am spending time with her.

My mom was a success; she accomplished her goal. She had wanted to pass the joys of reading on to me. While she succeeded, it was a slow process. I am grateful that she did not become discouraged and give up. I am also thankful for the care and concern that she employed to help me become an accomplished reader. When faced with a slow, disinterested reader, she helped an involved and able reader emerge. While my mom left some of her books with me, more importantly, she cultivated in me a love of books and reading that will never leave me. I continue to use and enjoy this special gift from my mother.



Author's Note: *When I began writing essays for my English 100 class, I thought it was going to be a breeze. Since then I have learned so much about grammar, punctuation, transitions, introductions, conclusions, and feelings. The essay I've written about my brother has made all the feelings of confusion and disbelief come back, but it has turned out to be a good experience for my family and me. My mother went through quite a difficult period, when she had to tell us, but she came through like the mother we know.*

SURPRISE IN THE FAMILY TREE

by Karen Copps

Until five years ago, I thought I was the second youngest child in a family of four sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is 65 years of age, my youngest sister is 46, and I am 55. When my mother broke the news to all of us that we had another brother who had been born before any of us, we were all very shocked. My new brother, Norman, was 62 when he found us. He had been adopted by another family when he was about three months old. Meeting him was a whole new experience in our lives. It made me feel perplexed and happy at the same time.

Receiving that first letter from a man who said he was possibly her son was devastating for Mom. That part of her life was way back in the recesses of her mind. After that initial contact, Mom prayed every day to have the strength to tell us kids about Norman. She wanted to tell us, but just didn't know how. Through all the years since she gave birth to Norman, Mom only told my dad about having a baby before they were married. I guess, between the two of them, they decided it would be better not to tell anyone, which included any children that came along.

After that first contact with Mom, Norman suggested they correspond with each other. This would enable them to get to know each other and to find out more details about each others lives, families, and history over the past 62 years. Norman's adoptive parents died two years before our family met him. He has three children of his own and is retired from the Air Force and the post office. He now lives in Sacramento and is single. They found that religion was really important to both of them. They learned they were both of the Lutheran faith during the early part of Norman's life, but Mom had changed to the Seventh Day Adventist faith about 20

years ago.

Norman had started the process of looking for his biological parents about fifteen years before we had the opportunity of meeting him. He didn't actually want to contact his other family until the time that his adoptive parents had passed on, thinking it might cause complications in their lives. However, after Mom and Norman had corresponded for two months, Norman wanted to meet his new-found mother and brothers and sisters.

It took Norm and his son, Gary, 15 years to find my mom and our family. When they were working on their genealogy, which included my mother, they hit a lot of dead-ends. Gary was very instrumental in finding my mom. When Norman got discouraged after all the dead-ends, Gary was the one to encourage his dad not to give up. It was Gary who made many of the contacts. For example, a cousin in Idaho and also a cousin in Oklahoma had no idea who my mother, Hulda Schnackenberg, was. Problems like that happened time after time until one day when Gary made contact with a cousin who had recently corresponded with Mom. She said she knew where to locate Norman's biological mother.

Mom prayed to have the courage to tell us that we had a half-brother, named Norman. When Mom was young, having a baby out of wedlock was very "hush-hush," and I believe she was embarrassed by the fact that she was pregnant. It finally came to the week that she told each of us. I can still remember the day she told me. I had picked her up to go shopping at the mall and just before we got out of the car, she said, "Here, I want you to read this," handing me a long white envelope. Opening it, I looked at her strangely because from the look on her face, I knew something was not quite right. After reading the letter, I couldn't believe what it said. Of course, the tears came. Mom explained the letter in her own words, saying that I had another brother who had been given up for adoption shortly after birth. He wanted to meet us if that was all right with Mom and everyone in the family. This was shocking news from my mother! When I could finally speak again, I said, "Well, when do we get to meet Norman?" She said, "As soon as everyone knows, and we can plan a family gathering."

After my siblings and I got over the initial shock from the news Mom told us, we found we all re-acted the same: we were very shaken at first, but then we were very curious, and we wanted to meet Norman. A get together was planned for Au-

gust of that year (1992), and we finally met our new brother, Norman. We found him to be extremely kind and a very intelligent man; we all liked him very much. His immediate family consists of two boys and one girl. Since that first gathering we have met all of his children and their extended families. Norm looks so much like Mom—it's unbelievable! Not claiming him as a brother was out of the question!

To date, Norman and his new siblings in Washington, Alaska, Montana, and California have gotten to know each other quite well. We write or E-mail, talk on the phone regularly, and travel back and forth as time and money allow. Getting to know him has been a real joy because he has a very good sense of humor and likes to joke and tease. He is well-educated and has been able to give, me in particular, some good advice on financial matters. I enjoyed meeting each of Norman's three children. The two oldest have even been able to come out to Washington to meet their new cousins and aunts and uncles. He also has one granddaughter who is a little sweetie. I think I can speak for both my siblings and myself when I say, "I'm glad we have another brother." Had Norman not found Mom when he did, she may not have known him at all. She passed away last year.



Instructor's Note: *Maureen Lyon wrote this piece last spring as an out-of-class essay for English 100. At the end of the quarter, she revised and then submitted it to the English 100 reading panel—it passed the panel, along with an in-class essay Maureen had submitted. In this essay, Maureen uses both narration and description as rhetorical modes to develop her main idea that opportunity waits "just around the corner," for you and those around you.—Sherri Winans*

Author's note: *This was my first essay in English 100 and after 25 years of being a non-academic, I was both excited and apprehensive. We had been reading narrative and descriptive essays, and when our assignment was handed out, Timmy came to mind. The emerging story filled my mind, and, as I wrote, I learned from my peers and my instructor. But the most important principle that I learned was the door of opportunity was again opening, for I had made another step forward.*

JUST AROUND THE CORNER—TIMMY'S OPPORTUNITY

by Maureen Lyon

You never know what you may find just around the corner. When things get tough, life is boring, or you feel like life is passing you by, you take a trip "around the corner," and life seems to open up. The world seems a little brighter. Your "corner" might be the renewal of a friendship, the making of a new friend, or the opening of a window of opportunity and an offer of that dream job you have been seeking. On the other hand, you could be someone else's opportunity. This is what happened to me when I walked "around the corner" and met Timmy.

It was a Sunday morning, and I was out for my stroll around the mobile home park. I stopped by a friend's home to visit and noticed the handyman's truck parked in the driveway. My friend had hired Joe, the handyman, to fix a leak in her bathroom. While Joe was busy, his family waited for him outside. When I saw Timmy, he was standing beside his mother holding her hand. I introduced myself, and Timmy's mother told me her name was Elsie. She pointed to a boy playing in the yard, saying that was Tony, and the dog in the truck was named Bobby. Then, she introduced me to Timmy. I took Timmy's hand and told him I was pleased to meet him. Timmy said nothing; he didn't move and just stood there holding his mother's hand. I knelt down and looked in his eyes. Timmy was a child who was lost in the stars—he was, I noticed, slightly autistic. Timmy preferred *his* world to *my* world. As a child, I had

been lost in *my* world also and had had to be brought back into focus by the attention of either my mother or a family member. So, I understood a little about Timmy. His mother smiled at me, shook her head, and told me that Timmy was a good boy.

At that moment, Joe, Timmy's father, called from the doorstep saying that he needed Elsie's help. She excused herself, bent to say something to Timmy, and left. Timmy just stood there. I noticed a lawn chair in the yard, and I pulled it over where Timmy stood. I asked him about school and what he liked to do for fun. I tried to get him to open up and respond by making small talk. I was getting nowhere.

To get his attention, I placed my hand on his head and spoke softly to him. I told him how I saw the world. I spoke of flowers and birds, and about his dog, Bobbie. I told him I knew where he was because I had been there too. I softly told him that his mother and father loved him and that the world was a pretty good and fun place to be. When I finished speaking, Timmy had turned his head, and his eyes were a little clearer. For a brief moment, I thought I saw a smile on his face. Just then, his mother and father walked up and Timmy turned his head and went back to *his* world. I chatted a bit with Joe and Elsie; then I said good-bye. When I said good-bye to Timmy, I took his small hand in mine and told him that I enjoyed our little talk. As I continued my walk, I thought of Timmy and hoped that he would have a normal childhood.

Many months passed, and a friend and I were in a mini-mart. We had just come out of the store and were getting into our car when Joe, the handyman, approached us followed by two small boys. He reintroduced himself, and then said, "Remember this guy, Timmy?" I looked at Timmy, and he actually looked at me. His eyes were clear, and he was smiling. Joe went on to tell me that Timmy had been a changed boy since the day that Timmy and I met. He said Timmy was playing with his brother, going to school, and joining a soccer team.

Opportunity came "just around the corner" for Timmy, and a miracle happened for me, too, when I walked around the corner and met Timmy. Both of our lives changed. Timmy's life transformed with his new awareness of life. I was blessed with the knowledge that a little time taken had made a change in someone else's life.

More English 100 Essays

Instructor's note: *This assignment was to write a descriptive essay about an admirable person. Curtis' planning and organization are clear and effective; his thesis is simple and to the point, and he provides clear topic sentences. His use of direct quotes from the video are also important descriptive elements. They illustrate other aspects of Vaughan's personality. But what makes this essay so effective is Curtis' description. The reader can really see Vaughan's perseverance and feel the presence of his music. It allows us to experience the concert first-hand, which is a special treat.—Dianne Schultz*

Author's Note: *In my essay, I wanted to show the reader how ingeniously Stevie Ray Vaughan communicated with every person who was touched by his life. He was not only a commanding awe-inspiring essence on stage playing music, but he was a firm believer in teaching others through his mistakes and constant perseverance.*

GONE FOREVER?

by Curtis Zatylny

Was I dreaming? This radio report had to be incorrect. This had to be a sick joke or perhaps some kind of error, but as the report continued and the words of the reporter from CHOM radio slowly and painfully sank in, I knew that this news report was no joke and very real. "Musician, producer, and blues guitar prodigy, Stevie Ray Vaughan, died yesterday as his chartered helicopter crashed into the side of a hill under heavy fog just outside of East Troy, Wisconsin." August 27, 1990, is a day that I will always remember. A man that I greatly admired for his love of music, his perseverance, and his overwhelming presence was gone forever.

I couldn't help but admire Stevie's love of music. This was evident in the way he would never take credit for mastering the blues guitar. When a reporter would say, "Stevie, how do you feel about being known as a blues guitar prodigy?" his response would be "I just play what I feel. The real masters are guys like Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters, and B B King." He also showed his love of music by sharing his experiences and knowledge with up-and-coming blues guitar players Colin James, Jeff Healey, and Kenny Wayne Shepard. In one instance, Colin James was the opening

act for Stevie Ray. Colin had started into his set, but in the middle of his third song broke a guitar string. Colin's inexperience surfaced; he neglected to bring a spare guitar in case of emergency just like this one. Frantically, Colin rushed offstage, knelt down, and began to restring his only guitar while his band nervously carried on with the song. Most of the big name, headlining bands of today would have paid no attention to the problems of a little insignificant opening act. Luckily for Colin, Stevie Ray's love of music was too focused to let some glitch get in the way of the music, and noticing Colin's dilemma, Stevie Ray rushed over to where Colin was working on his guitar, tapped him on the shoulder, and handed him Stevie's pride and joy, his favorite guitar.

I also genuinely admired Stevie Ray Vaughan for his perseverance. Stevie came from very humble beginnings. His first guitar was a pawn shop special that only had three of the six strings on it. He would spend hours listening to old blues records, teaching himself how to play the guitar. From his childhood, through his teens, and on into his early twenties, Stevie never lost his passion for playing the blues guitar. Night after night, he would play club after club doing exactly what he loved. In 1982, Stevie was given his first record deal and recorded the multi-platinum selling album, "Texas Flood." Unfortunately, while recording his freshman album, Stevie was also preoccupied with an addiction to drugs and alcohol. For the next four years, Stevie heavily abused alcohol and cocaine until 1986 when he finally decided that it was time to stop. During one television interview Stevie commented on his drug addiction: "I was to the point where I really could not imagine going another day without anything, and for me that was several days at a time where I would crash and stay drunk the whole time as well. I started forgetting about the people I care about [sic]. I mean the things that I care about and that really hurt [sic]. Not only for me, but for them as well" (Vaughan). Stevie made it public knowledge that he was a recovering drug and alcohol abuser. He wanted all of his fans to learn from his mistakes. Stevie wanted to show everyone that if you really want something badly enough and truly set your mind on the task at hand, with perseverance, anything is possible.

The quality that I most admire about Stevie Ray has to be his presence. I can clearly recall one unbearably hot summer night, while at one of his many sold-out concerts, myself and ten or twelve thousand other die-hard fans all converged in a

dark, poorly ventilated arena. Joe Cocker opened the show and seemed to have trouble getting a reaction out of the crowd. It could have been the intense heat, or perhaps the thick cloud of cigarette smoke that made everything blurry. Sixty-five minutes later, Stevie took the stage. Like a bug smashing into a windshield, twelve thousand people exploded to their feet. Stevie fired into the opening riffs of "Scuttle Buttin'," leaving little time for applause from the crowd. His presence was so colossal; although I was over two hundred feet away, I could see every expression on his face. I could see every gesture he made like he was doing it solely for my benefit. I could feel the overwhelming energy and smell the sweat that poured from his brow as he pounded through song after song with unbelievable energy for over two hours. It was like being in an opiate state where every sight, smell, and sound was sluggishly slow, piercingly strong, and crystal clear. Even today, six years after his death, his presence is so vivid that I still get chills from watching his live concert videos and taped television interviews.

Stevie Ray was many things to many different people. To some, he was a source of inspiration; to others, he symbolized a never-ending will to succeed. For me, Stevie's love of music, perseverance, and presence are the predominant reasons why I admire him. Stevie's body may be gone forever, but his soul and passion are with everyone who loved and enjoyed the music and life of Stevie Ray Vaughan. August 27, 1990, was to me, a national disaster. It was the day we said good-bye to Stevie Ray.

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A Classification Essay for English 101

Instructor's note: Writing a classification essay gives English 101 students practice separating a subject into parts, one of the key steps in analysis. Drawing on James' own experience as an observer of people, James' essay, which classifies the ways in which people watch each other, takes a playful and original approach to the assignment.—**Jennifer Bullis**

Author's note: For my definition/classification essay in English 101, I chose to write about how people stare and observe daily. I then thought about people who do not observe and stare, bringing me to classify the three types of lookers.

TAKE A LOOK!

by James Lowry

When you are in a public place, sitting at a table, where do you look? Do you look at the person who is sitting across from you, possibly talking to you about an important event in his or her life? Or do you look at the person three tables down who has an overly stuffed hat on? Is it possible that you are watching the crowds of people go by you, hoping not to be noticed? Maybe you are afraid to look. You hope that no one is looking at you. There are many ways to see or be a "looker." Actually, the "looker" can be divided into three types: the staring, the paranoid, and the observer. Within each of these, either singular or combined, you can find what type of "looker" you are.

The first type of lookers are the ones that stare. These lookers take pleasure in taking control of situations. They will be looking deep into a person when that person is speaking. It is not that the staring lookers are absorbed into what is being said, but they are intent on making the speaker uncomfortable. The staring looker has little body movement with intense, uninterrupted eye contact during a conversation. This staring is only for reasons of self-fulfillment. The people who are this type of looker are full of themselves. It is only their ego that they want to feed. "Look at me, I am so important, I have the power to make you uncomfortable; this conversation or situation is happening only because I want it to." The lookers who stare are

not abominable people. They are just egotists.

The second type of lookers are the paranoids. The paranoids are exactly that, paranoid. They are the type of lookers who can't make eye contact. The thinking behind the paranoid lookers is that someone will think that they are staring. When in a discussion, the paranoids have poor attention skills and will slightly glance at the speaker. The paranoids are less likely to voice and expand on opinions or ideas, but want it known that they are interested in the conversation—that is all. The paranoids are so nervous that someone will think that they are staring, that they often appear to be "lurkers"! This is only because the paranoids want to look but not get caught at it; therefore, they appear to be lurking around. The paranoid lurking lookers are not artificial or harmful, just a bit insecure.

The third type of looker are the most common. These lookers are the observers. The observers can turn almost any situation into a moment of enjoyment. If observers are feeling too involved, left out, or bored, there is always the game of observing. The observing lookers can observe a situation as it stands or create a story about it. When there is any situation, the observers can jump right in if they want; they already know what is going on because they have been observing it beforehand. This also goes for getting out of situations. The observers, more than likely, are conscious of other things that are going on around themselves; therefore, it is not a problem to excuse themselves to go to other events that are happening around them. The observer's body and attitude, in conversation, establishes a relaxed state, being only slightly intimidating and greatly encouraging. The observers affirm free form thoughts and try to give equal opportunity to themselves and the people to whom they are speaking. The observing lookers take comfort in observing. They will continue to do so as long as they do not appear to be too obvious or rude.

Everyone is a "looker" of some sort, whether the staring looker, the paranoid looker, or the observing looker. You were probably able to see yourself in at least one of the "lookers," if not a combination. Everyone likes, and at times, thrives off of, some aspect of looking; and it does not matter if you are giving or receiving the look.



A narrative/descriptive essay for English 101

Instructor's note: *The second assignment in my English 101 class asks students to write a description or a narrative that uses the works of professional writers in The Conscious Reader as stylistic or thematic models. In her essay, Melissa conveys the free-spiritedness and whimsy of her mother's personality with exceptional vividness and wit; the piece is reminiscent of Annie Dillard or Judith Ortiz Cofer in its precision and vigor. I am especially delighted by Melissa's use of evocative details like the "coffee stains on the gas tank: of her mother's motorcycle and the "teddy bear glued to the handlebars." These colorful touches, together with her emotional honesty and the wideness of her vision, create a clear-sighted and memorable portrait of a unique individual.—Sue Lonac*

Author's note: *The purpose of this assignment was to write a descriptive narration that illustrates the unique characteristics of a person different from myself. My mother is truly an original individual that I admire yet find mysterious. This essay was a bold attempt at capturing the essence of her life.*

MOTHER

by Melissa Talbot

My mother was a freethinking youth raised in conservative Britain during the fifties and sixties. She zoomed around the countryside on a whiny motorscooter with her loose hair rebelling in the wind, and she deemed it a grand opportunity to lower herself into a wire trash bin for a spontaneous photograph. My mother was, and still is, mechanically minded, and wouldn't hesitate to take apart anything that seemed remotely more interesting on the inside than it did on the outside. During their teen years, my mother and her peers smoked the local flora in lieu of stronger substances that were difficult to acquire. The attempts to alter their own realities failed; they were disappointed with their "dealer." Unsuccessful experimentation caused my mother to seek healthier ways to channel her energy. Shorter than me by one inch, and thus exceptionally petite, my mother used her strong will and natural physical talent to fling her body over the highjump bar again and again until she had finally won an impressive cup. Shortly after the prize-winning moment, my mother broke the shell of her youth with a might kick, and stepped into the world as a woman. A young woman in England during the early 60s had four accepted professional op-

tions: nurse, secretary, clerk, or wife. After trying and rejecting her first three options, my mother finally decided to try being a wife. Life with my father meant travel and adventure; marriage was mum's ticket out of England. She was a non-traditional woman, ahead of her time, looking for an open-minded world that would accept her.

America embraced my mother: it offered the unconditional love she had been looking for. Shortly after our arrival in Washington State, my mother divorced my father in search of independence and control over her life. Independence was, and still is, as important to my mother as God is to Christians. The theme of my childhood was "You Must Learn to be Independent." She fed us morsels of independence, and we slept in room fogged by vaporizers containing "tincture of independence." My brother, sister, and I initially were taught to become independent while doing the tasks that came most naturally to each of us. Caroline, my sister learned the fine art of being a greasy, coverall-encased car mechanic, cursing her bloody knuckles, while Ken, my brother, learned the distinct joy of being a peanut butter-covered cook, swinging a bag of onions from his teetering step stool. I was especially stubborn and verbal, so while I was still small, my mother taught me how to clarify to my father why exactly he needed to allow me to eat a banana before I had eaten my dinner. While all of this independence seemed like a really wonderful thing at the time, it has become a sort of social handicap: all three of us go through mental turmoil when we realize we actually need other people.

My mother was the supreme ruler and queen of our household until puberty grabbed my older sister and ran off with her, my brother and I in close pursuit. From that point on my mother could no longer control the ebb and flow of our feelings and actions. My mother's dream had become a nightmare—she stared into the faces of three rigid little independents that all wanted to be king or queens of her mountain. Clearly, puberty marked the crushing of our already dented and rusting nuclear family. Eventually, Caroline, Ken, and I each stood up on untried legs and attempted to "fledge." Leaving the nest and flying away seemed relatively easy and joyful for all three of us, but we were unable to really cut the controlling strings my mother had attached to us early in our lives. It seemed we would never be allowed to embrace independence in our adulthood as fully as we did when we were children. Despite my mother's controlling nature, Caroline, Ken, and I did plow forward and

become adults, leaving my mother to reign as British matriarch over her dog and cat.

Thirty years after arriving in America, my mother is caught between cultures and thoroughly enjoying herself. She is a middle-class eccentric and a highly accomplished tradeswoman. She drives an orange van straight from the 70s with a huge C.B. antenna that waves rhythmically in the moist Seattle air. Have you seen this van? It has stickers on the back claiming "If it ain't country, it ain't music," and another, "GB," proudly announcing her country of origin. My mother has not been back to England for 30 years. She says she does not understand Americans, and tends to make friends more easily with transplanted foreigners like herself. Despite the cultural differences, my mother still chooses to live in America, and views her green card as her personal magic carpet. My mother is an enigma, and lives in a world where Benny Hill is funny and riding a motorcycle is "cool." Somewhere out there in western Washington there is a woman wearing a leather jacket and cowboy boots, speaking with a faded English accent. The Honda Shadow she is riding has coffee stains on the gas tank and a teddy bear glued to the handle bars. This woman is my mother.





Lindsay Erickson
Sights of the Sound
Linocut, 7" x 10"

Artist's note: *Sights of the Sound* is an area known as Valdez Arm located in Prince William Sound, Alaska. The beauty and wildlife of Prince William Sound were almost destroyed due to a lack of communication between the Exxon Corporation and the crew aboard the old tanker, Exxon Valdez. This lack of communication led to 11 million gallons of crude oil poisoning Prince William Sound forever. The sound is still beautiful, but the fish and wildlife may never fully recover the devastation of the 1989 oil spill.—**Lindsay Erickson**

Literary Analysis for English 101

Sandra Schroeder, Instructor

ASLAN, AN IMAGE OF THE RESURRECTED CHRIST

by Leanne Foster

And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, 'Who is worthy to open the scroll and break its seals?' And no one in heaven or on earth or under the earth was able to open the scroll or to look into it, and I wept much that no one was found worthy to open the scroll or to look into it. Then one of the elders said to me, 'Weep not; lo, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David has conquered, so that he can open the scroll and its seven seals (Revelations 5:2-5).

Throughout history, lions have been portrayed as creatures of power and prestige. Even in the Bible, the lion is seen as a creature of great honor. The King of the Jungle, as he is often named, has been used in many literary works to represent a character who is powerful and mighty. It is not surprising then, that C.S. Lewis (a notable Christian writer) has also used a lion to represent a figure of power and might.

Clive Staples Lewis did not truly become a Christian until age 33. Many of his books and poems after this point show a strong sense of spirituality. "Whatever else Lewis was, he was a man of faith willing to pay the price for his public confession that Jesus Christ was God in the flesh" (Edwards 2). Many people believe that because Lewis was such a spiritual person, evidence of his spirituality can be found in his books.

Some of C.S. Lewis' most famous works are the Chronicles of Narnia books, a series of seven. The collection is full of delightful tales that both children and adults enjoy. They are mostly "centered around Aslan the lion, a Christ-figure who creates and rules the supernatural land of Narnia" (Edwards 2). Some scholars believe (like

Dr. Edwards) that the lion, Aslan, represents Lewis' image of God. But, what similarities are there between Aslan in the Chronicles of Narnia and Jesus Christ in the Bible?

Beginning with creation, there are many similarities between how Aslan created Narnia and how God created the Earth. In the beginning of Narnia, Aslan sings a song, one single note by which he "calls up the sun and the stars." He then creates grasses, trees, and various plants and flowers. "When you listened to his song you heard the things he was making up; when you looked round you, you saw them" (*The Magician's Nephew* 95). Aslan then creates all the animals and creatures of Narnia and chooses two of every species to be the chosen ones (like God did for Noah). Narnia was complete (*The Magician's Nephew* 92-103).

Although different, the creation story in the Bible is very similar to Lewis' fictional creation story. "In the beginning," God separates the light from the darkness, day from night. Like in *The Magician's Nephew*, God creates plants of all kinds "And the Earth brought forth grass." Then God creates every animal that is on the Earth today saying, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth" (Genesis, I).

Lewis' story of the creation of Narnia is a dramatized version of the story of creation. Everything fits together, except Aslan singing the new world into existence and that Aslan never creates people (people come to Narnia from another world). The two worlds seem to be very similar, in the beginning. The steps even take place in a similar order.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Genesis 2:7). God gives life. God created the whole earth and gave life to everything. God gives the breath of life. He created the earth and breathed life into every creature for many years to come.

Similar to God breathing life into man, Aslan breathes life upon creatures that have been under an evil spell.

(Aslan) had bounded up to the stone lion and breathed on him. Then without waiting a moment he whisked round-almost as if he had been a cat chasing its tail-and breathed also on the stone dwarf.

For a second after Aslan had breathed upon him the stone lion looked just the same. Then a tiny streak of gold began to run along his white marble back-then it spread-then the colour seemed to lick all over him. . . . Everywhere the statues were coming to life (*The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe* 164-166).

Just as God breathed life upon all the creatures of the earth, Aslan literally breathed upon the creatures of Narnia and brought life to them. This passage is Lewis' fantasy interpretation of God's breath of life.

In his sermon, "Children of the Light," Rev. G. Bradford Hall states that "Aslan represents the heavenly resurrected Christ who brings hope and life into the world" (2). Aslan arrives in earthly form in Narnia on Christmas Day, Christ's birthday. However, Jesus comes to earth as a small baby and Aslan arrives in Narnia as a full sized lion. As Aslan enters Narnia, a spell is broken and signs of spring begin to appear. The first spring in 100 years. The same day that Aslan enters Narnia, Father Christmas also appears. It is almost as if Lewis was trying to make the connection obvious to many non-critical readers. As if to suggest that Aslan enters the world on Christmas Day, just as Jesus did so many years ago. Father Christmas enters Narnia as if to say, "I bring great news! Aslan is coming to save us all!" Although a small baby at the time, Jesus entered the world with the promise that we should all be saved.

Jesus taught that we should, "Be still, and know that I *am* God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth" (Psalm 46:10).

Jesus keeps his promise to save right up until his death. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3:17). God loved his people so much that he sent his only son to die for human sin. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). Jesus is crucified with two thieves and dies on the cross.

Aslan gives himself to the forces of evil and dies on the sacred stone table. In *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* a young boy, who is a follower of Aslan, is found out to be a traitor. The evil White Witch demands that all traitors are her property. Aslan, to save this young boy, offers himself in exchange for the boy.

As he promised, on the third day, Jesus rises from the dead and ascends into Heaven. "Be not afraid," He says (Matthew 27:10).

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen" (Matthew 27:18-20).

Jesus is resurrected to proclaim God's destruction of the evil in our lives. Then He ascends into Heaven to have eternal life.

After Aslan dies on the stone table, during the night another miracle occurs. Aslan too comes back to life. "A willing victim who had committed no treachery was killed in a traitor's stead, the Table would crack and Death itself would start to work backwards" (*The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe*).

Just as Jesus has died for the sake of creation, Aslan has also died for a human. And both were resurrected.

God says to know him and love him. "And lo, I am with you always to the close of the age" (Matthew 28:20b). Jesus' followers needed to know that he would still be with us, even after he was physically gone. Just as Jesus' followers needed reassurance, so did the children when they had to part with Aslan.

"It isn't Narnia, you know,' sobbed Lucy. 'It's *you*. We shan't meet *you* there. And how can we live, never meeting you?"

"But you shall meet me, dear one,' said Aslan."

"Are-are you there too, Sir?" said Edmund."

"I am,' said Aslan. 'But there I have another name. You must learn to know me by that name. This was the very reason why you were brought to Narnia, that by knowing me here for a little, you may know me better there" (*The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* 209).

If nothing else in these books convinced me of Aslan's similarities to God, this did, that he may be a lion in Narnia but he has another name on earth. His name is God. We must "know that (He) is God." Just as it says in the Bible and in the Narnia books, we must know God in whatever form he takes.

Knowing God is a hidden theme in all of the Narnia books, only that in Narnia he comes in the form of a lion. C.S. Lewis's Christian faith shines in the Chronicles

of Narnia through Aslan. Not only are these stories about children's adventures in a fantasy world, they are more about the importance of faith. Aslan represents God, but in a form that children can relate to.

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English 101 Essays on *Dharma Girl*, Winter 1996 Book of the Quarter

A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

by Shane Frenna

In the story *Dharma Girl*, Chelsea must go on a long trip to get to Iowa. Chelsea also goes on a spiritual journey to finally connect the present Chelsea to the past Snowbird. As Chelsea and her mom drive to Iowa they will encounter many physical things that can relate to Chelsea's psychological journey.

At the beginning of the trip the mother and daughter encounter a coyote on the road. No other cars are on the road on this quiet night. After passing the coyote they encounter another coyote on the road, except this one is dead.

"A few miles up we see another coyote, dead at the side of the road.

'That must be her mate,' my mother says. 'She's trying to find him.' We will see her again and again, after that through Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska always at the side of the road, always looking" (24).

The passage is parallel to how Chelsea is looking for who she was as a child. Constantly looking for Snowbird, Chelsea wonders if the young Snowbird is really out there. She wonders whether her old self will ever come back again as she travels along life's roads getting older and older. The two coyotes together live as one, and without the other half, the coyote is lost. Chelsea consists of two halves, Snowbird and Chelsea, and when a piece is missing she will not feel whole.

After the encounter with the coyote, Chelsea continues to drive towards Iowa, and at the same time, she continues to think of her previous life as Snowbird living on a farm in Iowa. After driving for a while in Wyoming, Chelsea notices that the car needs gas. They stop at a gas station in the middle of nowhere. When entering the small building, Chelsea makes small talk with the man at the counter. As the change is handed to her, the man says something that will have great importance to Chelsea.

"He hands me a dollar and change. 'Keep your eyes on the road,' he says, winking" (57).

Of course, one should always keep their eyes on the road, but the comment has another meaning. In Chelsea's spiritual journey she must stay focused on meeting her other half, Snowbird. She must not veer off into other directions or stop looking for herself due to other things that occur in life's journey.

Continuing on the trip, the mother and daughter listen to tapes of the grandmother, Henrietta. They go to the school house at which the grandmother had attended. After looking around the old school house, they drive to the cemetery. In the cemetery, the two women look at the head stones of past relatives.

"There are twelve graves in the Mohr plot with one headstone reserved for Clara, her name and birth date already inscribed, the date of death left vacant. Her husband is buried here, along with her parents and her grandparents. She had told us that she comes here sometimes in the mornings, and I think for a long time how very strange it must be to visit your own grave" (88).

Visiting the graves is a reminder for Chelsea to live in the present because sooner or later everyone dies, and there is nothing one can do to prevent it from occurring. Chelsea also begins to think about her mother who has dealt with skin cancer that almost lead to her death. The fear that Chelsea has of her mother dying goes along with Chelsea's own fear that every day she gets older, she gets closer to death. Thinking about the present, she continues her drive to Iowa.

Later in the story, Chelsea reaches her destination, Iowa, and she decides to look for Donnie. Looking through the phone book and talking to a few people, she still can't find Donnie. Later that day Chelsea, some friends, and her mother go to a coffee shop where they meet Donnie. Chelsea expects to see the same old Donnie, but instead sees something very different.

"I wonder if I would have recognized him if I had passed him on the street. He looks healthy. His face has color and he isn't as thin as I remember. I find myself thinking that with his short hair and preppie clothes, he look like a sitcom dad, or maybe an architect" (146).

Donnie's new look surprises her. Chelsea realizes that when she left Iowa so long ago, everyone else went on with their lives. Along with continuing with their lives, she realizes that people change over time. This is important because then she realizes that she has changed over time and that finding Snowbird is impossible. Snowbird isn't someone to be found, but is essentially a part of Chelsea that will re-

main with her throughout life.

Chelsea's trip was a physical journey, but at the same time she went on spiritual journey to find out more about herself. The search for Snowbird allowed Chelsea to learn many things along the way. Meeting people along the trip allowed Chelsea to realize her own fears and misgivings. The most important thing that Chelsea learned was that Snowbird will always be a part of her.



SELF-DISCOVERY

by Amy Cline

In Chelsea Cain's *Dharma Girl*, her mother's cancer was the one thing that motivated her to go on her journey for self-discovery. She felt disconnected from her childhood and who she once was, therefore missing an important part of her life which completed her identity. She felt that through old photographs and the memories of her parents, she could best understand what life was like when she was a child, living on the commune in Iowa. With the news of her mother's cancer, time became more precious than ever for Chelsea to reexamine her self-identity and purpose in life.

After the news of Mary's illness, Chelsea spent a whole summer sorting through old photos and putting albums together. She would separate them and piece them together to help her see the larger picture of her childhood. The pictures revealed the people that lived on the farm, and the everyday activities that they engaged in. Chelsea spent time "looking at old farm photographs and trying to remember what it had been like when everything seemed so possible"(25). For Chelsea, her childhood was about running around naked through the vegetable garden and playing with the family dog, Sorrel. Everyone on the farm lived in the moment and by their standards. "They were trying to survive without compromising"(29) and living a life, apart from the system that they viewed as corrupt. When she viewed the photos, she felt something that was present in them had disappeared from the life she was living now(25). One particular picture was of her mother, young, adventurous and free. "Those years were my connection to that woman sitting on the grassy hill next to my father...If I could understand that look of fierce determination on her face, I could understand it in my own reflection"(28).

She researched information on the 60's for a report in her political science class, and also in hopes of understanding her parents and how she was raised. But she found that all the books in the library didn't bring her any closer to understanding what made her parents the way they were, or who she was. Chelsea had a few memories of her life there like the dog, her parents and the Snowqueen, but could not remember all the fine details. She had "fragments of memories that, on the surface, had no real meaning"(30). After closely examining them, they still didn't get her

"any closer to that little girl she had been, or to her mother"(30). To fully understand, she would collect her parents' memories and stories of those days. Chelsea valued the stories her parents told her and how they remembered them. So she started collecting her parent's memories of various things, such as the old cottonwood tree at the farm, her father evading the draft and her mother running away to Mexico (29). Her parents were unique in the type of information they could provide about life back at the farm. Larry, her father, recollected the smallest details about the people and events that had taken place, while her mother, Mary, could provide more sensual memories. Mary took to heart the stories people told and little things, like what was blooming in the garden. With the more information Chelsea gathered, she realized that her mother's memories were the most precious ones(60).

Also in her process of self-recognition, she felt it necessary to travel back to Iowa, where she lived as a child. She wanted to see the old farm and the people she grew up around. She hoped that in returning back there, she could once again re-discover the Chelsea Snow that she had left behind. By making the road trip with her mother, she felt she could get more insight on their days spent in Iowa and have her mother there for old times sake.

She had felt lost and disconnected from her past for some time, but it was when the news of her mother's cancer came that Chelsea ventured out to reexamine her self-identity. She had always had her parents and the farm in Iowa. It was when she recognized her relationship to them, that she recognized herself(165). Chelsea's self-knowledge "is in the recognition of where she comes from" and "in the fading photographs of their past", and in the stories she grew up on(170). She realizes that she is still a product of the place of her childhood, and that when she ventures out into the world, she won't forget that. "And as I go out into the big world to hunt for berries, it is with my parent's joy, cynicism, rage, revelry, hope, honesty, conviction and devastation."



A Describing Essay for English 101

Instructor's note: Generally the first essays students write in English 101 are narrative/descriptive essays. I usually encourage students to begin writing about something they know, something that "turns them on." This approach tends to bring out passion and interest early in the course. Brenda's essay is full of passion, and it appeals vividly to the five senses, the point of the descriptive essay.—***Pamela Helberg***

Author's note: "A Day at Sea" was a vivid recollection of a very influential experience and being able to communicate to others in written form brings a permanence the experience never had before. I am grateful for the opportunity to share my adventure with others.

A DAY AT SEA

by Brenda Apt

The sea and the wind roared like a million screaming voices only we could hear. We held on to the boat with all our strength, deftly handling the lines and sails in hope of gaining a glimmer of control over the powerful, unrelenting forces of nature. It seemed as if that night would never end; hour after hour the mighty ocean continued to pursue us, creeping so close we could feel the salty, mist laden air. Our insignificant vessel was catapulted ever higher, pausing for a brief moment, then falling down the other side of the immense waves. Water surged under the boat and away, continuing on into the vast, black night.

I awoke with a start from a fitful rest, remembering the events of the night before and immediately became aware that the voices had been silenced. From my bunk a glimmer of the morning sun danced on the cabin top. The storm had passed, a bright new day had begun, another opportunity to experience the offerings of life.

Our sailboat insisted on leaning over at a constant 30 degree angle, which made even life's basic regimens challenging. I pulled myself out of my warm, cozy bunk and struggled over to the gimbaled stove. I savored the 7-grain cereal that awaited me. Hot, pungent tea soothed my tired, aching body. I tidied up the small, compact cabin, making sure everything was stowed properly. The dishes sparkled from their salt water bath.

I then navigated the four stairs between the confining inside world and the huge expanse of aquamarine blue that awaited me on the other side of the companionway. The sails, filled to perfection by the force of the wind, looked glorious, the cockpit immaculate. A brilliant periwinkle sky dazzled overhead, melting into the ocean for as far as I could see. It seemed the world had once again regained a sense of order.

As I contemplated the vast differences between this moment and the moments of the previous night, the intrusive urgency of the radio broke the silence. Out came the voice of humanity. Radio hobbyists, our link to the "real world," greeted us daily. They spent their evenings in warm, comfortable homes talking to boats in the middle of the ocean. It seemed odd to me that they would want to talk to us or us to them, for that matter. I suppose we did so to fill voids in each other. They enjoyed arm chair traveling without the risk or inconvenience, and we enriched our daily routines with their spirited conversation. We shared information about weather and current news events and, when necessary, they provided our only link with family members in case of emergencies. As quickly as they had come, the voices faded back into the radio, leaving us once again to the peace of our daily routines.

As the sun rose high in the midday sky we kept a close vigil on the chart, our only resource that knew where we had been and how far we had to go. That day we gained another 100 miles, a mere "inch" on that long expanse of blue paper. Our journey had taken us from San Juan Island, down the coast to San Francisco, and from there across the Pacific Ocean. We had many more inches to go before we'd be able to see the waving palm trees and smell the fragrant hibiscus flowers of our island destination, a small speck on our chart known as Nuka Hiva, an island located in an island group known as the Marquesas.

Afternoon eased into evening. The sky became a giant canvas splashed with the brilliance of the day, changing constantly from moment to moment until the sun embraced the sea and bid us farewell for another day. The boat diligently held her course as dark settled over the sea.

I think angels were looking down on us in that darkness, almost as a reward for the day's labors. Billions of lights, twinkling in the heavens, surrounded us and I, riding wave after wave, was keeping good company with the stars.

That day was one of many spent at sea, and it wasn't until several years later that I came to realize there had been more to my sailing than an exciting endurance

test. This experience had provided a spiritual arena to test my limits as a human being, to work through so many issues which in day to day life can easily be ignored, walked away from and forgotten. Wanting to quit when the going got tough and surviving through difficult hardships were two of my most trying challenges. Many days on that boat I yearned to just get off, to have just a moment where I wasn't being tossed around, to have a full night's rest or to just go for a walk around the block to clear my head. The ocean afforded me no such luxury. The spiritual growth that experience has given me carries over into all my endeavors. I strive now for personal challenges, knowing I will be a better person for them.

Now my days are filled with children to be taken care of and endless tasks to complete. Memories sneak up and catch me off guard, all the feelings and emotions stir in me, and I am once again rolling with the sea. I gather from these memories the personal strength to carry on, to see things through, no matter how difficult, and to persevere.

Thank you, O' Mighty Ocean, for the life lessons you so patiently taught me.



Personal Narrative for English 101

SEARCHING, SEARCHING... INSUFFICIENT DATA TO FORMULATE EXPLANATION AT THIS TIME

by Bobbie Prater

I feel I have been searching for my self for some time. It seems as soon as I find me, I change. However, there are components of me that do not change: my need to be honest, my desire to be liked and accepted, my love of people and my awe of nature. These basic attitudes and values of myself are always there, though even they may change, at least in the small day-to-day details.

I've been anticipating this essay since the day it was assigned. Following are some thoughts from my journal.

On my drive home I was thinking about me (surprise, surprise!). My thoughts were about my own happiness and about my feelings. Having just gone through a traumatic break-up I am finding my balance again rather easily. I seem to be very flexible and able to bounce back from many of life's curve balls. The reason why, I think, is that I let my feelings be feelings. I cry if I'm unhappy, laugh when life's funny, etc. etc. By acknowledging my feelings and feeling them, I let my self progress. I believe damping down on emotions just leads to a larger crash when life finally gets through the defenses.

Journal writing comes easily to me. Even as a teen-ager I found the best way for me to get my feelings out was to pour them onto paper. It is still the easiest way for me, but it is no longer the only way I can find release.

I have noticed in myself a tendency to explain everything. I have learned that it is not necessary for me to explain myself to everyone, yet it is a constant struggle not to explain why I said this or why I've done that. This need to explain comes from my own analysis of my thoughts. I am always wondering, "Why did I say that? What was the reaction to that? Am I happy about that?" And if I'm not happy about that, why am I not happy about that? I worry overmuch about my effect on others, about not reacting enough or reacting too much. I worry that I could do more or that I should do less. Where do I draw the line?

As I grow I explore my self more and more, I want to know about me, and me, and me. Rock and roll is a strong source of symbolism for me, though it is not as much the instruments as the words in combination with the music. Almost every song has some section that I can twist and turn to make it relevant to me. Well, isn't everything relevant to me? If it is not, I will find a way to make it so.

If I analyze my thoughts in the prior paragraph -- I must ask, "what does that last sentence say about me?" On the face of it, I could say I'm self-centered, though I don't really believe that is true. While I will admit to some selfishness in my person, I do tend to put others first. So why this want/need to make all things relevant to my self? I believe it is because this use of other persons' experiences helps me to find and define myself, to better understand myself.

Another conclusion I draw from analysis of my thoughts is that I think in language, sometimes even seeing the actual words in my mind's eye. I think (see, there I go, thinking again!) this is because words and language are my best means of giving and receiving information. Words come easily for me, they flow and swirl or twist and coil, sometimes reflecting the exterior world into my soul, other times broadcasting my self outward into the universe, yet always, always the words are there.

However, while my main modes of thoughts and expressions of myself are linguistic, those are not the only means of saying "I'm me, I'm here." I have literally felt sick at heart, which, when the feelings are intense enough, my body feels in such ways as bone-chilling cold, fatigue, and sick stomach. I have felt as though some gargantuan vise had gripped my soul and squeezed and I've felt anger flow through my system like a drug. These symptoms generally only appear when I am under extreme stress. So I do my best to avoid stress -- I just wish life would cooperate with my efforts!

One of the things I really like about my way of thought was pointed up to me by reading Annie Dillard's essay on self (CR, 5). At the end she writes "...Must I then lose the world forever, that I had so loved? Was it all, the whole bright and various planet, where I had been so ardent about finding myself alive, only a passion peculiar to children, that I would outgrow even against my will (CR, 5)? NO! I cannot, will not believe that in changing from child to adult, she (or I) will lose all of the child she (I) has been. That does not fit with my perception of the world. In my world, I am

still a child, and I may delight in my childlikeness and rail against my foolishness. In my world, I can look at a sunset and see beauty beyond words and listen to the lilting music of the waves on the shore. The day I no longer can look at the earth and at nature with that sense of "oh man, that is so-oooo awesome", I will question my very essence. When comes the day that I pass by the desperate family asking for help without feeling for their need, when I cannot open to love for fear of being hurt, when I do not cry with another's pain, nor smile for another's joy, then, though my lungs still breathe and my heart still beats, that day will cease to be.





Diane Somers
Untitled
Mixed media, 10" x 8.5"

Instructor's note—Mixed Media Paintings from Art 118: One of the rewards of teaching is to see an introduced idea creatively applied to a student's personal work of art. These examples from my mixed media class make use of the general concepts of value contrast and interaction of basic visual elements. As well, they meet the need for work to be personal and alive.—**Lloyd Blakley**

Artist's note: This was all about experimenting to see what would happen. I applied white wax crayon randomly and used black acrylic paint mixed in different proportions to create a range of values. The effects were surprises and I used blotting with a paper towel and scraping with a palette knife to make more texture. As it developed, each part became of the same importance to me so that any part could be positive or negative.—**Diane Somers**

An Analysis Paper from English 101

Instructor's note: To encourage critical thinking, I ask students to forge connections between class readings and their past learnings, beliefs and values. Often before they can successfully understand the readings, they must "take on" their authors' perspectives. They learn to listen for points of view, to identify underlying assumptions, and to perceive meanings beneath or beyond concluding statements. Students work in a circular process. They read, respond in writing, listen to others' responses, re-vision, re-read and rewrite. This circular process develops analytical thinking and often leads to thoughtful and well-supported essays, which Matia Burnett provides in "The Importance of Evolution," her response to Karl Jasper's "Is Science Evil."—**Betty Scott**

Author's note: This is an analysis paper about a subject I feel quite strongly about. I've found that having an emotional connection with subject matter tends to heighten the quality and the overall effect of the piece of work. Writing for me is a constant process of cleansing, and a productive outlet for my thoughts and emotions. I am not attempting to dissuade anyone away from religious beliefs in this essay. Ultimately, this essay is a collection of my own thoughts and beliefs, rather than a persuasive paper. Hopefully though, the essay will encourage readers to consider their own relationship with science and spirituality.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EVOLUTION

by Matia Burnett

Since the early 19th century, when scientists first suggested the premise of evolution, the natural scientific process has met with an extreme amount of criticism. In the beginning, people wholly denied the concept of evolution, by regarding the scientists, such as Charles Darwin and Henry Wallace, as delusional madmen, and their ideas elaborately contrived fictional stories. Since then, society in general has gained more of an acceptance of evolution. And yet, I am increasingly astonished that many people still dismiss the premise of evolution and fail to grasp and embrace the beauty which has become very evident to me.

If we regard evolution by its most simple and obvious definition, we can witness such evidence outside our windows every day. Evolution consists of change: change from one color to another, change from short to longer, straight to irregular, whole to separate. Evolution like this, we may find in Autumn leaves as the season progresses, or in stones as they are trampled into soil. These small changes are as-

pects of Micro-evolution. Macro-evolution, taking place on a grander scale, is generally caused by selective pressures in an environment, such as dramatic weather changes, natural disasters, changes in land structure, or changes in habitat. Scientists study the effects of and the reasons for evolution, some of which are left unexplained.

Currently, evolution is happening in modern science and nature. Evolution is a very slow process, but animals are undergoing certain biological changes constantly. People and other animals are slowly becoming immune to certain antibiotics once completely effective, and certain insects as well, have turned up resistant to formerly effective bug repellents. Evolution doesn't always have positive effects, but ultimately, evolution is a wholly necessary and wholly exquisite fact in the process of birth, growth, and death.

Still, I have found that some openly reject this scientifically and socially proven element of life on earth, because it may contradict a literal interpretation of the Bible. Some believe that science in itself is evil because it appears to deaden spirituality. Science isn't evil merely because it is factual. Science is the air we breathe and ultimately, is the circulation of existence. When we equate science with the eternal process of evolution, we can see that clearly, if we call science evil, we are insulting ourselves.

Many accept, but most, I sense, do not fully recognize the glory in the concept that every creature on earth, from the smallest sea dwelling crustacean, to the parrots of the highest rain forest layer, to the turtle, to the whale, to the ape and thus to the human--- are in some intricate way, infinitely connected. Some creatures, of course are more closely related than others on the evolutionary tree, in terms of mitochondrial DNA. The human and the ape diverged about four million years ago, a mere inch upon the grand scale of life and time. Intermediate between ape and human, the fossils tell a mesmerizing story of our own human origins—one which, no matter race, sex, or creed, is shared among the human word.

First came the Australopithecine, small-brained, large-toothed creatures, who, according to cranial capacity, possessed little ability and little intelligence, very different from the human being, and yet, more advanced than the ape, standing just barely on two feet and walking bipedally. Within this genus of human development, smaller developments took place: *A. afarensis*, *A. africanus*, *A. robustus*, and *A. bo-*

sei have all been surfaced by anthropologists, each fossil telling a slightly different story in terms of brain, bone, and tooth size. Next, about 2.4 million years ago, (Johanson, Edey 284) came a whole new genus of pre-human, the hominids, who were characterized especially by tool making ability: Homo habilis, and Homo erectus. After them came the Neanderthals. Gruff and hairy though they were, they practiced burial rituals and possibly simple surgeries (Stein, Rowe 484-485). And then came the human beings, most likely following earlier ancestors out of Africa about 130, 000 years ago, (Stein, Rowe 497) although there remains some speculation about whether Homo-sapiens migrated out of Africa and replaced Neanderthals, or whether the Homo-sapiens evolved all over the world (Stein, Rowe 494).

Our fossil records are filled with the lingering remnants of animals suspended in intermediate stages, from water animals, to land animals, reptiles to birds, and ape, eventually to human. Our fossils are also filled with oddities and imperfections in particular animals, which have been corrected over the centuries. Although earth is composed of thousands of vastly different species, the majority (excluding certain invertebrates) have similar bone structures and all have basic genetic material composed of DNA (Moore 94).

Needless to say, evolution is a long, complex scale. Still, a scale which I find more and more remarkable the more I learn about it. Just as we should be grateful to the religious convictions, which inspired such wonderful pieces of art as Michelangelo's Rome Pieta, and Raphael's Madonnas, we should be grateful for our own place in the enterprise of growth, life, and extinction. The natural circle of evolution is also consistently present within many pieces of art. Synonymous with the underlying force of nature, evolution is a consistent, often unconscious creative spring.

The natural elements of growth and change are as universal as time itself. Evolution, in a sense allows for immortality. As we know, once an animal dies, the bones are eventually recycled into the soil. From the soil, plants are born, and from plants, herbivores survive. From the herbivores, the carnivores survive. There is a clear breath of rebirth circulating within evolution, and thus, within ourselves.

I may sound somewhat nostalgic, but then, I've discovered that religion also requires an amount of nostalgia in order to maintain faith. Of course, evolution doesn't have to contradict religious beliefs. In many cases, believing in the soul of evolution can accentuate belief in a higher power. We can never know for certain

whether a god created life to operate in this fashion---changing in response to selective pressures, growing in order to accommodate a changing world; we can only recognize the importance, and yes, the beauty of the natural world as a contained whole. In my case, whether I will eventually discover a god to believe in or not, my belief in a web, a chain, an eternal existence within earthly life, is truthfully and consistently important to me--much like a religion. A tree or a place by an enveloping sea can be as easily a place of worship as can a church, or tent, or convent, or nunnery. Life could not function without evolution, just as earth could not exist without change. And while religion is important in human culture and condition, I hope in the future, more people will learn to admire and love the tangled web we the animals, have woven.

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A Classification Essay for English 101

Instructor's note: *Writing a classification essay gives English 101 students practice separating a subject into parts, one of the key steps in analysis. Justin's classification essay answers the topic questions "What, to your mind, are the most important functions of music?" Borrowing and expanding on some ideas from an Aaron Copland article, Justin creates an essay that effectively responds to another text using examples from his own experience and observation.—Jennifer Bullis*

Author's note: *I have been listening to, composing, and performing music for most of my life. Because of this, music has been a very big and important influence on my development as a person. So, when I look around, I have an easy time noticing the profound effect which music has on all aspects of life for all people.*

THE IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS OF MUSIC: WHY MUSICIANS STILL HAVE JOBS

by Justin Cano

The importance of music in our society is due to the many important functions that it performs. As composers, we create music to express a feeling or an idea that cannot be expressed by mere words or images. As listeners, we incorporate music into our daily lives, making it part of our human experience whether for a purpose or just for pure enjoyment. So, whether it is used to create and/or emphasize certain moods, to express certain feelings or ideas, or to bring people together, music touches a place, deep inside us all, which cannot be reached by any other device. This is why both music and the functions that it performs can be found in all elements of our society, and this is why they are both so important.

Perhaps the most common function which music performs is to create and/or emphasize certain moods or environments. Music performs this function on what Aaron Copland, in his essay "How We Listen To Music," would call "the sensuous plane," where the listener is aware of the music playing in the background without necessarily focusing on it. However, even though the use of music to set and/or add to certain moods is commonplace, it often goes unnoticed. A good example of this can be found at the movie theater where the sound tracks to different movies often play a very important role in setting the moods of the films that they accompany.

Who can deny the importance of the mood that the music of John Williams brought to movies like *Jaws* and *Star Wars*? Yet still, unlike in these movies, the sound tracks of most films go unnoticed at the conscious level. In fact, sometimes it takes going to a play or watching a movie like *The Shining*, whose lack of much of a sound track aids in making its viewers extremely uncomfortable and tense, to realize how much we, as viewers, have become quite use to having music with our movies, music to tell us how to feel and to prepare us for what's to come. Still other places where music is used to set a mood, at perhaps a more conscious level, are restaurants, parties, ceremonies, and especially dances. And, of course, what good would be the invention of automobiles if they didn't come equipped with good stereo systems on which to play some kind of traveling music? So, now we know about the importance of music and its functions on the sensuous plane, but what about how it functions on the next plane, the plane where music has meaning?

Aaron Copland calls the second plane on which we listen to music "the expressive plane." This is where the listener finds or attempts to find meaning in music, and this is where yet another important function of music takes place. Whether one is a composer or a listener, music offers one a chance to express or to find a feeling or an idea through the use of a medium that stimulates the senses unlike any other. This is probably why it has been used so much through history as a tool to express both feeling and meaning. From Beethoven to the blues, music has been used to express the different emotions which people feel through their lives. From black music to 60's rock and roll, music has been used to send out messages of civil disobedience and hope. As Jack Santino suggests in his essay "Rock and Roll as Music; Rock and Roll as Culture," our music has evolved with our culture, and our culture has evolved with our music. Therefore, the meanings expressed by our music will always be related to the issues facing our society, and the issues facing our society will always be, in some way, related to the meanings expressed in our music. So, here is yet another way in which music takes an active roll in our society. And, even though we may rarely be able to find a composer's exact meaning in his or her music, it is through the act of attempting to find meaning in music, at a personal level, that we are really able to be open to music in all of its forms, and this leads not only to a discovery of ourselves, but to a discovery of others. This is where music's most important function becomes apparent.

Music brings people together. It brings people together from all walks of life and gives them something to share, a common interest, a common goal. Whether the setting is a church, a concert, or a musical festival, music joins people together who may otherwise have nothing in common. As Bernice Reagon, in her essay "Black Music In Our Hands," said of one such experience, "After the song, the differences among us would not be as great. Somehow, making a song required an expression of that which was common to us all." Music truly is a universal language.

So, now that we know more about the functions which music performs in our society, perhaps it will be easier for us to notice and to witness these more often. Sometimes they will function independently, but often they will function simultaneously just as Copland's three planes of the musical experience do. Look at Woodstock for example. The music there set a certain mood, it expressed meaning, and it brought people together. What a wonderful talent and ability music has.



A Definition Paper for English 101

Instructor's note: Amanda Smith has written an extended definition of the season, Fall, by using the writing strategies which enable clearer communication of her subject: description, compare/contrast, dictionary definition, analogy, anecdote, and example. She has met the challenges of these strategies with creativity, close attention to the effects of language on her intended audience, and good compositional judgment.—**Judy Collins**

Author's note: My assignment was to write a definition paper on a subject of my choice and project my thoughts to the reader in a clear and concise manner. I chose to write my paper on the season of fall because it was autumn and I was able to experience what I was describing. I communicated my thoughts by using analogies, a direct definition, and a reference to each of the five senses that are affected by Fall.

FALL

by Amanda Smith

A brisk wind weaves through the trees, and leaves of yellow, red, and orange cascade to the sleepy ground below. Finishing their blooming cycles, the flowers sit and wait. On everything a twinkle remains, left by an occasional rain. The clouds scurry over the sun, casting shadows on the land and then back away as if they were only playing an innocent joke. I sit and watch nature take its stand as I sip tea and read a book beneath the warmth of my down comforter. The season of summer has ended and fall has arrived.

You can tell fall has arrived not only by witnessing the signs of the leaves falling and the days shortening, but also by the stars. Each season has a unique star so if you see the square of Pegasus you will know fall has awakened. From September 22 to December 22 (when winter will take the baton) Fall will be following its pattern of preparing the earth in a beautiful and special way.

The Pacific Northwest is very unique because we have predominant seasons. In many places they have a long summer and a long winter but only subtle signs of fall or spring. Here we have a shorter summer and winter with long periods of spring and fall. We have the sunny, but not scorching, summer, the cold, but not super-snowy, winter, and the rain and individual signs of both spring and fall. We are able to witness the slow changes of the leaves and the weather as it becomes colder and

colder while in other places of the world, with times of great heat and then a very cold period, they are unable to witness these beautifully slow changes.

According to Webster, "fall (autumn) is a time of full maturity and a subsequent diminishing of strength". The flowers and leaves reach their maturity and gracefully die. Life loses strength and passes to the ground becoming one with the soil. As morbid as this process of death may sound, fall powerfully demonstrates how something so natural, routine, and predictable can also be so beautiful. The preciseness and order of fall can be closely compared to other things in nature and elsewhere.

Fall is like a moth weaving an intricate cocoon preparing itself for metamorphosis and the moment to return as a beautiful butterfly. Winter approaching, the flowers and trees prepare themselves for the cold and the time when they too can emerge in the spring. The leaves as they fall to the ground in beautiful colors, remind me of an elaborate quilt, quickly shaken, and let to float onto a cozy bed beneath. Even though fall can be simply compared to moths and quilts, this season has so much more meaning when personal memories are created.

When driving over Steven's Pass in the fall to visit my dad, I love to look at the hillsides covered in deciduous bushes each in their own fall color. All in a bunch, they look like a quilt similar to the one I referred to before. As the smell of trees whisks by on the tail of a breeze, I can almost taste the freshness of the day. Each weekend I travel over the pass in the fall, the bushes are more colorful and the smell a bit stronger until they pass and I am left to anticipate the next year.

Fall and spring are the beginning and end of the year according to nature. Spring brings warmer weather, so plants and animals peek their heads from their hiding spots and play in the new sunlight. In the fall, however, everything prepares in some way for the winter because they cannot survive the cold. Animals grow new and fuller coats of fur and the parts of the plants above ground die while the root systems stay until it is warm enough to let loose a new sprout. Fall and spring make the most powerful statements because of their places in the cycle of life between the extremes of winter and summer. For this reason, I see fall as being a very beautiful, complex, and powerful season.

Due to the shorter days, time seems to slow down. The days get quieter and more solemn; speed is a hush-hush word. The delicacy of this season makes it all

the more special as if the experience of fall were the most important thing in the world. The angelic leaves take their time and fall from the trees in twos and threes; they can't be rushed because winter is close behind. You sit and watch the world slowly changing and relish the familiar sounds of a lawn mower or children playing outdoors. Summer is gone but winter is almost here.

I can hardly imagine a year without fall. The year would be very incomplete if it just had the cold of winter, the reawakening of spring, and the heat of summer without the gradual decline from summer into winter. Even though the days are shorter and the winter is near, it is not a time of sadness but of excitement because so many beautiful, natural, and powerful things are happening that don't happen at any other time of the year.

Fall is a time to watch leaves separate from branches, the rain twinkle on everything the it touches, the plants and animals prepare for winter, and the clouds play games with the sun. Symbolic of the wonders of life, fall represents nature in the truest form. I recommend observing fall, and all this season's glory, from beneath the tenderness of a warm down comforter with a hot cup of tea and a good book.



A Collection of Essays from English 181—Classical Literature

Instructor's note: Students in my English 181 course were asked to write three papers involving literary analysis. In each paper they were to explore some aspect of Homer's epics or of Greek tragedy, presenting an interpretation that the general reader could understand. I encouraged the students to rely on their own critical abilities and to refrain from consulting secondary sources.—**Sarah Weems**

Author's note: I discovered myself deeply involved in *The Crucible* and read the play twice before I was able to grasp the depth of Giles Corey's dramatic significance. At first, I felt the topic lacked evidence but remained devoted to proving the significance of Giles Corey. As I expanded my knowledge of the subject matter, I realized that my assumption had been false. I found this literary analysis to be the most successful of all my class projects.

THE DRAMATIC FUNCTIONS OF GILES COREY IN *THE CRUCIBLE*

by Amber Press

In 1953, Arthur Miller wrote *The Crucible*, a play derived from a tragic event that occurred in Salem, Massachusetts, during the spring and summer of 1692. Nineteen people and two dogs were hanged for the crime of committing witchcraft. Using the records of this event, Miller created the drama of John Proctor, the protagonist, and his associates. One spring evening, Abigail Williams and a group of young maidens are caught by Reverend Parris as they are dancing in the forest. To avoid punishment, the young girls accuse others of bewitching them. This triggers a mass witch hunt convicting many innocent individuals. Among those convicted is a supporting, yet significant, character named Giles Corey. Giles Corey serves four important dramatic functions during this play: he acts as an element of foreshadowing, he strengthens the arguments of the protagonist, his boldness amplifies the emotions of the scenes, and he serves as a foil to other characters.

During *The Crucible*, the speeches of Giles Corey often provide foreshadowing and historical information. The first example of foreshadowing occurs at the beginning of Act One. Giles Corey and John Proctor are conversing with Reverend Parris, who complains of his low wage and lack of authority in the church. Reverend Parris expresses his belief that John Proctor has formed a conspiracy against him. During this discourse, Giles Corey reveals an important idea that informs the audience of

the town's history of dispute:

GILES: It suggests to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. *To all:* Think on it. Wherefore is everybody suing everybody else? Think on it now, it's a deep thing, and dark as a pit. I have been six time in court this year-- (29; Act 1)

Within this quote, Giles Corey is foreshadowing the possible problems that might occur from past grievances. He warns the audience of the depth of disagreements, hinting that these may trigger a reaction in the witch trials. His comment explicitly prepares the audience for later developments when they will discover that Thomas Putnam, Giles Corey's and John Proctor's rival, uses the witch trials to claim property. Giles Corey's dramatic relevance in this example lies in his suggestion that the convicting of witches may be influenced by motives other than purifying the world from the Devil.

Another example of Giles Corey as a element of foreshadowing can be found when he accidentally associates his own wife with witchcraft. He causes this tragic situation during a conversation with Reverend Hale, a specialist in interpreting witchcraft:

GILES: Mr. Hale, I have always wanted to ask a learned man-- what signifies the readin' of strange books?

HALE: What books?

GILES: I cannot tell; she hides them.

HALE: Who does this?

GILES: Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many a time and found her in a corner, readin' of a book. Now what do you make of that?

HALE: Why, that's not necessarily--

GILES: It discomfits me! Last night--mark this--I tried and tried and could not say my prayers. And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly--mark this--I could pray again!

.....

HALE: Ah! The stoppage of prayer--that is strange. I'll speak further on that with you.

GILES: I'm not sayin' she's touched the Devil, now, but I'd admire to know what books she reads and why she hides them. She'll not answer me, y'see. (37-38; Act 1)

Due to this casual complaint to Reverend Hale, Giles Corey causes his wife to be

convicted of witchcraft. This foreshadows the future unreasonable and inflexible opinions of the court. Despite the fact that Giles Corey appears before the court and explains that he did not mean to imply that his wife's love of books is in any way associated with evil practices, they proceed to convict her. This action demonstrates the faulty logic of the court which bases its verdict on a misinterpretation of his remarks. This suggests that the court will grasp and stretch any event which can be associated with ungodly practices.

The last event in Giles Corey's life that acts as an agent of foreshadowing is his death. As Christopher Bigsby explains in his introduction to *The Crucible*, Arthur Miller brings forward Giles Corey's death so that it can prove exemplary for John Proctor (xiv). Giles Corey's death further foreshadows John Proctor's approaching destiny. During a scene in Act Four, John Proctor ponders whether he should falsely confess to witchcraft in order to save his life or stand by his honesty and hang. The authorities of the jail allow John Proctor to speak with his wife Elizabeth in an attempt to convince him to confess. While John and Elizabeth Proctor are confiding in each other, Elizabeth mentions Giles Corey's death:

ELIZABETH: Giles is dead.

.....
ELIZABETH, *gently*: They press him, John.

PROCTOR: Press?

ELIZABETH: Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. *With a tender smile for the old man*: They say he give them two words. "More weight," he says. And died.

PROCTOR, *numbed—a thread to weave into his agony*: "More weight."

ELIZABETH: Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey. (125; Act 4)

Giles Corey's fate becomes a symbol for John Proctor in his decision. This proves dramatically important because it foreshadows the possibility that the protagonist may die along with Giles Corey in a fight to preserve honesty.

Giles Corey becomes an important element in strengthening John Proctor's arguments. Without Giles Corey, Proctor's side of the conflict within the play may not be as convincing to the audience. In his own way, Giles Corey joins John Proctor in a fight for the innocent Salem citizens who have been convicted of witchcraft. Their relationship reflects a bond of mutual need in a crisis situation. Despite their silly,

petty squabbling, Giles and Proctor maintain a united front against the land-thirsty Putnam:

GILES--*he cannot be crossed*: John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly sayin' I burned the roof off your house, and I--

PROCTOR, *laughing*: I never said no such thing, but I've paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Now come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.

.....

GILES: Aye, and we'll win too, Putnam--this fool and I. Come on! *He turns to Proctor and starts out.* (30; Act 1)

In this example, Giles Corey supports John Proctor against Putnam in an argument over wooded land. Without Giles Corey in the scene, it would seem as though two equal entities were arguing, Proctor and Putnam, without highlighting a particular side. In order to emphasize Proctor's point to the audience, the author includes Giles Corey to support John Proctor.

Giles Corey supports John Proctor, once again, in Act Three during the courtroom scene. John Proctor decides to use Mary Warren, his servant who is among the group of young maidens, to prove Abigail Williams, the leader of the girls, a fraud. If Mary Warren confesses to having pretended to be afflicted by witches, John Proctor's point may be proven. Giles Corey announces Mary Warren's predicament to the court:

GILES: She has been strivin' with her soul all week, Your Honor; she comes now to tell the truth of this to you.

.....

PROCTOR: She never saw no spirits, sir.

DANFORTH, *with great alarm and surprise, to Mary*: Never saw no spirits!

GILES, *eagerly*: Never. (81-82: Act 3)

Giles Corey's role in this scene, although small, is necessary because he helps to support Proctor's argument. Giles Corey eagerly adds his assurance that Mary Warren has never seen any evil spirits. This makes Proctor's view more believable.

Along with acting as an element of foreshadowing and strengthening the argument of the protagonist, Giles Corey's bold personality amplifies the emotions of the scenes. The first example of this can be found when he displays his comical spirit.

Proctor and Abigail Williams are quarreling when young Betty, Reverend Parris' ailing daughter, begins to scream and whimper. Parris, Rebecca the village midwife, and others rush into the room in a frenzy of feverish curiosity. Mrs. Putnam explains that Betty is moaning and screaming because she has heard the Lord's name. She assures everyone that this is definitely a sign of witchcraft. Parris begins to tremble and exclaims to Rebecca that all is lost. During this frantic commotion, Giles Corey enters and naively questions the inhabitants of the room.

GILES:... Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies (24: Act 1).

Giles Corey lightens the serious atmosphere of this scene. While others fret over the presence of the Devil, Giles Corey candidly enters the room asking of the flying girl. This demonstrates a belief that witchcraft is nonsense, initiating a comical element within the play.

Giles Corey also increases the dramatic tension of the scenes with his anger and passion. The first example of this is during Act Two, when the authorities seize his wife for witchcraft. He comes to Proctor's house to find a confidant. He finds the wives of Proctor and Francis Nurse, Rebecca's husband, have also been arrested for signing with the Devil:

GILES: John!

PROCTOR: Giles! What's the matter?

GILES: They take my wife. (67; Act 2)

The brief blunt nature of Giles Corey's speech magnifies the shock of this scene. When he speaks, he usually has much to say. Here he is stunned into brevity. This contributes to the startling reality of the circumstances. He becomes a spokesman for all the simple innocents who are victims of this insanity.

Finally, in Act Three, Giles Corey represents the voice of rationality. He goes to the court in an attempt to save his wife.

GILES' VOICE, *roaring*: I have evidence for the court!

.....
GILES: Hands off, damn you, let me go!

HERRICK: Giles, Giles!

GILES: Out of my way, Herrick! I bring evidence-- (77-78; Act 3)

Giles Corey's bold character challenges the court. His voice captivates the audience and grasps their attention. He awakens the audience and prepares them for the up-

coming scenes. His dynamic persona helps to make the audience aware of the antipathy they should begin to feel towards the court. As the outrage in the court begins to fade away, Giles Corey realizes that he will be defeated:

GILES, *beginning to plead*: They be tellin' lies about my wife, sir, I--

.....
GILES, *beginning to weep*: Your Excellency, I only said she were readin' books, sir, and they come and take her out of my house for--

DANFORTH, *mystified*: Books! What books?

GILES, *through helpless sobs*: It is my third wife, sir; I never had no wife that be so taken with books, and I thought to find the cause of it, d'y'see, but it were no witch I blamed her for. *He is openly weeping.* I have broke charity with the woman, I have broke charity with her. *He covers his face, ashamed. Danforth is respectfully silent.* (79-80; Act 3)

This sudden shift from impulsive outrage to hopeless sobbing demonstrates the immense pressure created in the court. The audience begins to sympathize with this suffering character. This tragic event engages the audience and helps to touch their emotions. In this instance, Giles Corey's feelings dramatically portray the emotions of the entire play.

Giles Corey's final dramatic function is his contrast to the other characters. The most representational examples are his way of reacting to being charged and his way of dying. Elizabeth Proctor describes Giles Corey's reaction to being charged.

ELIZABETH, *quietly, factually*: He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay. (125; Act 4)

Giles Corey is the only person in the story who chooses to stand mute. Secondly, he differs from the rest of the characters in his way of dying. As Elizabeth Proctor explained earlier, Giles Corey is pressed to death. His muteness represents truth which is brutally silenced by a unique death.

Throughout *The Crucible*, Giles Corey is a significant character, who serves four main dramatic functions. First, Giles Corey acts as an element of foreshadowing when he discusses past grievances hinting that the witch trails may become a

pathway for other motives. He also foreshadows the poor logic of the court and his death acts as a indication of John Proctor's fate. Secondly, Giles Corey appears as a support for John Proctor against Putnam and the court. Thirdly, his personality brings a comic element into serious scenes while his angered, remorseful and passionate demonstration in the courtroom heightens the audience's emotional experience. Finally, by serving as a contrast to the other characters in his silent reaction to indictment and his unique death, he becomes a tragic, yet almost heroic addition to the play. Giles Corey is an essential character who dramatically enhances *The Crucible*.

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Author's note: *My assignment was to write a paper on one of the Greek tragedies we were studying. Out of the six topics suggested by the teacher, I chose to compare sight versus blindness in Oedipus the King, particularly in relation to the characters of Oedipus and Tiresias. This required tracing all the references to seeing and not seeing from the text and using balance between analysis and examples from the story.*

TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE?

by Amanda Smith

In Sophocles' Oedipus the King, the theme of sight versus blindness is central to the story. It is apparent in the story that Oedipus perceives blind people as lowly, worthless invalids who could have nothing to contribute. Therefore it is easy to see the irony in the recommendation of Tiresias, a blind prophet, as someone credible and capable of helping Oedipus with the task of solving the murder of King Laius. Tiresias is physically blind but has the capability to see the truth, while Oedipus has sight but cannot see the truth of his own actions and behaviors. Tiresias has truths he could tell about Oedipus that even Tiresias does not want to know. Eventually Oedipus admits that he has been living blind to the truth of his life, and the loss of his physical sight would be easier to deal with than seeing the truth with his eyes as well as his mind.

The leader of the chorus has confidence in Tiresias' ability to prophesy the future and recommends Tiresias to Oedipus to help solve the murder of King Laius. "Here is the one who will convict him, look, / they bring him on at last, the seer, the man of god. / The truth lives inside him, him alone" (Sophocles, p. 667, ll. 337-39). The leader emphasizes how Tiresias sees the truth clearly, as if he were seeing with the Lord Apollo's eyes. The leader further endorses Tiresias when he says he sees like he has the eyes of a god, and also refers to Tiresias as a man of god.

When Oedipus first asks Tiresias what he sees, it appears too painful for Tiresias to tell. Tiresias does not share because he sees more than who murdered King Laius. He sees everything about Oedipus' life, including many events which Oedipus is refusing to allow himself to see. Tiresias says, "How terrible-- to see the truth / when the truth is only pain to him who sees!" (Sophocles, p. 667, ll. 359-60). That statement may also be prophecy of how Oedipus will respond when or if he eventually allows himself to see these truths. Tiresias is hinting to Oedipus that if he tells

the whole truth of what he sees, it will be too painful for Oedipus to accept. This is confirmed by Oedipus' apparent denial of what Tiresias says and his desire to prove that Tiresias is nothing but a blind man trying to make some money and a name for himself by claiming he is a prophet.

Oedipus becomes so enraged when Tiresias will not tell him all he sees that Oedipus claims he himself knows the truth. "... now I see it all... / ...and given eyes I'd say / you did the killing single-handed" (Sophocles, p. 668, ll. 394-97). Oedipus makes a guess at the truth and ventures to claim that Tiresias killed King Laius simply because Tiresias is afraid to reveal that Oedipus killed King Laius himself. Oedipus suggests that if he had actually seen the murder, he would not only say Tiresias killed King Laius, but also that he killed him single-handedly. Tiresias does not take Oedipus' haughty accusation personally but instead begins to reveal some of the frightening truth to Oedipus in an indirect way.

Without saying Oedipus is guilty of King Laius' murder and revealing Oedipus has been married to his mother all these years, Tiresias attempts to make Oedipus aware of his blindness to the truth. Tiresias simply says to Oedipus, "...you cannot see how far you've gone in guilt" (Sophocles, p. 669, l. 419). Tiresias describes Oedipus' inability and unwillingness to see the truth about his life. Tiresias seems to say that Oedipus cannot or will not see the circumstances because they have gone on for so long and are so personal, he has become immersed to the point of blindness to this wrong life he has lived.

As Oedipus' frustration continues, he resorts to emphasizing Tiresias' physical blindness in order to further discredit Tiresias. Oedipus says:

Blind,
lost in the night, endless night that cursed you!
You can't hurt me or anyone else who sees the light--
you can never touch me. (Sophocles, p. 669, ll. 425-28)

It appears blindness is seen as a curse or punishment. Oedipus even resorts to calling Tiresias a fortune-teller and a liar. Since Oedipus doubts that Tiresias can truly prophesy, he concludes that Tiresias is just a lowly blind man who cannot hurt anyone.

Tiresias is not disturbed by Oedipus' harsh words but defends his power to

see the future:

So,

you mock my blindness? Let me tell you this,
You with your precious eyes,
you're blind to the corruption of your life,
to the house you live in, those you live with-
who are your parents?

.....
and the double lash of your mother and father's curse
will whip you from this land one day, their footfall
treading you down in terror, darkness shrouding
your eyes that now can see the light! (Sophocles, p. 670, ll. 468-79)

With the intention of revealing to Oedipus that he is, in fact, the one who is living blindly, Tiresias asks Oedipus questions about his life. Tiresias finishes off his speech with a prophetic statement to Oedipus suggesting that some day Oedipus will be physically blind and unable to flaunt his gift of sight.

Tiresias finally sees the need to say it as he sees it and reveal the truth to Oedipus no matter how angry it will make him. "I will go, / once I have said what I came here to say. / I'll never shrink from the anger in your eyes-- / you can't destroy me" (Sophocles, p. 671, ll. 507-10). Tiresias boldly says that Oedipus had better just listen because he can't intimidate Tiresias with the anger in his eyes or with his vicious words.

Though Tiresias is set on telling Oedipus the truth, he continues to use obvious clues in order to test whether Oedipus is still blinding himself from the truth. Soon after Tiresias says that Oedipus will some day be shrouded by darkness and will be a blind man, he says that the person who murdered King Laius is someone who now sees but will later be blind. Tiresias also says the killer is now rich but will later be a beggar who will leave his home for foreign soil.

Oedipus says that he won't accept anything Tiresias says until he sees it with his own eyes. Oedipus bases all his trust on his sight in order to prove to himself that what he sees is in fact a reality. Oedipus refuses to accept Tiresias' explanation that Tiresias can see in a different way, and fails to acknowledge that Tiresias can see what is going on much better than he can. Oedipus does not realize that he is

acting blind, and has been all along, so unless he opens his mental eyes, he will never be able to see the truth. Tiresias presents a challenge to Oedipus, a challenge that he hopes will finally get Oedipus' attention. Oedipus does not seem to have much regard for anyone who can not see the light of day, and Tiresias challenges, "Go in and reflect on that, solve that. / And if you find I've lied / from this day onward call the prophet blind" (Sophocles, p. 671, ll. 524-26).

After Tiresias leaves, Oedipus attempts to prove to himself that Tiresias has lied. To his dismay, it only becomes clearer to Oedipus that what Tiresias says could be true. As Oedipus sorts through his memories of the day he met some strangers at the crossroads and ended up killing them, he comes to the realization that he probably is the one who murdered King Laius. However, Oedipus refuses to accept his own thoughts as fact until he hears the shepherd tell what he knows. Oedipus hopes he will never have to "see" and therefore bear witness to the confirmation of his own guilt. If Oedipus discovers he is guilty of murdering King Laius and marrying his mother, he would rather be permanently removed from the world and spared the agony of living daily with visual reminders of his guilt.

Oh no, not that, you pure and awesome gods,
never let me see that day! Let me slip
from the world of men, vanish without a trace
before I see myself stained with such corruption,
stained to the heart. (Sophocles, p. 681, ll. 919-23)

Oedipus decides he does not want to experience a day that his thoughts may be confirmed, and he could deal with his inner pain more easily if he did not have to deal with the reminders his eyes would see every day.

When the shepherd tells the story that Oedipus knows all too well, Oedipus has to experience the day when his worst fears are confirmed. Oedipus finally realizes how blind he has been and believes what Tiresias has said. In agony over the sight of his wife hanging by a rope from the news that she is Oedipus' mother, and because of the immensity of the information he now understands, Oedipus gouges out his eyes as Tiresias predicted he would, saying:

You,
you'll see no more the pain I suffered, all the pain I caused!
Too long you looked on the ones you never should have seen,

blind to the ones you longed to see, to know! Blind
from this hour on! Blind in the darkness-- blind!

(Sophocles, p. 694, ll. 1405-09)

Even though the chorus suggests that Oedipus would have been better off dead than to have gouged out his eyes, Oedipus is content with his decision. Oedipus goes on to say it is easier to be blind than to have to look into the eyes of those he loves and not feel overwhelming shame.

What I did was best-- don't lecture me,
no more advice. I, with my eyes,
how could I look my father in the eyes
when I go down to death? Or mother, so abused . . .

.....

Worse yet,
the sight of my children, born as they were born,
how could I long to look into their eyes?

No, not with these eyes of mine, never. (Sophocles, p. 696, ll. 1499-1507)

Now that he has to confront the truth of his life, he refuses to face his father or even his own children. With his feelings of uncleanness and evil-doing, or he does what he feels is easier for him to deal with. His inability to fully face up to his actions causes him to take his own sight.

As Tiresias suggested earlier, the truth can be hard to see, and when it is seen, it can bring great pain to him who sees. When Oedipus discovers that Tiresias' claims about his life are true, he comes to the realization that wisdom exists not only for those who can physically see but, like Tiresias, for those who possess a prophetic wisdom despite physical blindness. Oedipus now sees the unjust situation of his privilege to see when he was in fact causing pain and suffering for others. He dismisses his initial feelings about blindness and ultimately uses blindness as a means to ease his own pain. He has been living blind to the truth of his life. With the truth revealed and made clearly visible to him, Oedipus chooses blindness once again.

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Author's note: *I found it extremely interesting that so much of Classic Greek literature addresses so many of the same aspects of life that we deal with today. I found that the personality traits and personal problems dealt with by Sophocles and others of his era are timeless in their relevance. I came away with a renewed respect for literature.*

THE USE OF FISCAL LANGUAGE IN SOPHOCLES' *ANTIGONE*

by Pamela Sorensen

In Sophocles' play *Antigone*, there is a great deal of reference to profit, loss and monetary value. Personal wealth and power are a driving force in the life of Antigone's uncle Creon. In contrast Antigone values her belief in right and wrong and a life lived within the laws of the gods. Tiresias the seer has served Thebes faithfully for many years. He values justice and the welfare of the city. Finally comes Haemon, son of Creon and betrothed of Antigone, who values the love he shares with her more than his own life.

At the outset we are made aware of Creon's 'idols' as he states, "I now possess the throne and all its powers" (p. 706, l. 193). He enjoys the feeling of power, but has little natural ability for leadership. As the play progresses, he starts showing his insecurity when he warns the chorus not to let the love of money tempt them against him. They don't have any intention of doing anything to invoke his anger. This is the point at which we start to see Creon's paranoia create cracks in his ability to think rationally (p. 708).

On page 710 Creon continues to unravel. He gives a long speech about 'certain citizens' who have begun to plot against him since he became king. He accuses these same citizens of bribing his own guards to turn against him and swears to make them pay. The speech takes on a frantic quality as he turns on the sentry:

You'll have learned, at last, it doesn't pay
to itch for rewards from every hand that beckons.
Filthy profits wreck most men, you'll see--
they'll never save your life. (p. 710, ll. 346-56)

Throughout his speeches, Creon sees his own personal worth directly proportionate to power and monetary wealth. The value he puts on his own personal integrity is attached to his ability to stick with his decisions, even in the face of adversity. Creon

is new to the job of being a king. He reminds me of a small child trying something new and a little unsure if he is capable of handling the situation. This scenario often exhibits defensiveness to mask fear.

Antigone is in direct contrast to Creon, who believes in man's law and his own self-importance. She believes that a person's value is not measured in material wealth, but in one's personal integrity. She is willing to pay the supreme price for this belief. Her adherence to traditional religious and moral values is to cost her her life:

If I am to die before my time
I consider that a gain. Who on earth
alive in the midst of so much grief as I,
could fail to find his death a rich reward? (p. 714, ll. 515-18)

She speaks of Polynices as "not some slave that died--" (p. 716, l. 581). Being of high birth made his life and death more valuable than that of a slave of low birth. While we may see this as being snobbish, in the time of these characters it was one of the ways society was ordered. This means the actions by Creon are much more shattering than if Polynices were of poor birth.

Haemon tries to intercede with his father on behalf of Antigone (pp. 720-22). He uses words like "gifts" and "treasure" in the context of man's ability to reason. He implies that the citizens have total respect for Creon, but "they say" Antigone does not deserve to die. This is another twist on denying responsibility for one's actions. Haemon gets a little overwrought and exclaims, "Death! She deserves a glowing crown of gold!" (p. 721, l. 782). He recovers his composure quickly and adds, "So they say" (p. 721, l. 783). This same format follows through most of the conversation. Haemon praises his father glowingly and then follows with the implication that he may have made an error in judgment. It is interesting that all of his descriptions use the same financially based terms of his father. Perhaps this is the type of language he believes his father will understand.

Creon orders Antigone's death in response to her actions. She states, "[T]his, this is my reward" (p. 726, l. 993). She goes down honorably, if not quietly. In her reaction to Creon we see a woman who would rather die than let her family and the gods down, whether they are living or dead.

The next character Creon accuses of treachery is Tiresias the seer. This move by Creon is particularly unwise. Tiresias has been a trusted advisor of the monarchy for many years and is revered by the citizens of Thebes. Creon's attacks on Tiresias belie his growing fear and insecurity as the louder he accuses Tiresias the more vulnerable he appears. In his speech on page 730, Creon is beginning to sound hysterical. "Old man--All of you! So, / you shoot your arrows at my head like archers at the target--" (p. 730, ll. 1144-45). Creon is starting to waver as Tiresias gives him terrible predictions about his downfall. Tiresias ends by saying, "There. Reflect on that, tell me I've been bribed" (p. 731, l. 1198). He is rightly insulted by the attack on his integrity. Tiresias has never put material wealth ahead of the good of the city. Tiresias lays himself open to Creon's wrath in the pursuit of justice and to the honor of his gift of vision. The chorus of old men keep trying throughout the play to give Creon a way out of his poor decisions, but his hubris keeps him from giving in.

As we follow the action, we find Creon frantically trying to figure out how to reverse all of the damage he has done because of his hubris. Sadly, it is too late. The messenger who brings news of Haemon's death shows no envy for Creon's wealth:

Pile up riches in your house, as much as you like--
live like a king with a huge show of pomp,
but if real delight is missing from the lot,
I wouldn't give you a wisp of smoke for it,
not compared with joy. (p. 734, ll. 1287-91)

The messenger on page 736 goes to the heart of the issue when he states, "Creon shows the world that of all the ills / afflicting men the worst is lack of judgment." (p. 736, ll. 1372-73). I don't believe Creon has any evil intentions; he is simply blinded by his own stubbornness. He seems to be taking responsibility for his actions until, in true Greek style, he blames the gods for "driving me down that wild savage path" (p. 737, l. 1404). In the end I get the feeling Creon wishes he had never become king. Maybe being king isn't all it was cracked up to be. Would he have given up his wealth and power for the lives of his wife and son? He is a rash, greedy and emotional man who just isn't strong enough to be king.

All of these characters pay dearly for wisdom. Creon pays for his poor decisions with the lives of his wife and son and finds that his wealth and power cannot

save them. Haemon pays tribute to his beloved Antigone by giving his life. Tiresias has paid for the wisdom of prophetic vision with his sight. Antigone pays for her dedication to her family and her gods with her life. The moral I see here is that the price of wisdom can be very high.

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Sophocles. *Antigone*. Trans. Robert Fagles. *The Norton Anthology of World Masterpieces*. 6th ed. Vol. 1. Ed. Maynard Mack et al. New York: Norton, 1992.

Author's Note: In Homer's works, gods often came in person to communicate with mortals, rather than expressing their will in the more abstract form of a voice from the sky. For this paper on the *Odyssey*, I was interested in the relationship between the mortal Odysseus and the immortal Athena, his guide and protector.

ODYSSEUS AND ATHENA

by Ehren Nagel

It is not difficult to appreciate why Homer's *Odyssey* is still regarded, after almost 3000 years, as one of the great masterpieces of literature. It offers so many possible interpretations and levels of understanding within a colorful and highly entertaining adventure story.

One aspect of the *Odyssey* that I find especially interesting is the relationship of Athena and Odysseus. Looking at the interactions between them leads me not to a conclusion but to a question: For centuries humans have been trying to determine who the gods are and what they represent. Looking at Athena and Odysseus, I wonder what it is that separates mortals from the gods. Is it only immortality?

When looking at the characters of Odysseus and Athena, we see very similar personalities. Both use disguises and trickery, and both enjoy testing others, sometimes for no apparent reason. Athena disguises herself by taking the forms of different people. Odysseus uses clever words to do the same thing. Their similar traits make for a very interesting relationship, what some might call a friendship, between Athena and Odysseus.

As the nymph Kalypso tells us, two other goddesses grew overly attached to mortal men, and those men met their deaths as a consequence (p.269, ll.124-34). Yet, the friendship between Athena and Odysseus does not seem to be frowned upon by the other gods, except possibly Poseidon, who created the trials of Odysseus' voyage home.

All through the *Odyssey* Athena is the guide and protector of Odysseus. On Skheria Island, home of the Phaiakians, she disguises herself as a little girl to help Odysseus find his way through the city and gives him a description of the ruling family (pp. 287-88). When Odysseus is attempting to put the young men of Skheria in their place, she takes on the appearance of a Phaiakian to call out the distance of his

discus throw. (p. 300, ll. 202-07). Near the end of the *Odyssey* (p. 507, l. 209) Athena takes the form of Mentor to help Odysseus fight the suitors. In these and many other instances, we see Athena come to the aid of Odysseus both when the need is great, such as in the battle against the suitors, and when the need is small, as in the matter of the discus throw.

Often there is an appealing element of humor in Athena's interventions. Being a god doesn't mean she needs to be serious all the time. For example, when Athena helps Odysseus in the guise of the small girl, she calls him "grandfer," making him out to be an old man (p. 287, l. 31). Comparing Athena's age to his, Odysseus would be like a new-born babe. Later, we see what might be called a practical joke. Athena hides the landscape of Ithaka, Odysseus' homeland, in a heavy fog, keeping it from being fully seen and recognized (pp. 378-80). Uncertain where he is, Odysseus begins to despair, thinking that he is on another strange island in the middle of nowhere. Athena lets him wallow in self-pity for a while before showing up as a shepherd to tell him where he is. Not very nice, but funny nonetheless.

Athena seems to enjoy her ability to change her form, and she has quite a strange sense of humor. When we look at Odysseus we can see the same queer humor and the use of false identities, though, for the most part, Odysseus fabricates long tales to fool the people he meets, rather than changing his appearance.

One of the examples of Odysseus' sense of humor is his response to the fog Athena places over Ithaka. I think Odysseus guessed that the shepherd was really Athena. Homer tells us, "Now lord Odysseus, the long-enduring, laughed in his heart, hearing his land described by Pallas Athena" (p. 380, ll. 293-95). Odysseus then tells the "shepherd" a masterful tale of total fabrication (pp. 380-81). In order to avoid hearing any more nonsense, Athena is forced to reveal herself.

I think the best example of Odysseus' humor comes at the end of the story when he hides his identity from his father, Laertes (pp. 532-33). Odysseus' behavior resembles that of a jealous spouse testing to see if his partner is still faithful by pretending to be someone else. It doesn't seem to fit a reunion of father and son. But, if we see it as the game that Odysseus constantly plays, a sort of challenge between himself and whoever he's talking to, it makes sense. The point of his game is to see how long he can go on before the other person guesses who he is, or he gives in and reveals himself.

Like Athena, Odysseus enjoys disguises; but, with the exception of the time he spends as a beggar, his only makeup is his words. Whereas Athena, with her godly powers, has a fairly easy job of changing roles, Odysseus must think things through carefully before attempting to play a part.

On the island of the Kyklopes, Odysseus uses the cleverly calculated alias of "Nohbdy" (p. 320, l. 383). This works just as he hoped it would. When Polyphemos calls for help from the other Kyklopes, he cries "Nohbdy, Nohbdy's tricked me, Nohbdy's ruined me!" (p. 321, l. 426). The other Kyklopes go off thinking that "nobody's" hurt him. Odysseus' plan is masterful and at the same time a bit ironic. When he says, "My name is Nohbdy: mother, father, and friends, / everyone calls me Nohbdy" (p.320, ll. 383-84), it is, in a sense, all too true. At the time he is telling the story to the Phaiakians, his father, his friends, everyone in his homeland thinks he is dead, nobody.

After Odysseus arrives home to Ithaka, Athena turns him into an old beggar (p. 385, ll. 500-09). This is the first time that we see him in a physical disguise, although during Telemakhos' visit to Menelaos, Helen tells us that Odysseus used the disguise of a beggar to get into Troy during the Trojan wars (pp. 250-51). Even in the disguise Athena has given him, Odysseus comes up with fictional stories of his past to make the effect complete. He creates a new story or modifies an old one to suit each situation. Thus, in the hut of the swineherd Eumaios, who is a slave, Odysseus includes in his falsified life history that his mother was a slave on the inland of Krete, and that he was almost sold into slavery himself (pp. 391-95). When his wife Penelope, believing he's a beggar, asks him his life story, he sticks with the part about coming from Krete but makes himself out to be the grandson of King Minos (p. 467, ll.192-93). In this case, he wants to make himself appear more worthy of being allowed to beg in the feast hall.

Besides their use of disguises and trickery, Athena and Odysseus have another trait that shows their similar thought processes. Very often they do things for multiple purposes. For example, when Odysseus is feeling cold in the house of Eumaios the swineherd, he uses a fictional story from the war in Troy to test Eumaios (pp. 398-99). After he completes the tale of how he gained a cloak and was saved from freezing in a storm, Eumaios gives Odysseus his cloak. And so Odysseus is assured of Eumaios' kindness and also gains a warm and comfortable sleep that night.

Similarly, near the beginning of the story, Athena visits the manor of Odysseus where the suitors are feasting. She appears on the front steps in the form of Mentos, an old friend of the family who nevertheless is not known to Odysseus' son Telemakhos. Telemakhos, seeing a stranger waiting, goes to the door and shows her in. He treats her with the utmost courtesy (pp. 212-13). After the guest has eaten, he politely asks for her name and her story. Athena makes up a good tale and then gives Telemakhos some advice. She finally convinces him to go on a quest to find his father (pp. 213-16). This episode accomplishes several things. First, by arriving as a stranger, Athena is able to see what kind of manners Telemakhos has. Second, by getting Telemakhos to go on a quest, she gives him a chance to see the world and fend for himself. Telemakhos does a lot of growing up on this journey. Third, sending him on the quest puts him out of danger from the suitors and makes his reunion with his father easier to arrange.

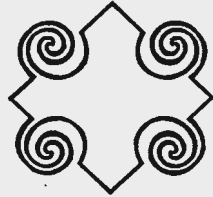
What does the relationship between Athena and Odysseus show us about gods and men? Changing her form from shepherd to beautiful woman, the grey-eyed goddess exclaims to Odysseus, ". . .even a god/ might bow to you in ways of dissimulation./ You! You chameleon!" (p. 381, ll. 343-45) and then, ". . .Two of a kind we are,/ contrivers both" (p. 381, ll.350-51). What, then, is it that separates Odysseus from being a god?

Ever since the first person looked out upon the ocean and, seeing its vastness, wondered what lay beyond its horizon, humankind has tried and failed to answer the questions of the universe. We use gods to explain the unexplainable and, by accepting our ignorance, have reached higher understanding. The Greeks based their gods on themselves, on human nature, giving each aspect of human experience a life of its own. In this way they came to understand their world.

Odysseus represents the height of human determination, cleverness, and ingenuity. Perhaps what separates him from the gods is his unwillingness to give up his mortality, with all of its weaknesses and pain, for the loneliness of the immortality that was offered him by Kalypso (p. 271, ll. 217-18). His only, very human wish is to return home to his wife and son and live a long, happy life in peace.

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Noah Overby
The Maestro
Linocut, 6" x 11.75"

Artist's note: This scene is a depiction of the ancient art of glassblowing. At the bench sits Lino Tagliapietra, one of the Italian Maestros, and a friend and teacher of mine. Lino travels all over the world teaching the fine art and technique of Venetian glassblowing. His efforts help this artform to flourish.—**Noah Overby**

Author's note: *When we began to read Aeschylus in class, my instructor informed us that we would likely enjoy the later authors (Euripides, for example) more. As soon as I had read some of both, however, I found myself entirely drawn to Aeschylus; in our book, The Norton Anthology of World Masterpieces, which I still retain, the leaves of Aeschylus are visibly worn, and I even managed to tear one of the pages describing the author out. Euripides, I'm afraid, failed to garner as much attention. I felt early on that here was more depth to Aeschylus than a cursory examination might reveal, and my paper only examines a fraction of it.*

THE NETS OF JUSTICE

by Laura A. Newell

The story of the Oresteia, Aeschylus' great trilogy, deals directly with the events burdening a Greek family over a period of several years. However, in order to appreciate the story of the family of Agamemnon and his wife and children, the reader must be aware of the history of Agamemnon's ancestors, the role of women, men, and their children in ancient Greek society, and the tale of the Trojan War. A foreknowledge of the myths and histories surrounding these legendary people is required to fully understand the ongoing stories of their lives; further, an understanding of the principles outlined above added to an appreciation of the factual history surrounding the ancient city of Athens and the ideas formed there regarding justice not only add to the enjoyment of the Oresteia but complete a basic understanding of the many variables at play within it.

The level of symbolism in the trilogy of plays is not immediately apparent, but by the end of the final play these once vague references to changes within Greek society, and in particular the symbolism behind the use of "nets" throughout the story, have come to dominate what was a tale about family and murder and justice. In the final play, in particular, it becomes the tale of descent of the old ideas of justice, the ascent of the Athenian court and the advent of trial by jury in ancient Greece.

The repeated use of the imagery of the nets allows Aeschylus to imply a variety of things, most of them relating to the sorrow present in the House of Atreus as a result of Agamemnon's murder. Further, the nets symbolize something much more far-reaching in scope than any simple weave of cloth from the very first comparison made, near the beginning of *Agamemnon*, in which they are likened to Zeus' will

when he allowed the city of Troy to be sacked (Mack, p. 552 ll. 129-31). In the last play, the *Eumenides*, the nets come to symbolize the burden that comes with old ideas of justice, and at this point the nets and the symbolism of the Furies and Athena all combine to form an exquisite allegory.

Aeschylus makes good use of the imagery of the nets when he expands it and uses comparisons to objects similar in appearance or purpose such as chains, robes, and spider's webs. There are images that coincide, as well, like that of fish nets and hunter's traps of snares made of nets. When these are added to the direct references there are over thirty places in which the nets are used to make a point, but it is possible to cover the major ideas represented by these while examining only one third the total number.

When the leader of the chorus speaks to a mysterious and uncooperative Cassandra and asks her to descend the chariot as Clytaemnestra requests, he makes a remark that proves very ironic: "It's *you* she is speaking to, it's all too clear./ You're caught in the nets of doom—obey/ if you can obey, unless you cannot bear to." (Mack, p. 576, ll. 1045-47). In fact, he is referring to the fact that Cassandra has been captured by Agamemnon and will now be his slave, but the truth of this statement goes beyond what he intends. Cassandra is also doomed to be killed by Clytaemnestra in but a few moments. She has unwittingly gotten tangled in the nets that have fallen on the house of Atreus. With this, the reader is given a taste of what is to come. She has not sought the nets, but neither have the nets hunted her; she is merely an innocent caught quite off guard, and thus the mesh of Fate appears to us as intertwining the entire household and falling not exclusively on those immediately involved.

Shortly after the previous statement is made by the leader of the chorus, Cassandra, prophesying the murder of Agamemnon and herself, speaks of nets: "No, no, look there!--/ what's that? Some net flung out of hell-" (Mack, p. 578, ll. 1117-18). Here she apparently sees the nets as trapping the two soon-to-be victims in order to make the murders easy, but she goes on to reveal that it is Clytaemnestra who is in the trap. This comparison of the murderess and the symbolic nets sent from hell is an image that goes even farther into the future than might be immediately noticeable, for it suggests that Clytaemnestra is in fact the real robe that falls on Agamemnon and assists his murder, and that she herself is caught in this self-same web.

When I say she assists in his murder, I mean to say that she herself is assisted by the perhaps more archaic ideas concerning justice which are defeated in the final play of the trilogy.

After hearing of Agamemnon's death, the chorus goes through a long lamentation, amidst which are the following lines: "Here in the black widow's web you lie, / gasping out your life . . ." (Mack, p. 589, ll. 1523-24). This assessment of the war hero's murder is at best faulty, for it does not consider any of Clytaemnestra's motives, and indeed makes her seem motiveless and easy to condemn. This may be a partial reason why, later, when, in the *Eumenides* Apollo is testifying on behalf of Orestes for the son's murder of Clytaemnestra, he paints here like a spider doing the evil deed: Apollo is testifying on behalf of Orestes for the son's murder of Clytaemnestra, he paints here like a spider doing the evil deed: "And there she pitched her tent, her circling shroud-- / she shackled her man in robes / in her gorgeous never-ending web she chopped him down!" (Mack, p. 641, ll. 541-43). Clytaemnestra's circling shroud makes one envision a spider flying in the air while weaving its web, shocking Agamemnon as an arachnid does a stray insect for a feast, and finally dining on him in her "never-ending web."

When Aegisthus emerges to view the dead body, he speaks some of justice, which is understandable when one considers the dead man's father had in the past murdered all of Aegisthus' siblings and served them in a feast to the father, Thyestes. Aegisthus seems to see the murders merely as a fulfillment of justice for his dead siblings and abused father: ". . . and I, the weaver of Justice, / plotted out the kill . . ." (Mack, p. 592, ll. 1638-39). Then, not long afterwards: ". . . now I could die gladly, even I-- / now I see this monster in the nets of Justice . . ." (Mack, p. 592, ll. 1645-46). In these proclamations the robes are shown to be fulfilling one of a number of injustices which demand retribution. The other motives, not represented, include Agamemnon's sacrifice of his and Clytaemnestra's daughter, Iphigeneia, before the Trojan War and his supposed affairs with other women while abroad. According to tradition, it would seem Agamemnon's sacrifice of Iphigeneia is the best motive Clytaemnestra has in her defense.

In the second play, the Libation Bearers, a more unusual reference to nets is made by the leader of the chorus. Orestes and Electra, the remaining children of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra, have met near the tomb of their dead father years

after his murder. Orestes has been away and only recently returned, and he and his sister speak of the murder and plot revenge while the chorus looks on. When the leader of the chorus speaks, she is rejoicing that Agamemnon's death may finally be avenged. "Corks to the net, they rescue the linen meshes / from the depths. This line will never drown!" (Mack, p. 607, ll. 493-94). She appears to be making a vague reference to the family as having begun to drown while trapped under linen meshes, meshes perhaps too weighty to be lifted. Orestes and Electra are the corks which, attached to the net, allow it to rise up and its inhabitant to escape drowning. By the term "line," it seems possible she is referring to the net itself, but it is more likely that she means the family line that lives on in Orestes and Electra. Moreover, the irony of it is that she thinks they will be freed if Clytaemnestra and Aegisthus are killed, when in fact it will only continue to entangle members of the family in the nets of justice.

After Orestes has killed his mother and Aegisthus, he makes a number of long speeches to the chorus, contemplating both his father's murder by Clytaemnestra and Clytaemnestra's demise by his own hand. During these he often speaks of the bloodied robes that the two have, themselves, died in:

Look once more on this,
 You who gather here to attend our crimes—
 the master-plot that bound my wretched father,
 shackled his ankles, manacled his hands.
 Spread it out! Stand in a ring around it,
 a grand shroud for a man.

Here, unfurl it
 so the Father—no, not mine the the One
 who watches over all, the Sun can behold
 my mother's godless work.
 (Mack, p. 620, ll. 970-78)

In this passage, the robe is again referred to as trapping Agamemnon, and it is representative of the very act of murder, of his "mother's godless work." As such, it might be seen that it is Clytaemnestra's actions which have come back to render her the same fate. This might minimize the participation of the idea of justice if it weren't pointed out that it is the will of justice that allows this to happen. Orestes makes the robe symbolic of the actual murder again in the *Eumenides* when, testifying before Athena, he claims "it still attests her murder in the bath . . ." (Mack, p. 637, l. 475).

have seen that this method only brings heartache to the people involved. Indeed, it is pointed out in the very first platy and again in the second by the chorus, who is ever observing the tragedy unfold. After Agamemnon's death, "Justice brings new acts of agony, yes, / on new grindstones Fate is grinding sharp the sword of Justice." (Mack, p. 590, ll. 1567-68). Here they are bemoaning Agamemnon's death and predicting in sorrow the deaths to come. A longer passage reads,

Each charge meets counter-charge.
None can judge between them. Justice.
The plunderer plundered, the killer pays the price.
The truth still hold while Zeus still hold the throne:
the one who acts must suffer—
that is the law. Who, who can tear from the veins
the bad seed, the curse? The race is welded to its
ruin.

(Mack, p. 591, ll. 1591-97).

The agony of this form of justice is very apparent. When the last play begins, the Furies, anxious to avenge Clytaemnestra's murder, symbolize this old system. When their justice is denied they howl with rage. But Athena, symbolizing not only wisdom here but also the collective insight on the part of Athenians when they formed their court, a basis for legal systems still, wins over the old way of thinking when she convinces the Furies to embrace the new way of carrying out justice. This will keep justice, she seems to say, without allowing for the ruin that an-eye-for-an-eye brings about. When the Furies agree, she requests that they be dressed in blood-red robes. With this, the Furies symbolically remove the net from the house of Atreus, and the net that might have snagged Orestes' life is now gone. Orestes, representing the younger generations, is free. The Furies, now dawning these robes, continue the burden of carrying out justice, but a justice no longer mindless or vengeful. The house of Atreus, now symbolic of society at large, is free from the shackles of the tribal beliefs of old.

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A Short Story from English 221

Instructor's note: "My Friend John" is a story about more than just racism. It speaks to us on many levels: it is a story about growing up in a hard life, no matter one's skin color, and choosing to nurture vibrant creative power over expected loyalties and induced barriers of race, gender, and class. And it is a story about what happens when old hurts cannot allow that vibrancy to flourish. Patricia worked this story through many drafts, but from the very beginning, her wonderful sense of language has permeated every line. It is language to savor long after the reading is over. It has been a privilege to work with this fine, developing writer, and I eagerly anticipate seeing her work in print. Look for her name in the future.—**Kate Allen**

Author's note: I fictionalized a story of racism and abuse of power on the home front. The first draft was tight so I didn't have to do much revising. My peer editors recognized that the dad lacked motivation for destroying the piano. So I developed the dad more in the second draft and gave the mom more of a role. However, then I could see, with the teacher's help, that the race issue didn't come through clearly, until the last rewrite of the draft. A story is never final. Every time I read through this I see where more revising could smooth the read a little better.

Direction from a skilled teacher, team work with fellow students and the elements of life – good life and bad life – are essential for a bouquet of good words. Writing is hard work for me. The results of many teachers and many classmates' hours of input, plus my own effort and persistence to finally "get it," resulted in this and other stories.

MY FRIEND JOHN

by Patricia Sanborn

I was the second born of six. Ma named me Tia nine years ago. Pa named my brother, Brad, twelve years ago. We had four more sisters, but they little and they didn't talk much, they just played, eat and slept. We was poor, and we lived on the poor side of town. We lived on the poor side of the poor side of town. Blacks, whites and browns all alike, all in the same boat, all sinkin' or swimmin'. My mother was a mother. When she wasn't cleanin', washin', cookin', cursin' or nursin' she read romance magazines. She usually didn't pay us older ones no mind as long as we kept our noses clean.

My father was a mechanic seven days a week, twelve hours a day during planting, summer and harvesting seasons. He mostly worked in our garage on big,

farm trucks, like those that haul the pickin's from the orchards to the drying sheds. He worked on cars too. Sometimes people couldn't pay for the work he did for them. So they gave him things for the work. Sometimes it'd be a car, sometimes food. Pa worked every weekend away from the house. He'd go to the big farms to fix their big tractors and their big, big trucks. He pulled his trailer of tools and stuff behind his car and he slept on the back seat. He always got home after dark on Sundays. He liked getting away like that. He always bragged about the good food those nice people fed him. It was peaceful when he was gone. Our house buzzed with kids comin' outta the woodwork. Once, during a hard year, a man traded a shiny, black piano and bench for Pa's workin' on his big farm equipment.

That piano and bench were the most beautiful rich things I ever saw. The wood was polished to a mirror gloss. The shine of that gloss made the grains of its wood look like roads that travelled deep into the insides of somewhere fancy and fun. Some of those grains looked like they were comin' back from it too. That wood must've had years of linseed oil rubbed into it and polished out of it. Nothin' we rubbed and polished with linseed oil in our house ever got that shiny. And I tried lotsa times to make it happen. It never did. "It ain't gonna happen," Ma always said, "'Cause we too poor, Child. Ain't you got no sense about you? The only thing you gonna have that's that shiny is the seat of your pants. Just let it go, Girl." But I wouldn't let it go. I tried even harder to make stuff shine up.

That bench shined shinier than that piano, though, a black, mirror shiny. Its wood was cool to my touch. Even on the hottest days of summer it cooled my soul. I think that it had been sat on a whole lot to get that kinda shine. I felt sad for that piano's old owner. She probably cried and cried when her ol' man loaded it on his truck to bring it to my Pa's garage. My Pa cursed for a whole week about that thing being in the back of his garage.

Every day those piano keys filled me with a want, like the Good Book. If I looked really close at those keys, and I did, I could see the ridges of the grains in the ivory, like the ridges of the piano's wood, only with lines between the ridges that looked like steps. Stair steps leading to something. And it made me wonder where those roads went to and where they came back from. I believed everything had a story to tell, I just had to figure out how to get that piano to sing me its story. Where were those roads and stairs coming from and going to?

In dusky darkness, hidden in the back of Pa's garage, I sat on that bench in front of the piano and tried to play it. But Pa'd throw a nut or bolt, sometimes a whole hand full of them things, toward the back wall of the garage and yell, "Git outta here, Girl. I don't want you touchin' that ol' thing. Now git!"

I just couldn't help myself, though. That piano kept callin' me back there to play it. Not with a voice or nothin' like that. But it called me with my heart, my mind, my feelings and my thoughts. Sometimes I sat there, secret-quiet on that bench, for a whole day and I'd just brush my fingertips across the ebonies and ivories and pretend I could hear them beatin' their songs to me. I done good that way for about two weeks when my fingers just had to make it sing out loud. So I mangled out some bangin' music -- fast and hard, loud and furious -- before Pa could git a handful of nuts and bolts to throw at me. I ran lightning fast to the house, to Ma. But he was runnin' after me and grabbin' for my long black hair. He almost caught me on the steps. I ran past Ma in the kitchen, into the living room and I hid behind his big chair. Ma dropped everything and shock blocked the living room door with her wide body so he couldn't get to me.

"You ain't layin' a hand on that child!" she puffed her body up bigger and wider than I ever saw it.

"Git outta my way, Woman. She's gone too far."

"You ain't layin' a hand on that child I says. You been torturin' her all along by keeping that piana in your garage. Just give it up and bring that thing into the house."

"Yeah, well I'm the boss around here. It's my piana. I worked for it. And if I wanna keep it in my garage I'm keepin' it in my garage. You just tell her to keep away from it, if you know what's good for you and her."

"You're afraid we might have some fun with it, ain't you? That's why you don't wanna have it in the house, ain't it?" her eyes cocked at him like an axe ready to chop a chicken's head off.

Ma knew how to cut Pa off in his tracks most of the time he threw a fit like that. This time he just stood there and his meanness started to sway outta his body, like air whistlin' outta a balloon, "What! what you talkin' about, Woman?"

"You know what I'm talkin' about, Man! Don't you go playing dumb on me. It ain't doing you no good having that piana taking up your garage space. It's eating

you up to have it out there too," she thrashed him black and blue with her stoning stone-words.

"Yeah? Well its staying in the garage. You just keep them kids away from it. I'm warning you," he klan-sucked his meanness back inside him and kicked out the screen from the door as he stomped outta the house.

At first I tried to copy the moves of a piano-man I saw on TV. He wore a tuxedo. And its tails hung over his piano bench like two old tired tongues. When I thought about it, his music made me feel tired too. I decided after that that I didn't want to play no piano music if didn't sound like fun, like toe tappin', hand clappin', jump and jiggle, glad you're here music. So I made do with what I knew and made up what I didn't know. I pounded those ivories and listened to their sounds, long and short, fast and slow, skippy and draggy. I plucked those ebonies and I listened to them make sharp, flat-low, some things gone wrong sounds. I wanted to make those keys sing to me, tell me their story.

On the week-ends Ma let me sit for hours trying to play Pa's piano while my sisters and brother played games of cops and robbers, dodge ball and hide-n-seek with the neighborhood kids. Once, during a game of hide-n-seek, a herd of kids ran past the garage door as I pouted over the keys. My brother's friend John, who was black and a whole year older than Brad, slid to a stop in the middle of the garage side door. I turned to look at him. He stood still, stiff, like he had just entered into a holy place, his head jettied past his chest. His eyes didn't blink. His chin pulled his mouth open. His shoulders pulled him forward toward Pa's piano. His hands hung loose next to his long legs and wobbling knees. His feet pigeon-toed each other. I stood and backed up to the other side of the piano as John walked toward it. He looked like one of those puppets with strings tied to its hands, feet, head and backbone. John just kept lookin' straight ahead with his "Gawd oh mighty!" look and walked body jiggling steps toward the piano.

His steps changed to slow glides, as if he were testing the ground before he planted his feet, until he reached the bench. His touched the top of the bench and drew the reflections on that mirror black seat with the tips of his fingernails. Then he stretched his ballet thin fingers over the keys. He closed his eyes. He let the ivories' coolness refresh the spirit in his soul through the pads of his fingers. He whistled, "Hello, Piano," to the piano. He didn't let the piano make a sound. He just

let the richness of those keys wax into his body. He closed his eyes again, pulled away from the keyboard and stood quiet for a moment. Then he looked at the piano and turned to look at me.

"Do you play it?"

"Naw. Just try to."

"I can show you, if you wanna learn."

"Yeah? Really?"

My brother gouged through our talk, "John, last one to the olive tree is IT!"

John looked at the piano, "I'll be back later an' teach you some exercises," he screamed as he ran out of the garage door. "Safe!" he yelled to the tree as he ran toward his yell.

Mom poked her head out the kitchen door, "John! You get your blackself outta here. I see the kids' dad coming down the road. He'll have a fit if he sees you all playing together here. You can come back next time, you hear? Tia, get outta that garage now, Girl!" She said it all loud and in one breath as if that would speed us up. Well, it did.

Week by week, John taught me to sing with my fingers and I learned to listen and to play the piano. Week by week, John became my friend and I became his. Little by little, we learned to play as a team. He played the low, sad notes and I played flying high ones, most of the time. We'd practice practices and etudes. We got good at the etudes. Then, one Sunday, John cut loose on his own. Pa's keys jived boogie woogie. Those were the saddest happy sounds I ever heard. Pa's piano sung a fun story -- without words -- song sounds honey drippin' sweet. My heart, my body, felt like hiccups in a bowl of jello. My hands and fingers craved to dance that tune, to zip tap those kinda stories on Pa's piano.

"John, teach me that tune," I pleaded as he played and played and played.

My brother and sisters came to the garage door with my mother. They all listened to John's tune.

"C'mon, John, play s'more tunes," my mother dance-smiled.

"Naw, ma'am, I gots to get home now. I just get carried away when I play the piano."

He left and my hiccups jello'd bigger. My fingers had to do that dance on those keys. So I practiced his rhythm and time. But I couldn't get my tunes to

bounce off the walls or fly through the air like John's did.

Summer week-ends and some mid-week days were filled with freedom from Pa. John came to play every Saturday and every Sunday -- but not with Brad. He played with me and my pa's piano.

My friend John was thin and long. He walked like a tall dark heron. We played boogie woogie on those steamy, sultry, summer days. Black and white on black and white. Duets. Dueling. Tap dancin', hand clappin', toe tappin' duets. We got good too. So good that I knew what he would play by the twitch of the tendons on his hands. And he knew my moves too, just by the twitch of my fingers. I knew by the raise of his brow, the beat of his breath what his tune would sing, what kind of story he would play. We jived good -- without words -- with only moves.

John and Brad never played like that. Brad never played like that with anyone. He always wanted to be the boss, like Pa. "Boys don't play duets," Brad chided John one day as John and I played. Then Brad chopped his way out of Pa's garage like G. I. Joe.

John and I filled the neighborhood with our boogie woogie that summer. We got to be the talk of poor town. Ma had John's ma over one Saturday for some lemonade and to listen to us play John's tunes on Pa's piano. Our ma's grins coulda lit the town for a year that day. It was the best summer I ever knew.

Ma never told Pa that John was comin' over every weekend and givin' me piano lessons. Or that John and I played duets every weekend. She never told Pa that John's ma came and listened to us play that Saturday or that she served John's ma lemonade. I was real careful not to mention it too.

Late one Sunday, toward the end of summer, as we duetted, John jerked away from the keys, straight, still and stiff. I dropped my wrists to the keys and looked at John, I didn't recognize this move. He gaped at the garage door. Froze in fear. Then I looked at his fear. His fear became my fear. We moved as one, backwards, away from Pa's piano, to the far end of the garage.

Pa filled the doorway, thick and bulky like a swaying gorilla. He clutched a woodsman's axe in his hand, "I told you I didn't want you in my garage playing my piano! Enough is enough!"

Then Pa raised that axe slow and high. To the ceiling high as he pulsed his white rage toward that black piano. He jump-pushed that axe down hard onto the

top of his piano. Then his key-board. He hacked, whacked and thwacked that piano and bench as they exploded like land mines. Springs, wires, keys and felt pads splintered and chipped, shot and flew through the air. Wood and metal pelted against the walls, through the windows and through the doors as John and I ran outside. Those hacks, cracks, thwacks and whacks were the meanest sounds I ever heard.

John and I ran to the spot in the yard where my ma and his ma listened to us play Pa's piano. We hid behind the olive tree and watched Pa smash away our play. And we listened as he spewed clan-puke from his mouth all over the splintered piano woods and the in-plain-sight tight-wires gone hay wire. Those scattered splinters and wires glinted like burning coals and kindling for a burning. Pa's ugly heavy song on that piano and that bench burned and scarred my heart, my thoughts, my play and my friend.



An Essay for Geology 230: Volcanoes

Instructor's note: Classification is a basic tool in any area of thought. In the Volcanoes class (Geology 230), the students are asked to classify an assortment of igneous rocks according to a standard classification scheme, and then write an essay, which is 40% of the lab grade, on the concept of classification. They must describe what classification is, why do we classify, and how things from everyday experience can be classified. Students have classified types of furniture, footwear, vehicles, food, even types of snowboards. Next they must answer whether or not the classification of igneous rocks "makes sense" as a good method of classification, and describe any shortcomings in the method as they experienced it in the lab.

Tsenala Corley's essay was elegant. She answered the questions convincingly yet succinctly. In her words: "We are constantly classifying our experiences, whether we are aware of it or not, and it is through this process that we come to know and understand our world."—**Doug McKeever**

Author's note: The following essay was written as a geology assignment on the topic of classification. Though commonly employed in the sciences as a means to identify and group specimens, species, chemicals, and the like, the usefulness of classification extends far beyond scientific accuracy. In fact, without classification, it is likely that not one of us would be able to constructively communicate with another. Classification gives us all a common point of reference through which we create and understand our world. As the cornerstone of communication, it is important to keep in mind that the way we classify our world creates it, and classification is a subjective process. We share a common reality because we all agree on how the things that we experience are to be understood. Indeed, a thoughtful analysis of how we classify our experiences could lead to significant changes in how we interact with each other and our planet. To the interested reader, I would like to suggest the book *The Turning Point* by Frijof Capra, as well as the movie *Mindwalk* which explore these issues in great detail.

CLASSIFICATION

by Tsenala Corley

Classification is the art of sorting objects, creatures, plants, ideas, emotions, language—just about everything we experience—into groups or categories in order to understand our world. It is an attempt to put form and structure to what otherwise would be a flood of random and seemingly disjointed information and experiences. Through classification we create a meaningful framework in which to exist. We humans classify everything. A meteorologist will classify the day's weather according to several different variables, including cloud cover, percent humidity, precipitation, etc. The day may be said to be sunny, partly cloudy, overcast, foggy, hazy,

or cloudy. It may be sprinkling, misting, sleet, hailing, raining, or down pouring. Add lightning and thunder and you have a thunderstorm. Add fast winds and you may have a hurricane or blizzard. The possibilities seem endless.

We also classify our personal emotional responses. Upon awakening to warm, sunny weather, we may declare it to be a "glorious" day, or perhaps "lovely." Partly-cloudy and a little cooler and the weather seems "nice" or "o.k." This example could be extended to include not just weather, but also how we perceive and understand our bodies, health, and illness, time, seasons, food, resources, nations, friendships, family, our cars, our pets, each other, literally everything! We are constantly classifying our experiences, whether we are aware of it or not, and it is through this process that we come to know and understand our world.

Classification is, however, a crude tool for understanding a complex universe. In our attempt to create meaning and structure, we must keep in mind that nature is not obliged to fit neatly into our definitions. Even a good classification system will likely have shortcomings in practical application. Let us take for example, the classification of igneous rocks. In our lab project, we classified samples into four broad categories: phaneritic, porphyritic, aphanitic, and fragmental. Of these four, only the phaneritic is plutonic in origin, while the rest are of volcanic origin. The categories are further broken down by texture differences. When attempting to classify a rock sample, we would first attempt to associate the texture of the rock with one of the four groups. Though the four categories are well-defined with clear texture differences, often a sample would seem to fit into more than one category. It seems as though all of the categories grade into one another. Where on the one hand a sample might be easily classified as porphyritic rock, with very uniform phenocrysts and an easily identifiable groundmass, another porphyritic sample would begin to appear almost fragmental.

After completing this project, I am more convinced than ever that there are no clear lines drawn to differentiate one rock type from another. While some rocks are classic examples of a typical rock type, adhering almost word for word to classification definitions, others are not so easily classified, displaying characteristics of more than one rock type.

The igneous rock classification system, like the many classification systems we employ in our day to day lives, is imperfect, but it does work. All of life and na-

ture cannot be conveniently organized into little boxes on flow charts. And yet, we have a need to sort our perceptions, our observatins, and our surroundings into understandable untis. Our world is changing and dynamic, and will always possess shades of gray. Perhaps perfection is not what is required of classification, but rather an understanding of the limitations it possesses, and a willingness to be flexible and adapt.



Two Papers for History 112—U.S. History 1900 to Present

Instructor's note: *The purpose of examining historiographic essays—the history of history—is so that students can ask the “what if” kind of questions that stimulate our imaginations and widen our perspectives of the world. In this particular case, the question involves whether the currents of history create great people, such as the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., or whether great personalities fundamentally alter the course of history.—Corlan Carlson*

Author's note: *The main objective I kept in mind while writing this paper dealt with Martin Luther King, Jr. I believe, as most people do, that King was a great man who had an enormous impact on our society. I wanted to make sure I didn't dispute this belief. I argued that, despite Martin Luther King, Jr.'s accomplishments, the civil rights movement would have happened anyway. The characteristics of the movement may have changed without King's impact, but black Americans were ready to claim their rights.*

A GREAT MAN IN A GREATER MOVEMENT

by Amanda Gann

The American Civil War in the early 1860s was the first large step toward racial equality in the United States. This war abolished slavery, freeing approximately four million black slaves. Although the war abolished slavery, it did not give blacks equal rights. Segregation laws ran rampant throughout the south and resided within the rest of the country. Residential segregation, racism, racial riots, lynching, and political disenfranchisement were all common place. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, most black American's lives were characterized by increased inequality and powerlessness. During this time, notable black leaders developed, including Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. Du Bois. These leaders raised the voices of black Americans and were heard. They set the foundation for the latter emergence of the civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s. In the 1940s and 1950s, constitutional victories in the areas of housing, voting, and education awakened black Americans to the possibilities for a change in their status. Throughout this history, the collaboration of this black population had been the key to a slowly successful climb in social, economic, and political rights. It was also the key

to the success of the civil rights movement. Therefore, Martin Luther King, Jr.'s leadership was not essential to the success of the civil rights movement.

Beginning in 1955, the civil rights movement became a peaceful revolution by hundreds of thousands of black Americans who were no longer willing to be second class citizens (Conlin, 1993). This nonviolent direct action movement issued a clarion call to blacks and their white supporters that full equality was around the corner (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995). The 1950s became the time to protest against the curtain of segregation that had continuously covered the black population since the formation of the United States of America. The foundation for the movement had been laid down by extraordinary people, like W.E.B. Du Bois (the "godfather of the civil rights movement") and the black masses in an effort to achieve a better life since the civil war. With the foundation ready, it was time to build an American establishment of equality, an establishment promised for in the Constitution of the United States of America and the Bill of Rights. The most famous leader of this peaceful fight for equality was the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. For many Americans, King's "I Have a Dream" speech represented the symbolic climax of the civil rights movement. Unfortunately, the focus on King in the civil rights movement does disservice to the many other leaders and organizations that contributed to the movement's success; it takes credit away from the black movement as a whole (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995).

Martin Luther King, Jr. is slowly entering into the realm of heroic myths. He is often seen as the one man who spoon-fed the civil rights movement and raised it to maturity and success. Similar heroic myths surround George Washington, the "Father of Our Country" and Abraham Lincoln, the "Great Emancipator." Some of the aspects included in King's myth are that King was the preeminent leader of the civil rights movement, he was the initiator and sole indispensable element in the southern black struggles of the 1950s and 60s, and he was the decisive factor in the process of social change. This waxing myth emphasizes the individual at the expense of the black movement. The emphasis on King's charisma conveys a misleading notion of a movement held together by spellbinding speeches and blind faith rather than by a complex blend of rational and emotional bonds (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995).

Martin Luther King, Jr. was a successful activist and mobilizer, an inspiring

orator, and a controversial leader who challenged authority. Movement activists saw King as the most prominent among many outstanding movement strategists, tacticians, ideologues, and institutional leaders (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995). King's preaching manner was rooted in the traditions of the black church, like many other speakers. What distinguished King from other preachers was his subject matter. King believed in and advocated for the use of nonviolent activism, which gave the black movement invaluable positive press coverage. Although Martin Luther King, Jr. was a significant leader, he did not carry the civil rights movement alone.

Much of the civil rights movement did not even involve Martin Luther King, Jr. and were not much influenced by him directly. Mass activism in southern cities and voting efforts in the deep south were outgrowths of large-scale social and political forces (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995). Black students, part of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), initiated the 1960 lunch counter sit-ins movement. The SNCC's approach was to instill in local residents the confidence that they could lead their own battles.

Movements in the Black Belt regions of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia were guided by self-reliant local leader. Even one of King's most famous demonstrations, the Montgomery bus boycott, was initiated by local black leaders such as E.D. Nixon, Rosa Parks, and Jo Ann Robinson. The black movement would probably have achieved its legislative victories without Martin Luther King, Jr.'s leadership. The black struggle would have followed a course of development similar to the one it did had King never been a part of it (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995).

Scholars have begun to view the black movement as a movement of the masses rather than a reform movement led by national civil rights activists. They realize that the civil rights movement was formed and sustained by black Americans' unwillingness to live in a segregated and bigotry-filled environment. Civil rights leaders were instruments to communicate the voice of black America to the general public. They were tools of reform, motivators, and mobilizers. Martin Luther King, Jr. was perhaps the most successful of these leaders. His beliefs and orations inspired many Americans. He captured the eyes of the media and the world. Maybe most importantly, he gave the civil rights movement a basis of nonviolence. However, Martin Luther King, Jr. was not essential to the civil rights movement. The foundation for the movement had already been well established. Supreme Court

cases ruling in favor of black Americans inspired the black public to take action. The civil rights movement was a tidal wave that King could neither have created nor prevented. Near the end of his life, Martin Luther King, Jr. expressed his certainty that the black people would reach the Promised Land whether or not he was with them (Madaras and SoRelle, 1995).

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Eric Olason
*Composition in Red,
Yellow, Black, White*
Acrylic, 16" x 20"

Artist's note: *I began this painting on the basis that I would only use triangles and a limited palette. As sketches progressed I soon began incorporating my interpretation of an artist that I was studying, Kasimir Malevich. In the end, I was pleased with the finished structure of my composition.—Eric Olason*

Instructor's note: *The idea behind the assignment of these analytical essays on the woman's movement involves one of the most essential historical questions. Are social movements partly or even predominantly a matter of the timing of related events, or can the force of moral outrage stimulate a conceptual revolution largely by itself?—Corlan Carlson*

Author's note: *The inspiration behind my writing this essay came about a few years ago when I saw a picture of "Rosie the Riveter" hanging on the wall of my younger sister's room. I was always curious what exactly "Rosie" stood for, and what she meant to the American women during World War II.*

DID WORLD WAR TWO LIBERATE AMERICAN WOMEN?

by Julie M. Wilson

Although women and men shared similar experiences in the 1940s, the historical subordination of women and the division of labor according to sex meant that major political, economic, and social forces had a differential impact on women and that they responded to these developments in different ways (Hartmann, 1982). From what I've read and the women I have spoken with, they unanimously agree that WWII brought permanent change among American women.

In 1940 expansion of production to meet wartime demands opened many doors that were previously closed to female workers (Madaras, SoRelle, 1995). Women went to work whether married or single, black or white. Replacing the jobs men left behind, although only temporarily, women gained a new found self-confidence, self-esteem, and world awareness. They realized a "man's job" was attainable with a woman's capabilities. Responsibility, hard work, and a pay check at the end of the day became everyday life for women in America. The money they had earned and saved lent them moral authority, but it was the confidence they had developed that enabled them to exert that authority (Madara, SoRelle, 1995). Women were able to buy their first homes—and hold onto them (Gluck, 1987).

Rosie the Riveter was a symbol of the working woman of WWII. She was young and old; Afro-American, Anglo, and Latina; single and married; a worker, student, and full-time housewife (Gluck, 1987). Traditionally, single women made up

the work force, but by 1944 70% of the adult women in the force were married (Madaras, SoRelle, 1995). Patterns changed, people changed, and life in general changed for women. Americans adjusted to women's new prominence in the public realm because that position was defined in terms which denied the erosion of cherished social norms (Hartmann, 1982).

The public discourse on women's new wartime roles established three conditions which set limits on social change. The first was that women were replacing men in the world outside the home "only for a duration." Particularly during the later stages of the war, employers and public officials asserted that women workers were proud of their contributions to the war effort, but were eager to return to the home and would gladly relinquish their jobs to returning soldiers. The second condition was that women would retain their "femininity" even as they performed masculine duties. Finally, the media emphasized the eternal feminine motivations behind women's willingness to step out of customary roles (Hartmann, 1982).

Liberation and permanent change were obvious when I spoke with my grandmother. She was only seventeen when the war began, but was working at Boeing by the time she was eighteen. Clothing changes such as wearing "slacks" for the first time were very exciting. Conversations she held with servicemen in Seattle allowed her to learn things such as "English boys never eat corn on the cob" about other countries. Liberation for a younger woman was less prejudice about how a "nice girl" dressed, or if she wore long earrings.

My grandmother said for girls her age, "all the boys were gone, so we wanted to go to work." While I spoke with my grandmother, my grandfather mentioned that she would have never worked or even thought about working, if not for the war. In my further readings, I have found this to be true with many other women. Overall, my grandmother's wartime experience was "fun," sometimes "sad," but very "exciting."

To summarize, a substantial number of women acted under the sheer imperative of economic necessity: whatever the popular consensus, they were compelled to order their lives in response to their material needs and those of their families. The war and changes in structure of American economy afforded enlarged opportunities to meet these needs. Even the most dramatic assault on traditional sex roles, the incorporation of women into the armed forces, survived the return to normalcy (Hartmann, 1982).

In conclusion, the many benefits of working, if only for a duration, have far outweighed the negative aspects for women. The potential for social transformation was created by the wartime need for women workers. For a brief period, images of women were revised, employment opportunities were expanded, and public policy was enacted that created new services for women. These were necessary, but not sufficient conditions. Social values also had to change, including women's definitions of themselves. Women's wartime experience played a vital role in that process of redefinition—the reverberations of which are still being felt today (Gluck, 1987).

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An Essay for Human Services 220: Chemical Dependency & Addiction, Etiology & Treatment

CHILD NEGLECT AND TEEN SUBSTANCE ABUSE: THERE'S NOTHING MYSTICAL ABOUT IT

by C. Franklin

Looking back, I always had this sense there was something mystical or mysterious about why teens rebel and use drugs to cope. It took time for me to become aware of vague fears that maybe my child would one day rebel and hate me and use drugs the way that I had hated my parents and used alcohol and drugs as a teen. The reality is, as my son Alex reaches the age I was when I first really began to fight my parents, I realize there is so much that we have together as mother and son that I never began to have with my own parents. For example, I couldn't talk to them; they saw me as an extension of themselves and a statement of their worth to the world. There was little room for my own individuality, beliefs, and personal preferences to grow and flourish. They were under a lot of stress with their work and had lost a sense of playfulness which I so badly wanted to share with them. Looking back, I realize that I am raising my son differently. As a result of the things I learned not to do, combined with parenting skills I've made an effort to find out about, my son and I are close. Even at the age of twelve he sees me as a good support and fun to be with! Now, through research and personal observations and experiences, I am seeing that a child turning to drugs is not some mysterious thing that just springs up out of nowhere. There are concrete factors that lead to a greater susceptibility of adolescent experimentation with substance abuse and addiction. This argument says one of the most important factors is a child's experience at home.

Abuse and neglect often lead to drug and alcohol abuse and addiction as these same children seek relief from stress, anxiety, loneliness, and feelings of worthlessness. "Although there is no such thing as a 'typical' substance abusing adolescent, there are physiological, psychological, and sociological factors that are often associated with drug problems in teenagers (Hansen and Venturelli 1995)."

Risk factors for child abuse and neglect are found in certain characteristics

within the parents' history and life. The parents have a history of being abused as children, personal low self-esteem, low intelligence, and poor interpersonal skills. Social factors are unemployment and poverty; cultural factors are cultural acceptance of corporeal punishment, possession mentality (children viewed as possessions), and economic depression (Chicchetti and Carlson 1996).

Many double-blind studies and documented research throughout the years have made this concept old news. The fact that parents who have been abused tend to be abusers of their own children is also well-supported. I don't have time to address the serious flaws in our institutions, other than the family, which spill over and contaminate the inner nature of both children and adults, destroying people's natural support systems. However, simply said, our consumer-based society produces abusive and neglectful situations in the lives of adolescents. The ex-New York City cop, Tony Bouza in *A Carpet of Blue* points out that we have become a "Me" generation: instant gratification and an emphasis on material status has caused parents to put their children last and their work or other addictions first. Additionally, isolation—another by-product of our Me/consumer-based society, is one of the biggest causes of abuse and neglect (Washington State Parents Anonymous 1996). How does a consumer-based society isolate families? One of the ways is each family has its own home or apartment (refrigerator, car, etc.) which means they eat, sleep, and function, in many cases, without ever coming in contact with another family. Sole responsibility is placed upon the parent's shoulders to provide adequate attention and time to their children. Furthermore, isolation allows frustrations to fester and explode into violence when there is no one to talk to about the pent up feelings of despair and inadequacy. When both parents are working, abusing alcohol or drugs, are subject to racist discrimination, poverty, or unemployment, or are in single-parent households, the children's needs aren't always adequately met. Through anthropological studies, we find that throughout history, indigenous peoples lived as a community and shared childrearing responsibilities. In these types of settings, mental illness was relatively absent.

"Often, adolescents use drugs to help cope with unpleasant feelings, emotions, and stress and to relieve depression and reduce tension. Psychological differences among adolescents who are frequent drug users, experimenters, and abstainers often can be traced to early childhood, the quality of parenting, and the home environ-

ment (Hansen and Venturelli 1995)."

My experience as a board member of the San Juan Community Network, a board set up through the Washington State Violence Reduction Programs Act, brought to my attention several items of interest for this paper: mainly that teens see substance abuse as the number one problem they are facing, but to the community eye it is parents who have been neglectful or abusive that set up conditions for substance abuse to begin. This discrepancy correlates with my own vague notions of why I started on drugs as a teen myself and was unable to recognize parental inadequacies as readily.

To briefly outline the project, "The Act" created Community Public Health and Safety Networks (Networks), which will act as local violence prevention planning vehicles. Out of seven problematic youth behaviors identified by the Act, the local Network (one of 53 statewide) needed to survey the community to find out which three of these behaviors we would focus upon intensively to help reduce. The seven behaviors were delinquent acts, suicide, substance abuse, teen parenting, high school drop-outs, child abuse/neglect, and domestic violence.

Between March 6 and March 12, 1996, the Network conducted three adult island-community forums as well as surveys of adolescents at all three island high schools and middle schools. They were all asked to vote on the three most problematic local problems out of the seven and to prioritize those three problems in order of importance. The majority of high school age students in all three schools listed teen substance abuse as the number one problem. They all listed child abuse and neglect as second in importance, except the eighth graders who had placed it about fourth on the list. Interestingly enough, the adult forums listed child abuse and neglect as the number *one* problem and teen substance abuse as *second*. Delinquent acts came in about third with the others falling way behind.

This difference in perception between adults and the teens themselves led me to believe, as mentioned above, that maybe teens don't have healthy models to compare their own family to and don't realize exactly that they are being neglected. Through board discussions and reviewing letters from parents within the community, the board speculated that it is adults *other than* the neglectful parents in the community who see the teens on the streets and know their parents don't know or don't care where they are or what they are doing. The adults in the community saw

child neglect as a very big contributor to delinquent behavior. One letter was from a concerned parent about her teenage son's friend who often slept on her couch and when asked revealed that his parents didn't know, or ask about, his whereabouts.

Teens are aware that something is wrong as the following anecdote relates. Yet perhaps it is good they view substance abuse as the number one problem since that is something they can do something about! They can't force their parents to become healthy, attentive, well-adjusted parents, but they can get into recovery around their own substance abuse and reach out to community support systems.

Regarding the youths' sense of remiss, Joyce Sobel, the Network coordinator who directly surveyed the teens shared that a recurrent tone from teenagers at all three schools was that of "not feeling respected and valued as community members. Many did not seem convinced that she would come back to share and gather input again, despite her emphasizing this fact (SJCN Minutes 3/20/96)."

This conversation, taken from *The One Minute Mother*, seems to capture the feeling neglect by parents can produce in teens. A teenage boy explains to a friend of his mothers "I know a lot of other kids' parents let them get away with whatever they want. But to tell you the truth, I don't think it makes them feel very good.'

'You mean you think the kids feel like their parents don't care about them or love them?'

'Yes,' the boy confirmed. 'We all know when we've done wrong. And we know lots of times the other person knows. When they ignore it, we feel ignored—like we don't matter' (Johnson 1983)."

That parents who neglect or abuse their children were victims themselves is not news to us. That parents need to heal from their own childhood abuse and neglect or get into recovery around their own substance addiction or consumer-based lives and thus break the cycle of abuse and dysfunction for future generations is clear. There's nothing mystical about why adolescents turn to alcohol and drugs. Certainly there are other factors involved. I have chosen what I feel to be the biggest contributing factor: parental inadequacies. This factor must be considered elsewhere within the context of Western runaway disorders throughout institutions and society as a whole. Certainly not all parents are motivated nor informed that support and help for them is available. However, potentially the biggest preventative factor is parents learning self-care, healing from their own victimization, and finding recovery

from their own addictions. Reaching out for community support, utilizing and asking for more support resources from our institutions and the government agencies responsible to support communities is imperative. The flip side of that is that more programs for parenting skills need to be provided and in some cases required by the courts. Lest this strike the reader as more "liberal" spending, remember the "conservative" millions of dollars being diverted to law enforcement and incarceration which has not proven to solve the problems we face today. There's nothing mystical about the link between child neglect and teen substance abuse. Together we can begin a new cycle of awareness and change.

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San Juan County Board Meeting Minutes March 20, 1996





Nobuko Takata
Fruits
Linocut, 6.75" x 9"

Artist's note: It was a little difficult for me to make shapes of fruits because all fruits have the same round shapes. The background was originally just a "negative" color, but I cut lines from top to bottom giving contrast to the curved lines of the fruit.—**Nobuko Takata**

A Lab Report for Math 200: Calculus & Analytical Geometry

COFFEE TO GO

Lab Report for Lab #1

by Mitch Longstreth, Pierre LeBuo, Noel McCarty, Kevin Carlson, Dave Hewitt

Purpose:

The purpose of this lab was to gain experience in the practical and effective gathering and analysis of data, as well as to gain experience with the use of current technologies to gather and analyze data. Specifically, our goal was to Utilizing a Texas Instruments Calculator Based Laboratory Unit, along with Texas Instruments Based Calculators (TI-82's) to gather data which would allow us to examine the cooling curves of hot water in three different types of container. The calculators were then used to perform regression analysis on the gathered data. The results of the data analysis were used for two purposes:

1. To verify, within the limits of accuracy of the experiment, Newton's Law of Cooling.
2. To determine which type of material was best suited for construction of a container designed to keep a heated beverage as hot as possible for as long as possible. The sole criteria for this determination is to be what container allows its contents to loose heat at the slowest rate.

Assumptions:

For this experiment we assumed that all of the hot water samples were of approximately the same volume, and started at approximately the same initial temperature. We further assumed that the surface area of beverage exposed to air was approximately equal in all containers, and the flow of air through the room in question, was approximately constant for all three tests. A further assumption was that cooling rates for hot water and coffee were approximately the same. Finally, it is assumed that the CBL Gives Accurate Temperature readings.

Equipment:

- 1—WCC Cafeteria Coffee/Hot Water Urn
- 1—Texas Instruments CBL Unit
- 2—Texas Instruments TI-82 Graphing Calculators
- 1—12 oz Styrofoam Cup
- 1—14 oz Beverage Glass
- 1—12 oz Ceramic Coffee Mug
- 5—Highly Motivated Calculus Students

Methods:

1. Water or Coffee was dispensed from the Coffee Urn into a beverage container. No covers was placed on the containers in an effort to more accurately simulate actual conditions at consumption time.
2. Beverage container was then moved from urn to a table at the rear of the Cafeteria Conference Room.
3. CBL Temperature Probe, which had previously been allowed to reach equilibrium with room temperature, was placed with its tip at the bottom of the container.
4. Heat Program was run on a TI-82 and data was collected at 60 second interval by the TI-82 from the CBL.
5. After 36 data points had been gathered by the TI-82 & CBL combination the temperature probe was removed from the beverage container.
6. The temperature probe was then allowed to reach equilibrium with room temperature, and that temperature recorded.
7. The TI-82 was then utilized to perform an exponential regression analysis on the Gathered data, and the results recorded. Correlation coefficients were noted as well.

Possible/Expected Sources of Error:

It is possible that the small deviations in initial temperatures of the various tests could have had an affect on the results. A procedure which would have prevented any doubt about this factor would have been to allow all the samples to cool to some conveniently determined temperature before starting the measurements.

This thought did not occur to us, unfortunately, until after we had already completed the series of tests. Since no state change of the beverage was involved at any time during the tests, however, and since the differences in initial temperature were relatively small it seems unlikely that any substantial error was introduced.

Minor errors are also to be expected in the readings obtained from the CBL. For our experiment we assumed that the CBL was accurate. We claim four significant figures of accuracy in the measurements taken from it (two on either side of the decimal point). Within the assumptions and parameters of the experiment this is valid. The reality, however, is that an extended analysis through objective measurement of known physical quantities throughout the anticipated temperature range of the experiments would be necessary to objectively claim an accuracy of readings in the realm of ± 0.01 degrees centigrade.

While the accuracy of the CBL may have resulted in errors in the values obtained by it, it seems likely, based on the technology used, that the readings would be off only by a small added constant value (\pm). Since we are examining the rate of change in temperature, which is the first derivative of the temperature versus time curve, this constant is eliminated from our analysis anyway.

The surface area of beverage exposed to air could also be a potential source of error. All three containers presented opening of approximately the same diameter (at the level to which the containers were filled) of 2.75 in, so the surface area of beverage exposed directly to air was approximately the same.

The Styrofoam, and glass beverage containers had sloped sides of approximately identical profile, so the container surface area (to the level they were filled) exposed to air was virtually identical for both. The Ceramic Coffee mug, however, had vertical sides, and so presented a smaller surface area per volume than did the sloped containers. This was expected to produce a **slightly** lower rate of heat loss from the mug than the change in material would have had if it were the only design factor that had been changed. This error was unavoidable, however, since, in the time allotted, neither a ceramic container of similar design to both the Styrofoam and glass containers, nor a Styrofoam container shaped approximately like a coffee mug could be found.

In practical experimentation there is also the constant possibility of human error. We attempted to remove this source of error by establishing consistent and re-

producible procedures *before* starting the series of tests.

We controlled environmental variables as closely as possible by ensuring that the tests took place at the same table, in the same room, with the doors closed and at the same time of day for all tests. This was as close as we could come to a controlled laboratory setting given circumstances and available resources.

The largest potential source of error in the data gathered was the measurement of the volume of liquid dispensed into each container. We approximated the volume by eye. A better procedure would have been to more or less precisely measure consistent volumes of fluid into each container. Still, we feel confident that approximately Ten (10) ounces of beverage were dispensed into each. Also, due to the deviations in shape of the containers (and thus area of exposed surfaces) as well as all of the other factors discussed, it is doubtful that accuracy of greater than $\pm 5\%$ could have been achieved in any event.

Data:

The page which follows presents graphs of the data points measured for each of the three tests. For easier comparison, the regression curve for each set of data points is plotted on the graph for each test as well.

MATHCAD Plus Version 6.0 (Professional Edition) was used extensively in the preparation of this document. A complete presentation of the Mathcad Worksheet (including data tables) is included as Appendix A of this report.

Based on existing published tables, a correlation coefficient of -0.998 for a regression obtained from a sample population of 36 measured points indicates that there is less than a 0.01% chance that the numeric relationship found between the two variables does not in fact exist. In terms of comparison, this is less than the likelihood of being in a fatal car wreck, something most of us bet our lives on each and every day. This is not, however, a reflection of the accuracy of the actual measurements taken, but rather a statement of a high degree of confidence in their precision.

For example, we can have confidence that and indicated t of 1 Celsius is likely to be extremely close to that value. We can not however draw the conclusion that the actual values measured were entirely accurate. The only judgment we can make about the accuracy in the measurement of the temperature values is that, if

they are in error, the error appears to be by some constant value. Thus, while the accuracy may be questioned, the precision is fairly certain.

Since our interest in this experiment is in rates of change, which the CCs indicate to be accurate, and not the absolute value of the measurements which generated them, our confidence in findings based on our regression curves is justifiably high.

Analysis:

The gathered data indicates that, initially, beverages served in the Styrofoam container retain heat best. After the first 3 minutes, however, the beverage in the Ceramic container began to lose heat more slowly than did that in the Styrofoam container. From the 4 minute measurement onward, the beverage in the ceramic container exhibited a significantly lower rate of temperature loss than did the beverages in either of the other containers. This observation is made more clear by the graphs on the following page. The first graph shows the change in beverage temperature over time, while the second shows an expanded view of this same data for the first four minutes.

Conclusions:

Based on our analysis of the data and graphs we come to the following conclusions:

1. If a beverage is to be consumed in three minutes or less, a Styrofoam cup keeps your beverage hottest.
2. A glass cup allows its contents to lose heat faster than either Ceramic or Styrofoam and is therefore NOT a good choice for keeping hot beverages hot.
3. Over normal consumption times, a ceramic cup keeps its contents significantly hotter for significantly longer than do either a Styrofoam or Glass cup. Therefore, Ceramic is the BEST choice for those who wish to keep their beverage hot throughout their consumption of it.
4. Since our data fits the predictions of Newton's Law of Cooling, regardless of the container used, we have independently confirmed, within the bounds of this experiment, the validity of that law.

Going Beyond:

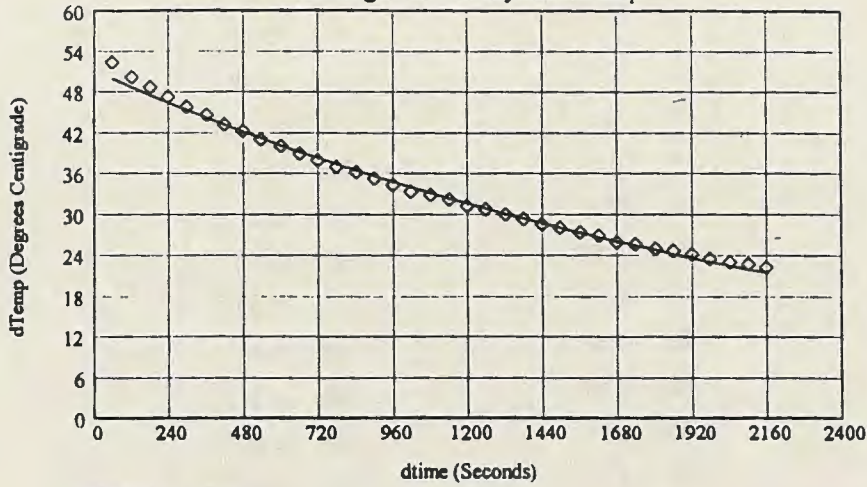
The gathered data indicates an initial drop in beverage temperature for both the ceramic and glass containers which exceeds that predicted by their regression curves as well as the measured initial drop in beverage temperature in the Styrofoam container. Subjectively, it is noted that the glass and ceramic containers were hotter to the touch than was the Styrofoam both at the inception and at the conclusion of each experiment.

Based on this we hypothesize that the initial rapid drop in temperatures of the beverages in both the glass and ceramic containers were the result of those containers initially absorbing kinetic energy from the beverages they contained. We further hypothesize that this trend continued over the first 3 minutes of the experiment, when the temperature difference between containers and beverages (we hypothesize) appear to have reached equilibrium, and thus began exhibiting behavior consistent with their regression curves and Newton's Law of Cooling ($T=Ae^{Bt}+C$, or $T=AB^t+C$). The beverages in the Ceramic containers also exhibited curious behavior after the first four minutes. After this period, the actual temperature was greater than predicted. We hypothesize that this behavior is the result of the beverage reabsorbing kinetic energy from the ceramic container.

Thus, over the course of the experiment the Ceramic container (we hypothesize) acted as a kind of thermal capacitor, Initially absorbing kinetic energy from the beverage, and then returning stored kinetic energy to the beverage as the beverage cooled.

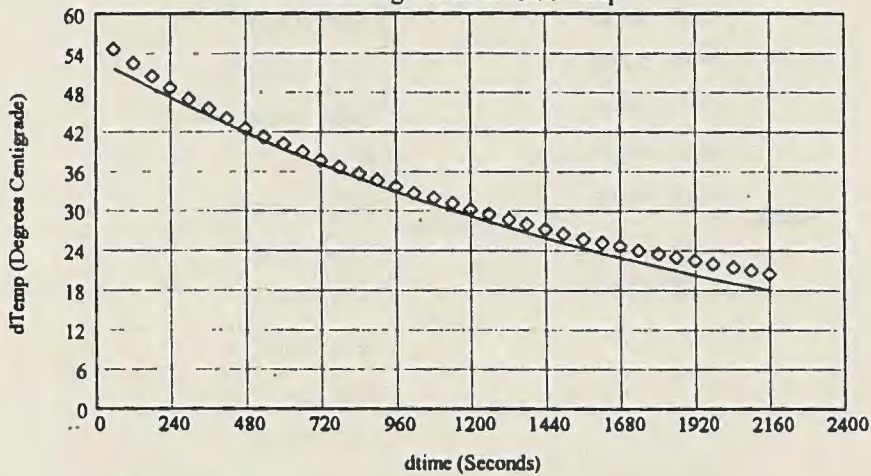
There are several possible reasons that the glass container did not exhibit this same property. The most likely (since the glass appeared, subjectively, hotter) is that the glass accepted the heat from the beverage faster and transmitted it to the surrounding air faster as well. In other words, the glass did not store (retain) heat as well because it conducted heat from the beverage to air more efficiently than did the ceramic cup.

Cooling Data For Styrofoam Cup



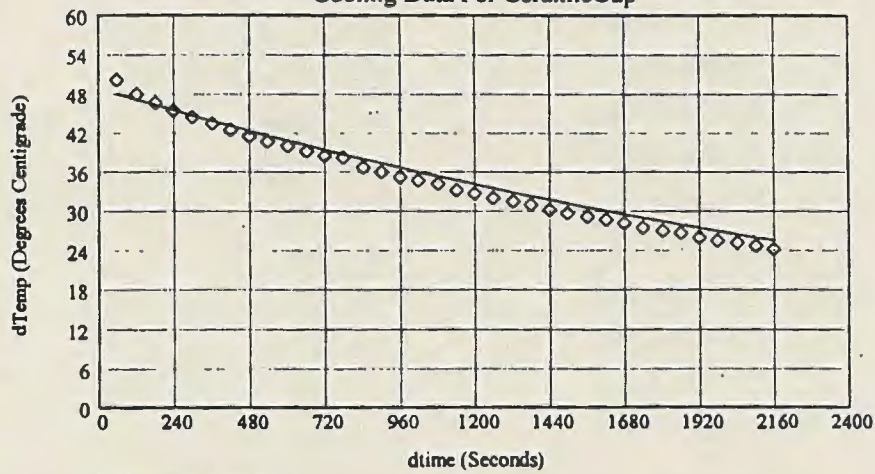
◇◇ Data Points
 — Regression Curve

Cooling Data For Glass Cup



◇◇ Data Point
 — Regression Curve

Cooling Data For Ceramic Cup



◇◇ Data Points
 — Regression Curve

Time	Temp
60	74.36
120	72.31
180	70.79
240	69.31
300	67.96
360	66.58
420	65.31
480	64.21
540	63.01
600	62.03
660	60.82
720	59.89
780	58.98
840	58.19
900	57.31
960	56.44
1020	55.52
1080	54.85
1140	54.12
1200	53.31
1260	52.67
1320	52.03
1380	51.33
1440	50.71
1500	50.1
1560	49.42
1620	48.82
1680	48.07
1740	47.7
1800	47.12
1860	46.69
1920	46.26
1980	45.68
2040	45.18
2100	44.76
2160	44.34

yrofoam =

Time	Temp
60	77.41
120	75.1
180	73.1
240	71.33
300	69.7
360	68.08
420	66.59
480	65.09
540	63.91
600	62.78
660	61.53
720	60.38
780	59.45
840	58.28
900	57.32
960	56.44
1020	55.34
1080	54.66
1140	53.75
1200	52.86
1260	52.05
1320	51.42
1380	50.56
1440	49.78
1500	49.17
1560	48.42
1620	47.97
1680	47.31
1740	46.66
1800	46.22
1860	45.65
1920	45.22
1980	44.71
2040	44.15
2100	43.65
2160	43.15

Glass =

Time	Temp
60	70.63
120	68.39
180	67.03
240	65.86
300	64.8
360	63.89
420	62.87
480	61.99
540	61.21
600	60.44
660	59.6
720	58.86
780	58.72
840	57.15
900	56.44
960	55.74
1020	55.05
1080	54.54
1140	53.63
1200	53.21
1260	52.47
1320	51.99
1380	51.35
1440	50.63
1500	50.16
1560	49.54
1620	49.08
1680	48.62
1740	47.94
1800	47.48
1860	47.04
1920	46.45
1980	46.01
2040	45.63
2100	45.2
2160	44.7

Ceramic =

roAdj = Styrofoam

roAdj^{<1>} = StyroAdj^{<1>} - 22.05

GlassAdj = Glass

GlassAdj^{<1>} = GlassAdj^{<1>} - 22.60

CeramicAdj = Ceramic

CeramicAdj^{<1>} = CeramicAdj^{<1>} - 20.40

temperatures stated in the tables on this page are the difference between room and beverage temperatures.

	Time Temp	
	0	1
0	60	52.31
1	120	50.26
2	180	48.74
3	240	47.26
4	300	45.91
5	360	44.53
6	420	43.26
7	480	42.16
8	540	40.96
9	600	39.98
10	660	38.77
11	720	37.84
12	780	36.93
13	840	36.14
14	900	35.26
15	960	34.39
16	$1.02 \cdot 10^3$	33.47
17	$1.08 \cdot 10^3$	32.8
18	$1.14 \cdot 10^3$	32.07
19	$1.2 \cdot 10^3$	31.26
20	$1.26 \cdot 10^3$	30.62
21	$1.32 \cdot 10^3$	29.98
22	$1.38 \cdot 10^3$	29.28
23	$1.44 \cdot 10^3$	28.66
24	$1.5 \cdot 10^3$	28.05
25	$1.56 \cdot 10^3$	27.37
26	$1.62 \cdot 10^3$	26.77
27	$1.68 \cdot 10^3$	26.02
28	$1.74 \cdot 10^3$	25.65
29	$1.8 \cdot 10^3$	25.07
30	$1.86 \cdot 10^3$	24.64
31	$1.92 \cdot 10^3$	24.21
32	$1.98 \cdot 10^3$	23.63
33	$2.04 \cdot 10^3$	23.13
34	$2.1 \cdot 10^3$	22.71
35	$2.16 \cdot 10^3$	22.29

roAdj =

	Time Temp	
	0	1
0	60	54.81
1	120	52.5
2	180	50.5
3	240	48.73
4	300	47.1
5	360	45.48
6	420	43.99
7	480	42.49
8	540	41.31
9	600	40.18
10	660	38.93
11	720	37.78
12	780	36.85
13	840	35.68
14	900	34.72
15	960	33.84
16	$1.02 \cdot 10^3$	32.74
17	$1.08 \cdot 10^3$	32.06
18	$1.14 \cdot 10^3$	31.15
19	$1.2 \cdot 10^3$	30.26
20	$1.26 \cdot 10^3$	29.45
21	$1.32 \cdot 10^3$	28.82
22	$1.38 \cdot 10^3$	27.96
23	$1.44 \cdot 10^3$	27.18
24	$1.5 \cdot 10^3$	26.57
25	$1.56 \cdot 10^3$	25.82
26	$1.62 \cdot 10^3$	25.37
27	$1.68 \cdot 10^3$	24.71
28	$1.74 \cdot 10^3$	24.06
29	$1.8 \cdot 10^3$	23.62
30	$1.86 \cdot 10^3$	23.05
31	$1.92 \cdot 10^3$	22.62
32	$1.98 \cdot 10^3$	22.11
33	$2.04 \cdot 10^3$	21.55
34	$2.1 \cdot 10^3$	21.05
35	$2.16 \cdot 10^3$	20.55

GlassAdj =

	Time Temp	
	0	1
0	60	50.23
1	120	47.99
2	180	46.63
3	240	45.46
4	300	44.4
5	360	43.49
6	420	42.47
7	480	41.59
8	540	40.81
9	600	40.04
10	660	39.2
11	720	38.46
12	780	38.32
13	840	36.75
14	900	36.04
15	960	35.34
16	$1.02 \cdot 10^3$	34.65
17	$1.08 \cdot 10^3$	34.14
18	$1.14 \cdot 10^3$	33.23
19	$1.2 \cdot 10^3$	32.81
20	$1.26 \cdot 10^3$	32.07
21	$1.32 \cdot 10^3$	31.59
22	$1.38 \cdot 10^3$	30.95
23	$1.44 \cdot 10^3$	30.23
24	$1.5 \cdot 10^3$	29.76
25	$1.56 \cdot 10^3$	29.14
26	$1.62 \cdot 10^3$	28.68
27	$1.68 \cdot 10^3$	28.22
28	$1.74 \cdot 10^3$	27.54
29	$1.8 \cdot 10^3$	27.08
30	$1.86 \cdot 10^3$	26.64
31	$1.92 \cdot 10^3$	26.05
32	$1.98 \cdot 10^3$	25.61
33	$2.04 \cdot 10^3$	25.23
34	$2.1 \cdot 10^3$	24.8
35	$2.16 \cdot 10^3$	24.3

CeramicAdj =

.35

..35

$y \Rightarrow \text{StyroAdj}$

$\Delta t \text{Glass} \equiv \text{GlassAdj}$

$\Delta t \text{Ceramic} \equiv \text{CeramicAdj}$

$y_{\alpha,1} := \Delta t \text{Sty}_{\alpha,1} - \Delta t \text{Sty}_{0,1}$

$\Delta t \text{Glass}_{\alpha,1} := \Delta t \text{Glass}_{\alpha,1} - \Delta t \text{Glass}_{0,1}$

$\Delta t \text{Ceramic}_{\alpha,1} := \Delta t \text{Ceramic}_{\alpha,1} - \Delta t \text{Ceramic}_0$

$y_{0,1} = 0$

$\Delta t \text{Glass}_{0,1} := 0$

$\Delta t \text{Ceramic}_{0,1} := 0$

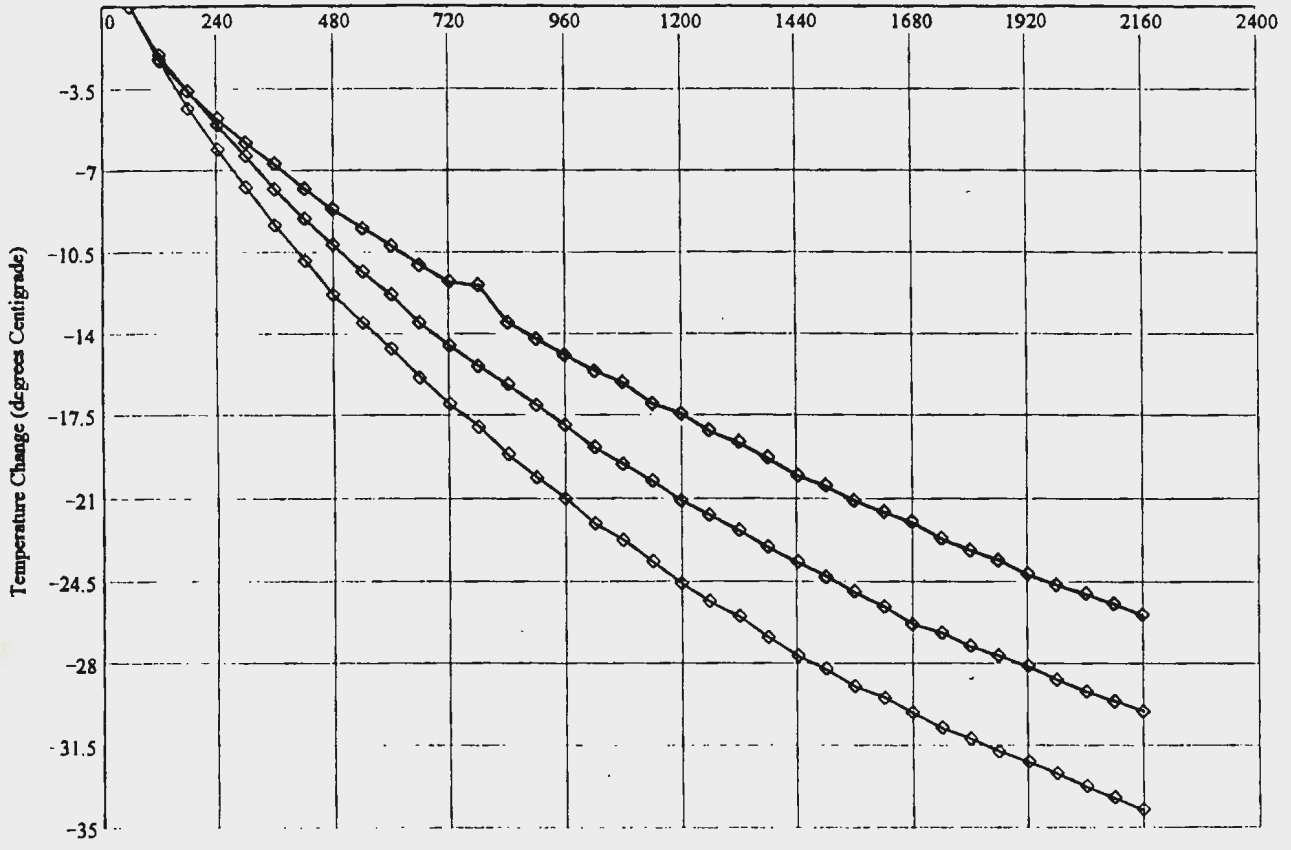
Δ Temp is the difference between temperature at the listed time and the first beverage temperature reading (at Time = 60 seconds)

	Time Δ Temp	
	0	1
	0:60	0
	1:120	-2.05
	2:180	-3.57
	3:240	-5.05
	4:300	-6.4
$\Delta t_{\text{Sty}} =$	5:360	-7.78
	6:420	-9.05
	7:480	-10.15
	8:540	-11.35
	9:600	-12.33
	10:660	-13.54
	11:720	-14.47
	12:780	-15.38
	13:840	-16.17
	14:900	-17.05
	15:960	-17.92
	16: $1.02 \cdot 10^3$	-18.84
	17: $1.08 \cdot 10^3$	-19.51
	18: $1.14 \cdot 10^3$	-20.24
	19: $1.2 \cdot 10^3$	-21.05
	20: $1.26 \cdot 10^3$	-21.69
	21: $1.32 \cdot 10^3$	-22.33
	22: $1.38 \cdot 10^3$	-23.03
	23: $1.44 \cdot 10^3$	-23.65
	24: $1.5 \cdot 10^3$	-24.26
	25: $1.56 \cdot 10^3$	-24.94
	26: $1.62 \cdot 10^3$	-25.54
	27: $1.68 \cdot 10^3$	-26.29
	28: $1.74 \cdot 10^3$	-26.66
	29: $1.8 \cdot 10^3$	-27.24
	30: $1.86 \cdot 10^3$	-27.67
	31: $1.92 \cdot 10^3$	-28.1
	32: $1.98 \cdot 10^3$	-28.68
	33: $2.04 \cdot 10^3$	-29.18
	34: $2.1 \cdot 10^3$	-29.6
	35: $2.16 \cdot 10^3$	-30.02

	Time Δ Temp	
	0	1
	0:60	0
	1:120	-2.31
	2:180	-4.31
	3:240	-6.08
	4:300	-7.71
$\Delta t_{\text{Glass}} =$	5:360	-9.33
	6:420	-10.82
	7:480	-12.32
	8:540	-13.5
	9:600	-14.63
	10:660	-15.88
	11:720	-17.03
	12:780	-17.96
	13:840	-19.13
	14:900	-20.09
	15:960	-20.97
	16: $1.02 \cdot 10^3$	-22.07
	17: $1.08 \cdot 10^3$	-22.75
	18: $1.14 \cdot 10^3$	-23.66
	19: $1.2 \cdot 10^3$	-24.55
	20: $1.26 \cdot 10^3$	-25.36
	21: $1.32 \cdot 10^3$	-25.99
	22: $1.38 \cdot 10^3$	-26.85
	23: $1.44 \cdot 10^3$	-27.63
	24: $1.5 \cdot 10^3$	-28.24
	25: $1.56 \cdot 10^3$	-28.99
	26: $1.62 \cdot 10^3$	-29.44
	27: $1.68 \cdot 10^3$	-30.1
	28: $1.74 \cdot 10^3$	-30.75
	29: $1.8 \cdot 10^3$	-31.19
	30: $1.86 \cdot 10^3$	-31.76
	31: $1.92 \cdot 10^3$	-32.19
	32: $1.98 \cdot 10^3$	-32.7
	33: $2.04 \cdot 10^3$	-33.26
	34: $2.1 \cdot 10^3$	-33.76
	35: $2.16 \cdot 10^3$	-34.26

	Time Δ Temp	
	0	1
	0:60	0
	1:120	-2.24
	2:180	-3.6
	3:240	-4.77
	4:300	-5.83
$\Delta t_{\text{Ceramic}} =$	5:360	-6.74
	6:420	-7.76
	7:480	-8.64
	8:540	-9.42
	9:600	-10.19
	10:660	-11.03
	11:720	-11.77
	12:780	-11.91
	13:840	-13.48
	14:900	-14.19
	15:960	-14.89
	16: $1.02 \cdot 10^3$	-15.58
	17: $1.08 \cdot 10^3$	-16.09
	18: $1.14 \cdot 10^3$	-17
	19: $1.2 \cdot 10^3$	-17.42
	20: $1.26 \cdot 10^3$	-18.16
	21: $1.32 \cdot 10^3$	-18.64
	22: $1.38 \cdot 10^3$	-19.28
	23: $1.44 \cdot 10^3$	-20
	24: $1.5 \cdot 10^3$	-20.47
	25: $1.56 \cdot 10^3$	-21.09
	26: $1.62 \cdot 10^3$	-21.55
	27: $1.68 \cdot 10^3$	-22.01
	28: $1.74 \cdot 10^3$	-22.69
	29: $1.8 \cdot 10^3$	-23.15
	30: $1.86 \cdot 10^3$	-23.59
	31: $1.92 \cdot 10^3$	-24.18
	32: $1.98 \cdot 10^3$	-24.62
	33: $2.04 \cdot 10^3$	-25
	34: $2.1 \cdot 10^3$	-25.43
	35: $2.16 \cdot 10^3$	-25.93

Temperature Loss Versus Time



- ◇ Styrofoam
- ◇ Glass
- ◇ Ceramic



Angel Kuhlemeier
The House
Linocut, 10" x 7"

Artist's note: *The house will never be able to tell us in words what it has seen or heard, but it speaks to us through its boarded windows and crooked doorways. We just need to learn how to open our eyes and ears so we are able to truly look and listen.—Angel Kuhlemeier*

Essay for English 102

Instructor's note: *This synthesis assignment called for my English 102 students to write an essay using at least five sources to advance an argument. My goals for the assignment were for students to read, think about, and write about those sources critically; to engage in controversy while maintaining respect for the ideas and beliefs of others; and refine their synthesis skills using the MLA citation system. Justin's essay draws on his sources and his own experience to make a strong case for maintaining federal funding of the arts.—Jennifer Bullis*

Author's note: *This paper for me, is not just another piece of work for an English class. The issue of limiting the NEA, or getting rid of it altogether, really "hit home" and this essay reveals how I feel. This was both a blessing and a curse because I did have plenty of ammunition, but I had to be very careful that the tone was appropriate.*

SAVE THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS

by Justin Bailey

In my sophomore year of high school, I took concert band and will never forget the frustration of my conductor at having to spend his own money to purchase musical supplies that were badly needed, but that the school would not pay for. I shared his frustration, which soon turned to anger, as the football team marched out on to the field with new uniforms every year and as the school received more money from the community, yet gave less to its very own music program. This issue is causing debates from PTA school board meeting to congressional hearings in Washington D.C. and involves the average junior high and high school student to professional dancers, musicians, and artists of every kind. Backers of the Crane amendment to H.R. 4825 (an amendment which would eliminate money and destroy the National Endowment for the Arts) such as Richard K. Armey, the United States Representative for Texas, suggest: "funding any artistic activity is at or near the bottom of taxpayers' priorities" (335). It is this type of thinking that has cut back on many arguments against using public money to fund art-related programs that must be put under the light and dispelled, some of which are shortsighted and others completely unsubstantiated.

First, to address one of the larger arguments, we must look at what has caused most of the controversy surrounding the NEA. This stems directly from complaints that funded work has been obscene. However, if we are to take a few steps back, we would see the fact that, as Claudine Schneider, United State Representative from Rhode Island states: “in the 25-year history of the NEA, fewer than 25 grants out of some 85,000 have even caused a stir” (331). One must also take into account that just because a piece of art has potential to offend, it is not “bad” art. In the here and now of “political correctness” and right-wing conservatism, artists of every kind are walking on a proverbial minefield—if they step in the wrong place, there is the possibility of offending any number of people. Schneider also brings up the point that “obscenity is already against the law” (332) and that “obscenity runs counter to artistic quality and would never knowingly be funded” (332). It has been my experience that any piece of art can mean anything to anybody, so, this being the case, someone will always be offended, and it is neither reasonable nor economical to go through and see what works will bother less people.

We must also be aware of the fact that the opinions of those who will decide if the NEA will survive are not the expert opinions of artists. Major R. Owens, United States Representative from New York, says: “We are not artists. Very few of us would claim to be experts on art. So, how can this body sit in judgment over the content of art and even attempt to deem it appropriate or inappropriate or good or bad” (330)? This must be taken into account especially with those who criticize the NEA, because they are not considering the good art can do, but rather are focusing on the economic side of the issue.

Some arguments against the NEA are completely unsubstantiated, such as Armev’s contention that it limits the freedoms of artists: Are we to believe that none of those 13,000 artistic endeavors that were denied funding by the U.S. Government’s agency ever took place? Are we to believe that each of those 5,000 that were funded should have taken place instead? Are we to believe that none of the 5,000 would have taken place without grants? I think not. I think it’s time to end this intrusion into freedom of expression in the arts. (333)

Legislators are not doing any favors to anyone if no money is handed out. And indeed, a very high percentage are rewarded; just under 28 percent of all those who applied were accepted. I also fail to reason how not being chosen for a grant is an in-

fringement on one's freedom. If any infringement or intrusion into freedom were to take place, it would be the dissolving of the NEA altogether.

Armev then proceeds to bring up, as he calls it, "the curious contention that withholding tax funds from certain artists is censorship" (334) in which he insists that giving money to some but not others is in some way censorship "in the language of the demagogues in the he art community" (334); in fact, it does not have a chilling effect on the arts community. When artists apply for a grant from the he NEA,t hey are cogniscent of the possibility that they may not be chosen. This is not censorship; censorship is when one is shut down or not allowed to perform or produce their art, not when the fail to be given funding for their project. Armev, who in his speech refers to "reason" and "reasonability," has proven to be anything but reasonable in his attacks on the NEA.

There is also a common misconception that is voiced by Armev when he says: "we have a projected federal deficit in excess of \$200 billion, can we afford to spend \$180 million on art' (334). The answer is yes. Yes, \$180 million is a lot of money, but yes we can afford to fund it. It costs the American citizens 68 cents per year. As Schneider states: "This is 68 cents from each American as compared to per capita spending for the arts in Canada (\$32), and West Germany (\$27)" (332). Armev then asks if the money could not be spent on other things such as "[housing] homeless families . . . researching a cure for AIDS . . . and new law enforcement personnel could be enlisted in our war on drugs" (334). Indeed these are all noble causes, but what are the chances, if the funds were diverted, that they would be spent on those projects? The chances are they would be used to fund what Owens calls "controversial projects" (330)—things like the \$500 billion S&L bail-out" (330) and military spending.

Another misconception is that the NEA, as Armev puts it, "transfer[s] income from lower- and middle-class taxpayers to indulge the less urgent needs of society's more privileged class" (335). This, and that the NEA money is spent "for the enjoyment of the artists: (335). In fact, the opposite is true of the NEA. Owens states: "In my district in central Brooklyn, the NEA has funded many small and worthwhile community programs. With such programs, restoration has become well-known and attracts children and adults from throughout the city to participate in those and many other community-minded programs" (330). The fact is that the NEA caters to

no one class of individual; its grant recipients include inner city drama clubs as well as posh art galleries. It is also evident in Owen's quote that many more people than just the artists themselves are enjoying and taking part in NEA funded projects.

Despite the arguments that show the NEA to be constructive, there will always be those such as Barbara F. Vucanovich who "[does not] believe that it is . . . [an appropriate use of taxpayers' money]" (336). It is indeed a sad circumstance that many of those who oppose the NEA will probably never understand what art means to some people and the good it can do for humanity. And if I may venture a philosophical insight, those who, for one reason or another, see art as being that pretty painting they would love to have in their dining room, have perhaps an ignorant view. Art is not simply a form of pleasure; it is a form of communication. An artist may be trying to portray feelings of pain or anger, and when the artist chooses to communicate these feelings, it often does not manifest itself in what would be considered pleasure to the senses. If one is offended or disgruntled by a piece of art, that may have been the artist's purpose. While it is important to know what the opposition to the NEA contends, it is also important that one knows and understands art. It is perhaps a lack of understanding that is the culprit for the small public response over the proposed elimination of the NEA. It is important that those of us who love the arts and support the NEA let our representatives and elected officials know how vital art is to us and to our communities.

Works Cited

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Instructor's note: *The explanatory synthesis assignment asked my English 102 students to write an essay comparing and contrasting various positions on a controversial issue. My goals for this assignment are to develop students' skills not only in reporting and explaining, but also in analyzing and synthesizing material from multiple sources. In addition, students must present the material in a "reasonably objective" fashion and use MLA format to document sources. Justin's essay effectively constructs a spectrum of views about the Wal-Mart controversy and locates four author's positions on that spectrum.—Jennifer Bullis*

Student's note: *I did not have an opinion either for or against Wal-Mart when we began reading about it, but developed one by the time I wrote the critique essay. This became difficult as I worked on the explanatory synthesis because I felt very strongly one direction. Every time I disagreed with a point or statement there was a conscious effort made to be unbiased.*

MONEY SPEAKS LOUDER THAN PROTESTERS

by Justin Bailey

As a general rule, American has supported the notion of the individual having the ability to go from rags to riches; this idea has stretched from the political arena to the economic arena. As a result it has encouraged many to strive to expand their businesses and to make more money. However, what should be done, if anything, when a product of the free enterprise system becomes so powerful that it has the capability to bankrupt other businesses and to work out special deals with manufacturers? This is what many people are asking themselves about a large chain of variety stores called Wal-Mart; unfortunately, as with many other scenarios, this argument is not limited to a definite right or wrong. Wal-Mart has its supporters as well as those who say it should be stopped at all costs. In between these two sides there lies a spectrum of other opinions about the course of action which should be taken. As a result of the controversy surrounding this topic, there have been many articles written as well as actions taken in the support for or against Wal-Mart. Some people who have written on the subject which will be referred to in this writing are Sarah Anderson, Jo-Ann Johnston, James Moore, and Albert Norman.

Sarah Anderson is an economic analyst who has lived in a small town and whose father owns a shop which is threatened by Wal-Mart. In her essay, "Wal-

art's War on Main Street," Anderson takes up her father's cause and goes against Wal-Mart, fully aware that it makes problems for small-town businesses. The antithesis of Anderson's opinion is Jo-Ann Johnston's essay titled "Who's Really the Villian?" in which she points the finger at lazy local merchants instead of Wal-Mart, which can, in some cases, help local economies. Next, in an essay called "Savvy Expansion and Leadership," James Moore, the president of a management consulting firm, writes about how Sam Walton's genius has positioned Wal-mart to reap the rewards of a brilliant harvest. Finally there is Albert Norman, a former anti-Vietnam protester who says that Wal-mart should be fought to the point where it can no longer establish a store in a particular area. In his essay "Eight Ways to Stop the Store," Norman outlines some basics of keeping Wal-mart out of a community.

Thus two writers can be placed on each side of the issue; however, it can be broken down further than simply opposing or applauding Wal-Mart. There are the more extreme opinions of Moore and Norman who either praise Wal-mart or condemn it, as well as those of Anderson and Johnston who take more conservative stances when writing about what they feel are the problems.

The writers holding the two more extreme opinions also take very different approaches to how they have written their essays. Norman's essay is based upon the skills and tactics he used in protesting Vietnam to stop new Wal-marts from being constructed in small towns around the country. By giving a list of ways to stop Wal-mart, Norman gives his readers some practical ways to slow the development of one of the largest stores in American. The dichotomy of Norman's opinion is held by Moore who exerts that Wal-mart is an example of how a company can exceed "by creating a complete ecosystem" (225) and details Wal-Marts rise from a small town store to a nation-wide giant. The extreme difference in their opinions is visible in the first lines of each of their writings. No one debates that a chain of stores such as Wal-Mart can have a major effect on a small town; however, Norman states that "Wal-Mart stores in an average-size Iowa town generated \$10 million in annual sales -by 'stealing' 8.3 million from other businesses" (207). This is in contrast to what Moore has to say in praise of Wal-Mart: "Wal-Mart developed and continues to refine an offer that customers find nearly irresistible: low prices on a variety of brands as diverse and Gitanos jeans and Yardman lawn mowers" (226). However, Norman maintains that "you can't buy rural lifestyle on any Wal-Mart shelf—once you lose it, Wal-Mart can't sell

it back to you" (209).

It is not always necessary to condemn or praise Wal-Mart to relate one's opinion of it—such as the approach Anderson and Johnston have used. While the stances Anderson and Johnston take in their writings are more conservative than those of either Moore or Norman, they are also written from a different perspective. This perspective is evident in both Anderson and Johnston's essays and comes from being witness first-hand to what can happen and is happening as a result of Wal-Mart. Both Anderson and Johnston live in towns that have been affected by the construction and/or protest of a Wal-Mart. Anderson bases her stand against Wal-Mart on five basic reasons. The first reason she has dubbed "Sprawl Mart," which refers to how Wal-Mart stores "take advantage of cheap, often unzoned land" (218) by building outside of the town it is there to serve "despite sufficient existing infrastructure downtown: (218). Anderson also states that "Wal-Mart channels resources out of a community" (218) and that it "destroys jobs in locally owned stores" (218). She emphasizes that at least in one case "Wal-Mart [has] destroyed its main street competitors and then deserted the town in search of higher returns elsewhere" (218) and that in Greenfield, where a Wal-Mart was rejected, there was a "resurgence of appreciation for Main Street" (218). Johnston comes right back against this argument, saying that blocking Wal-Mart in Greenfield "hasn't done much for the 18,845 residents" (222). This is a lot of what Johnston does in her essay—question the logic of anti-Wal-Mart protesters. Johnston presents valid arguments in which Wal-Mart would have had positive effects in an area; one example of this is in the town of Greenfield, where a Wal-Mart was rejected. She states that "Wal-Mart would have brought to Greenfield 240 tax-paying jobs and increased retail traffic" (222). Johnston also brings up the point that local retailers have become stuck in their ways and that they could benefit from "adapt[ing] to changes in their communities, the economy, and their industries instead of chastising an outside company" (222).

There are however, some similarities between the essays that are both for and against. For example, both Anderson and Norman agree on some basic effects they assert are caused by Wal-Mart. These include how Wal-Mart allegedly diverts jobs and money out of any nearby town and that the so-called "one stop shopping culture" is destroying a cherished way of life. Those who are pro-Wal-Mart also share some of the same ideas. Both Johnston and Moore touch on the fact that if people

were not spending money at Wal-Mart, it would have no choice but to leave a town. Johnston even goes on to quote Wal-Mart president and CEO David Glass as saying: You read stories about how towns don't want Wal-Mart, but in many cases that's a very few people getting a lot of publicity. And I may have on my desk a petition signed by fifteen thousand people saying, 'Please come, ignore the one hundred people who are trying to block the store.' In retailing you have a very simple answer to all that. Any community that didn't want a Wal-mart store—all they've got to do is not shop there. And I guarantee a store, even if it's [just] built, won't be there long. (224)

With all of these conflicting viewpoints it is not hard to find oneself wondering which end is up, or rather, which side is correct in this debate. But there is a simple solution to all of this which was addressed in the quote by David Glass, which basically states that Wal-mart cannot survive without the customer. While I do appreciate the effort that people like Albert Norman have put into trying to restore the small town way of life, it would seem that money speaks louder than protesters. Indeed, if a majority of the people felt as some of the protesters do, Wal-Mart would be stopped in locations all over the country.

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Instructor's note: *The assignment for this English 102 essay was to write a critique in which students practice "criticism" in the sense of its Greek derivation: to separate the subject into its parts, discern how the parts work together, and judge the subject's quality and value (to paraphrase *The Little Brown Handbook* pp. 1-2). My goals for this assignment were to have students refine and apply their summarizing skills; practice critical reading, thinking, and writing; and to engage in controversy while maintaining respect for the ideas and beliefs of others. In her critique, Janet effectively draws from her own experience to evaluate the ideas presented in Nelkin's article—**Jennifer Bullis.***

Author's note: *For this critique, I chose to write on an article from the Biotechnology unit in *Writing and Reading Across the Curriculum*. I chose the topic, because I felt it was both interesting and controversial. I hoped those two factors would eliminate boredom during the writing process. I was not disappointed. I had to work very hard to present my perspective on Dorothy Nelkin's article. After numerous revisions, I came up with this essay, satisfied that I had done my best.*

CONSIDERING THE CLAIMS: A CRITIQUE OF "THE GRANDIOSE CLAIMS OF GENETICISTS" BY
DOROTHY NELKIN

by Janice Meyer

"I'd like a daughter with blond hair and blue eyes, please." Will shopping for a child become the thing of the future? We have all heard about genes and their infinite importance. During the past two to five years especially, we have been bombarded with the Human Genome Project and what it will mean to us when completed. We have been promised that genetic disease will be predictable and preventable. Geneticists declare us to be upon the threshold of shaping our medical destiny through genetic engineering. Dorothy Nelkin, a sociology teacher, writes of her skepticism regarding the claims of geneticists in her article "The Grandiose Claims of Geneticists," which was published in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* on March 3, 1993. While I, too, am very hesitant to completely accept the claims of geneticists, I do see some distinct advantages of genetic engineering.

Throughout her article, Nelkin assumes a cautious distance from researchers, carefully disagreeing with ideas rather than individuals. She displays her knowledge briefly but credibly. She explains that the Human Genome Project is an attempt by scientists to locate and map the genes contained in the human body. She goes on to

comment that in America, genes are viewed as the essence of the individual. Nelkin allows the media to enter in the picture and explains their role in the project.

Nelkin introduces her article by describing the Human Genome Project. She emphasizes the expense involved in such technical research, subtly bringing in the role of the media. Nelkin asserts that frequently in the past, scientific research has remained hidden and nearly unheard of by the public. Contrary to this trend, the Genome Project has received much attention by the media. Nelkin attests that this is due to the very simple fact that researchers need the financial support of the public. Furthermore, she adds that the importance of the project has been exaggerated to gain publicity.

While I am inclined to agree with Nelkin on this point, I am not as eager to disclaim the value of the human genome project. As a former biology student with a possible future in medicine, I can appreciate the possibilities the Genome Project could introduce. Preventative medicine could be practiced in an extraordinary way. I believe lives could be both prolonged and enriched, a vision I hold to be the goal of modern medicine that could certainly be aided by geneticists and their research.

Nelkin also addresses an important issue facing the American judicial system. America is eager to assign genes and DNA as the essence of the human body, asserts Nelkin (587). She adds that some go so far as to blame particular problems to an individual's genes. Thus the instigator of a crime escapes responsibility.

I whole-heartedly agree with Nelkin on this point. It scares me that no one is held accountable for anything. All too often we hear, "I can't help it." These people commonly place the blame for their problems in the lap of genetics or their social environment. Raised in the Protestant Reformed faith, I hold to the belief that we were created as rational, moral creatures, and thus we are to be held accountable for our actions. It is ridiculous to pretend that we can safely inhabit a planet if no one accepts responsibility for their actions. Justice then cannot exist.

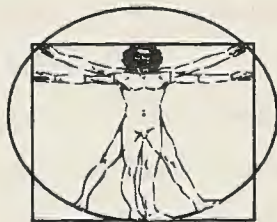
In her honesty, Nelkin brings out the advantages of genetic research and engineering. While she credibly explains that when genes associated with particular diseases are discovered, measures could then be taken to prolong and enhance life. Nelkin also inserts a brief warning. She wonders how survival of the fittest might enter in. Will genetic engineering create the capability to produce perfection? If so, what will happen to the imperfect individual? Here lies a problem. While Nelkin

concedes that there may be some legal problems with genetics, she gives no indications as to how these problems might be addressed. It marks a weakness in her argument.

My respect for genetics lies in the same area as her first point. I have seen first hand the ravages of a disease called Alzheimer's when it took the life of my grandfather. It would be a wonderful gift indeed, if scientists could identify and eliminate the gene or genes it is associated with.

On the other hand, just as Nelkin was fearful of the implications of the capabilities of genetic engineering and the resulting "perfection," I too, am frightened. Would there come a time when young couples could "shop" for their child? What about genetic testing for unborn children? Will abortion be legal if the child is at the slightest risk for cystic fibrosis, cerebral palsy, or heart disease? Where, if anywhere, will a line be drawn? Who will determine that? I fear for the lives of such "imperfect" infants. It may appear that I live in ignorant bliss and am not aware of the difficulties these children and their families face. On the contrary, I have a close cousin who suffers from cerebral palsy. Yes, it has been difficult for her family, but they love her dearly, and that love outweighs the pain. And although each day is a struggle for her, both physically and mentally, Melinda is one of the happiest people I know. I would never, nor could I ever, justify snuffing out the life of anyone like her. Each individual, despite imperfection, deserves the chance to live.

Nelkin's article appears to be highly accurate and academically written. Very relevant to the time it was published as well as today, it addresses the awesomeness and seriousness of genetics and biotechnology. Simultaneously, the piece stimulates thought and strikes at some very controversial moral and ethical issues. It goes without saying that this issue is one with some very difficult questions which I expect could get even more difficult with each new genetic discovery.



Two Film Adaptation Essays for English 102

Instructor's note: One explanatory synthesis topic asked my English 102 students to write an essay comparing and contrasting Daphne du Maurier's short story "The Birds" with Alfred Hitchcock's film *The Birds*, drawing on at least two of the readings in the Film unit to explain the differences between the story and the film. My goals for this assignment were to develop students' skills not only in reporting and explaining, but also in analyzing and synthesizing material from multiple sources. In addition, students were required to present the material in a "reasonably objective" fashion and use MLA format to document sources. Elizabeth's essay uses the stages of plot development as the organizing principle for an exploration of the differences between the short story and the film. Although the personal "voice" of the essay is perhaps unusual in an explanatory synthesis, it contributes liveliness and humor to the analysis.—**Jennifer Bullis**

POLLY DOESN'T WANT ANYMORE CRACKERS

by Elizabeth Mann

The sky is falling. The end of the world is near. The bomb has been launched. This is a popular theme throughout the history of man. Before genuine civilization even occurred, some naked man was sitting on a rock in the desert imagining its violent and destructive demise. Man versus nature, man versus the unnatural, or even man versus cheese. It matters very little as long as man has someone to fight. In Daphne du Maurier's story "The Birds" and Alfred Hitchcock's film adaptation *The Birds*, the same theme arises again only with a twist. As with all pieces of literature turned film, I had to read the book first. With the words from the pages fresh in my mind, watching the movie opens up a new dimension. Like most egotistical persons, I can be very harsh on things that don't live up to my imagination; therefore, I'm usually pretty angry upon seeing the film. In Charles Eidsvik's article, "Why Adaptations are Good for Literature—and for Movies," he responds to my silliness by saying, "if adaptations reached the level we expected—not wanted, but *expected*—they would all be masterpieces" (669). He's right. I had never considered that. Until now I had made it my duty to inform anyone and everyone who sat next to or near me during a film that, "that's not how it happened in the book." Now I have a whole new perspective on my favorite hobby. Though being a creature of

habit, I still had to read the story first and see the movie second. Ergo, as we move from exposition to complication to crisis and finally to resolution, I assure you, you should be amazed at the fairness with which I write. Two weeks ago, I might have torn the movie to shreds for not following the written word to a tee. Now I have seen the light and will now attempt to share its rays with you.

The beginning or exposition serves as a foundation on which the story unfolds. It introduces the main characters and setting, then hints at the direction in which the story is to go by presenting a problem. Ay, there's the rub. Although the problem appears mild or obscure at first, we are assured of an escalation. In doing this, the exposition promises us an exciting time and beckons us to read on.

In the book, the setting is the farmlands off the coast of post-World War II Britain. In contrast, the movie begins in a bustling, early sixties San Francisco then quickly relocates to a small community, about sixty miles south of San Francisco, called Bodega Bay. Considering du Maurier is a British author and Hitchcock an American-based director, this change is foreseeable. What is not foreseeable, at first, is the domino effect of difference it would cause the rest of the story. The characters in the book are a lower-middle class family. The story is told in a third person point of view following Nat, telling of his feelings and the impact his family and disaster has had on him. Nat, the man of the household, is a veteran of war-turned-farm-help. He has a wife and two children. They are not exciting or even above average characters at all. This gives a generic feel to the story that may suggest a commonality to their situation. The movie, on the other hand, features a saucy, resplendent, and wealthy Melanie Daniels and a dashing, idealistic lawyer named Mitch Brenner. The camera dances happily after Miss Daniels. Almost immediately, these two characters meet and sparks fly. Oddly enough, this takes place in a bird store. These are exceptional characters. Their love story makes an interesting sub-plot. They are fun to watch. When the expositions are concluded and sitting confidently like the border of a jigsaw puzzle (the easiest part), along comes the complication. In both the book and the movie, the birds' seemingly suspicious, premeditated attack on the human species becomes a problem. In this respect, only subtle differences occur due to the change in setting and characters. In the book, the birds are still working on a predictable schedule coinciding with the tide. In the movie, however, the birds are completely unpredictable except in terms that are not normally associated with

natural phenomenon.

The birds seem to be strangely in tune with the progression of Mitch and Melanie's relations. Another important difference is that in the book the attacks are not isolated incidents, but seem to be occurring all about the European continent. In the movie, however, other attacks have been reported, but only as isolated events and seem to pose no great threat to the country as a whole. With the arrival of a problem, the story moves to a resolution.

Before a resolution can occur, a climax must induce a marked change in the attitude or at least the feelings of all participants, characters, readers and viewers, alike. The climax acts as a pivotal point in any story and is constantly looked forward to, then looked back at. It serves as the point at which the moral of the story is based and where all lessons meant to be learned can be traced.

In this story, both written and viewed, the climax also marks the point at which our worst fears are confirmed and the characters can no longer doublethink the situation into non-existence. In the movie, this happens when Melanie gets trapped in a phone booth escaping the wrath of the birds. Here she is found in the same situation as the birds in the birdstore were faced with, a gilded cage. The birds have turned the tables and prevent her escape. This is a perfect example of irony. The book lacks this comparison, but makes up for it by suggesting that the rest of the world is probably gone. After a night of self-imposed imprisonment, the family has gathered by the radio to listen to the news. They have switched on the radio and wait patiently for the voice of the BBC to come across the airwaves. The BBC has a special significance to this family: particularly to Nat and his wife, who are old enough to know that during World War II, in the midst of bombing raids, shell fire, and all out anarchy, the BBC did not once go off the air. When the announcer is a no-show, their worst fears are confirmed. The rest of the world is probably non-existent. On that note, a resolution, or aftermath, occurs.

The resolution, better known as the "ride off into the sunset," is what happens in a story after the big event. As the big event that occurred in the climax changed the views of the characters, the resolution is the way this change has affected their lives.

In the book, the resolution is not promising at all. While the birds are at a lull time, the family makes their way to the neighbor's for supplies. They are well-

stocked and have the potential of surviving for some time, but in a self-imposed prison. Their outlook appears very bleak at the end of the story. With no radio, no sign of civilization, and no freedom in sight, it is doubtful that their lives will change very much until the day they die. The movie, however, ends very differently. While the birds are taking a break, Melanie, Mitch, and his family sneak quietly into the car and drive away. Their radio has continued to function throughout; therefore, contact with the rest of the world has not been broken. The car drives off into the sunset and the screen fades to black. The story is over. Where the book suggests commonality and a fate possible to all man, the movie suggests a random and strange occurrence to some extraordinarily exceptional people. The differences abound. The only similarities between these two pieces of work are their title and the birds that inhabit them.

In retrospect, I do not think that I would have been all that angry upon watching the film because both stories are so different. It is obvious that it was not Hitchcock's intent to mimic the story at all. It seems it was only an inspiration for the movie and nothing else. I thoroughly enjoyed both pieces of art and am glad I got to know them.

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Instructor's note: One explanatory synthesis topic asked my students to write an essay comparing and contrasting Daphne du Maurier's short story "The Birds" with Alfred Hitchcock's film *The Birds*, drawing on at least two of the readings in the film unit to explain the differences between the story and the film. My goals for this assignment were to develop students' skills not only in reporting and explaining, but also in analyzing and synthesizing material from multiple sources. In addition, students were required to present the material in a "reasonably objective" fashion and use MLA format to document sources. Yoko's essay uses point of view as an analytic element with which to explore the differences between the short story and the film.—**Jennifer Bullis**

Author's note: Film adaptation is very new kind of concept, which interested me to write my paper on this topic. After I had read through all articles I was assigned as taking notes, I went through roughly again to compare information to see what kind of topic would be easier for me to obtain enough information to finish writing my paper. Then I decided to choose the different points of view. First, I put all ideas came up to my mind on a piece of paper, and then order ideas as eliminating and adding information. Lastly, I went over to check each sentences.

THE DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW IN THE SHORT STORY AND THE FILM OF "THE BIRDS"

by Yoko Kimura

In 1963, the movie *The Birds*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, a well-known director for horror movies, was released in theater. The film was based on the short story "The birds" by a British writer, Daphne Du Maurier. The film has turned out to be quite different. One of the big differences between the story and the film is that each applies different point of view. Different points of view in the story and the film play an important role in creating the main theme of nature being out of control and becoming terrifying. Joseph M. Boggs, author of *The Art of Watching Films*, says, "A change in point of view of a novel determines to a large degree what the novelist can and cannot do" (674).

The original story "The Birds" which develops in a suburb, 300 miles away from London. In one day in winter, Nat Hocken, the main character, notices an unusual change of the weather and movements of birds. A large number of birds, including jackdaws, gulls and sea birds, are gathering, crying and flying restlessly. At night, Nat and his family are assaulted by a number of small birds, such as robins and wrens, which fly into their house. Later, it is announced in a special news bul-

letin that bird attacks have taken place elsewhere in the country and that people need to take precautions and prepare for the next strike. Nat and his family manage to keep their lives through preparation; however, there are many others who do not take the news seriously and end up in dead.

On the other hand, the film uses totally different characters. It starts when Melanie Daniels, the main character, goes to Bodega Bay in California to bring love birds as a surprise to lawyer Mitch Brenner, whom Melanie has run into at the bird store in San Francisco. A romance between Melanie and Mitch develops during the story. In Bodega Bay, Melanie is assailed by a sea gull. Consequently, people experience more and more attacks, which become catastrophic, from birds.

The original story "The Birds" is told in third person limited point of view, which intensifies the fear in the story. According to Boggs, in third person limited point of view, "the Narrator is omniscient except for the fact that his or her powers of mind reading are limited to or at least focused on a single character" (678). Also he emphasizes the extreme importance of the thoughts of the focused on character because the audience are looking thought his or her eyes (678). Since the narrator tells the story focusing on the man character Nat Hocken's point of view, Nat becomes essential to the short story by giving the readers clear knowledge of sequences of the story with the birds, weather and people because he is knowledgeable. Furthermore, he readers can experience a sense of fear through reading his thoughts. For example, at one point in the story, Nat and his wife hear the sound of planes and gunfire. They assume that the planes have come to save them from the birds. They then hear the sound of crashes. His wife asks him about them, assuming them to be bombs. He replies as if he does not know anything. However, he know exactly what they are because of his experiences as a veteran: they are the sounds of crashing aircraft. In the story, he does not actually say anything about them. However, because of the use of the third person limited point of view, the readers are also able to know what they really are. Readers may experience a sense of fear and powerlessness against nature. At another point, Nat's wife wonders if it is necessary to prepare so well by boarding windows and chimneys just for bird offensives of sparrows and robins. Though he did not tell her anything, "He was not thinking of the robins and the sparrows. He was thinking of the gulls . . ." (Du Maurier 692). His thoughts terrify the readers by giving stronger impression of frightening bird strikes by the gulls.

In contrast, filmmakers mostly adopt a dramatic point of view. Boggs explains the dramatic point of view: "we are not conscious of a narrator, for the author does not comment on the action but simply describes the scene, telling us what happens and what the characters say, so we get a feeling of being there, observing the scene as we would in a play" (678). Timothy Corrigan, a professor of film studies at Temple University, agrees. He says that most movies, including this film, practice an objective point of view (667). Like Boggs' description of the dramatic point of view, objective point of view allows the audience to see the story almost without restricting to perspectives of anyone (667). Hitchcock does use this objective point of view, but he also includes a restricted point of view in *The Birds* in both his camera shots and editing techniques.

One of the camera techniques Hitchcock used is the point-of-view shot (POV shot), allowing the audience to see what the character would see by setting the camera at nearly the character's eye level (Bordwell and Thompson 755). For example, in one scene, Melanie hears a noise of bird wings; she goes upstairs by herself and opens a door of a bedroom where she finds a number of birds. As soon as she opens the door, birds start to assail her. The film presents a scene in which the birds are besieging her; then it shows a shot of the view Melanie would have, showing that the birds are coming to attack. This POV shot enables the audience to experience a sense of fear of the bird offensives through her point of view.

Also, the film techniques make it possible to edit plot development by selecting and combining shots that the camera takes (Bordwell and Thompson 757). Hitchcock joined various shots of bird attacks, including shots from different angles, distances, and points of view. Editing allows the audience to observe the whole situation as well as the detailed situations, making more impressive and fearsome bird strikes. For example, there is a scene in which Cathy, Mitch's little sister, has a birthday party, inviting her friends over. While they are playing in a yard, sea gulls start assailing them. In the film, one shot was taken from the high position, showing the whole yard with children who are besieged. Some shots are showing a child who is pecked at; another, a child who is trying to escape into a house; another, a child who tumbles down with birds all over her. This editing gives better understanding of the situation and a sense of fearful experiences.

Finally, another camera technique Hitchcock employed, is called the extreme

close-up, shows enlarged objects to scale (Bordwell and Thompson 754). For example, the picture presents a shot of the blood on Melanie's finger caused by an assault by a sea gull. The enlarged shot draws attention from the audience to the blood and gives a strong impression of the powerful birds which are capable of harming humans.

The short story and the film of "The Birds" became totally different; however, both of them control the reader or viewer by arousing a sense of fear. They are using a different point of view to describe the story with a shared theme. Boggs says, "Some change are to be expected because the medium in which a story is told has a definite effect on the story itself" (674). So the differences are proper. Also, Charles Eidsvik states, "Masterpieces, as Picasso pointed out, are seldom very original; truly original works are seldom well enough done to be masterpieces" (669). Because short stories and films are fundamentally different means of presentation, a film must be different from the original story in order to be successful.



A Critique of “The Human Genome Project” for English 102

Instructor’s note: *The assignment for this English 102 essay was to write a critique in which students practice “criticism” in the sense of its Greek derivation: to separate the subject into its parts, discern how the parts work together, and judge the subject’s quality and value (to paraphrase The Little Bown Handbook pp. 1-2). My goals for this assignment were to have students refine and apply their summarizing skills; practice critical reading, thinking, and writing; and to engage in controversy while maintaining respect for the ideas and beliefs of others. Joe’s critique present a detailed evaluation of how well Watson’s article succeeds as a piece of writing.—*
Jennifer Bullis

Author’s note: *When I originally wrote this essay to satisfy the critique requirement, I thought it was pretty good. I got it back with an A- grade and note from Jennifer, asking me to submit it to the student anthology. That was a very big compliment. I used this essay to satisfy the revision requirement as well. I took it through several revision steps, using strategies I learned in class to improve this piece of writing. I am quite satisfied with the final product, although there is always room for improvement. What do you think?*

SHOULD WE FUND THE HUMAN GENOME PROJECT?

A Critique of James D. Watson’s “The Human Genome Project: A Personal View”

by Joseph Wiederhold

The double-helix structure of a DNA molecule was discovered in 1953 by genetic researchers James D. Watson and Francis Crick. Watson continued working in the field of genetics, writing many books and papers on the subject. One of those papers, titled “The Human Genome Project: A Personal View,” received publication in 1992 when Watson served as director of the National Institutes of Health’s (NIH) controversial Human Genome Project, a project responsible for mapping and cataloging the entire human genome by finding the functions of each base pair of chromosomes. Watson, with this article, attempts to explain how crucial the project is in the search for genetically caused diseases. He also tries to defend the amounts of money already spent on the project by the NIH so far, even pleading with the public for more funding. I personally do not believe that mapping the human genome should receive priority funding based on Watson’s assumption that genetic research will someday find a cure for life-threatening diseases. I also believe that Watson could take a few steps to strengthen his argument by treating both sides of the argument fairly and not making so many hasty generalizations.

Watson begins his article by explaining that finding the human genome would provide a "...wonderful end to [his] career..." but goes on to explain the real reason he wants to find it (590). He explains how the NIH has attracted large amounts of unfair criticism by other really good scientists" not working on the genome. Going back to 1990, we see that the NIH increased its entire budget by only 3.6 percent, but increased the Genome Project by a whopping 86 percent (590). This explains part of the reason the NIH has come under fire for its spending habits.

Watson's main defense for the Genome Project's priority funding is the possibility of finding cures for disease. He strongly believes that a genetic cause lies at the heart of many diseases. When Watson says "diseases," he also means disabilities caused by genetic defects such as muscular dystrophy (591-2).

Watson gives three main goals that he wants to achieve within five years: making good genetic maps, establishing an overlapping gene fragment library, and reducing the cost and amount of time involved in sequencing base pairs of DNA. Watson also believes in establishing an "international database" for the purpose of sharing genome information between countries (593-5).

Near the end of his article Watson briefly mentions a couple of drawbacks to the Human Genome Project. He attempts to put us at ease by letting us know that these drawbacks represent a small portion of the overall project, taking care of them by mentioning the 3 percent of the NIH budget set aside for an "ethics program" (596). Watson tells us that people's lack of knowledge about the project will prevent funding. He concludes by sharing his main belief with us: "there will be more advantages to knowing the human genome than to not knowing it" (596).

Does the human genome actually provide more advantages than possible discrimination against people by insurance companies based upon their genetic histories (592). A big debate centers on this very issue, according to Diane Paul, a historian of science and a political scientist for the University of Massachusetts, who describes people as having "Fear of losing health insurance benefits if an insurance company discovers that you carry a gene [such as the cancer-causing type]... that will manifest itself later in life" (Fausto-Sterling, Paul & Saxton 600). Watson mistreats this issue by severely down playing it, positioning it near the end of his article. He clearly commits the error of withholding valuable information that people need to hear before they can make a decision about what to do with their tax dollars.

Another problem I have discovered in Watson's article lies in how he has grouped disabilities, life-threatening illnesses, and mental illness into one large category he labels genetically-caused "diseases" (593). I believe Watson should use caution in his word choice here. Lumping all genetic defects into one category makes Watson look like he holds prejudices towards these groups of people. Who says these are "defects" anyway: Watson? Doctors? Insurance companies (Fausto-Sterling, Paul and Saxton 600)? People with disabilities certainly don't think of the challenges they have worked hard to overcome as "diseases."

I would also have to disagree with Watson on his underlying argument, due to some information I read regarding the Human Genome Project and its definition. Regarding the project's definition, Diane Paul notes, "the Human Genome Project ... means strictly the genetic information inside the nucleus of a cell..." (Fausto-Sterling, Paul & Saxton 599). This means that other DNA, such as that found in a cell's organelles, is ignored (Fausto-Sterling, Paul & Saxton 598). With that in mind, I don't feel that the Human Genome Project should receive priority funding over other types of disease research. Since the gene research doesn't even encompass all the DNA in the human body, I believe its chances of actually finding a cure for disease are almost non-existent. What about the DNA that project scientists have ignored? Could the overlooked DNA possibly hold a gene that causes cancer or other ailments (Fausto-Sterling, Paul and Saxton 599)?

Overall, I would have to caution Watson on the way he attempts to defend the NIH budget. When researchers get to spend \$108 million because taxpayers believe they can cure diseases based on the research taxpayers fund, then these researchers had better show some proof of their progress. I would also suggest that Watson take more care in his descriptions of people with disabilities. I myself have a learning disability. I do not think of it as a "disease," but rather as a blessing (my learning disability is ADHD. I believe it has provided me to relate well to middle and high-schoolers, a talent I use and enjoy every week while leading a middle-school youth group). I believe Watson could have presented both sides of the debate with more equality, while still preserving his message. Next time he writes in defense of the NIH budget, Watson should focus more carefully on his word choices (i.e. "waste [of money]," "diseases") if he wants to convince people that funding questionable NIH research wisely spends their hard-earned tax dollars.

An Argumentative Synthesis Essay for English 102

Instructor's note: *The original assignment for Paula was to write an "Explanatory Synthesis," to draw together several voices on a common topic and create a conversation, out of which she established her own explanatory thesis about the issues behind the debate in the U.S. Congress on welfare. She selected that essay to revise into an "Argumentative Synthesis," continuing the conversation between her views and the various voices in the welfare debate, but in the revision she shifted her focus into an analysis of the causes of poverty in the U.S., the need for the welfare program, and a call for a closer examination of the system and its workings. Her Argumentative Synthesis presented here is a fine example of the critical thinking and writing process at work, as Paula moves from the exchange of views in the welfare debate to a deeper understanding of the issues creating the debate and the divide in the American community.—Anita Aukee Johnson*

Author's note: *In terms of writing this paper, I came up with two goals for myself. First, I wanted to meet the criteria of the paper which was to take a paper written earlier in class and change the format and style. I chose to change my explanatory synthesis to an argumentative synthesis. Then we were to apply writing and critical thinking skills to what we had learned in English 101 and in this class. My second goal was to write about a topic that I really cared about, but that I had not shared my thinking on. I saw that this paper would give me a chance to really practice critical thinking and effective communication skills. I found that I was able to articulate my thoughts and viewpoints, and present a logical argument that pushed my writing abilities beyond my assumptions about myself.*

WELFARE: AN UNNECESSARY DEBATE

by Paula Curran

Have you heard the latest news? It's everywhere. It's on the news, radio, Internet, and web pages. If you listen, you can hear people talking about it on the bus, in the library, over coffee, at work, or on the streets. Money being poured into welfare is causing the deficit of the U.S. to exceed billions of dollars. Have you heard that our national debt is caused by poor people? So *they* say. Some would argue against these rumors. Does the homeless teenager sleeping on the sidewalk, as I walk down Holly street, purposely burden the government with his social needs? How about the single mother living down the street with her teenage daughter, who live in a rat infested house without electricity or water; are they asking for too much? Are they really causing our national debt? What about my friend who has worked at

the same fast food restaurant for twelve years, yet she and her children have no medical benefits, and they live hand to mouth. Are they the root cause of poverty? Are the poor people I've seen on the streets and in the grocery stores really the foundation of the national debt? Shouldn't the general population, politicians, doctors, researchers, and media be paying attention to who owns the corporations or factories that pay low wages and/or exploit their employees in the name of profit?

So much of the welfare debate has been centered on lies and myths about the economy and poor people. As a result we tend to think that the problems of our cities, states, and world would be solved if we could just reform or eliminate the welfare program. However, the problems of cities, states and the world are not a result of welfare or poor people. Instead, the problems are systemic of a capitalist society. "A global economy that allows jobs to be moved wherever wages are lowest has severed the link between a company's profits and the prosperity of its employees... Transnational corporations are able to pay states, cities, and increasingly, whole countries off... to influence tax and fiscal policies" (Weakland 9). As a result, welfare is used as a scapegoat for distracting the general population from the actual causes of poverty. The "War on Poverty," otherwise known as the welfare debate, has become an issue that divides American people primarily along two political lines: conservative and liberal. The two opposite viewpoints find very little to agree on within the debate, except that welfare needs to be reformed. As the highly charged debate continues, both groups are in conflict about the root cause of poverty. Conservative viewpoints contend that poverty is a result of laziness, lack of motivation, illegitimacy, drug and alcohol abuse, lack of education, and poor peoples' inability to adjust to mainstream America. In contrast, liberals often believe that poverty is the result of a low minimum wage, lack of jobs, drug and alcohol abuse, and the unequal distribution of wealth. Both viewpoints seem to be addressing the symptoms of poverty, rather than acknowledging and changing the root cause of poverty. Liberals and conservatives need to evaluate poverty and take a hard look at the actual cause. They need to make the source of poverty their primary focus of attention and concern, rather than the systems of poverty. Welfare reform does not offer a solution to the deeper systematic problems of the economic crisis in the United States.

Welfare has been evolving since 1935 as a set of programs for low income families, the largest being Aid to Families With Dependent Children (AFDC). Historically,

welfare programs were developed in response to the number of men who were either killed in the war, or became disabled, leaving mothers alone to support their children, or fathers unable to work (316). Many people in poverty have come to depend on these programs for their own survival, as the economic distribution of wealth has become more and more unequal. The gap between the wealthy and poor has continued to skyrocket in the 1990's, which has caused the number of welfare recipients to increase. Meanwhile, federal funding for welfare has been substantially cut. The gap between the wealthy and the poor is somewhat reflective of the difference in viewpoints between the liberals and conservatives.

Liberals "view government as protecting individuals from being abused by a variety of governmental and non-governmental forces such as market vagaries, business decisions, and discriminatory practices. They also believe in positive uses of government to bring about justice and equality of opportunity" (265). In contrast, conservatives "believe in limited government and encouraged individual excellence and personal achievement"(265). Kevin Phillips states that economic division will be the political debate of the 1990's. Varying views on economic issues create a major division between the Republican and Democratic parties. Many of the viewpoints that liberals maintain fall within the Democratic ideals, while the beliefs of conservatives tend to fall within Republican ideals.

Bill Archer, a Republican State Representative from Texas, and Marge Roukema, a Republican State Representative from New Jersey, are strong supporters of the "Personal Responsibility Act of 1995" (H.R. 4). Representative William J. Coyne, a Democrat from Pennsylvania, and Representative George Brown, a Democrat from California, are admittedly opposed to the bill. Michael Katz, a professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania and author of essay "The Emergence of the Underclass as a Public Issue," adds another dimension to the debate that removes the discussion from the symptoms of poverty to the root cause of poverty.

As both the conservative and liberal viewpoints take on the heated debate of welfare reform, neither address the real root cause of the extremes between poverty and wealth. Both groups, while fulfilling their own agenda, use the "War on Poverty" as a distraction to keep the American people from being outraged about unequal economic distribution within the United States. One part of the root cause to poverty is that national and multi-national corporations are able to manage their businesses in

such a way that they can maximize their profits without contributing the wealth back to employees or local communities.

The Republican party continues to debate welfare and the cause of poverty by putting forth the H.R.4 act, their goal is to reduce government, create state block grants, exclude legal and illegal immigrants, force fathers to pay child support, cut funding to mothers under 18, and put strict limits on the length a person or family can be on welfare. This has caused an uproar among the liberals. The liberals agree that there needs to be welfare reform; however, their goals are completely different from the Republican party's. They feel that there should be more job training programs, decent paying jobs, day care funding for mothers that are forced to work, educational programs, and health benefits. Both parties argue their points in legislative sessions, though neither really acknowledge the greater cause of poverty. If our government and business sector is not able to supply, for all, jobs that provide a decent living wage, then society, as a whole, will have to put in place some sort of support system.

To further point out the need for the abolishment of assumptions and irrational discussions about poverty among the liberal and conservative, let's look at a both groups agenda and solutions. Do they actually see the grand picture of poverty? Do their ideas actually address the root cause and are they solutions to the symptoms? Republican Texas Representative, Bill Archer, in his address to Congress, states that "today we begin to replace the disaster in social engineering with a reform plan that brings hope to the poor of this Nation and relief to the Nation's taxpayers" (317). As he encourages Congress to vote for the new proposed Welfare Reform Bill, he uses the three key principles of the bill: personal responsibility, work, and returning power over welfare to our states and communities as a means to win liberal votes. Archer uses stereotypes to promote the conservative agenda as he refers to poor people as "drug addicts and alcoholics who will no longer be rewarded with cash payments that are often spent on their habits" (318). It would be difficult to find any statement in governmental welfare policies that support the rewarding of drug addicts and alcoholics with cash payments. Archer claims that the liberal viewpoint has "perpetuated a system in which able-bodied adults could stay on welfare year after year without doing anything" (318). His assumptions are that the poor and working poor people are irresponsible and lazy. However, his ar-

gument lacks evidence to back up his assertions. Liberal politicians take a different perspective. They argue that the plan targets symptoms of poverty, rather than address the current economical crisis of America.

New Jersey's Republican State Representative, Marge Roukema, speaks in support of H.R.4. In her persuasive speech to Congress, she begins by quoting a fellow liberal citizen "no other civilized nation in the world pays young girls to have babies. But that's what our welfare system does" (320). Roukema backs up the statement by agreeing and stating that "we are wasting billions upon billions in hard-earned taxpayer dollars to support a system that promotes unhealthy, unproductive, dysfunctional families that sentence children to a lifetime of economic, social, and emotional deprivation" (320). These assumptions about poverty reduce the credibility of her speech. She doesn't provide proof that the federal regulations actually have a policy that the pays young girls to have babies, nor does she provide statistical data to represent her statement. Roukema seems to miss the grand picture of the economic crisis in the United States as well as making generalized stereotypes about poor people.

Representative George E. Brown, Jr. points out that the United States has been avoiding a broader, more in-depth, discussion of the deep structural problems that create the need for welfare and intensifies the overall increased demand for the deprived.

The real problem is unemployment, and the culture of despondency and poverty that it creates. We seem to be proceeding under the assumption that there are enough jobs in our economy to accommodate those who are now on the welfare rolls, and that those now receiving benefits will be equipped to accept the jobs that do exist (324).

The misinformation that the media and people in power have portrayed serves to reduce any sympathy among hard-working, taxpaying constituents for people in poverty. The welfare reform debate has often pitted the poor, who are on welfare, against the working poor. Even more devastating is that the information is used to divide people and to disguise the real problems of economic wealth through capitalism. The negative antisocial and abnormal behavior stereotypes of poor people are used by politicians to make it easier for voters to cut the programs that subsidize people in poverty. The slamming of people on welfare also helps to keep the general

population from seeing them as real people and dehumanizes them. It serves to use welfare as a scapegoat by distracting us from the actual underlying cause of poverty. We are led to believe that by cutting poor people off, more people would be working, and that the economic crisis we are in would be reduced or eliminated. Representative George Brown, Jr. adds that the myths are doing a serious injustice to the many poor in our country who continue to struggle to be productive, responsible citizens in the face of insurmountable odds. There are many on public assistance who work hard every day for wages that are simply too low to allow them to rise above the poverty level (324).

Representative Brown is on the right track in recognizing that there are not enough jobs and that poor people are not responsible for the economical crises, but there are more in-depth questions to ask. Why are there not enough jobs and why aren't employers able to pay high enough wages to keep people out of poverty? Michael Katz responds to this question in his essay, "The Emergence of the Underclass as a Public Issue," by saying that "social scientists did relatively little to modify the popular image of the menacing underclass (poor people) defined by behavior rather than poverty" (84). Katz refers to a colleague who says that the American underclass is created by and is maintained by the operations of the most successful economic system known.

The views that the conservatives and liberals hold are based on popular stereotypes, and misguided information. These are the institutionalized forces that perpetuate poverty. Part of the reason seems to be historical. Historically, Congress has spent years, not to mention billions of dollars, while they discuss and argue three major preoccupation's of America's poverty discourse. Politicians have spent a lot of time discussing: classifying poor people (underclass), debating the effects of welfare on their behavior, and worrying about the limits of social obligation. Furthermore, the lack of attention to the forces that generate poverty points to the downfall of capitalism to provide employment (91). Katz quotes Marian Wright Edelman, who discusses the problems with the term "underclass" and the concept of capitalism.

References to the underclass will add nothing to our understanding of poverty, but will erode public confidence in our ability to do something about it. If applied too loosely to all who have remained persistently poor, the term underclass may rein-

force the misguided belief that poverty is the product solely or primarily of individual pathology, ignoring the institutional forces in our society which help perpetuate deprivation, by implying that there are major differences in the character of the poor vis-a-vis the nonpoor, the term undermines our confidence and desire to try to help (88).

By classifying poor people and discussing welfare, the Republican and Democratic parties have successfully diverted attention from outrage to attacks on poor people. The diversion can be used to gain further economic wealth and to pit people against each other.

If our intent is to work towards ending poverty, empower all of our citizens, and diminish the expenditure of funds on welfare programs and social damage control, liberals and conservatives need to reconsider why there is even a welfare debate. The fact that there is a debate about welfare is simply a symptom of the dysfunction of our society. The standard political method of dealing with poverty by attacking welfare is a motive used to distract the American people from being outraged about unequal distribution of wealth. The poor and working poor have become the scapegoats for the economic crises within the United States. A more effective and efficient method for dealing with poverty would be to stop arguing about welfare and tackle the division between the wealthy and the poor.

In order to tackle the division, we must crash global poverty and extreme wealth, especially in the United States. Politicians need to focus on the actual circumstances that put people into to poverty while abolishing all traditions and standards that create poverty or perpetuate poverty. In addition, they need to insist that existing jobs and new jobs pay a livable wage. Politicians must work towards equal opportunities for all citizens to become educated, and learn skills necessary to achieve wages that will lift them above poverty. Only through looking at the actual root cause of poverty, will the unequal distribution of economic wealth be eliminated.

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An Essay for an English Honors Program Seminar

Instructor's note: During an Honors Program seminar on "The Personal Essay," Melissa quickly developed a strong sense of the personal essay—its ineffable qualities, its common themes, its conceits and methods. This essay, a revision of an earlier work, reflects that sense. It exhibits the tensions we, as a class, determined to be central to the personal essay: intimacy without sentimentality, personal self-reflection with a sense of "the universal," an easy meandering with a discernible argument. The personal essay, and Melissa's example here, seems a perfect example of "communicating"—both to oneself and within a community. —**Jeffrey Klausman**

Author's note: This revision of an earlier personal essay is a result of the clarity I gained, over time, of my purpose for writing the original essay. I found that working my freshly evolving ideas into the original essay improved the overall worth of the essay.

LOVE'S DEMISE

by Melissa Talbot

A single red rose adorns the oak bookcase in my room, resting its dying body in a small jar of clean water. The flower bud is large and bulbous, lacking scent—even though I have tried with determination to coax an odor from its supple head. The rose arrived on a day which was quite marvelous—full of smiles and light-heartedness—despite the reality that the poor thing had arrived decapitated. Somehow, in the process of having been brought to my home, the stem had been accidentally snapped—just beneath the bud—leaving the red flower-head to roll around at the bottom of the flower's special, separate plastic bag. The large bud was retrieved from the plastic bag and laid into the palm of my hand. Cradling it as gingerly as I would a small pet, I rushed off to find the small jar in which it now rests.

A long-stemmed rose, farmed to be beautiful, hardy, and unfortunately, scentless, loses something once the stem has been snapped off. There is no longer a deep-green, elegant stem to carefully pass, avoiding the sharp thorns, from one hand to another; there are no longer any leaves to quiver and absorb the emotion extended from one hand to another; there can no longer be romantic gaiety in which the smiling rosebud is swung, around and around, from the bowing stem—as if in drunken laughter. This rose of mine will never be placed, in a humorous moment, between someone's teeth for the sheer pleasure of causing a smile; instead, my rose was

passed to me—cupped hand to cupped hand—like a velvety-red specimen to be examined and considered.

This rose, both tragic and humorous, was a sign of things to come; it stung me with its unconcealable ambivalence. It sat on my oak bookcase and never opened into a full, beautiful bloom; instead, it withered and shriveled until I could no longer stand the sight of it—I threw it out (I have never been one to hang roses to dry; I see no point in keeping artifacts of love that is eventually lost). I stared at the sorry rosebud as it lay in my trash bin; feelings of loss and sadness overwhelmed me as I realized that my hopes and expectations had been shattered in real life.

Is a rose (which should be bred to be hearty, not hardy) a beautiful symbol that brings happiness and warm feelings? Or is a rose, freshly cut and seemingly alive, just a carcass that is as dead and empty as the clichés it represents?

I am not really as jaded about love as I might sound; isn't there some great cliché about time being the great healer of all troubles? Anyway, it is safe to say that I do believe there is meaning in those three little words that sometimes send people into their fight-or-flight response.

"I love you" is like getting off a ferry in wind-blown Port Townsend and walking up the hill to visit my father at the tiny house he shares with my wonderful stepmom. It is also just going for a walk along the grey-earth bluff, alone with the wind, the spring sun, and my favorite orange poppies. "I love you" might also be just sitting in that grey earth, mixing tears and earth into mud that cakes my bare legs. The orange poppies that I love so much surround me, waving me back and forth in the wind; they seem to reflect resilient independence that I see in myself.

Love between two people should not be the collapsing of both individuals into one single identity, but more so, respecting and taking great pleasure in the individual uniqueness of both individuals. Ideally, either partner could collect a fistful of brilliant orange poppies and warmly thrust it forth to the unsuspecting other partner—explaining the meaning of the gesture verbally, without relying on symbolism to relay the (possibly ambiguous) message.



A Narrative Essay from ESL 117

Instructor's note: This is a narrative essay combining real life events with created one. Khanh's ability to weave this complex story together is impressive.—**Robin Preisinger**

THE OVAL TABLE

by Khanh Pham

I'm always wondering if my life will end up like my mother's. When she joined life, she never had a way to get out of it until her last breath. My mother passed away; we had to discuss what we are going to do with my dad. I know one day we had to deal with it, and it was true; the time had come. Because he is a tyrannical old man, it was hard to earn love from him, and be responsible to him.

My family consisted of seven member: my grandpa, my parents, Amy, John (Amy's husband), Jennifer and me. Amy is my oldest sister, and Jennifer is my youngest sister who just finished high school. We used to all sit around the oval table. Nothing special happened around here until the day my grandpa passed away. Besides the feeling that I missed him, I also had a feeling that the table was starting to become more empty and quiet.

The oval table was a gift from my grandpa; he made it for my mother when she was married to my father. My mom liked it a lot, and she took great care of it. She said that in her life one of her most important jobs was to prepare the table for everyone to have dinner. We didn't like it at all because it was an old and ugly table.

My mom didn't like to go anywhere. Everyday, she was busy cleaning up the house, cooking, and taking care of my grandpa. I can count how many times my mom went out: the day Amy got married, the day I graduated from high school, the day of Jennifer's graduation, and the day of my grandpa's funeral. I usually don't know how to cheer my mother up, but one thing I could do was be a listener for my mom. She loved to tell me a story about the day she danced with the emperor. She always started:

"All the lights were turned off, and the young handsome king appeared in

front of the crowd. The only light left was directly illuminating him... He was bright and gentle...and he suddenly stopped in front of me..."

I never felt bored with my mom's old story because it was the happiest time in her colorless life.

The oval table got even quieter when Amy and Jennifer moved out. They chose their own lives, with their own different table. They chose the responsibility to love their own family. They were not like my mother; they didn't have to be tied to this family. Their reason to leave resulted from our father's domineering behavior to the family. My mom forgave them because she knew that they couldn't stand to be with my father, an old bossy man. My mother and I were most shocked when Jennifer moved out. She was eighteen, but to us she was still too young. I still remember the time she was five years old, and she was lost in the shopping Mall. We were scared to death and looked for her everywhere. I saw her at the customer service desk. She grabbed and held me really tight around my neck, and I couldn't breathe. It was very difficult to see my youngest sister move out and live on her own.

The oval table was now emptier and quieter than ever. One year after my sister moved out, my mother passed away because of a heart attack. Now, the only members left at the oval table were my father and me.

I can't pretend that my mom hasn't passed away. She is my precious mom, but from now on I can't see her anymore. I'll never have a chance to tell her "Mom, good dinner!", "Mom, your table looks great!". And she never can tell me "Don't leave the table,... I'll do it!", or tell me a story about the day she danced with the last Vietnamese Emperor. During he funeral, I looked at my father several times. He had tears in his eyes. I wonder if they were of sorrow for her death or tears of regret because he didn't show his love and appreciation to her while she was alive.

At the day of my mother's funeral, Amy told me "KP, I think you should go ahead and move in with my family... But... it would be murder if dad comes to live with us. We can't stand how he tells us to do everything." My sister fortunately sees things very clearly, but it is not so easy for me. Along with the terrible things about dad, I tried to also remember some of the good things he did too.

However, I can't remember anything else except what Amy said to me "He kicked me out; he said he never wanted to see me again. He said he didn't want Jennifer to come back when she moved out. He broke mother's heart over that for

days and days, all her life. He was mean,... unloving... He beat you like crazy when you were a kid... You've hated and feared him all your adult life".

Amy is right, and I don't know what I have to do. I don't know why my mother did everything for her family. Did she do it because of love or responsibility? I don't want my father to end up in an old-age home (he can't afford it), but I also have the responsibility to myself, my own life.

I've lived through a great deal of ugliness. I wanted to tell my father many times "Dad, I love you... I love you, dad,... and I want to take care of you". I can't, I just can't say it because I need to love him; I've always wanted to love him.

Tomorrow, I will leave my father's house and my mother's table forever.



A Poetry Explication Essay for English 202—Writing About Literature

Instructor's note: *This essay responds to the Poetry Explication assignment, in which I asked students to use several elements useful for poetic analysis (form, setting, allusion, imagery, etc.) to discover and explain meaning in a poem. Tim's successful use of this critical vocabulary and application of it to the study of literature fulfills the analysis and critical thinking goals for the English 202 (Writing about Literature) course.—Jennifer Bullis*

Author's note: *I chose this poem of Shakespeare's, because I suspected what it meant but could not put my finger on it. So I picked, stretched, shook and pulled at every word and phrase, hunting for some kind of meaning. Ironically, it would seem that this is what Shakespeare intended, because to my surprise the more I loosened up the poem the more levels of meaning I freed from it. I not only admired the handiwork of such writing, but felt the relief of untying an intricate knot.*

LEGACY

by Tim Ryan

William Shakespeare's "Sonnet 55: Not Marble, Nor the Gilded Monuments" is a perfect work of art that expresses itself to be alive as long as people live. While the poem is addressed to a love of his, it is not restricted to her, but to all of us. Aside from the form, the speaker conveys this idea through poetic techniques such as vivification, setting, allusion, and imagery. These elements reinforce the theme by allowing the speaker to communicate ideas beyond the limits of the form.

The form of this poem is a standard Shakespearean Sonnet with three quatrains and a concluding couplet. The first quatrain is a comparison and a declaration. The comparison is between the sonnet and venerated sculptured antiquities, and the declaration that this sonnet "shall outlive" and "shall shine more bright" than decaying statues. In the second quatrain, the speaker proclaims in dramatic fashion the durability of the sonnet against man's destruction. War will "root out" and "overturn" the physical art that man creates, but will not be able to "burn" the purpose and meaning of the sonnet. The speaker in the third quatrain then says the sonnet will resist death and the forgetfulness of men, because it is a poem that will always be read and treasured regardless of the generation. Shakespeare finally dedicates the sonnet to his love in the final couplet and concludes that this poem encapsulates the spirit of the listener in its contents. Since the three quatrains declare the

veneration, durability and the enduring meaning of this poem, the listener too then will share these qualities with the sonnet.

This idea is expressed directly within the context of the form; however, vivification is used to convey meaning outside of the form. The use of vivification allows Shakespeare to thread the theme that the works of humanity lives. The line "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments/ Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme" is a fine example of giving life to the inanimate. Another line which uses vivification is "Unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time," as if time could be so promiscuous as to leave a trace. This living image of time displays to the reader an active sense of decay and dying invoked in all things. Also in the second quatrain the speaker says "Wasteful war." This illustrates the lack of value warring people have for anything venerated, especially art that is tangible. Finally, "Mars his sword" is the living power of war, for Mars is the Roman god of war and a symbol of robust activity. The speaker gives life-like characterizations to both the works and activities of people, subtly suggesting that man's culture lives.

It is the culture of man that is the setting of this poem. The listener hears the line, "You shall shine more bright in these contents." It could then be assumed that the poem itself is the setting; however, throughout the poem the motif of man's culture is alluded to in comparing the poem first to statues, and then to war. Both art and war are created and executed by man. The third quatrain then directly establishes the sonnet firmly in humanity's succeeding generations: "Your praise shall still find room / Even in the eyes of all posterity." It is the culture of man in which this poem lives and eventually will die. The speaker refers to this death in an allusion. There are two essential allusions in this poem, "Mars his sword" and "The ending doom". The allusion to Mars recalls the devastating power of destruction the Roman god wielded and the carnage behind it. The reference to Judgment day, a Christian myth, allows Shakespeare to explain the distinction between eternity and the mortality of man. First the speaker uses the word "Posterity" to set up the allusion. Posterity means succeeding generations of people, and to this he means all the people that will be born: "That wear this world out to the ending doom". This is important because for this poem to live people must be around to read and imagine it; otherwise the sonnet is just another object without use added to the world.

It is in the imagination where the poem comes to life. There are definite

phrases in this poem that create images. "Marble" and the "Gilded monuments of princes" are two phrases that are obvious images as well as symbols of enduring art. The speaker, however, puts a condition on this image by describing the decay that has formed upon closer inspection: "Unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time", a strong image in itself, which illustrates the impermanence of all things created by man. In the second quatrain, another image is presented to the reader of destruction at the hands of man. Kinesthetic images are then produced of anarchic destruction: "Shall statues overturn" and "War's quick fire". These images create in the mind's eye vivid expressions that bring the phrases and words to life.

The sonnet as a "Living record of your memory" is exactly what Shakespeare wishes to express. Comparing the poem to the most recognized of enduring art, he venerates his own poetry as being more enduring, despite man's power of destruction. Shakespeare's faith in his poetry and the printing press allows such a declaration, because it is beautifully crafted, and will be endlessly reproduced because of it. He put forth ideas within a constricted space and form that provoke thoughts and images that see beyond one's own life. Shakespeare speaks through the generations and points to the nobility and legacy man can have in words.





Allie Oliver
Untitled
Linocut, 6.5" x 9"

Artist's note: This linocut was developed from the idea of a Japanese sun. I was inspired by the Japanese sun because for me it represents "Beginning..." like the sunrise starting a new day.—Allie Oliver

A Poem for Humanities 110—Reason & Order: The Classical Ideal

Instructor's note: Students in interdisciplinary humanities classes have one or two assignments (depending on the class) which require them to define what they feel has been their most important learning in the class. Although the classes provide no instruction in any artistic techniques, because they focus on the arts as a key to cultural ideas, students are encouraged to experiment with expressing their ideas in any creative medium. They are also told that the project should represent effort equivalent to taking an exam. This poem, one of Justin's projects, was designed to fulfill these three criteria.—Jean Carmean

Author's note: *I have been writing songs for about eight years, and in that time I have developed a knack for rhyming and rhythm. So, when I had the opportunity to do a project in which I would be comparing and contrasting Apollonian (logical) and Dionysian (passionate) views of life as discussed in my Humanities class, I decided to put these vehicles of expression to work.*

The Apollonian and the Dionysian
by Justin Cano

An Apollonian and a Dionysian journeyed through the woods
discussing how best to live one's life—the shouldn'ts and the shoulds.
Said the Dionysian to the Apollonian, "One's heart should lead the way.
The way he feels should tell him what to do and what to say.
His dreams they should inspire him; his mind it should be free.
His spirit and intuition-- they should guide his destiny."
Said the Apollonian to the Dionysian, "I'm afraid I don't agree."

Said the Apollonian to the Dionysian, "One's mind should be the key.
He should live his life with order and should do things logically.
He should think about the future, and then choose what's best to do.
He should give his life a purpose which is simple and is true.
He should analyze and theorize using science and his mind.
He should see with clarity; what you suggest would make him blind.
Emotions are not guides; they are the weakness of mankind."

Said the Dionysian to the Apollonian, "I'm afraid that you are wrong.
Our emotions are most important; they are what make mankind strong.
For it is a person's passion which causes him to act,
and, therefore, true discovery is based on mainly that.
Creativity is the birthplace of mankind's next advance,
for our inspiration gives us the desire to enhance.
And, without this deep desire, mankind wouldn't have a chance."

Said the Apollonian to the Dionysian, "You are not thinking right.
Let me try to explain this logically so that you may see the light.

Inspiration may lead to new ideas, but in that frame of mind,
any true discovery would just be left behind.
In man's chaotic passion, he would not think all things through.
And, before he'd even finished, he'd be off to something new.
No, it takes purpose and control to achieve what you pursue."

Said the Dionysian to the Apollonian, " You claim that I'm distraught.
But, if a person were so guided in his life and in his thought,
then he would not be open to new concepts and new views,
and without this open-mindedness what treasures we would lose!
Each day should be a new day, like the turning of a page.
We should center on beginnings and on the young of age."
But, as the stubborn Apollonian began to re-engage,
the stubborn Dionysian killed him in a fit of passionate rage.



A Concert Report for Music 100: Music Appreciation

MODERN CLASSICAL

by Tim Hulford

Ahh, Monday night. I've been studying, I haven't gotten any sleep for three days. I'm ready to relax. Sit down. Breathe in. Breathe out. Chanel #5, my God. Wonderful stage in front of me. I like the wooden slats hanging from the ceiling. Someone's fuzzy head is in my way. Someone behind me is attempting to unwrap his candy discreetly; it sounds like the bull has entered the china shop. There are lots of student-is blokes and birds toting clipboards just like me. Waiting.

Music time. Enter: alto flute and guitar. Three movements in store for me. The first movement hints suspense, the second adventure, and the third wierdness (in an inspiring kind of way (can I be more vague?)). This didn't last very long. It kept my interest. I enjoy a simple duet. It is so much cleaner sometimes.

I think I'm sick. I've got spots in front of my eyes. This is great. These odd, short little "spots" of movements. They have meaning, but I don't get it—other than the weather report, I guess. What distraction this piece is. It seems to be wafting from the tops of their heads and the hair in their ears. No purpose to the phrasing. Ambling. Just like this report.

Quartet for four flutes. I figure it took western music five hundred years to prove that flutes are not necessarily whiny, wheedling, piercing, brain melting, bladder loosening, tooth grinding, little instruments. Five hundred years down the drain. I don't mind freeform, but is it necessary to test the very limits of my endurance? What will my future children do when the kids at school make fun of their poor deaf father?

Exit: Demons of Hell. Enter: orchestra. Kind of. This is definitely the largest number of musicians to lay tonight. Coming Together and Attica was brilliant. I love spoken word (or Sprechstimme—to use my newfound vocabulary term). This is the kind of stuff I want to do. The story is so sad, and so powerful. He keeps you morbidly curious throughout the work. At the end, he portrayed pain so well, we congratulated him for it. A standing ovation for the artist.

A Research Paper for Psychology 215: Abnormal Psychology

POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER AS IT RELATES TO POST HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS

by Brenda Wohlford and Merastella Bentley

Summary

In Debecen, Hungary, 1944, Noemi Bann, along with her family were ordered to buy a yellow star and sew it on their clothing, hand over all of their valuables, collect one loaf of bread and one change of underwear. Noemi, at age 20, her 43 year old mother and father with her six month old baby brother, her four year old sister and 76 year old grandmother were corralled like cattle to a ghetto. they had to wait 10 days before they were fed any food or water, and then finally, they were given a loaf of stale bread. Three weeks later, in March of 1944, Noemi's father was deported with the rest of the Jewish male population to work at a forced labor camp. One week following her father's encampment, Noemi and her family were packed like sardines into a cattle car on a train and spent a week being railed to Auschwitz.

At Auschwitz, Noemi's grandmother was in a daze from physical and psychological shock by the time they got off the train. It was there where Noemi was separated from her remaining family and was sent to be with a group of single women. Noemi's grandmother, mother, baby brother, and little sister were sent to be with a group of women who had children. She recalls, "my mother looked at me and her eyes said 'good-bye' and 'I love you'" (Wolpow), 1995. Noemi never saw her mother again.

The Nazis put Noemi in a little empty barrack iwth hundreds of other Jewish women. When night came, they all were to lay on the floor without blankets. There were so many in one small room that they were like herrings, head to foot, with no place to turn. "When we had to go to the latrin, we had to step on each other's stomach, head, nose, mouth, whatever," says Noemi, (Wolpow) 1995. The next day they were stripped naked and shaved bald. The days consisted of being forced to stand in lines for hours upon hours where they were counted for no reason. The, for no apparent purpose, they were ordered to sit down in the mud. They were given black

coffee and dried vegetables and something like soup except it was indescribable, and it had unidentifiable objects floating in it. The all had to share the same dish and cup. As a result, may got diseases and strong diarrhea and even died from the lack of clean water and food.

Noemi's menstrual cycle diminished and she found out that the Nazis had put chemicals in the food that would make the women sterile. The lavatory was crouching down in the dirt outside in front of everyone. "One time," Noemi said, "I had such bad diarrhea . . . the SS official ordered for me to stand in line with the others . . . I fainted and that was normall considered a sentence to death, but the others held me up." She reports feeling drugged, numb, not able to concentrate, and outside of her body. "When the other women would fight, scream, and draw blook for one cup of water at the reservoir, I would stand there and watch the guards. They were laughing and calling us filthy rats. . . I would not drink from the well, and once I was pushed right up to it, I took a cup of water out and gave it to the women behind me . . . I had to show them and myself that I was not the vermin they reduced us to."

Noemi was one of the few women who spoke the German language. Because she was separated from her family, she would ask of their fate. She was told they were sent off where adequate milk and food was available. Many days had passed by when she started to ask again about where her family was. Finally, a woman SS official who responded to Noemi's questions lost her patience. She told Noemi that her families' bodies were being incinerated and that that was the stench they could smell in the air and that the clouds she could see were from their ashes. Hopelessness was entrenched even further in Noemi by these SS officials as they told her "if someone survives, which they won't, no one would believe them." There was no rescue (Wolpow) 1995. After three months of existing in this death camp, Noemi was transported to a forced labor munitions factory near Buchenwald.

In addition to reading and listening to Noemi's story, we interviewed her in person. She has experienced some of the syptoms, as listed in the DSM-IV, for the condition of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Unfortunately, there are more atrocities occurring daily in America's communities than occurred at Auschwitz. Among those that are contributing to the psychological condition of PTSD are dometic abuse, rape, homicide, suicide, juvenile gang violence, vehicular-related death and dismemberment, psychial and sexual abuse (Wolpow) 1995.

Noemi shows behavior typical of PTSD survivors, but because the experience was so many years ago and she has learned to cope with her experience, her symptoms are difficult to exemplify. For this reason, further stories are told to bring to light the ramifications of Noemi's trauma.

Impact of Client's functioning, sense of well-being, and upon others

An interview was conducted by Brenda Wohlford and Merastella Bentley, in Noemi's home on February 6, 1996. Listed below are Noemi's symptoms and that of PTSD found in the DSM which have been defined by the American Psychological Association (1987).

The essential feature of this disorder is the development of characteristic symptoms following a psychologically distressing event that is outside the range of usual human experience (i.e., outside the range of such common experiences as simple (sic) bereavement, chronic illness, business losses, and marital conflict). The characteristic symptoms involve re-experiencing the traumatic event, avoidance of stimuli associated with the event or numbing of general responsiveness, and increased arousal. The diagnosis is not made if the disturbance lasts less than one month. (p. 247)

Noemi's symptoms of PTSD:

After being liberated from the concentration camp, she was afraid to talk about her experience because the memories were so distressing.

- Smell, sights, and sounds today still remind her of her experience and cause anxiety.
- Even today, she cannot eat from other people's plates.
- She felt drugged, numb, out of her body (desensitized) the whole time she was in Auschwitz and for a period of several months upon liberation.
- She had feelings of hypervigilance that compelled her to flee Hungary.
- She experienced loss of concentration skills while in Auschwitz.

ETIOLOGY OF PTSD RELATING TO PERSPECTIVES

Behavior (Learned) Perspective

Noemi experienced the traumatic experience of losing her family combined with witnessing many of the women around her dying. Behaviorists would say that this stimuli functioned as a classic conditioned stimuli. As a consequence, Noemi has developed the two factor model condition. The classic conditioning (witnessing so much death and disease) paired with the neutral conditioning stimuli (Noemi being offered food off of loved ones plates evokes anxiety in Noemi (a conditioned emotional response). Noemi would need to extinguish her fears by gradual exposure to these horrors in a safe and controlled environment.

Psychodynamic Behavior

Noemi experience intense emotions that got repressed into her subconscious during her captivity in Auschwitz. In the beginning, she avoided speaking to anyone because she was afraid of these emotions. These overwhelming emotions still resurface when she is exposed to conditioned stimuli that is similar to that of the traumatic event. This symptomatology is exemplified in the case of a young boy who witnessed the rape of his mother: The "night stalker," a serial rapist-murderer, sexually assaulted a divorced woman at knife point while her dazed eleven-year-old son lay watching from the couch in her room. [The boy] remained immobile even after the rape when the mother successfully defended herself and the rapist fled.

He continued to re-experience the smell of semen and would become nauseated. He slept with a knife at his bedside and had a traumatic dream of waving a samurai swords in an attempt to subdue an attacker. he was preoccupied with thoughts of torturing the rapist first by poking out his eyes and then by sticking a pen up his penis 'so that the man could never do it again' (Pynoos & Nader, 1990, 336).

Psychodynamics postulate that traumatized people may relive these moments of abnormal memory not only in their thoughts and dreams, but also in their waking actions. Most commonly, survivors find themselves re-enacting some aspect of the trauma scene unconsciously and in a disguised form (Wolpow, 1995).

Humanistic-Existential Perspective

This perspective would speculate that due to the traumatic, cruel, and demoralizing treatment that was accorded to Noemi over such a lengthy period of time, she would experience possible varied feelings of worthlessness as Noemi herself said so many women began to believe. She would experience possible varied feelings of worthlessness, perhaps not be able to see life realistically and therefore, at times fear that life had no meaning at all. She would find it difficult to become self-actualized. The case below of progressive entrapment which may result in traumatic dissociation is illustrated in this story of an incest survivor:

She can't believe that he's back to being normal in the morning when he greets her at breakfast. He's back to acting like her dad. But sometimes during the day, if they're alone, he'll do some of the same things. then she knows for sure it's not a dream. She tries to tell her mom, but can't. What will she think? She'll be so hurt. That's confusign too because sometimes mom tells her to spend time with her dad and take care of him. Is that what she means?

So she takes to hiding, during the day and expecially at night . . .At night, she goes to her bedroom scared. She wears all the nights clothes she can put on and she pulls the covers up as tightly as she can.

As the situation goes on, she finds herself watching from afar and being apart from her body. She looks at herself fromthe ceiling or concentrates intensely on the wallpaper or the curtains so she can make herself be somewhere else.

He's crushing her . . . it hurts. She can't get away . . . she squeezes her eyes tightly shut so she can't see him or what he's doing. She pinches herself and digs her fingernails into herself for distraction and punishment. She keeps a hand or foot free and reaches it out over the side of the bed so that he can't have all of her. Inside, she tells herself he can't make her fell and that she just has to wait until she's old enough and can get away . . . (Courtois, 1988)

Unfortunately, the dissociative symptom of trauma is constriction, a numbing response of surrender to an overpowering force. When resistance is futile and the helpless persons may no longer escape by action in the real world, they alter their state of consciousness. Thehelpless persons may seemingly dissolve terror, pain, and rage into calm. (Wolpov, 1985) A Humanistic theorist might postulate that the

act of this young girl dissociating from her true feelings of pain and rage will cause her not to be self-actualized.

Cognitive Perspective

The Cognitive Psychologist might speculate that the constant threats of death experienced by Noemi in Auschwitz have caused her to perceive her life with the overprediction of fear. She has become oversensitive to threats. A Cognitive therapist might view Noemi's fleeing Hungary despite its liberation as hypervigilant behavior. However, this was explained as an isolated incident of hypervigilant behavior and in the eyes of some may be viewed as an understandable act of survival. She has not developed a low self-efficacy expectancy with self-defeating thoughts that might stop her from functioning well on a daily basis. For many who experience trauma, their anxieties manifest into a state of hyperarousal as by a student who "resisted returning to school":

While standing in his front doorway, a 7 year old boy was wounded in an exchange of gunfire by gang members . . . During his hospitalization, he feared the assailants would again attack him, remained hypervigilant and wary of unfamiliar hospital personnel, and exhibited marked startle response to unexpected or loud noises.

After leaving the hospital, he alternately avoided the front doorway and played at opening and closing it. He played at getting out of the way of fast-moving objects and at disguising himself in order to catch the assailants without being recognized. He resisted returning to school because he did not anyone to know he had been shot . . . (Pynoos & Nader, 1990, 339).

Socio-Cultural Perspective

Noemi's family, personal belongings, and religious artifacts were taken from her. Her people were herded together and were labeled by having to wear yellow stars, and later were branded with inscribed numbers on their forearms. Noemi was

labeled because of her ethnic, sociocultural, and socioeconomic background. This labeling, stigmatizing, and subjugating treatment may have made it difficult for Noemi not to feel alienated from the rest of the world and stripped of her dignity.

Biological Perspectives

The stresses developed from the prolonged exposure in Auschwitz could have caused Noemi's neurotransmitter GABA (gamma-aminobutyric acid) to be depleted and therefore cause anxiety. Under severe stress, there first is a massive secretion, and subsequent depletion of a variety of neurotransmitters, presumably because utilization exceeds synthesis. After repeated or prolonged stress, norepinephrine, opioid, and serotonin depletion become conditioned responses, which eventually can stimulate receptor hypersensitivity, leading to excessive responsiveness at times of subsequent stress (Vander kolk, 1988, 276).

TREATMENT REGIMENS OF PTSD

The most common approach to PTSD is the eclectic approach. (All perspectives used in combination.)

Psychodynamic

This theorist would focus on exploring sources of anxiety that arise in current relationships. This would be obtained by understanding unresolved conflicts in past relationships. A psychodynamic therapist might want to utilize current stresses in relationships Noemi has and use free association to help her achieve self-insight to help her understand any possible defense mechanisms that she might be using. Noemi talks with her students about her experience and makes public appearances. This could be considered a form of free association by psychodynamic therapists.

Biological

These therapists would focus on drugs that quell anxiety such as the minor tranquilizers benzodiazepines (valium and librium). Possibly tranxene, xanax which blocks panic attacks through a neurotransmitter. The antidepressant tofranil may

also be used.

Behavior (Learning)

Noemi avoiding stimuli, (eating off of other's plates) is negatively reinforced by relief from anxiety. She could try exposure to conditioned stimuli in the absence of the troubling unconditinal stimuli. She experiences anxieties from sharing dishes and has extinguished many of these distresses by returning to Auschwitz and revisiting the scene of her imprisonment. This is a form of systematic desensitization. Gradual exposure of food sampled from disinfected plates could also be used to help Noemi overcome her anxieties about disease and death. Talking about the trauma in class situations, viewing related slides or films or imagery may be considered as gradual exposure. Noemi said that everytime she talks about the incident it helps her cope, learn, and grow. Virtual reality is watching affective stimuli in a view glass like video and is a new technique being used to learn how to overcome fears. This form of therapy has not been utilized on Noemi.

Cognitive

The approach of cognitive restructuring involves replacing all self-defeating thoughts with rational alternatives and practicing speaking rationally to oneself during exposure trials. Despite the event that traumatized her, Noemi held self-efficacy thoughts and said, "I want to survive (*Lessons from the Holocaust*, 1996). During our interview on February 6, Noemi said that during her encampment, she felt like she was outside her body most of the time. This helped her to feel like she was viewing the situation rather than living in it. Noemi escaped the prolonged effects of the terror, pain, and anger that so many victims of Auschwitz encountered and continue to experience through desensitization.

Cognitive-Behavioral

This treatment helps clients think differently about changes in bodily states, such as passing sensations of dizziness or heart palpitations. Methods used include self-monitoring, exposures to situations where panic attacks have occurred, and the development of coping responses. Noemi expresses recurring anxiety when she sees or hears anything like what she experienced in Auschwitz. A therapist might have

her self-monitor her feelings in a diary at home in conjunction with exposure to the trauma while in therapy to help her overcome her anxieties. Noemi does not feel a need to fix these anxieties as they are not stopping her from functioning in her daily life. She feels it is a condition she has learned to cope with.

Humanistic-Existential Approach

Noemi is one of few people who experienced one of life's largest manmade disasters and was able to come out self-actualized. She feels that by talking about the hate she witnessed and experienced in Germany, she is teaching others the importance of unconditional positive regard. Noemi feels she has found her meaning in life. Noemi earned a teaching degree in Hungary. She started a teaching career after learning the English language in America. Since she has won several teaching awards because of her outstanding ability to teach children. She reaches children by relating her own life experiences with her students in an effort to help them.

PROJECT DIARY

Brenda made connections with Ray Wolpov, Noemi Bann, and secured the video *Lessons from the Holocaust* as well as the dissertation *Trauma, Literacy, and the Pedagogy of Hope*. We both watched the video. Merastella took notes while Brenda interviewed Noemi. Merastella retrieved the DSM-IV manual criteria on PTSD. Brenda read the dissertation presented by Ray Wolpov and made the summary from Ray's findings of clients' lives. Merastella made a basic outline of the perspectives, etiologies, and treatment regimens for the paper. Brenda revised Merastella's outline after the interview, and after reading the dissertation and other journals, she edited the report so that it was more comprehensive. Doug Knapp helped Brenda reconstruct and edit the paper.

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Two General Psychology Papers on *Dharma Girl*, Book of the Quarter

Author's note: *I think that [Psychology 110] was the best possible place for me to have studied this subject and that [Bob Riesenber] is the best possible teacher I could have learned it from. He spent sufficient time relating the fact that scientific, psychological theory is just that, a theory, nothing more. [His] special attention to the fact the "correlation does not equal causation" has been much appreciated. The book was highly readable, which has made much of the class pleased I'm sure.*

I'd like to take this time to relate the difficulty I had with the book, though. I'm not going over every little discrepancy and point of disagreement or outright anger. In fact, I've thought about someday writing an exhaustive critique of it, which, of course, would be roughly two or three times as long as the book itself. In summation, I'm glad I ended up taking this class. If he had tried to force this material on us as final truth, I think I would have ended up hating him. He presented the material in such a way as to allow us to cultivate our own opinions; and this is one of the most important skills that one who teaches can have.

GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY AND *DHARMA GIRL*

by Jason Dykstra

The book *Dharma Girl* by Chelsea Cain is a virtual plethora of psychological phenomena. From the substance using father to the Buddhist mother that dies of cancer, the applications hover in the shadows. *Dharma Girl* is a semi-auto-biography about a young adult who goes back to her roots to find herself. Her parents lived on a hippie commune/farm in Iowa until they got divorced.

Chelsea's father was labeled a draft resistor because he declined to serve in the Vietnam war. His name was/is Larry. He had asked the local draft board for an alternative duty sentence, "HE had never been given the chance to do anything but resist the draft." (114). He was against the war in the first place because it was unjust, and was against the draft because it was/is "classist and racist" (Cain, 113).

This is a clear cut case of postconventional moral reasoning. Larry hid out from the FBI for two years and faced imprisonment instead of going to the other side of the world to fight in a war that he was opposed to ethically and politically. Lawrence Kolger (1981) describes postconventional moral reasoning as being "derived from personal values, not from conventional standards or authority figures" (Rathus, 420). By many peoples' standards at that time, being drafted meant that

you went to war, period. It was endorsed and enforced by everyone from the police to the president himself. Larry used his own judgment on the issue.

Larry and many of the others living on the commune imbibed drugs and alcohol. Larry himself "smoked pot every day for five years" (Cain,104). He later says that he regrets it because of a loss of motivation that he experienced during this time. From a scientific standpoint, marijuana is said to impair short-term memory and slow learning. Whatever it did to Larry's short-term memory, it didn't seem to have hurt his long-term memory too much, judging from the fact that his daughter treats him like a hippie historian, calling on him because of his excellent recollections of the era. Marijuana is also said to be psychologically addictive. Larry's smoking it for five years straight might be a testimony to this. But, he did eventually quit. Massive quantities of beer were also ingested on the farm.

"Donnie, the self destructive, idealistic drunk" (Cain,37) as Chelsea puts it, was , as a general consensus, an alcoholic. No one really blamed him for this, he grew up in a chaotic environment. He was raised by a couple of aunts that everyone had labeled as just plain "crazy." His father is said to have been an alcoholic. Alcoholism is said to be hereditary.

After everyone left the farm, Donnie's drinking escalated to dangerous levels. Chronic drinking is said to be correlated with several nutrient deficiencies. If left unchecked, "chronic drinking can lead to a number of disorders such as cirrhosis of the liver, which has been linked to a protein deficiency" (Rathus,188). In fact when Chelsea and her mother return to Iowa and look for Donnie, they both half expected him to have dies by then. They found that he had actually cut down to what he called "bare minimum levels" (Cain, 145). Though Chelsea's mother engaged in as much of these activities as anyone else, she does other things now.

Before she dies, Chelsea's mother used meditation, instead of drugs, to alter her conscious state. Her name is Mary and she is "A student of Buddhism" (Cain,129). Mary meditates for pleasure and said, "The pleasure of it is in the giving over of one's self to the idea of it [Buddhism]" (Cain, 130).

From a scientific perspective meditation is simply a relaxation technique that is said to alter consciousness. There is no evidence of the spiritual effects of meditation therefore, psychology focuses on it's physiological effects. Meditation is said to return blood pressure to normal and lower anxiety. It also slows heart rate and res-

piration and produces “more frequent alpha waves” (Rathus,199). Those who meditate regularly have shown reduced levels of anxiety. There seems to be no question as to whether or not meditation works, but from a psychological perspective, it is merely a way of relaxing. They are not sure if it works better than a more mundane “time out” or not. Although Mary became a student of Buddhism, she began her life as a Catholic.

Mary’s parents were Catholic and she never thought that she would be any different until the war started. As a child she dreamed of growing up and becoming a middle class western mom. As the Vietnam war escalated it became more and more difficult to keep her cognition’s consistent. Her father was totally behind the war effort which gave her one more reason to support it. After she realized that it was impossible to support the war without contradicting herself, she slowly transformed herself into a hippie.

This is almost a complete verification of cognitive dissonance theory. This theory states that a person will change discrepant attitudes so as to not contradict themselves. Mary’s abandonment of her goals in order to do what she knew was the right thing is obviously an attempt at recentering herself.

Centered as she was, she later died of cancer after having had one melanoma removed successfully. She was much more content with life the second time she was diagnosed however. It has been shown that attitude has a large impact on fighting cancer. It is said that fighting it energetically is much more effective than accepting it stoically. Mary opted for the Buddhist’s approach, “She is like the monk falling from a tall building. “So far, so good,” he cries halfway down. It is unclear whether or not she went through the five recognized stages of impending death or no . Perhaps Chelsea’s next book will reveal these things.

Since Mary had cancer, it is said that Chelsea is at risk. After her mother’s morbid diagnosis, Chelsea has had eight biopsies. Two of these have been borderline melanoma. This is almost not surprising once the amount of stress she was under, added to her genetic predisposition and the fact that she was way too preoccupied with the idea of her developing cancer is liked at from a psychological perspective. These first two have been shown to correlate with cancerous growth. Life changes such as the illness or death of a loved one and moving have been identified as being very stressful. The realization that one is at risk may also be quite stressful. Mary’s

diagnosis may have triggered this realization within Chelsea. Chelsea and her mother have shared a few experiences in the past.

At one time in particular, when Chelsea was quite young, Mary taught her to bury dead things. Chelsea's doll Linda dies of "natural causes" (Cain, 77). Mary provides hats and gloves for them, and, after a short funeral, Linda is buried beneath red elm trees. In learning theory terms, Chelsea observed her mother burying the doll and was reinforced by a lightening of an emotional load. This lesson then lay within her until she needed this kind of reinforcement.

When Chelsea was older, she sought to lighten her emotional load by burying dead things. After her parents got a divorce and she moved to Bellingham with her mother, Chelsea seemed to be rather emotionally distraught (as much so when Linda died) and seeking that reinforcement. She is nine years old, her parents have just gotten divorced, she is living in a new town and hasn't found many friends. Chelsea began picking up dead animals she found and burying them. She held a short funeral, invited guests, they all wore hats and buried whatever animal it may have been beneath plants; just like the funeral for Linda. This must have made her feel better because she kept doing it even after she was told not to pick up dead things by a recess lady who caught her trying to stuff a dead bird in her jacket.

Though this may not be a textbook case of obsessive compulsive behavior, it's close. Burying dead things may not have been so compelling to her as to disrupt her daily life, it did however, take up a good portion of her spare time. It's possible, that she engaged in these activities in order to reduce anxiety. In obsessive-compulsive behavior, people will normally engage in a certain activity that they have learned will reduce anxiety over and over again. These activities are often as irrational as Chelsea's behavior. As she got older she eventually stopped carrying dead animals home and burying them. She had other things to worry about.

In her mid-twenties is when Chelsea made the trip back to Iowa to find the old farm, but infinitely more important, herself. It's possible, that she made the trip because she was suffering from what Erick Erickson deemed "role diffusion" (Rathus, 424). Role diffusion is described as a lack of clarity in someone's life when they haven't established a firm "Ego identity" (Rathus, 424). Ego identity is "a firm sense of who one is and what one stands for" (Rahtus, 424). Establishing this, is almost exactly what Chelsea set out to do. She writes "She is trying to understand her par-

ents through generation and their generation through her generation and her generation through her own true self and her own true self through her parents, and as you can imagine, this has made her very tired.”(Cain, 5). The “ego identity versus role diffusion” conflict, as Erickson has named it, is normally resolved during adolescence. Chelsea’s forced resolution of it during young adulthood may’ve had something to do with her parents. Her identity crisis may or may not have something to do with the way her parents raised her.

From a psychological approach, parenting style is measured in two broad and separate categories. The “warmth-coldness” scale refers to the amount of affection shown to the child” (Rates, 409). The scale that measures “restrictiveness-permissiveness” refers to the amount of discipline employed by the parent (Rathus, 410).

Chelsea’s parents would probably be called mid-high warm, and quite permissive. She was allowed to run around the farm naked and do what ever she wanted. She writes, “My parents did their best to let me be a kid without treating me like one.” (Cain, 34). There is not really any question as to whether or not Chelsea’s parents love(d) her. Though they did not seem to be too warm or permissive. She was not allowed to have products that were advertised on television, or to do things that would endanger herself or others. However, she was allowed to be a kid and everything that it entails.

Chelsea’s experience growing up is, in a way, a testimony to a generation. The recalls it as, “an amazing experiment in child rearing” (Cain, 34). It is also a useful tool in the application of psychological theory in that it is based on actual events.

Since I’ve been given this open forum with which to discuss my opinions and thoughts, I will take full advantage of it. I will do so in three sections: 1) psychology as a belief, 2) psychology as a science, and 3) psychology in the classroom.

What I have seen of the science psychology has made it look like a belief system. If one believes in these theories, then they will appear to be as true as possible without having actual truth. Science, by definition, can only uncover “apparent truth;” the actuality is far beyond human comprehension. Truth lies in the heart, not in the textbook. It is totally and completely beyond me, why someone like Skinner or James could possibly be a higher authority on, well, anything, than Moses, or

Muhammad, or any of the recognized profits.

It seems that religion has come under a lot of fire during the "enlightened" centuries because of sciences apparent superiority. I don't ever remember Moses saying that the world is flat; or Jesus saying that it is wrong to observe natural phenomena. The two can co-exist. In fact Judea, not only encourages scientific inquiry, but looks at it as one of the worlds great passions. However, the idea that science reveals truth is as ridiculous as a free democrat like the United States electing an actor as the president.

As a science, I see psychology very much akin to meteorology. Meteorology tells us very little that we can't see for ourselves, though it does so in a well defined and exact way. It's important to have a measurement for how fast the wind is blowing, and how cold, cold is. Also to have specific names for weather (partly cloudy, mostly sunny, what's the difference?). Though most of the time (all to often) a meteorologist must tell us what the weather is before it actually becomes that; much like a doctor telling us what illness we have so we can begin to ...have it. As a science, meteorology falls apart once one tries to apply it. Just the other day the weather man said that to expect a sunny day. After about two hours of walking through heavy snow, I began to doubt him.

This is not to say that either meteorology or psychology is consistently this totally off base. Psychology, as well is useful for labeling problems and examining behavior. It is important to know the difference between partly cloudy and mostly sunny. However, it would seem that the treatment of illness is not too much farther along than it was a thousand years ago. Certainly the western model had been improved upon. The shackling and hiding away of the "insane" did not do any good. However, African "Witch Doctors" and similar healers have been successfully relieving some of these disorders for thousands of years. Modern science can no more explain this than improve upon this treatment. The best we can come up with is to fill someone so full of narcotics that the problem has become glossed over enough that it isn't noticeable anymore, to the doctor, or the patient.

Psychotherapy may be the exception to this, we haven't covered it in class enough to know for sure, but it appears to have some merit. It certainly makes the most sense. The idea that even an expert can help someone resolve their psychological difficulties without spending months or years with the patient is as ridiculous as

a free democracy electing an actor for president.

What's more ridiculous than that is the idea that a sample survey holds predictive value. And for that matter that experimental data isn't useless unless it can be shown to apply to virtually 100% of the entire population being examined. Something that will probably never happen because of the vast diversity in the world. A survey, a sample of a population cannot ever be representative of the entire population. Some of those who participate willfully try to skew the survey. The type of person who refuses to talk surveys is totally unrepresented; and those who do participate fully may be lying or answering how they feel they are "supposed" to.

by Sarah Tragesser

Introduction

Dharma Girl: A Road Trip Across the American Generations, by Chelsea Cain describes her character's process of coming to terms with her mother's cancer, and her own process of personal growth. The process involves a journey back to her birthplace, during which she delves into her own memories, her parent's memories, and the outcomes that were a product of events leading to the present time.

Within this process, many aspects of psychology can be identified--both on an individual and group level. This paper will focus on three main areas of interest. These include: Personal Development, Parenting Styles, and Situational Influence.

Other details of the book which involve psychology, such as memory characteristics, biological traits, and personality traits are present in the book as well, but due to time constraints they will not be included. The three areas of focus in this paper were chosen to allow the foremost detailed, concrete application of ideas, as well as an adequate representation of, and relevance to, the actual content of the book itself.

The first section of this paper, labeled "Personal Conflict; Stress and the Individual," describes circumstances surrounding the initiation of Chelsea's inner conflict, and identifies evidence of the possible effects this conflict has on her psychological well-being.

The second section, labeled "Family Dynamics; Parenting Styles through the Generations," describes the parenting styles in Chelsea's family, and what effects Chelseas' parents' particular style has on her personality and behavior as a child.

The third section, labeled "Situational Influence- An Overriding Theme," describes how characters in the book of all ages and generations are influenced by social norms and pressures.

The fourth and final section, labeled "Personal Growth; A Resolution," concludes the paper by describing the outcome of Chelsea's process, and some of the psychological characteristics involving the process itself, as well as Chelsea as an in-

dividual. My goal in writing this paper is that it fulfill the purpose of providing the reader with a broader understanding of the psychological concepts it contains, by presenting them in a context of real-life situations and personalities.

Section I: "Personal Conflict; Stress and the Individual"

As I mentioned earlier, "Dharma Girl" basically narrates the beginning of the process of development for author and character Chelsea Cain. The beginning of the process, however, was not necessarily a conscious effort on Chelsea's part; rather it came about as a result of a number of stresses in her life.

Most of these stresses came in the form of life changes, which are described in Spencer A. Rathus' textbook as isolated events that, although they can be either good or bad, will result in stress on the individual (Rathus, 1996, p. 567). In fact a scale which attributes a number of "life-change units" to each stressor has been developed, called the "Social Readjustment Rating Scale," to show the approximate amount of stress an individual will experience in one year, given which life changes have occurred for that person (Rathus, 1996, pp. 568-569).

In Chelsea's case, the life changes that occur are considered highly significant on the rating scale; and unfortunately, these changes were of a negative orientation. The first and foremost life change is listed on the rating scale as "death of a parent or sibling," which is given 88 units (Rathus, 1996, p. 568). This is illustrated when Cain writes, "My journey back to Iowa began with that one cancer cell that grew and multiplied in a mole on the back of her left shoulder" (Cain, 1996, p. 24). She states, "My mother was dying" (1996, p. 24).

The second life change is labeled "change in attitudes towards friends," given 56 units (Rathus, 1996, p. 569). This is illustrated in Cain's depiction of how she felt after learning of her mother's cancer, getting off the phone, and looking at the faces of her roommates. She writes, "*Insignificant*. That was all I could think of as I looked at them, at our pink stucco apartment in this planned community I lived in..." (Cain, 1996, p.26).

The third life change is listed in the rating scale as "change in course of study, major field, vocational goals, or work status," which is assigned 60 units (Rathus, 1996, p. 568). Cain describes how she "changed majors a few weeks later" (Cain, 1996, p. 26), without having even made plans to do so prior to these life events that

were just mentioned.

According to the Social Readjustment Rating Scale, this individual has now accumulated over 200 life-change units. One must note, however, that a significant factor in evaluating the number of units for this character is the fact that they have been accumulated over a couple weeks. As stated in Rathus' textbook "Psychology In The New Millennium," 300 units over a period of one year is a significant enough number to put an individual "at greater risk for illness [than those under less stress]"(Rathus, 1996, p. 567). Therefore, it is only natural that, given the circumstances, these changes will have great impact on the individual.

In addition to these specific life changes, another factor influencing this individual can be identified in psychoanalyst Erik Erikson's concept of role diffusion. Rathus' textbook defines this as the "lack of clarity in one's life--a function of failure to develop ego identity"(1996, p.424). Rathus describes how according to Erikson, the process of resolving "ego identity vs. role diffusion" allows one to "develop a firm sense of who they are and what they stand for"(1996, p. 424), which is a main goal of Chelsea's character. This is stated in quotes made by the character such as "I wanted to understand what I was a product of"(Cain, 1996, p. 27); and the third person quote, "she will soon realize that in order to find herself, she first has to create a self to identify"(Cain, 1996, p.7), following with "she has to find the child she was and the girl she became to get the answers she wants"(Cain, 1996, p.7), also written in third person. These quotes, especially the latter, portray the inner conflict the character is experiencing due to conflicting roles. Other parts of the book develop this by explaining the contrasting roles of her childhood and adulthood--the former consisting of the outdoors, animals, farm life, and personal freedom, whereas the latter adult roles entail an urban environment, a goal-oriented lifestyle, and conformity to prescribed cultural norms. These ideas will be developed in more detail in the third section of this paper, titled "Cultural Influence--An Overriding Theme." This brief description, however, shows that resolving these differences in childhood and adult roles was in fact an issue for this individual, which could compound the effects of the factors already mentioned.

Effects of these stresses on Chelsea's character are, in fact, apparent in the book in various ways. First, basic emotions are portrayed that would be common for a person going through these experiences. One of these would be something like a

feeling of panic, which is shown in the quote, “the universe seemed as if it might collapse at any minute”(Cain, 1996, p.51). From a **cognitive perspective**, the events facing the character did not fit in to her mental representation of the world as being **predictable** and stable (Rathus, 1996, p.410). This is also illustrated in the quote; “It reminds me of the unreliability of time”(Cain, 1996, p.121). Another basic emotion that may come out of any seemingly insoluble problem is a feeling of depression, illustrated in words describing the character as “in a funk”(Cain, 1996, p.30) and describing the character’s saying; “My life is meaningless”(Cain, 1996, p.27).

In summary, a number of significant life changes, combined with the issue of role diffusion, act as major sources of negative stress for this individual, all within a short period of a few weeks. This causes changes in cognition, such as the character’s perception of the stability of her environment, and changes in emotions, such as the onset of feelings of panic, in a sense, and feelings of depression.

At this point, the organism will enter from this stage, which is known as the **Alarm Reaction** of Hans Selye’s **General Adaptation Syndrome**(Rathus, 1996, p. 597), to the **Resistance Stage**, where the outcome will depend on the individual’s coping resources(Rathus, 1996, p. 581). This outcome will be described--but first, let’s take the opportunity presented by this individual’s process, to explore the myriad of ideas and concepts presented within it’s course.

Section II: “Family Dynamics; Dimensions of Child Rearing through the Generations”

Throughout Dharma Girl, dimensions of child rearing are not only shown in the book by descriptions of Chelsea’s childhood, but the childhoods of her parents as well. Cain’s depiction of Chelsea’s childhood portrays a warm-permissive parenting approach, along with concepts such as attachment and contact comfort. The warmth dimension of child rearing involves the parents’ show of affection towards a child, involving behaviors such as “[smiling] at them frequently”(Rathus, 1996, p. 409). Many examples show the warmth in the way Chelsea’s parents interacted with her as a child. Cain describes how her father held her hand (1996, p. 94), spent time with her, and made friendly gestures such as smiling during discussions with her (1996, p. 95). In an instance in Chelsea’s adulthood, she asks her father “when he had felt the most a part of history”(Cain, 1996, p. 94). Part of his answer consisted

of the statement, "that night he sat with his daughter and watched the Mariel boatlift come in"(Cain, 1996, p. 94). Chelsea's mother's warmth is apparent throughout the book as well, both in Chelsea's childhood as well as adulthood. In Chelsea's youth, her mother offers support in activities as trivial as burying a doll(Cain, 1996, p.77-78); in her adolescence, she engages in discussion such as "what [they] wanted to be when [they] grew up"(Cain, 1996, p. 72); and even in Chelsea's adulthood, her mother engages in efforts such as putting her hand on Chelsea's arm to show warmth and affection (Cain, 1996, p. 36).

Permissiveness, which is a style in which "parents impose few, in any, rules and supervise their children less closely [than those with restrictive orientation]"(Rathus, 1996, p. 410), is also evident in the parenting approach taken by Chelsea's mother and father. Almost no rules or regulations are evident in the narration(Cain, 1996). For example, Cain state; "I took baths when I wanted to" and "they never made me eat food I didn't like"(1996, p. 34). When rules were broken, Cain states, "they explained why what I had done was wrong," asserting that "they never lifted a hand to spank me"(Cain, 1996, p. 34).

To summarize Chelsea's view of her mother and father's main theme in parenting, she writes; "My parents did their best to let me be a kid without treating me like one."

This democratic type of leadership, or warm-permissive parenting style, along with the **secure attachment** Chelsea develops to family members, produces the positive behavior patterns and attributes that go along with these concepts. To clarify the meaning of their term "secure attachment," Rathus defines it in "Psychology in the New Millennium" as "a type of attachment characterized by positive feelings toward attachment figures and feelings of security (1996, p. 406). Throughout Dharma Girl, Cain indicates the character's affection for her childhood experiences. Another aspect of secure attachment is the results it produces in children. Among them are those such as happiness, sociability with unfamiliar adults, cooperation with parents, which are all evident in Chelsea's character(Cain, 1996). Although it is possible that negative childhood feelings and experiences are left out in Cain's narration, no indication of this is present. All mention of parental guidance and home atmosphere is positive, and Cain's description of childhood experiences provides evidence of the likelihood that Chelsea's childhood was, for the most part, entirely positive

(Cain, 1996).

Psychologist Harry F. Harlow's concept of "**contact comfort**," which is associated with the development of attachment, is also seen in Chelsea's relationships with caregivers; but a specific example shows how contact comfort may play the major role in how a child feels about another individual. Donnie, a character in the book who lives on the farm with Chelsea in her childhood, is described as Chelsea's favorite person on the farm, other than her mother and father. Cain explains the reasons for this being the amount of time he spends with Chelsea, and his show of affection towards her throughout her childhood (Cain, 1996). She describes how he takes her on walks, reads her stories, and buys her gifts (Cain, 1996, pp. 135-136). One example specifically implies the development of contact comfort, describing an incident wherein Chelsea cuts her thumb, and Donnie "jumps up and runs to her side, wrapping her hand in a blue dishtowel and then holding it in both of his" (Cain, 1996, p. 135). It continues; "[Chelsea] can feel the pulse of his fingers through the towel. She does not say anything and they stay like that, perfectly still, until the bleeding stops" (Cain, 1996, p. 135). The actual event in itself is not a significant indicator of the strong contact comfort that Donnie provided the child; rather, it is the fact that the experience had such a lasting impact on the author that it is included in such detail which shows its importance.

It is important to note, however, that Chelsea's attachment to Donnie may have included more than contact comfort. From an ethological viewpoint, one could argue that this attachment was a product of Donnie's presence during a **critical period** in Chelsea's life. This is entirely possible under the circumstances, considering the fact that "[Chelsea] has known Donnie her whole life" (Cain, 1996, p. 134). The only argument against this hypothesis lies in the fact that many other people were present throughout Chelsea's childhood as well, and did not develop the same bond (Cain, 1996). This indicates that attachment in this case was based on nurture rather than nature. Another explanation for this attachment, from a cognitive perspective, focuses on how Chelsea perceives Donnie's behavior, possibly as indication that he is the most caring, or trustworthy, etc.

Regardless of whether or not these concepts are proven accurate in this case, evidence of these psychological aspects of development, namely a warm-permissive approach to child rearing, secure attachment, and the evidence of contact comfort

and possibly a critical period for attachment, are shown in descriptions throughout the book (Cain, 1996).

Although Chelsea's parent's childhoods weren't described as thoroughly, enough information is given to indicate the **warmth-restrictiveness** type of parenting used by Chelsea's grandparents.

Chelsea's dad's style of parenting is summed up in a short narration: "My grandfather was also a strong man and the worth threat my grandmother could make was 'Do you want me to tell your father you said/thought/did that?' But he always came through when his kids needed him" (Cain, 1996, p. 100).

Another example shows the warmth that Chelsea's dad's parent provide, along with showing an example of Kohlbert's **stage 4 of conventional moral reasoning**. Cain describes how although the parents are strongly in favor of patriotism, they were able to understand the moral dilemma that motivate their son to resist the draft (Cain, 1996, p. 101). Kohlberg's stage 4 of moral reasoning reflects this way of making moral judgments. Although reasoning is based primarily on "law-and-order" and "respect for authority," the needs of individuals are respected as well (Rathus, 1996, p. 420).

Chelsea's mom's parents also follow a conventional moral reasoning, and a warm-restrictive approach to child rearing. Although "the mantras of her youth were a code of strict regulations"(Cain, 1996, p. 47), Chelsea's mother's parents are shown in the book to provide support for her when she needs it. In one situation, where she is sent to jail after becoming involved in a drug interaction, her parents bail her out (Cain, 1996, p. 108); and in another instance, when she is involved in a serious car accident, her parents again rescue her with a ticket to fly home (Cain, 1996, p. 109). No indication is given in the narration as to follow-up punishments.

As mentioned, Chelsea's mother's parents also follow conventional moral reasoning, illustrated by Cain's statement, "she remembers her father's complete and unquestioning support of the war" (Cain, 1996, p. 47).

In general, the parenting styles of Chelsea's grandparents would probably be classified at **authoritative**; although strict regulations are enforced, the restrictiveness seems positive, and there is evidence of warmth and support as well (Cain, 1996).

Although the styles of parenting over these two generations differ, it is impor-

tant to point out that within the generations, they are, in this case, the same.

It is possible that this is due only to coincidence, given that the evidence has been gathered from one case only. But is there also a possibility that cultural influences and generational norms had some influence? This cannot be answered given the information used for this paper. However, we can look at some of the ways that culture does seem to have an impact in the book.

Section III: Situational Influence--An Overriding Theme

Throughout Dharma Girl, situational influences play their part to shape the lives of the individual characters--with national political trends, generational norms, and family values.

All three generations in the book--Chelsea's grandparents', her parents', and hers,--are influenced by the nation's political movements.

Chelsea's grandparents' generations shows patriotism and support for government. There are a number of reasons this may have occurred. During the time period in which her grandparents lived, the nation experienced wealth and expansion. This possibly fostered patriotism on the part of the nation's citizens, and the country's participation in World War II was supported by most. Chelsea's grandparents' patriotism is shown in that "[her mother] remembered her father's complete and unquestioning support of the war" (Cain, 1996, p. 47), as well as her father's parents' military involvement; "his mother had been a WAVE during World War II and had driven buses at a marine base in South Carolina, and his father had enlisted in the Navy and was stationed on a battleship in the South Pacific" (Cain, 1996, p. 100). It is not clear how strongly patriotic Chelsea's grandparents were before these events, but their willing participation show that their attitudes toward their country and government were primarily supportive. As shown earlier, their attitude after these events was indeed wholly supportive, even as the country was in turmoil. The difference between the attitudes toward war between Chelsea's grandparents' generation, who had been involved with government for some period of time already, and Chelsea's parents' generation, who entered the situation without prior involvement, indicates that the grandparents' generations' attitudes may have been influenced by **effort justification**. This concept is derived from the cognitive-dissonance theory, which explains how people find ways to resist admitting that their attitudes are in-

consistent. In light of this theory, accepting an attitude that may indicate that their efforts in the military were of less worth, or that the authority in which they trust may not be trustworthy, would cause a state of **imbalance** in the minds of these individuals (Rathus, 1996, p. 374), leading to refusal to accept these attitudes regardless of evidence that they are valid. Note, however, that this is only speculation.

As mentioned earlier, the next generation--that of Chelsea's parents--did not share the former's patriotism. This is an example of the power of cultural norms in a situation, which are in this case the norms of the generational subculture. Both Chelsea's mother and father rejected the attitudes of their parents (Cain, 1996). Chelsea's mother is described as having been brought up with this patriotism, including in it expectations of corresponding attitudes (Cain, 1996). This is evident in Cain's description of the sharp contrast in the views of Chelsea's mothers peers and those of her family, describing how "she had to surrender all her preconceived notions" to "embrace a culture...", which was that of her generation (Cain, 1996, p. 47). In these cases, the norms of the generation, or cultural influence, is proven to be more powerful than those of the nuclear families.

This is not to say that family environments have little influence; in fact, many examples of familial influence are present in Dharma Girl as well. These are represented in Chelsea's character as an individual. Cain describes ways that Chelsea's mother acts as a **model** for behavior. In a situation where Chelsea is discussing her life with her friends, she makes comparisons to her mother's life to show that what she has done is, she feels, of little importance (Cain, 1996, p. 26). This clearly shows the character's tendency to follow in the footsteps of her mother, or engage in the kind of observational learning described in Rathus' textbook as "modeling" (1996, p. 538). Another example includes Chelsea's description of her mother, followed by "now it is my turn to live by this example" (Cain, 1996, p. 51).

Cain herself also recognizes the influence her childhood has on her attitudes. She states; "These fragments of my past are still with me. They create the veil through which I see life; they are the basis of all my assumptions about government and patriotism and politics" 1996, pp. 4-5), in reference to her parents' attitudes, and her family environment. According to Piaget's "Cognitive-Development Theory," Chelsea's family has shaped her cognitive **scheme**. This type of scheme is defined as "a hypothetical mental structure that permits the classification and organization of

new information: (Rathus, 1996, 410).

Other social influences are apparent through Chelsea's character as well. The idea of **evaluation apprehension** is experienced as a result of the pressures of her generation. In her adolescent years, she changes her name solely with the purpose of avoiding criticism and discrimination, recognizing that the name "Snow" evokes a "hippie-potheads" **stereotype** (Cain, 1996, p. 18). This behavior, which is defined as "changing our behavior to adhere to social norms," is known as **conformity** (Rathus, 1996, p. 637). Another example takes place in Chelsea's **young adulthood** years, during which she shapes her appearance and lifestyle to match that of her peers'. Cain writes; "It was a look that took her four years to cultivate, although it is exactly the same as everyone else's she went to school with, which was, of course, the point" (1996, p. 6), as well as Chelsea's statement, "I had become one of them" (1996, p. 25).

These examples are only a few of the ways that situations and culture have influenced these characters' actions and attitudes, both on a broad generational scale, as well as an individual scale.

This paper began with an introduction to Chelsea's individual character and personal issues, followed by descriptions of her parents' childrearing characteristics, to her grandparents' childrearing characteristics, and then to the generational/social characteristics that these characters represented--first on a broad scale, and then back to an individual scale represented by Chelsea's behaviors and experiences.

Therefore, an appropriate conclusion to this paper is to follow up on the results of her efforts to find resolution of her interpersonal conflicts.

Section IV: "Personal Growth; A Resolution"

As indicated by the title, Chelsea did in fact prove to have access to the resources necessary to resolve her inner conflicts. A number of factors may have contributed to this, such as high self-efficacy expectations, and psychological hardiness.

According to Rathus' textbook, **self-efficacy expectations** are defined as "our beliefs that we can bring about desired changes through our own efforts" (1996, p. 575), and are associated with better reactions to stress. Cain shows many examples of how her character views herself as able to make changes to affect the outcome. For example, phrases such as "find herself" (Cain, 1996, p. 7) and "create a self"

(Cain, 1996, p. 7) infer actions the character plans to make, motivated therefore by the assumption that her actions will make a difference. In fact, the plot of the book in itself, that of a cognitive effort to resolve personal conflict, implies this as well (Cain, 1996).

Another resource Chelsea takes advantage of is her characteristics of **psychological hardiness**, a concept introduced by psychologist Suzanne Kobasa (Rathus, 1996, p. 575). The three components of psychological hardiness are commitment, challenge, and control (Rathus, 1996, p. 575). Chelsea's commitment is evident in the fact that she was able to follow through with her plan of action, as well as phrases such as "frantic zeal" (Cain, 1996, p. 28) describing her passion and commitment to her efforts. Chelsea's sense of challenge is indicated by her optimistic attitude, indicated by phrases such as, "I was bound to find something" (Cain, 1996, p. 19). Again, the evidence of high self-efficacy expectations show Chelsea's internal **locus of control**, choosing to involve herself in the situation rather than play the role of passive observer. This concept of locus of control, a term introduced by Julian B. Rotter (Rathus, 1996, p. 575), describes tendency of the individual to attribute control over reinforcers as either internal (dispositional) or external (situational) factors (Rathus, 1996, p. 575). Evidence is present that Chelsea may not always have exercised this type of control; one sentence states; "[Her lifestyle] was less the result of specific choices than not making any" (Cain, 1996, p. 24). According to psychological theory, this tendency to believe that "you can achieve happiness by inertia and inaction, or by just enjoying yourself from day to day" is defined as Albert Ellis' "**Irrational Belief 10**" (Rathus, 1996, p. 572). Nevertheless, the fact that Chelsea is able to recognize this fallacy in cognition, and make a change provides further support that she does in fact possess the control component of psychological hardiness.

The final result of Chelsea's process could actually be defined in a concept mentioned initially: that of Kohlberg's resolution of role diffusion, or development of **ego identity** (Rathus, 1996, p. 1996).

In summary, Chelsea Cain's book Dharma Girl inadvertently describes the aspects of psychology that are often major factors in peoples' lives. The three main areas of focus in this paper, described as personal conflict, parenting styles, and situational influence can be identified in psychological terminology, and represented in actual experiences, feelings, and characteristics portrayed throughout the narration.

Many of these may not be entirely accurate, without the ability to be tested scientifically; but considering the evidence that is show, they can still be valued as reasonable possibilities, and above all, al means to show the ways these concepts can be displayed within actual human experience.

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Leslie Hendin
Untitled
Linocut, 7" x 5.5"

Artist's note: *This reminds me of spring when I look at it because the shadows suggest sun, and sun = spring.—Leslie Hendin*

A Book of the Quarter Essay for English 101

Instructor's note: I was a bit apprehensive about assigning a literary analysis essay to an English 101 class, especially early in the quarter. But the caliber of essays turned in proved my apprehensions were unfounded. I received many delightful and insightful essays on Chelsea Cain's *Dharma Girl*. Perhaps the most intriguing and original of those written was the one that follows. Stone takes an approach to the book that can only be called "peaceful." Perhaps I see it as such because of her reading it aloud in class. But, as others read this, I'm confident that they too, will find her essay soothing, insightful, and original.—**Pamela Helberg**

Author's note: When I first began to read *Dharma Girl*, I found myself getting angry: as Chelsea Cain analyzed her life, I analyzed mine, as she focused on her relationship with her mother, I focused on my less than perfect relationship with my mother. I felt as if the mud in my life (the mud that I had allowed to settle) had been stirred up again, and I was angry. Then I began to focus on the Buddhist references in the book, and I began to enjoy the magical and mysterious qualities of the Snowbird character; this was my path to truly appreciating the book, and I wanted to include those same spiritual, mysterious, magical qualities in my paper. Also, I found comfort in Chelsea's path; I found comfort in the idea of her ordinary life being a spiritual path leading to greater understanding (or, in my case, less confusion), I felt if Chelsea could do it, so could I, and I wanted to include that feeling of hope in my paper, too.

SEEKING BUDDHA

by Stone

Once upon a time, a long time ago, in the *Land of Snows*, a Buddhist text fell from the sky and landed on the king's roof, but the text was written in a Sanskrit (a foreign language), so for many generations no one could understand it. Then, the buddha of compassion (who dropped the text from the sky in the first place) came to the people in physical form, as king, in order to help them understand the dharma, and after his death the people looked for signs of his next incarnation so he could lead them again. Thus began the cycle of reincarnations of the buddha of compassion as the spiritual leader of Tibet: the Dalai Lama, or what the people of Tibet still call him today: the *Wish-granting Jewel*.

Similar to this Tibetan Story, Chelsea Cain, magically appears to herself while walking, and delivers a text: "a two-hundred-page bound manuscript" (6) about her

“voyage into the soul” (7); then she sets out “to make sense of it” (6). Chelsea Cain titles her book *Dharma Girl* in order to cast herself, as a girl (Snowbird), in the role of the Dalai Lama, the buddha of compassion: her spiritual leader who will help her understand the dharma.

Once upon a time, when “The wind blew almost constantly, blowing the snow from the fields into huge drifts” (64) a little girl called Snowbird was born: she was a “little snowbird returning from the cold”(152). While still very young, Snowbird (understanding a foreign language) points to the moon (a Buddhist symbol for enlightenment) and says, “La Lune!” (128). Later, Snowbird finds a pair of boots on a park bench; the boots are not young like she is; the vinyl is fading and the lining “is thick with mold” (92) but “she knows immediately that they belong to her” (92); Cain uses this image to allude to the thirteenth Dalai Lama who left his boots in the village where the following Dalai Lama would be born. Also, like all Dalai Lamas, Snowbird identifies a possession that is old, that belongs to her from another time (implying a previous life).

Even though Snowbird demonstrates the buddha knowledge of a past life, like all Dalai Lamas, there is much she has forgotten and seeks to learn again. Snowbird knows when her doll is dead ,but she needs her mother to tell her why: “She’s been sick for a very long time” (78). She can identify when a bird is dead by its claws that are “curled into tiny fists” (79), but it is her mother’s words that give her an understanding of death: the earth is made up of dead things, and...those dead things bring life to the living things” (79). Snowbird learns about suffering while walking with her father and “staring” (127) at a man playing volleyball with “only one leg” (127).

Snowbird learns and she teaches, and like a buddha she is able to adjust the dharma to the student; Snowbird displays this ability as she teaches Donnie about compassion, truth, and peace. Snowbird cuts herself so Donnie can move away from the television and practice compassion: “he jumps up and runs to her side, wrapping her hand...and then holding it in both of his...until the bleeding stops” (135). Snowbird teaches truth by helping Donnie find the correct names for the small, stuffed rabbit and chicken that he buys for her; their names, of course, are simply “Bunny and Chick” (136) thus revealing their true nature, unlike Donnie’s first tries: “Skyscraper” and “Wing Tip the Spick” (136). Also, Snowbird teaches Donnie how to have greater peace by rubbing his temples and singing him songs (136,137). Then

Snowbird adjusts the dharma again to teach Chelsea (herself as an adult).

“Snowbird pokes...[Chelsea] in the back of the head” (35) and “giggles from behind” (33), and whistles and whispers in Chelsea’s ear (33). Snowbird appears to Chelsea in surprising ways throughout the book; in this way, she teaches Chelsea through the bodies of a buddha: the truth body, the complete enjoyment body, and the emanation body. Snowbird implies (by the way she stands, and by the expressions on her face) that Chelsea hasn’t completely found “the child she was” (7) and must keep searching when she emanates to Chelsea: “Her hair wilder than usual and her red dress is dirty...her hands in tight fists [the truth that Snowbird is still dead: alluding to the dead bird]. She looks at me...Squints. Raises an eyebrow. Waits” (70 and 162). Snowbird emanates again in a “red station wagon suddenly...behind [Chelsea and her mother]. [Snowbird]...is looking through a red plastic viewfinder...” (81) in this way, she teaches Chelsea the dharma: to remember what was important to her as a child. Snowbird, existing in the body of complete enjoyment, helps Chelsea remember joy through the memory of Snowbird running fast “just for the pleasure of it” (124).

In the end, Chelsea Cain finds the moon because she “...had gone looking for it” (170). She finds the truth about the farm where she lived with her “...whacked out hippie pothead parents” (166). Cain does all this with the help of her buddha, her Dalai Lama, her spiritual leader, her “wild abandon...indestructible drop...Original Nature” (166). Cain draws a beautiful allusion to the Dalai Lama, and directs the reader to this allusion with her title Dharma Girl. In the end, Cain finds herself, becomes herself, becomes her buddha: she is Snowbird (171); and like Cain, the reader is left searching, free, “looking for berries” (14), “plodding through the gardens lifting each individual leaf” (14): looking for the *Wish-granting Jewel*.



