WILLIAM PATERSON UNIVERSITY

Celebrating Student Writing Across the Curriculum

Prize Winners 2007-2008

NINTH ANNUAL EDITION

Introduction

The purpose of this collection of student writing is, as our title announces, celebration. This is the ninth year in which the Writing Across the Curriculum program has used this publication in order to recognize both the wonderful writing produced by William Paterson University students in all disciplines and the assignments created by our faculty to nurture this writing. And it is worth underlining and celebrating once again that this is now our little publication's *ninth* year: the support of our students, faculty, and administration has allowed this magazine to outlive most new literary and scholarly publications, and indeed most marriages, in America.

Within these pages you'll find a selection of the best student writing produced on campus in 2007-2008. Each piece here was selected, first, by a faculty member because in some way it fulfilled the teacher's highest expectations for that assignment—most gracefully written, most creatively imagined, most meticulously researched, most insightful. And then each piece was selected again, by a faculty jury—Keumjae Park, Sociology; Martha Witt, English; Bob Wolk, Library—that had the time-consuming, but very rewarding, task of reading nearly sixty very fine pieces of writing and then choosing these fourteen to represent the best work produced on campus this year.

This writing was produced in General Education as well as Upper-Level courses. And, as was true last year, there is a striking diversity in the writing here. There are, for instance, two wonderful oral histories: the interview by Todd Rose in which he discovers the similarities between his Uncle's service in WWII and Todd's own experience in Iraq, and Cecilia Montano's account of a woman's journey from El Salvador to life in Newark. There is Fred Henry's startling story about a family, and Laura Del Grosso's brilliantly detailed memoir of her Italian family, and Jacqueline Suarez's moving account of her fall into and ascent from depression, and Lou McDonald's comic poem about his Catholic School classroom, and Jaimee Merriman's wonderfully balanced account of life and death on a horse farm. And there are, in addition, a number of superb academic and research essays from a variety of disciplines, all of them providing a fresh approach to what is taught here at William Paterson. Every piece in this collection will reward you for reading it.

Pay attention also to the teachers' prefaces to each essay. The creativity of the assignments, their focus on the development of student thinking and imagination, as well as the wit, humility, and generosity of the faculty reasons for valuing their students' work, should make us at William Paterson University proud.

Finally, a thank you to the people who made this publication possible and who made working on it fun. Thanks to the three judges who devoted hours to the thoughtful reading of so much fine student writing. Thanks also to the Provost's Office for its continued support of the WAC program for more than two decades, and especially to Provost Ed Weil and Associate Provost Stephen Hahn. And thanks as well to Isabel Tirado, Dean of Humanities and Social Sciences, whose belief in all of our WAC programs has helped sustain us for many years.

And thanks most of all to the many faculty and students who offered their work to the contest. Nearly sixty wonderful submissions, all of them good enough to publish, including the eleven listed at the end as Honorable Mentions: too good to be neglected, but our budget couldn't support a longer publication. Read the contest rules on the back cover, and next year we hope to see even more fine writing submitted by students and faculty from all departments.

Jim Hauser, English Department
Director, Writing Across the Curriculum, 2007-2008

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My Secret Garden

Jacqueline Suarez

Course: Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110)
Professor: Doris White, English
Student: Jacqueline Suarez
Memoir: "My Secret Garden"

Assignment:
Our first class essay was a memoir. In preparation, during the first weeks of class we read a number of memoir-type essays and wrote continually in journals; I call this "finding one's personal voice." Then we prepared first drafts, and finally we revised those drafts.

Instructor's Comments:
Jacqueline is a wonderfully descriptive writer, and her first draft was fine, but it included only her experience of drawing a young woman's face. When Jacqueline and I conferenced, I told her that I sensed a story behind the story she had written. We discussed this, and I left it up to Jacqueline to fill in the missing parts. A few weeks later, Jacqueline told me that she was still working on her essay, and then she submitted this essay. Jacqueline's essay represents the very best kind of memoir; she has transformed a personal experience into compelling prose. Before our class ended, Jacqueline read her essay to the class. We all applauded her courage, her honesty and her writing talent.

Sometimes the world spins so out of control that you feel like a rider on the Zipper carnival ride where the g-forces are so strong you can hardly move. Math homework, tests, deadlines, family members all swirl wildly around in the air just beyond your grasp. Where stepping out of bed feels like stepping into the middle of the Gaza Strip. Where the memory of breakfast fades by noon. But those days force my inner passions, desires, fears, and self to the surface. Ever since the age of six, I could transport myself anywhere I wished with the simple stroke of a brush. Whenever the world got too much to handle, my sketchpad transformed into my secret garden.

Diagnosed with depression at the age of fifteen was no walk through the park. And when it escalated at age seventeen, not one person understood. "Get over it" and "everyone has problems" were the most common remarks I received. For the record, if I could get over it I would. Faster than a speeding bullet I would. It's not just being sad or down. It's a sadness that follows your every move like a dark shadow that kills everything in sight. Those stargazing lilies once thought to be beautiful, romantic, and lustrous suddenly turn sullen, dull, and lifeless. Depression is the lump in your throat that never goes away, the monster under your bed. It's more dangerous than what you can imagine in a dark alley; it is that dark alley. And it's lonely; it's cold. It kills in a way that no one can understand unless they've been there, walked those same steps. Forced themselves out of bed to numbly go through the motions of the day.

For me, it came the second time around without warning. I had just gone months in which the average Monday consisted of a club meeting from seven thirty until eight in the morning, then school from eight until four thirty in the afternoon. Then there was debate club until five fifteen at night, followed by a philosophy class at Fairleigh Dickinson until nine. After, I would go home to study, write papers, or procrastinate online. Finally there would come two hours of sleep before Tuesday began in almost the exact same way. The differences lay in the after-school activities, which ranged from saxophone lessons and B'nai Brith meetings to debate and Model UN meetings. I could hardly sit still, and I found I was so busy I would forget to eat. I was president of three different clubs and volunteered Sundays and Wednesdays. I even managed to baby-sit during the weekends and occasional weekdays. All while maintaining a 3.7 GPA. I was on a constant go. I remember it being amazing, and to the outside person I was super-girl. But that all came crashing down in February 2006.

I had shed twenty pounds in two months, which on a five foot two girl is quite noticeable, and I suddenly found myself crying all the time and no longer wanting to do the things that normally brought me such joy. I spiraled too fast out of control, like an airplane, which, at forty thousand feet in the air realizes it's lost its main engines. I crashed. Hard.

I distinctly remember sitting on the cold bathroom tiles in my mother's bathroom, crying uncontrollably, looking skyward, demanding, no, hysterically pleading with G-d. Pleading for just five minutes, five beautiful minutes, three hundred seconds, of happiness. Five minutes. Because I had forgotten what it felt like to sleep without tears on my face, to enjoy school work, to not be disgusted at the sight of a sandwich. I forgot how to laugh until my abs had a better workout than with Billy Banks' Tae Bo DVDs. That wasn't too much to ask for. I figured I deserved five minutes to calm my heart. I waited, alone and naked on the tile floor, but my time didn't come. With tears streaming down my face, I wrapped myself in a towel and went downstairs. Still sobbing uncontrollably, still pleading. I went into the kitchen; I grabbed the small blue bottle of Wellbutrin XL. I walked back to my room and poured the pills on the floor. I don't know what made me hesitate, but I did. I stepped back and ran downstairs. Then I crawled into the fetal position in the corner of the living room and rocked back and forth crying. I just wanted it to end. I wanted everything to go away. I was tired of never being able to outrun the sadness, to not feel anything. I was tired of not sleeping, of not caring.

Hair straggly, body shaking, eyes puffy. Holding onto myself for fear of doing something I knew was wrong but wanted to with all my heart. That night I was admitted

into the hospital. My grandparents came out from Queens and drove me in silence. I huddled in the back seat of the car, my mother stroking my back, looking out the window as it drizzled.

They left me there that night. There weren't enough rooms in the facility, so I was put into a small padded room. It looked as though Spielberg himself would have used this room in any one of his movies: white walls, a blue mat on the floor, everything soft. I was put on the boys side of the house, which meant that I needed at least one security guard outside my door at all times. The other children weren't just there for depression but for drug and alcohol rehabilitation and some had even come from juvenile detention. And there I was: frightened and indescribably sad. Never had I been away from my mom for anything other than the occasional sleepover. Yet here I was in a strange place with strange people. My first night there, there were three code reds: three times in the night where a child had either tried to escape or found himself in a fight.

My two weeks at the hospital were lonely. The girls there were placed in the facility for drug and alcohol abuse. If they were there for depression, the depression was a byproduct of their horrible family life, of their addictions. Every one of them came from minority backgrounds, and here I was: "the petite white girl," as I was called. No one was particularly friendly and I didn't particularly care. The days came and went. We attended "Issues and Goals" a group session led by one of the underpaid therapists at some ungodly hour in the morning, like eight a.m. Each girl went around and stated an issue that she had and her goal for the day on her way to overcoming the issue. Aside from "Issues and Goals," we attended private therapy sessions, group therapy, recreational therapy (where I pretended to know how to play basketball). It wasn't until the sixth day of my detention in the mini hell, that I found my sanctuary: art therapy.

Art therapy was led by an eccentric woman in her fifties. She was the stereotypical incarnation of an art teacher. Her blue hair was curly and out of control, as though it had a mind of its own. She wore brightly colored jewelry and patched jeans. Her makeup was heavy and made her resemble an older version of the Bratz dolls my cousin played with. She looked soft, understanding, welcoming, calm, like a grandmother who refused to acknowledge her age. But the second the woman opened her mouth, we knew she meant business. She had been at this job for too long and knew the tricks of the trade. She knew that some kids would try and steal scissors. So the scissors had to be signed out and returned by initialing on the dotted line. She had eyes of a hawk, piercing blue behind a thick pair of glasses. Why she needed the glasses will always remain a mystery, as she seemed to possess the same gift as my mother. She saw everything. The second we stepped into the studio, I felt for the first time in a week, for the first time in months, that I was home.

Nothing was in order; nothing was particularly clean. Everything had some sort of reminder of past creations around them: nothing was brand new, everything used. Everything had seen its share of troubles. I went right for the oil-based Cray-Pas pastels. Thick, strong, each stroke demanding attention. My first piece was black, blue, brown and purple: the color of a bruise. A girl, in black and brown, huddled in a corner, gripping her knees. The tears streaming from her face were blue, with purple adding depth and shadow. I didn't want anyone to see my new creation; it was too personal, the emotions too raw. I needed to protect it. I rolled it up as you would a manuscript or an architectural design for a building and brought it with me back to the room. I showed only my therapist, who kept it, and it is now framed in her room.

Jacqueline Suarez

In the following week I was there, I attended only two more sessions of art therapy, but my mother brought me crayons and a sketchpad (no spiral binding of course, by hospital regulations), and every day I created something. Sometimes it was just colors exploding on one another on the paper, fighting against each other, for each other. The colors, shapes, and contours were my words, were my sadness realized. Some did not understand my words because they couldn't feel them. But looking at my drawings with the explosions of color, my deepest self in all its complexity became clear.

I returned to school almost a month after my hospitalization. It was the third semester of my junior year. I had missed so much school and had miles of homework to make up. I spent most of my time in my studio art class. And I created a series of oil based Cray-

Pas drawings of a young girl. The first several pieces echoed darkness and loneliness. However, the last piece of the series displays my transformation from desperate, lost, and beaten to hopeful, conscious, and triumphant.

Eyes, nose, and mouth dominate a young woman's face; however, her eyes demand attention. They appear tired and distressed, but the purple and lighter shades of blue reflected in her eyes hint at a distilled hope within her. Flowing green hair envelops her face, wrapping protectively about her, shielding her from the outside world as though she fears embracing the warm, cheerful reds, oranges, and yellows that surround her. The deep purple reflected in her eyes is proof that the warmth and love from the outside have begun to warm her. Purple, a secondary color on the artist's color wheel, is created from both blue and red—the blue representing the girl from the earlier pictures, overwhelmingly cheerless, and the red reflecting the love, warmth and hope that will inevitably give her the strength to overcome her obstacles. Together, the two colors form the deep purple, where a compromise between the two sets of emotions lie.

Every contour, shape, and color within the final piece was a triumph within itself. "I am here!" it yelled. "I survived; I came out from the shadow. I walked eyes wide open into the dark alley. I am here."

Just a few weeks ago, I was re-diagnosed with bipolar disorder, characterized by the "manic" episodes that precede my depressions. Finally on the correct medications, I find myself suddenly facing the same horrors as two years ago. I cry at the smallest things and stepping out of bed is frightening. But the difference today lies in the scars from yesterday. The difference lies in that I never want to experience that same darkness. I am never going back there. Never. That is a promise I made to myself the day I got out of the hospital. Never again.

Today, the girl I draw is inexplicably different. The deep purple located in her eyes is not merely a reflection of hope but an affirmation that hope exists. And her flowing hair no longer acts as a barrier but draws every aspect of the world into herself in order to gain a better understanding of the world. The blues and greens inevitably exist, but they add character and a quiet strength, letting the world know that she's seen her share of sorrows and even if they return, she will face them head on. The girl I draw now looks forward to the future and the endless possibilities it brings.

A Moment of Reflection During a Massacre of Faith and Innocence

Julie Minicozzi

Course: The West and the World (HIST 102)
Professor: David Koistinen, History
Student: Julie Minicozzi
Historical Narrative: "A Moment of Reflection During a Massacre of Faith and Innocence"

Assignment:
Write a short paper on the following topic. Why did the French Catholics attack the Protestant leaders with such ferocity during the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre? You can draw on evidence from de Thou's account and other class readings in formulating an answer. Is there any evidence that some French Catholics had hesitations about what they were doing?

Instructor's Comments:
The wild originality of Julie's essay is of course its most impressive feature. Directed to write a standard history paper, she instead devised a vivid fictionalized account. The piece she produced nevertheless fulfills the spirit of the assignment. Julie draws extensively on de Thou and other course materials to situate her imagined character within a real historical context. She also puts forward convincing answers to the questions that were asked.

A young soldier is stunned, revolted and incredulous as he surveys the scene to which he is not only a witness, he is a guilty participant. Bloody, battered bodies surround him. Men writhe in pain with their guts spilling on the ground as their eyes are gouged out. Delicate, lovely women are viciously run through as though they are male soldiers on a battlefield who remain stoic through such a fate. Children, oh the children: they are being tortured beyond comprehension and their cries for mercy are deafening. This young soldier cannot stop what is happening – he can only hesitantly participate as he hears the rally cries "To Arms" and "The King commands it" (de Thou, handout). He pauses a moment and becomes lost in his thoughts: Why has it come to this? What led to this day? Why do we torture these people so? He sinks into a mental review of the events leading up to that time and the answer becomes stunningly clear: religious fervor, political and religious control, and a moment of horrific opportunity have led him to participate in one of the most merciless slaughters in recorded history: The St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

In his Catholic childhood, his father, a respected French nobleman, taught him of the wickedness of the Protestant haters, spurred on by Martin Luther and John Calvin. These men, called Huguenots, went around trying to make good

Catholic people convert to a blasphemous, radical way of worship. His father would read to him excerpts from Luther's infamous "Sermon in Castle Pleissenburg," in which Luther had said nonsense like "drop such praying altogether if you despair," and on baptism, "the consecrated water is Satan's goblin bath" (Luther, handout). Who would say such things? He wondered, and concluded that only a madman would. His father told him to cover his ears whenever he heard such ranting, to hold fast to his Catholic heritage and beliefs, and to fight until death to preserve the right and true religion of France. His father drilled into his mind that divine conversion missions were sanctioned by God, even if there was to be a violent outcome.

As he grew to the eve of his young manhood, his mother secretly taught him about tolerance and peace with your neighbor. She explained that there were two sides to each story, and what was good for one person may not be good for another. He liked these notions. He came to realize that for his father and men like him, there was more to the Huguenot "problem" than religious difference. The Huguenots had become a strong minority group within the country. Just down the road lived an aristocrat who had only last year converted to Protestantism. Within two months all of the nobles, staff and peasants within the aristocrat's manor had converted as well. It was like a disease, his father said. The disease of Protestantism threatened to take over Paris and could eventually ruin the political and religious future of France. These converted aristocrats and nobles took political power and influence away from the Catholic Church, royals, nobles, and aristocrats. They pledged their influence to the cause of the radical Huguenots. Soon there would be no peace and war was underway. His father demanded that he step up his military training so that he would be ready to fight this Protestant disease when offered the opportunity.

War between the rival religious factions raged on for years, as this young man was trained by his father to be a soldier. At school, he became friends with a young aristocrat named Henry, the Duke of Guise, whose religious fanaticism reminded him of his own father's views. The Duke was a pushy young man who had a way of encouraging others around him to follow him and go along with his ideas. Henry loved to tell tales of his father's triumphs over lowly Protestants. He regaled his compatriots with the story about the incident at Vassy a few years before, when his father's men killed over 740 of the Protestant devils in a barn. The incident at Vassy had been a precipitating factor in the current raging conflict.

The young soldier worked on his fighting skill as the country around him was torn apart by war and unrest. Finally it seemed as though peace was on the horizon. He was internally, secretly hopeful for a truce when he found out that there would be a mixed royal marriage that could blend and heal the two fighting factions. The marriage of the Catholic French princess Marguerite Valois to Henry Bourbon, Huguenot prince of Navarre, offered hope for a new-found calm. All of the Huguenot nobles and leaders were invited to Paris for the wedding, under the protection of the royal guard, to which the young man was now a full-fledged member. He was enchanted with the thought that after all of the years of fighting, peace was within reach as Protestants and Catholics slept under the same stars shimmering over Paris. He was also hopeful that his military training would go mostly unused, until he received orders on August 13, 1572, to report for duty just before midnight. As he and his squadron met outside the manor of his old school chum, the Duke of Guise, they were filled in on the plan of attack. They were to exterminate the Protestants and partake in what would be a religious cleansing throughout France. They were to tie a white cloth around their arms so that they could recognize each other in the dark, put a white cross on their helmets, and wait for the ringing of a bell before beginning their attack in the late night hours.

After the bell rang, there was mayhem all around. He was slicing and stabbing wildly, attacking as commanded, not truly realizing the horrors he was inflicting. After a particularly gruesome spurt of blood covered his face from his last Protestant "conversion," he looked up to see his father smiling proudly at him along with the other nobles and the Duke of Guise. The young soldier saw the Duke yell something to their friend Besme, who was standing in a window above in the home of the Protestant leader Coligny. A moment later he looked up, mouth agape, and scarcely believed what he saw. As recounted by Jacques-Auguste de Thou years later, "they threw the body [of Coligny] through the window into the courtyard, disfigured as it was with blood" (de Thou, handout). He saw the Chevalier d'Angouleme kick the battered body and cheerily urge those around him to continue with their quest. It was at that moment, when the tortured body of a man, a human being, was being dragged about, that the young soldier had stopped to ponder the events leading to the atrocities surrounding him.

After his moment of review and revelation passes, he regains his grip on reality and begins to look around. Most of the soldiers are gutting the helpless with ferocity. Others, like himself, are planted in their boots as they begin to capture the full meaning of the surrounding horror. The young soldier snaps to, slowly lays down his sword, covers his tearing eyes, and runs as fast as he can to the outskirts of the city. He cannot carry out his sworn duty with aplomb, knowing the injustice he has torturously inflicted on others. He will endure unending grief for a lifetime to come as he mourns the loss of his, and their, innocence. He concludes that there is no God in this bloody conversion.

Works Cited

De Thou, Jacques-Auguste. Excerpt, "The Account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Handout.

Luther, Martin. Excerpt, "Sermon in Castle Pleinssenburg, Leipzig." Handout.

Saint Sebastian Never Lies

Lou McDonald

Course: Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110)
Professor: Martha Witt, English
Student: Lou McDonald
Poem: "Saint Sebastian Never Lies"

Assignment:
The following poem was written in response to an assignment adapted from Wendy Bishop's text, *Reading Into Writing*. For this assignment, I asked students to choose a poem they cared about and to write an imitation based on the model in Bishop's text. Students could either write a close imitation (in which case they needed to consider if and how to acknowledge the original) or they could write a loose imitation (that is, due to an influence they could trace and describe but one which a new reader might not identify at first, or at all). This assignment was accompanied by a short writing process essay—an essay that told the story of why the students chose the text they chose, how they imitated, how they revised the imitation, and what they learned about the author, the text, and their own writing process.

Instructor's Comments:
Lou chose to imitate the poem "Nineteen" by Elizabeth Alexander. I was particularly struck by how Lou was able to maintain the nostalgic tone, narrative development, and line breakage of the original, and yet write about a subject so deeply personal. I also like the stark contrast between the rote mathematics being practiced in the classroom and the emotional situation of the young boy struggling to reconcile his own impulses with his religious upbringing. Lou zeroes in on details that lead the reader to experience, rather than merely to comprehend intellectually, the poignancy of this particular period in the narrator's life.

It is winter at Our Lady of Holy Angels.
Peter Michanovich just threw up.
His sister Abby just threw up.
The two puddles of Campbell's tomato soup melt the leftover snow from last week's storm.
I want new friends.
I raise my hand to excuse myself from Mrs. Saint Laurent's third grade class.
"This is perfect," I thought
as I looked a statue of Jesus in the eyes.
All I have to do is rub my penis
on my leg long enough to go to the bathroom.
I did this routinely.
I disliked Mrs. Saint Laurent.
We would have math contests in class.
Mrs. Saint Laurent would turn over index cards with multiplication problems on them. The first student in the first row would go up against the second student in the first row.
The index card would flip.
"81" I would blurt out
and then the third kid in my row:
"72"
The fourth kid in my row:
"63"
Next.
"54"
Next.
"45"
"36"
"27"
"18"
I had it figured out.
The nine times tables were my specialty.
They had a pattern.
I liked patterns.
The first digit would go up one number each time while the second digit fell each time:

9
18
27
36
45
54
63
72
81
90

It was simple, and no one else knew it.
I would beat every kid in the first three rows of my class every time.

Christian Parel.
Christian Parel happened to be the first kid in the fourth row.
Christian also happened to be the best math student in Mrs. Saint Laurent's third grade class.
"Louis, sit down."
I would hear this every time Christian and I went index card for index card.

I hated sitting down more then I hated watching Christian win.
Sometime after first Friday I began to look for reasons to excuse myself from class.
No one likes to sit around watching someone else win.
"I need to go to the bathroom," I thought, even though I didn't.
I knew that lying was a sin, and knew that I didn't want to sin.
I began to look for ways out of class without lying.
All I have to do is rub my penis
on my leg long enough to go to the bathroom.
I did this routinely.
Every time I would lose to Christian Parel I would do this.
I would sit down and within two minutes have my hand raised.
"Mrs. Saint Laurent, I have to go to the bathroom."
"Ok Louis, but you really need to stop doing this every day."

"Do you want some tomato soup?"
Peter Michanovich asked.
"No, Peter. I have a meeting with Sister Ann and my parents"
Sister Ann was Our Lady of Holy Angel's Principal.
"Your son has a chronic masturbation problem,"
I heard Mrs. Saint Laurent yell, cutting off Sister Ann's murmur of mumbling.
"We made a calendar to wean him off his sinning.
Masturbation is like heroin addiction; you have to wean them off of their habit."
I disliked Mrs. Saint Laurent.

History of Writing Systems: Alexander the Great and the Hellenistic Era

Martha Cavas

Course: Foundations of Western Civilization (HIST 101)
Professor: David Lelyveld, History
Student: Martha Cavas
Research Essay: "History of Writing Systems: Alexander the Great and the Hellenistic Era"

Assignment:
The research project was a very modest one, requiring only a 5 page paper and a five to ten minute presentation. The crucial elements of the assignment were:

- Use one of the assigned readings as a starting point in order to formulate a question or hypothesis. For example, Jared Diamond says, "… wars, or threats of war, have played a key role in most, if not all, amalgamations of societies."
- Use at least one other substantial source for your paper. A visit to a museum should be focused on no more than one or two objects.
- Include a map showing the place or places discussed in your paper. Other illustrations are also welcome.
- Come to your own conclusion and state your argument as clearly as possible. Be prepared to be critical of your sources – and to leave questions open if you can't find the answers.

Instructor's Comments:
All the students in the class were incoming, first year. The course, History 101, was taught in a cluster with English 110 and Philosophy 110.

Students were supposed to work in thematic groups. Martha took as her starting point the discussion of the development of writing systems in Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs, and Steel*, along with discussions we had in class about the value of being bilingual. Martha's own mother tongue is Aramaic. I found Martha's paper to be unusually lucid and well-argued, even as it was personally meaningful to her. Given the limits of the assignment, she was enterprising in finding sources. I pointed out errors in her footnote format, but otherwise I just enjoyed the way she framed the question and went about putting together her facts and interpretations.

From the beginning of Alexander the Great's reign (332-323 B.C.E.), many territories were conquered and "Hellenized" or influenced to "adopt Greek modes of behavior by those who were not Greek" (Hadas 45). In order to maintain Alexander's Empire posthumously (323 B.C.E), his vast lands were divided into three sections where three successor kings were appointed to rule over each division: Ptolemy, Seleucus, and Antigonus (Hunt 106). In order for communication to occur between the conquerors and the natives whom they controlled, the Greek dialect koine, which literally means "common language" (Hadas 46), was spoken. Original languages and writing systems of these native lands may have either endured through Greek rule or changed over time.

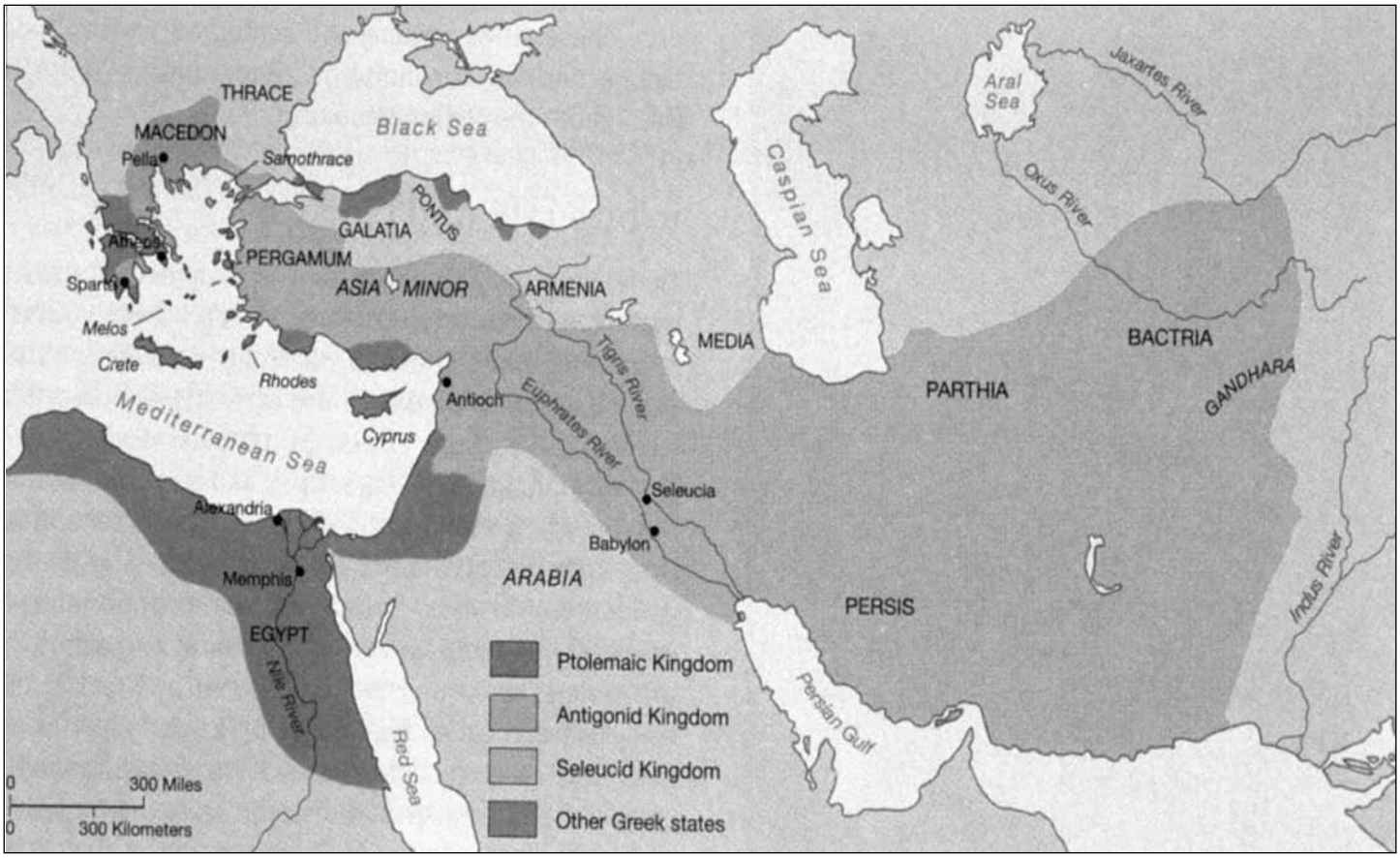
Blueprint copying and idea diffusion may have affected languages and writing systems. Blueprint copying is literal: "...you copy or modify an available detailed blueprint (written language)." Idea diffusion is not as direct. Instead of copying from the language, the structure or "basic idea" is used to develop specific details Diamond 224). Also, the spread of the Greek language and culture may have also had an influence in the native cultures. What would be more interesting to find out is whether the Greek language and culture was influenced by those it conquered.

One example of this Hellenization occurs in Egypt which was under the rule of the Ptolemaic Dynasty. Their city of Alexandria became the major center of the arts, including a library with numerous scrolls and manuscripts originating from all over the Hellenistic empire. Another instance is shown in the Seleucid Empire where interaction between different cultures, such as Jewish culture, resulted in the adoption of the Greek language as well as the Greek culture itself. Whether Egyptian or Jewish, these two groups were especially influenced by the Greek language and culture as a result of being conquered by Alexander the Great.

For Jewish nations, the extent to which Hellenization occurred among those who were conquered depended on where the communities were located. In other words, those who lived in urban areas and cities were exposed to Greek language and customs more especially since koine, a modified form of the Attic dialect, became the official language for trade, commerce, etc. (Hadas 34-35). Those who lived in the countryside only needed to understand and speak words of trade and commerce if they were selling crops and goods. More importantly, Jews who lived in large communities were surrounded by their own culture, religion, and language, allowing them to maintain a sort of defense against full Hellenistic influence. However, Jews who were not among their own often adopted the Hellenistic culture faster (Tcherikover 345). So when one had little enforcement of their own language and culture, they took on the culture they were immersed in.

The Jewish population could be separated into two categories. The first were those who lived in Palestine and had a strong sense of Jewish culture, tradition, and language. These three elements played a significant role

Hellenistic Empires- Third Century B.C.E.



Mark Damen

in everyday life for Jews. The second is the Jews living in Egypt. Alexandria was the city where Hellenistic history and literature of the Jews was written (Tcherikover 344). In a way, these two groups conflicted with Hellenism particularly on whether it should be embraced or not. Yet if the adoption of Greek culture and language was acceptable, which part of it would better harmonize with Jewish culture and language? Furthermore, how can elements of Greek culture coincide with that of the Jews without losing anything of importance? The struggle of balancing native traditions with those of invaders was what all Jews had to face as a means of surviving.

Palestine was a nation based on Jewish traditions, customs, language, and writing. So when they were placed under the rule of Seleucus (358-281 B.C.E), there were few regulations and laws imposed on the nation to drastically change any of the original ones. Yet there still was a sense of difficulty in finding equilibrium between native life and that of the conquerors. The Palestinian city of Jerusalem felt a significant wave of "culture-shock" because of the fact that it was a major center of Jewish traditions including language and writing. For Jewish traders and merchants, a sense of obligation was felt to learn the official language of the conquerors in order to maintain an income and social status while, again, not losing their own language culture and religion. "Local men (natives) who wanted a job as a lower official bettered their chances if they learned to read and write Greek in addition to their native languages (Hunt 108), It became essential to "assimilate" to the Hellenistic culture and society.

In Alexandria, Jews went so far as changing their use of language from Hebrew to Greek. In fact because Alexandrian Jews could not speak Hebrew the Scriptures were translated into Greek. "King Ptolemy II had the Hebrew Bible translated into Greek... in early third century B.C.E" (Hunt 123). It was called the "Septuagint" or "Translation of the Seventy" (Tcherikover 346). This event of Greek translation was not just because of Hellenistic influence but more so to allow Jews who could not speak Hebrew to reconnect with their traditional background. Furthermore it allowed non-Jews the ability to understand the traditions of Jews as well (Tcherikover 346). So one could say that translation of Hebrew writings was essential for the survival of Jewish traditions and beliefs especially in areas where Jews were not fluent in Hebrew.

Whether languages and writing systems influenced Greek itself during the Hellenistic Era is unknown or unproven. However what Jews did was not necessarily influence Greek but rather molded the language with their own. Greek words and expressions were incorporated into Hebrew creating a sort of "slang" language. "The Greek spoken by the Jews was not, indeed, invariably of the purest and least corrupt . . ." (Tcherikover 348). In other words, Jews naturally spoke the Greek language with some mispronunciations.

Certain letters and words would not be enunciated to keep differentiation, thus letters and vowels eventually became useless. Nevertheless the process of Hellenization accomplished the goal of influencing the Hebrew language. Personally I see the concept of idea diffusion, where the Jews used Greek words and phrases that best projected their thoughts where Hebrew ones could not.

As mentioned before, the Septuagint was a perfect example of Hellenization. For the Jewish people to be influenced enough as to translate their Hebrew Bible into Greek was monumental. With Jews living away from the "motherland," meaning Palestine, they lost the ability to speak their native tongue. What better way to reconnect with their traditions and beliefs than by converting the Scriptures into a language they could speak: Greek? Furthermore, location played a significant role on how effective Hellenization was. For Jews living in Palestine, they were not as strongly influenced as those in Egypt. Those of Jerusalem had a sort of defense mechanism against full influence of the Greek language and customs, which was the steady enforcement of the Hebrew language and culture. Egyptian Jews struggled in the balance of native traditions and language while maintaining a social status among Hellenistic society. In conclusion, "If Greek was little affected by competing languages; the effect it exerted upon them was very great."

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A Day in the Life of a Horse Trainer

Jaimee Merriman

Course: Media Writing (Comm 210)
Professor: Barry Cunningham, Communication
Student: Jaimee Merriman
Feature Article: "A Day in the Life of a Horse Trainer"

Assignment:
Write a "Day in the Life" feature article describing your off-campus job. The article may be written as a timetable of activities during your workday, described in chronological sequence, or as a composite of your work experiences, good and bad, over several days. Describe unusual incidents through your own prism, reflecting your personal values and the lessons you learned about life. Concentrate on a straightforward narrative description of activities during your workday. Use strong verbs. Avoid flowery adjectives. Try to breathe life into your article through the use of quotations, allowing your readers to "hear" the story as they visualize it.

Instructor's Comments:
A show of hands revealed that eighteen of the twenty students in this class held off-campus jobs. This presented the opportunity to assign a general topic that could be written from a distinct perspective by each student. I am submitting this student's article because it captures the fragile balance between life and death on a horse farm. The writer uses a strict narrative style to convey powerful images and emotions. The attention to detail makes this a riveting article, and the reader is carried along for the ride. As a footnote, I would mention that Jaimee Merriman is a member of the William Paterson University Equestrian team.

I roll open the barn door just enough to slide in, shivering against the icy fingers of frost that tickle my neck before I can get the door shut. I turn and welcome the scent of my weekend job: a medley of hay and horse manure. At this time on a Sunday, I know that thirty horses have already been fed and turned out in the three large pastures surrounding the barn. Three high school girls who work on Sundays have already completed most of the barn chores. I can tell this not only by the freshly swept aisles and clean stalls, but also by the girly screams and laughter that roll out from under the office door. Shaking my head, I walk past the heated office and across the aisle to where I hear Hayley Rooney's voice. Hayley is the head trainer and owner of Holland Hills Farm. She greets me in her casual tone as she squeezes something out of an oozing cut on the neck of Vanessa, Hayley's large thoroughbred mare.

"How she got a pebble in her neck I'll never know,"

Jaimee Merriman

she says, as she thrusts a bloody finger with a speck of dirt on it in my face. Vanessa has had a pus-filled lump on her neck for more than a week. Until now, no amount of squeezing, poking, prodding, or medicating made it go away. The lump had been the mystery of the barn. The pebble solved the mystery.

After the general amazement of show-and-tell over Vanessa's pebble, I inform Hayley that while I was driving over, three of my lessons were cancelled. She tells me that my two other lessons have cancelled as well. I wonder out loud why people don't take the weather forecast seriously when it is going to be 20 degrees Fahrenheit. Usually, you need to cancel a lesson 24 hours in advance, or be charged the full $45 per-half-hour fee. I know when working in the horse world, money isn't given a second thought, if it is thought about at all. Yet, just when I think I have made the trip for nothing, Hayley gives me a list of horses to school.

"Schooling" a horse is not easy work. Schooling means the trainer must put the horse through a series of different gaits while being ridden. The trainer tries to visualize the horse as the ideal "picture" for each gait – walk, trot, and canter. To make the horse become that picture, the horse needs to become slow and rhythmic in its movements, collecting its muscles into what trainers call a "frame."

Asking a horse to be the "ideal" is hard enough for both horse and rider. But generally the horses that need to be schooled are the most rebellious: bucking, running away with their riders, balking at jumps, yanking the reins out of the rider's hands, or rearing up. These crazy horses are the ones I love the most. Today was going to be a good day after all.

On my way to the back paddock where the geldings — astrated male horses — are turned out, I grab Tango, a sweet little pony that hates other horses and needs to be turned out alone. Most of the time on Sundays, the girls forget to turn him out. I always feel bad for him and walk him the extra twenty yards to a rear paddock next to the geldings. When we are in sight of the paddock, the usually calm Tango lifts his head and blows warm puffs of air out of his flaring nostrils, a sign of warning and alarm. Startled by his sudden reaction, I look around. I can see nothing that would scare him. I pull him behind me toward the paddock, dismissing his alarm as pony foolishness. When we get closer to the paddock, I see what startled him. All the horses in the gelding's paddock are huddled around a purple mass on the ground.

I pull Tango into a trot and run for the empty paddock. I unclip the lead-line from his halter and lock the gate behind me. The purple mass on the ground is a horse blanket, and under it, a horse. Because it has been so cold, the horses have been wearing their large winter blankets when they go outside. The purple one is Ben's. I leap over a fence separating the two paddocks, knowing that a horse should not be lying flat on his side like that. I reach for my phone to call Hayley as I try to push Ben's concerned pasture mates away. Tristan, Ben's best buddy, is tugging at Ben's blanket, trying to help him up. I lay a hand on Tristan's side to let him know that I'm here and gently push him away from Ben. Hayley answers my call with her usual calm assertive tone. She tells me she is on her way and I should get Ben up on his feet, the first thing horse people know to do when a horse is down.

I see blood pouring from between Ben's hind legs. I reach for the spot where I think the blood is oozing, but I can't find the source. I know I need to get him up, so instead of trying to find the wound, I clip Tango's lead-line on Ben's halter and start to pull. Ben moans, trying to lift his head, but can't budge. I see Hayley and the other barn girls running toward the paddock. I kneel down to check the color of Ben's gums. White. Ben is bleeding to death.

Hayley and the others arrive. Hayley takes off her coat and wraps it around the spot where we think Ben is bleeding. She tells me to keep pressure on the wound while she calls the vet. Within minutes, the jacket is soaked. Ben's blood is running down my arms and dripping off my elbows. Hayley curses. She wipes a strand of hair from her face and says she can't reach any

of the regular vets. It is a Sunday. It could be hours before the veterinarians check their voicemail.

Suddenly, Ben screams and kicks out with his hind legs, sending me flying backwards. As I hit the ground, I hear a crack. I stand back up to put more pressure on the leg. The other girls kneel on Ben's large red-brown neck to keep him from moving. Everyone talks to Ben in soothing tones, trying to ease the horse's pain and panic. Holding the leg in my hands, I can feel the pieces of his broken bones grinding against one another. I realize where the blood is coming from. Ben has severed a main artery in his leg with his broken bone and the blood is seeping through the skin.

The contrast between the cold penetrating my body, and the warm blood running down my arms, and now soaking into my jeans, is nauseating. My thighs burn from squatting and my back aches from bending over. My arms are trembling. I'm losing the strength to hold together the shattered leg so that Ben might suffer less pain. Despite my discomfort, I know my friend needs me more, so I hold on.

Four hours later, the vet arrives to put Ben down. He is amazed that Ben is still alive. I am not. Ben was a huge horse, with a huge heart, and a huge resolve. He would do whatever you asked of him, and more. If he could have gotten up, Ben would be trying to do something to make everyone laugh, nudging us to give him a treat, even through his pain. He was that kind of gentle giant. Now, he is gone.

I slump back to my car with my head down, holding back tears. I try not to look at my crusty brown arms, or the deep brown stains on my clothes. I know I have to stay strong for the sobbing girls who have just witnessed their first death in the stables. I know I cannot cry… yet. After all, this is a part of the job: loving and losing. Laughter and tears. It is just another day at the office for a horse trainer. But I know that when I get home and scrub the blood off my arms and face and watch the last of Ben swirl down the drain, I will miss my friend.

The Tower of London

Todd Rose

Course: Imagining War (ENG/HIST 369)
Professor: Ted Cook, History, and Donna Perry, English
Student: Todd Rose
Oral History: "The Tower of London"

Assignment:
Oral History Assignment: For this assignment students were asked to interview someone who experienced the Second World War. We assigned two books of interviews in the course—*The "Good" War* by Studs Terkel and *Japan at War* by Ted and Haruko Taya Cook—so students knew what successful interviews looked like. We asked them to do an oral history project, adding: "For this assignment, you will interview and then write up a 3-5 page report on someone old enough to have lived through or participated in or been influenced by the Second World War."

Instructor's Comments:
What impressed us about Todd's interview was that it was so well written (the rhythms in the opening paragraph, his telling us about his relationship to the interviewee only after we are into the essay, the open-ended questions). By framing his grandfather's military experience with his own—in Iraq—Todd also lets his readers see the ways in which the experience of war can be universal. The visuals add to the overall effect, too.

He is an old man now. He no longer stands as straight and proud as he once did. His back is stooped. He cannot run the way he did then. His hearing is failing and his vision is weakening. Soon his Parkinson's disease will take him away from this world. However, when one looks into those eyes one can see down to the soul. Hidden behind the veneer of this aging gentleman there burns a fire that sparks up when he begins to speak about his part in the war. One can see, as seems to be the case with many people of the "Greatest Generation," a welling pride at having been part of the most momentous instant in history, the Second World War.

For our conversation we met and sat in the dining room of the assisted living facility at which he currently resides. The rain was pounding outside and the wind whipped around the corner of the building with seeming gale force. It was this howling wind that served as my introduction. I said "When I was in Iraq we had wind storms like this. The dust would kick up and find its way into the cracks of every little piece of gear we had. Was North Africa like that?" From there it started. Most of the conversation was anecdotal; little glimpses into a life so long past but not forgotten. The story did not follow a

chronological retelling of events but rather it rambled with slight redirection from me regarding a particular point of fact.

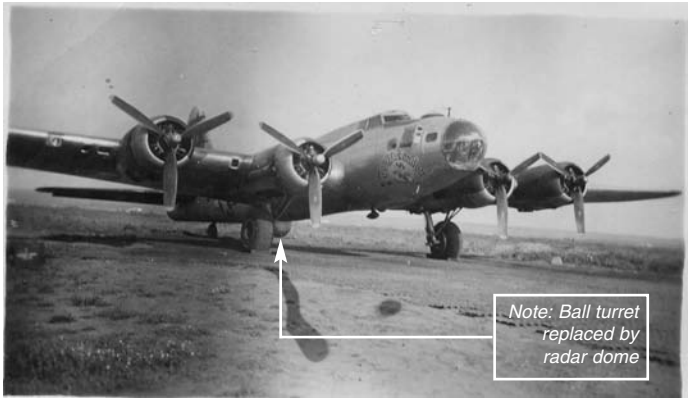
"Pearl Harbor, I was still in high school. My brother John was old enough to join the service and he went out the next week and joined the Coast Guard. One year later Claude joined the Navy. Tom worked for the railroad and so he did not join the service." He spent the next few years in high school. "When I was in high school I wanted to join the Air Force." His brother Claude gave him a book; it was a typical novel of the period. "I don't remember the name of it any more, but you read it didn't you?" he asks me, looking to see if I remember. I do. When I was fifteen or sixteen and contemplating a career in the military, and at that moment in the Air Force, he had given me a book about a young man in bomber training. I have long since lost the book and it is probably buried in my parents' attic somewhere. But I did remember it. It was noticeably written in a time when young men where choosing in what capacity they would serve. It was written with all the appeal of a recruiting poster. "That book really made me want to fly." He enlisted in the Army Air Corps when he graduated high school.

"I was selected to be an engine mechanic." He then went on to tell of various bases he was at, with no particular detail as to what happened at each one, and I took it to mean that he could no longer remember what each base trained him on. This is understandable. Before he was shipped out he was given some time to be at home. These pictures are of the brief period he spent with his sweetheart and parents.

Mother, Father & Me

Wilma & Me

The story then jumped to North Africa in 1945. It was here that he performed the majority of his wartime duties. His stories now switched to truly anecdotal bits and pieces of his North Africa experience. "The pilot would take us [meaning the ground crew] up so that we could get our flight pay. He was crazy and loved to fly



extremely low over the ground. The Arabs used to get mad at us and throw rocks at the plane."

He then began to speak about the plane he was charged with maintaining. "The ship was the *Tower of London*." "It was a B-17, but it was different from the other ones. Instead of a ball turret on the bottom, it had a radar dome. That was for when they flew to their target, it helped navigate."

"Africa was amazing to me. I grew up in the church, you know, I never even knew what a Muslim was. I thought that they were strange. The way they dressed and all seemed like it was right out of the Bible. I took pictures of them."

Max, Arab & Me

Arab Woman Fatima

He was stationed in French Morocco and the mission that his unit had was anti-submarine operations. He explained that by the time he arrived in North Africa the German Navy "was not doing well anymore." "I had a lot of good fellas around me but I still got kind of lonely." "We had a pet dog named 'Tiny' and a monkey called 'Monkey.' [Laughing] I guess we were not good at names." I asked if they were allowed to have pets, reflecting that my fellow soldiers and I had been forbidden from adopting any of the local fauna during our tour in Iraq. "We were not supposed to have pets, but you know they looked the other way on a lot of stuff. They knew we were a long way from home and if a pet made us happy and the work got done most of them did not care."

"We had a lot of good times there, me and the fellas, but I missed home. Some of the fellas loved being away from home. I would rather have been home with Wilma."

Barracks Gang

Me, Tiny, & Monkey

Rock of Gibraltar from the air

"Then the War in Europe was over! We beat Hitler. Then the War in the Pacific was over. I thought I would go home soon. First they sent us to Germany. We had to work on C-46s. We called them the "hump." They were cargo planes you know. They flew supplies in and out."

I asked him what he thought about seeing Europe and post-War Germany. It was then that his previously jubilant expression darkened. "I grew up in a safe home in Passaic. In Africa I really did not see the war. I kind of had some fun, but Germany was different." His eyes begin to well with tears. "I have not spoken about it much. But the Nazis were bad people. They took us to see the camps; you know, where they killed the Jews. I never thought that people could be so bad. When we got back to the barracks I prayed a lot. What I saw scared me, I guess. I never imagined people could do that." He saw much of Europe, charred and in rubble, and I could sense that the lasting impressions of the war, the Nazis and persecution had seared themselves into his consciousness.

Photo at Dachau

"Then we went back to Africa and from there I went home. I got out of the Army at Ft Dix. See?" He holds out his old DD 214. I read it as if I read an entire history. It says he worked on B-17Gs and C-46s as a mechanic and Crew Chief. I can see the dates he was promoted; he left the service as a Private First Class. It says he served in the European Theater of Operations. I realize, as I hold this old Discharge, that it can never tell the story he has just told me. It can never express the loneliness he felt at times in Africa or the horror at seeing the German Concentration Camps. It cannot tell of the fun he and his buddies had on the beaches or of the monkey and rocks thrown by angry Arabs. He is my Grandfather and now I know his story.

German home bombed

Cage in Dachau where dogs "ate people"

I got home and reached into my records and pulled out my DD 214. There it was, six years of service compressed onto one sheet of paper. Such a feeble means of telling a story; so incapable of expressing the experiences of the name at the top of the page. I sighed and put it away. I began to look at my photos. There was one that struck me in its eerie similarity. It showed the basic condition of man; our utter depravity, the universality of the horrors of war, and at the same time, the kindness still present in the human heart.

Kids at our train begging January 1946

Kids at our HMMWV begging September 2006

Fat Chance: The Difficult Task of Lowering Obesity among the Poor

Gi Hyouk Lee

Course: Critical Writing (ENG 330)
Professor: Sue Kenney, English
Student: Gi Hyouk Lee
Persuasive Essay: "Fat Chance: The Difficult Task of Lowering Obesity among the Poor"

Assignment:
Students were asked to think about problems they come across on a regular basis. The problem could be on a grand scale—something that effects society—or it could be an issue that has a more personal resonance for the writer.

The first step is to clearly establish the problem. Then, students were asked to approach the subject with a critical, questioning attitude; to wonder about alternative approaches, and to challenge the status quo. Too often we accept things as they are, rather than looking for creative solutions.

In order for this type of essay to be effective, the writer must remain sensitive to the varied perspectives of the readers, and anticipate any potential objections with logical counter-arguments. The writing must be organized, convincing, and have a possibility for successful implementation.

Instructor's Comments:
Gi's unique life experience combined with his commanding voice as a writer to make for essays that were always interesting, always insightful. In this particular case, he starts with a casual conversation which draws the readers in. He identifies the problem up front, and then launches into compelling examples that appeal to our common humanity. Gi uses hard facts and statistics to build his case, and then, rather than looking to the standard approach for combating obesity, diet and exercise (something we've all heard ad nauseam), he asks us to look outside ourselves. He looks beyond our borders to see why other countries are not experiencing the same levels of obesity among their poor, as well as in their general populations.

What unfolds is a hard-hitting indictment not only of greedy corporate entities, but also of our cultural dependence on a fast food mentality. Gi has a distinctive vision; one that is interwoven with intelligence, compassion and a realistic outlook. His writing is clear, organized and infused with an unflinching logic. He recognizes the complexity of the problem he addresses, and responds accordingly, which makes for an authoritative and trustworthy tone in his writing.

Christine was sick of Tex-Mex food, so we went out for Korean. She had just come back from a trip to a Mexican town not too far from the Texas border with a group of fellow med school students. They were led by a practicing doctor and worked with a Christian organization that offered charity medical care to Mexicans living in poor, rural areas, usually miles away from any decent hospital. When I asked about the common health problems there, I was surprised to hear that diabetes, obesity and osteoporosis were the three most frequent complications. "Are you serious," I said. "How do they even have time to get fat if they're from poor blue-collar communities?"

"Because there's a Coca-Cola plant nearby," she answered. "Most of the villagers work there, or in the sugar fields that supply canes for the factory. Mexican Coke uses local sugar cane, and it's cheaper than water, so coke is all they drink. Milk is even harder to find, so mothers will just put coke into baby bottles for the infants. It's actually very sad. . . ." I knew Christine was already planning on going back next year.

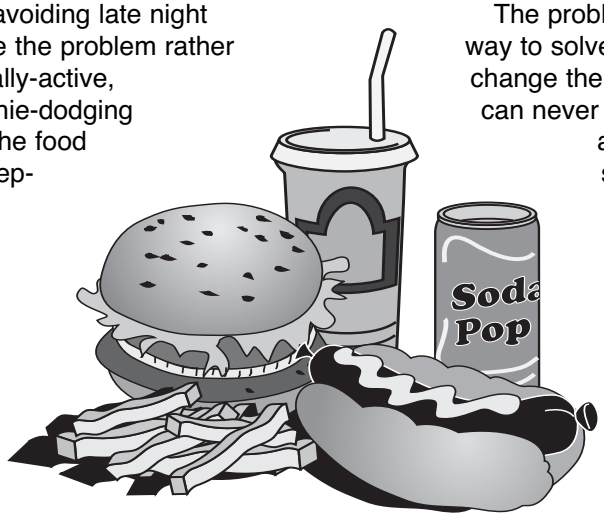
One simple beverage accounted for three major problems in that little village in Mexico, because it was the only thing viable for the villagers to buy. Excessive consumption of Coca-Cola led to much higher rates in diabetes due to the enormous sugar content, obesity because of the excess calories and osteoporosis because of the carbonized seltzer which breaks down cartilage and eats away at bone cells. Mexico is an extreme case: According to a 2003 joint study done by *The Journal of American Medicine Association* with the National Institute of Public Health in Mexico, the frequency of obesity amongst women from low-income, rural areas is a staggering 60%, and more than 50% in men. But this is not a problem exclusive to Mexico.

Now it is a growing trend in the United States. Densely populated urban areas like Chicago are experiencing the same thing – 35% of low income three year olds from urban areas are overweight or obese, twice that of the national rate of obesity amongst preschool children of all income levels. Boston is experiencing a similar problem, and throwing up to $279,000 dollars into community groups trying to get children healthy through dance and hip-hop music, but nothing is being done to adjust diets. The rising costs of fresh produce and dairy products are quickly making healthy diets an exclusive privilege rather than a human right.

According to Dr. Adam Drewnowski, director of the Center for Public Health Nutrition in the University of Washington, "on a per calorie basis, diets composed of whole grains and fresh vegetables and fruit are far more expensive than refined grains, added sugars and added fats. It's not a question of being sensible or silly when it comes to food choices, it's about being limited to those foods that you can afford." With fast food snacks saturated in sodium and fat and highly sweetened, carbonated drinks being so cheap to produce, it seems that the poor are doomed. Overweight and obese

mothers are also much more likely to pass on the trait to children, who can inherit an increased chance to become obese due to insulin imbalance caused by lack of proper nutrition during pregnancy.

So how do we stop this problem? The obvious solutions are to increase exercise and promote healthy habits like eating breakfast and avoiding late night meals, but all they do is bandage the problem rather than curing it. A poor-but-physically-active, breakfast-eating, midnight-munchie-dodging adolescent may live longer, but the food he's eating is still going to be deep-fried french fries, bacon cheeseburgers and fountain drinks with virtually no redeeming nutritional value. Another unique proposal has been support of the growing Slow Food Movement, which is attempting to preserve cultural and traditional cooking as well as bring back healthy diets to people. The downside to this of course is that it is highly expensive, and although supporters of the movement claim that Slow Food will ultimately become cheaper due to less dependence on transport and energy/chemical/technology-intensive methods, the continued industrialization of the food sector makes this highly unfeasible. Instead of looking inward, we should instead turn abroad for our answers.



Obesity rates amongst the poor are significantly lower in countries like Japan, France, Germany, the UK, Korea and Italy. The reason why fast food becomes the only viable way for poor people to eat in America is a direct result of our culture. We are inherently predisposed to favor mediocre, quickly produced food based around meats and bread. American workers have the longest work hours of any nation in the Western world. This "on the go" attitude greatly appeals to the fast food industry, which has difficulty finding success in places like Germany, where the work hours are significantly lower. Most Germans end work at 3 PM, and then they have the luxury of long, relaxed meals with friends and family. Tea and wine, which significantly increase health and decrease the risk of obesity, are consumed in extreme frequency throughout Asia and Europe, whereas the American beverage of choice is soda. Rice and wheat are the staple crops of Europe and Asia – the American staple crop is the russet potato, grown specifically for french fries.

Green tea is cheap and easy to grow, but is rarely enjoyed in the United States. Instead we turn to highly sweetened tea products like Snapple and sweet tea, which has contributed to a rising incidence of diabetes in the American South. For three dollars in Tokyo, you can get a full meal which includes unlimited refills of tea, a bowl of rice, grilled fish, miso soup, and pickled vegetables, all of which are filled with nutritional value and extremely low in fat. All of the items used in that meal are very cheap, and because seafood is greatly favored over meat in Japan, they eat much more of their farm produce rather than using it to feed livestock to match a large demand for meat, so consequently vegetables are less expensive.

The problems are fundamental, and the only way to solve a fundamental problem is to change the value system. A destructive culture can never be amended. There are several actions the government can take, such as offering tax breaks for independent restaurants so they can offer healthy, filling food at affordable pricing, but ultimately this falls into the responsibility of the people and the private sector. With the tax incentives, there could be government-sponsored soup kitchens that sell cheap, healthy meals with hearty portions and a heel of bread. Soup is easy to make, high in nutritional value and well balanced with a helping of carbs, which is what made soup kitchens so successful and a cheap service to maintain during the Depression and the New Deal. There are also ongoing projects educating inner city children on how to cultivate and maintain a personal garden, to grow their own vegetables. With enough popularity and a focus on local products, the important crops our country needs will be affordable and available to everyone.

A culture shift moving away from our obsession with fast food and a well funded advertising campaign mobilizing private businesses to meet the demand for affordable nutrition would mean healthier, affordable food available to all people regardless of income.

Work Cited

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Stanley's Secret

Fred Henry

Course: Introduction to Creative Writing (ENG 231)
Professor: Martha Witt, English
Student: Fred Henry
Short Story: "Stanley's Secret"

Assignment:
After becoming familiar with the techniques of fiction writing through in-class exercises and discussion, students were assigned to bring in their own stories for workshop. I gave no restrictions regarding the subject and form of the stories, but authors were expected to write multiple drafts of their work as well as narratives examining their writing and editing processes. In each successive draft of his story, Fred refined the plot and characters; the result is the fine-tuned narrative printed here.

Instructor's Comments:
The terrible truth at the heart of this exquisite short story about a mother in the throes of her own dysfunction and a son forced to redefine the limits and boundaries of love is rendered through such clear, understated language that the "secret" revealed in the end is doubly devastating.

Mom had been crying when she called me to ask, "Am I a good mother?"

"You're fine, Mom," I told her. I was looking around, trying to spot Dominick and flag him down. I couldn't find him.

"It's not easy," she said, beginning to sob again. "It's not easy being a single mother." She might have been drinking.

"I know, Mom, I know." She did this to me around the holidays. Dom and I didn't turn out as she would have liked. We were never two loving brothers who were there for each other. Dominick was always a little weird. He liked to watch things happen. I was once in a car accident with him – we got rear-ended and he cracked up. And me? I'll admit I have issues.

"I'm sorry, Stanley. I'm sorry your father did this to us," she said. More and more I was thinking, yeah, she'd been drinking. She talked about dad a lot when she drank. "Stanley, I'm leaving everything to you and your brother. Okay? Everything I have! I know it's not much…"

I could hear my heart pound in my ears. I cupped the phone and screamed out into the house, "Dominick!"

Out the living room window I saw him and Dad, washing the car. I knew what mom was going to do. She was going to kill herself.

"Mom, what's going on?" I asked. Keep her talking.

"I don't know. I love you both so much. I love you, you know I do. I really do, Stanley." She hung up on me.

I ran to the front door and stopped. Dominick was rinsing down the car with the hose. Dominick choked the hose and looked at me.

"What?" he said.

I tried to remember if the term "euthanasia" could be put into a self-administered context if it was known by all parties to be absolutely necessary and kind.

"Nothing. Mom called."

"She okay?" Not for a long time now.

* * * *

I was eight when I came home and the lights were out. I'd slept over Dad's and came home. It was Sunday night. Dominick was visiting a friend who was sick at the time and on my way out of Dad's car, he stopped me.

"Here," he said. He twisted his old house key off the ring and handed it to me. "Use that. Mom's probably resting."

"Want me to unlock the door and then give this back to you?"

"Keep it," he said. That was the first time anyone ever drove away before I went in the front door. The hallway was dark. Mom didn't leave a light on for me. The kitchen, the living room, the dining room, it was all dark. I had a dream once of a pale man in my house, walking around in the dark with a crooked back and swift, jerking motions. I was scared to walk any further into the house.

I had to go to the bathroom but the light from the street, modulating red and amber and green, only stretched as far as the end of the foyer. I tried to think about how late it was and how long it would take the sun to rise and fill out all the dark with safe warm light. I stood, pinching my penis through my jeans and trying to hold it in.

"Mom?" I whispered. There was no way she would hear it, but that meant there was also no way a monster could hear it either. The whispers kept coming out of me like timid prayers, "Mom? Mom?"

Then I heard a whimpering. It was mom, and she was crying. Something about her being there and crying – something about her presence made it impossible for the monsters to be there. I walked into the dark part of the foyer where the light switch was and turned it on. The light exploded against the white paint of the room and the reds and greens were tints, overpowered and flickering against my jacket and the windowpane.

I walked into the living room and turned on the light, and then into the dining room, and then into the kitchen. She was standing at the sink, hunched over, and shuddering.

"Turn off the light," she said, sniffling. I turned it off and went to hug her. "Please don't," she said. I backed away. The moonlight was coming through the window and outlining her blue robe.

"Mom? You okay?" I asked.

"Could you tuck yourself in tonight, sweetie?" she asked.

When I went up to my room and took off my shoes, I realized I was tracking red through the carpet like the burned top part of the stop light outside. I pulled off my shoe and brought it into the bathroom to wash the sole of it. The water looked like it did when mom cleaned my knee the summer before after I fell off my bike and wouldn't stop crying. When you're young and you know you're tracking something through the house, the first thing that pops to mind isn't, Hey, is this blood?

When I went back downstairs to ask her why there was blood on the floor, the light was on. She was on her hands and knees, scrubbing at a red spot on the floor. The robe was pulled back and I saw red lines all over her thighs. She

looked up at me and I don't know if I'll ever remember what she said. That was the first time I realized monsters weren't the scariest things hiding in my house.

* * * *

Lucy called to us, "Dinner's ready!" I left the front doorway and went to help set the table. Dominick finished rinsing the car as Dad came in and helped out. He and I brought everything to the dining room as Lucy put it on plates.

"Ever think about inviting mom?" I asked.

"What are you? Stupid?" he laughed. "If your mom ever had it in her to forgive me she would have done it years ago. Why would I want to bring her here and show her this place?"

"I wouldn't," said Dominick. He chuckled, then some expression I wasn't aware of on my face made him tilt his head as he looked at me.

* * * *

I can't quite remember how old I was. Dad let mom take all the furniture after the division of property. He kept the house; she was left with the tables and chairs and chests out on the front lawn. She got a place across town from her friend's father who had been trying to sell it for a while and had to drive the furniture, piece by piece, over to the new house. Dad helped her carry everything out to the lawn, and that seemed to make her strangely happy, even forgiving of the fact that he didn't help her load up her car.

"Hey Ray?" she had said. "Remember when we were moving in here?"

I was sitting in the attic. I wasn't allowed to see mom yet, so I listened out the window.

"Yeah, I remember."

"Ray?" she asked. "Can you do me a favor?"

"What?" Dad groaned. It was that tone when he gave up, when out of malice he would suddenly do whatever you asked of him. That was the tone that made us all, Dominick, Mom and me, stop wanting anything from him. I could see, even from way up in the attic, that she was desperate to talk, that she was going to ask it anyway, whatever it was, and pray to God that dad would suddenly be touched or moved or coerced into doing what she needed.

"Tell me you love me?"

He wiped the sweat off his brow and turned harshly away from her to watch cars and clouds go by. When he looked up he saw me. Neither of us waved.

"Even if it isn't true, just tell me that you love me?" She started crying. I knew she was going to cry that day but I didn't know when. "I just need it. I need to remember what it feels like to hear that," she said.

"It's not appropriate," he said. He held his hand out to her and politely asked for the key. She began to cry harder. "If you don't give me the key I'll just change the locks," he said. She collapsed onto the lawn and Dad gave up. He went inside. Mom started screaming after him.

"It was so easy! It was three words and you said them to me all the time even when they weren't true! How could you do that? You couldn't! You still love me and you know it! You love me and not her! Why are you doing this to me?"

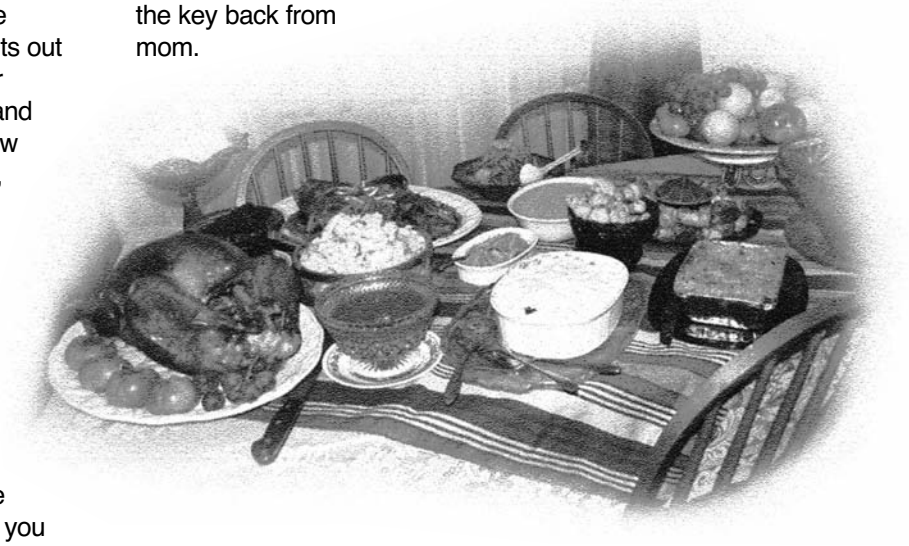
I could hear Dad's heavy footsteps come up behind me and he slammed the window shut on my pinky finger. I screamed and he knelt down in front of me, just watching me cradle it and cry. Dad's first impulse was never to help.

"You know, your cheeks do the same thing as your mother's when you cry," he said. I'm not sure why, but that quieted me. "Stanley? I need you to know this. Your mother's not well, okay? She's not doing well and she's being something that if she were well, she'd be ashamed of."

"Is that why she's crying? Because she's ashamed?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why are you crying?" Dad looked at me, then took me by the shoulder, guiding me down the stairs and out the back door so we could drive to the hospital without stopping mom from getting all her pain out of her system. Years later, she was still trying to get it all out of her. Also, whether it was a conscious decision or an unconscious one, dad never changed the locks to the house, even though he never got the key back from mom.



* * * *

After I found mom in the kitchen, the separation became a divorce. Custody of Dominick and me went to Dad. Mom went to see a therapist and, after a few months, we were allowed to see her again. Dominick normally didn't go every other weekend like I did.

"How's the house?" she'd ask. "Is it as nice with Lucy there as it was with me?" I never knew how to answer. I didn't ask her about therapy because I didn't know enough about it. It would have been nice to have had the therapist there with her all the time to keep her in check.

"It's warmer," I said. "Dad keeps the heat up." Mom had a problem paying such expensive bills and Dad didn't. An older, wiser Stanley would have told her how ugly the new furniture was, or how annoying Lucy was when she whistled endlessly before the alarm went off in the morning. He wouldn't be talking about how the bastard who left her is doing a better job than her at holding down the fort in her own house.

Mom would slump, or cry, or suddenly change subjects. She'd ask me if I'm happier living with Dad. I kept doing the one thing I shouldn't have been doing with mom – I told her the truth.

* * * *

We all sat down for Thanksgiving dinner, and Dom asked

me if I was okay.

"Seriously. What's up, dude?"

"Nothing."

"Is it Mom?" I didn't say anything. Dad took a disappointed breath at the head of the table and Lucy held his hand, stroking her fingers rapidly over his knuckles. Mom could have driven up to see her family up North, but we all knew her story. She was afraid of driving long distances. The more time went by, the more she assumed the roads were becoming terrible, treacherous places where maniacs would crowd you. I've heard it called Mean World Syndrome. She was honestly afraid that all the other drivers were out to get her.

"I'm kind of sick of this," Dominick said. "It's bad enough she's a wreck but she has to wreck you too."

"And our dinner," Lucy said below her breath. Her head was angled down over her plate and she looked at me over the rims of her eyeglasses. She knew she had no place talking about my mother and she squeezed Dad's hand tight. I knew what that squeeze meant. Please, keep your son in line. Dad glanced at me to see if I was going to do anything.

"I'm going to go talk to her," Dominick said as he stood.

Dad stood and went after him, stopping him at the front door.

"Do me a favor?" he asked.

"What?"

"Wish her a Happy Thanksgiving for me?" And he was serious.

* * * *

She knocked on my door. Not the front door. My door. I woke up among shadows of leaves from trees striping across the walls and the ceiling to make jagged claws and waving bony fingers. These were the types of things that would have made me hold my piss when I was young.

"Stan?" It was Mom's voice. There's always a moment when you wake up and anything is possible, that quick moment when you don't know what the real world is about because you're still pulling yourself out of your dreams and letting all the imaginings of what this world could be die away. I stood up next to my bed and waited, in the dark. Red was shining through the shades at my window and switching to green. I waited to make sure it was something that really happened, a noise I really heard.

"Stanley? Are you in there?" she whispered. I opened the door to find my mom. I hadn't opened the bedroom door to find her standing there in over a decade.

"Mom?"

"You're right. It is warmer in here."

* * * *

Dominick called from the hospital. He said, "Mom tried to kill herself. I found her in the tub."

"Jesus…" and no, I wasn't taking the Lord's name in vein. I was making sure I had His attention, making sure He saw what was going on. If He wasn't going to do something about it, I was making sure there would be no way in the next life I couldn't hold Him accountable.

Dad rushed out with me, throwing a coat over one shoulder and not the other and tearing at his pants to try and find car keys. Lucy was a blur in the dining room as we left. We gunned it to the hospital, even though there would be no change by the time we got there. Dominick left as we arrived.

* * * *

"Mom? What are you doing here?" The momentary fear of Dad catching her in our house dissolved. He and Lucy were on vacation, down south visiting Uncle Ned who was performing in a Civil War re-enactment in Gettysburg.

"I just wanted to see the house," she said.

She was wearing a bathrobe and her feet were bare. She began walking through the downstairs of the house, finding light switches where she left them and turning every single one of them on.

"Did you drive here in that, Mom?" I followed her.

After years of this behavior, I hate to admit it but Dad was probably right. If she wasn't strong enough to get better yet, she wouldn't be. Ever.

We entered the living room. I watched as she touched the photographs that rested in tacky, holiday-themed frames. They told stories of vacations and cook-outs and baptisms of step-cousins. They told stories mom's photos couldn't tell. All her pictures were old – Halloween parties from grade school, Communions and smiles with baby teeth missing. She suddenly turned her attention to the ceiling.

"Does Ray still sleep upstairs in the front room?"

"Yeah."

"With Lucy?"

"It's their room now." I expected her to cry, and I expected to hold her and let her drench my shoulder. She didn't. She went upstairs, but she didn't turn the light on. The green light through the window bounced off the mirror and dully illuminated the ceiling. Mom stood at the bed and leaned forward, spreading her arms out as she slid her hands over the comforter.

"Do you remember walking in on your father and me?" I did. I was young and I thought they were fighting. "You were so frightened." She laughed and pulled herself onto the bed with a satisfied breath. "Let me tell you a secret, Stanley. I miss the way he touched me. Your father was very attentive." She pulled the sheets back and slid her legs under them. "I miss looking up at this ceiling at night. If I sleep here, you won't tell Ray, will you?" Mom had never been this weird. "Will you come to bed with me, Stan?"

I stood there, yellow light bouncing around the room. Mom's little hand reached out from under the covers and pulled loosely at my fingers.

"Please?" The light turned red. The shadows stretched deep in the room and the eyes of family members peeked from behind little picture frames all over the room.

Half of every child is a parent. A girl can only be half as beautiful as her mother and a boy can only be half as handsome as his father. I thought about what he had taken from her, my dad. He took her bedmate, her husband. He took parts of her stability. He stole what made her happy and gave it to another woman.

I knew what I had – the half that came from my father, I could offer back to her but it wouldn't be enough. It would only be half of what she was cheated out of. It wouldn't be enough to keep her happy but I gave it to her. I tried. I tried to make up for him. I climbed on top of her, and we went to bed together.

Musical Analysis of Stravinsky's "Lacrimosa"

Adam Lomeo

Course: Twentieth-Century Music (MUS 401)
Professor: Lynne Rogers, Music
Student: Adam Lomeo
Analytic Essay: "Musical Analysis of Stravinsky's 'Lacrimosa'"

Assignment:
This is the second part of a two-part assignment on the "Lacrimosa" from Stravinsky's *Requiem Canticles*. The first part asked students to complete a chart of the movement's pitch organization. Adam responded to the following question:

What is the relationship between the movement's pitch organization (use of rows and verticals from rotational arrays) and the work's form and texture? Discuss your conception of the movement's form or include a chart of the form on a separate sheet and refer to it. In your discussion, name as appropriate specific instruments, measure numbers, rows and verticals, pitches, registers, rhythms, lines of the text, and other features.

The first paragraph should be your thesis statement. That is, the first one to three sentences should summarize the issue (the question) and the main points of your answer. These sentences should also name the composer, piece, and movement. Do not repeat the question in the essay.

Instructor's Comments:
Adam's work addresses a difficult topic with impressive understanding and clarity. His essay is succinct, well organized, and informative. It proves its thesis by linking musical and textual details convincingly to an abstract concept. The essay enhances its thesis with perceptive observations about the relationship of this movement to Stravinsky's compositional practices overall. Adam's chart, with its skillful arrangement of important information, supports his discussion very effectively. The introduction and development of a simile at the end of the essay provides an imaginative and exciting close that inspires the reader to rethink Stravinsky's composition.

In the "Lacrimosa" from Igor Stravinsky's *Requiem Canticles* (1966), pitch organization is connected with the form and texture of the movement. The "Lacrimosa" is a movement for contralto and orchestra. The performers are divided into four groups. The music played by each group is a specific layer. The order in which these layers are presented forms a larger pattern. The movement's form is built upon the repetition, variation, and expansion of this pattern. Stravinsky's hexachordal arrays provide the system of pitch organization. The arrays are subdivided into six note groupings. These groupings are formed from either the verticals or rows of the array. Stravinsky assigns a specific array to each layer. The instruments or contralto in each layer use either the verticals or rows to systematically move through the array's six-note groupings. Over the course of the movement, Stravinsky crafts a dynamic relationship between the use of arrays and the repetition and variation of the pattern of layers.

The pattern in its original form begins with the contralto accompanied by some configuration of the flutes, strings, bass, and harp. Before the contralto begins its phrase, the bass and harp provide both the downbeat and a sustained pitch in the low register. The contralto is in its own layer. The contralto is soon joined by the flutes, which belong to the simultaneity layer. This layer is mostly made up of very long note values, which provide textural and harmonic support for the rhythmically active contralto. After the contralto has finished its phrase, the violins, viola, and cello, all of which belong to the simultaneity layer, join the flutes and punctuate the vocal statement with a short chord. The final layer is a solo trombone choir. This pattern has been summarized in the adjoining chart. Each repetition of the pattern suggests a reading and response between speaker (contralto) and congregation (instruments), which is appropriate for a movement from a requiem.

The first four instances of this pattern retain the same order of events. The remaining instances are modified. In the fifth instance, the simultaneity layer's punctuation of the contralto is significantly de-emphasized. The sixth instance is greatly expanded. The contralto sings an extended phrase, while the simultaneity and low melody layers trade off the accompaniment role. Stravinsky may have chosen to extend this section because this is a highly emotional point in the text, "Merciful Jesus, Lord, Grant them eternal rest." The contralto sings "amen" after a measure of rest. This dramatic pause leads listeners to anticipate the final cadence. The solo trombone choir completes the pattern and ends the movement.

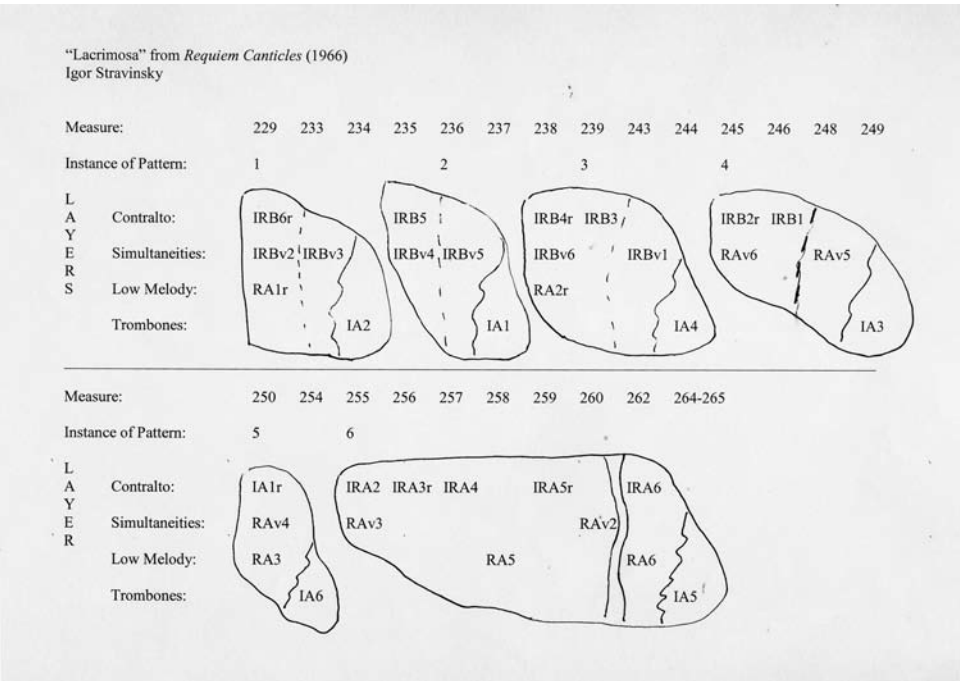
The pitch organization of the contralto complements both the exact repetition of the pattern and the sections in which the pattern is altered. As can be seen in the chart, the contralto works systematically through the IRB array (from IRB6R to IRB1). By the time this hexachordal array has been exhausted, the first four instances of the pattern have taken place. When the fifth instance begins, the contralto begins a new array (IRA). This array is not completed until the singing of "amen." The pitch organization of the contralto is in bipartite form. This bipartite form encompasses multiple instances of the pattern.

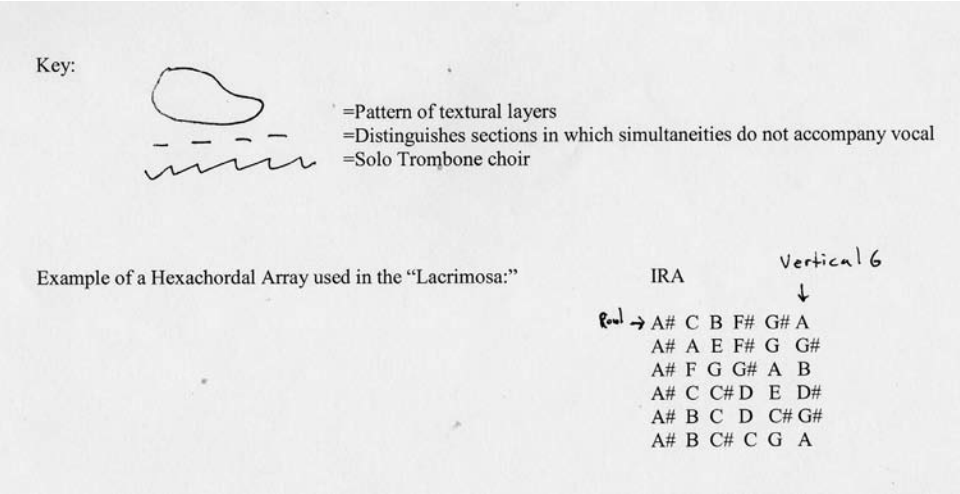
The simultaneity layer is similar to the contralto in that it uses two arrays (first IRBv and later RAv.) It should be made clear that while the contralto uses rows, the simultaneity layer uses vertical structures. It is notable that the simultaneity layer does not change

arrays at the same point as the contralto, but instead at the start of the fourth instance. This type of structural displacement is common throughout Stravinsky's music.

The low melody and trombone layers share similar systems of pitch organization. Both use only one hexachordal array (low melody: RA; trombones:IA.) These layers each move through the arrays in a unique way. The trombone layer follows a pattern which leaps through the rows of the array (ex: IA2; IA1; IA4; IA3), unlike the consecutive progressions found in the simultaneity layer (ex: IRBv2; IRBv3; IRBv4). The low melody layer operates in a consecutive fashion, but skips over a single row. Despite these idiosyncrasies, the consistent use of a single array helps to distinguish each layer.

It is difficult to succinctly characterize the relationship between pitch organization and form in Stravinsky's "Lacrimosa." The use of hexachordal arrays creates a situation in which pitch material is both static and changing. Although each layer moves through arrays at a slow pace, some using a single array for the entire movement, the specific row or vertical within that array is constantly changing.





The relationship of a single layer to the form is like a ball rolling down a staircase. The staircase represents the form, each stair being a repetition of the pattern, while the ball represents a hexachordal array, the changing surface which makes contact with the stair being the specific row or vertical. Each layer would require a separate ball. All the balls would be secured to an axle, so as to insure that they move at the same speed. The largest balls would belong to the trombone and low melody layers, which use only one array for the entire movement. Over the course of the stairs, these balls would complete one full rotation. The contralto and simultaneity layers are more complicated. They require smaller balls, which would complete their first full rotation at given points. To account for the way in which these layers change arrays, one could imagine a Rube Goldberg inspired invention in which the first balls trigger the release of other balls.

The multiplying requirements for this initially basic analogy demonstrate the inherent complexity of the relationship between form and texture and pitch organization. Despite this complexity, several points are very clear: the pitch organization helps to separate and define the layers; easily recognized reference points, which are not present in the pitch organization, are provided by the overall form; and the movement through arrays lends forward motion to the repeating pattern.

The Inheritance of Family

Laura Del Grosso

Course: Advanced Creative Writing (ENG 332)
Professor: John Parras, English
Student: Laura Del Grosso
Memoir: "The Inheritance of Family"

Assignment:
Laura's essay grew out of a response to the class's reading of Maxine Hong Kingston's non-fiction piece "No Name Woman," in which a Chinese-American woman speculates on the murky history of her great aunt's death. As a class we took a close look at several of Kingston's writing strategies: how Kingston creates drama in specific scenes, how she treats "family" as a social (rather than a merely personal) entity, and how she achieves intimacy with ancestors from whom she is removed by generations. For the writing assignment, I merely encouraged the students to employ some of the techniques we discussed in class in a creative non-fiction piece dealing with their own family.

Instructor's Comments:
Laura's essay struck me as wonderfully complex, not only in the extraordinary details of its family history but also in the author's mature attitude to the very concept of "family." Laura not only provides readers with scintillating and colorful particulars; she also frames the family stories in ways that illuminate what she has learned from them. Her wisdom shines through in the essay's sophisticated style, especially in the astute metaphors and analogies Laura employs throughout the piece—metaphors which are not merely stylistic flourishes but poetic embodiments of the essay's many wisdoms.

It is hard to grow up with half a family. It is a glass that never fills, a paper cup with a leak. I am lucky; my mother's side fills what my father's side drains. But even so, there is dysfunction so profound I cannot embrace it all. My family is populated with bad stories, good food, and family that bear no actual relation to me. They are borrowed, they are wonderful, they are surrogates; they are not mine.

* * * *

The history begins in the city, in a small neighborhood in the Country Club section of the Bronx, a brownstone off of Griswold Avenue with a bay window large enough to reflect the sun away, and a clothesline hung out the back so as not to air dirty laundry. This is the house where my grandmother raised her children, where my aunt would later raise her four children, where my mother would later live with her husband and daughters.

My grandmother, Lucia, was a small and fragile woman. A child of immigrant parents, she didn't have many friends, and instead clung to her family, rescue boats in a piranha-filled pool. She bore four children, two boys and two girls, eleven years apart from first to last. She held a soft spot for the oldest son, my uncle Louis. At twenty-six, he was taken from her by the swift hand of leukemia, leaving behind fear, confusion, and a wedding band with only six months worth of scratching on it.

Her oldest daughter—my mother, Josephine-Anna—was already married twelve years the summer her brother was buried. Her youngest daughter, my aunt Louise, was just beginning the train wreck of her adult life. The year was 1983, and my aunt was, at thirty-one, already a widow and the mother of three kids. She was living with my grandmother, had been for a while, and the strain of my young cousins underfoot could not have helped things. My grandfather, Vincenzo, was still alive, and for this I am grateful that my grandmother had someone. Her fourth and final child, my uncle Vincent, was twenty-three at that point, living at home and coming and going as he pleased, as most twenty-three-year-olds are apt to do.

Those were the years when the lines of family, logic, and the right way to do things would be blurred. My uncle Vincent will sometimes, on nights near midnight when we sit on his back deck in the summer air listening to the hum of the pool filter and smoking, tell me stories of my family. He is the key to many doors with rusty hinges.

* * * *

I sometimes think that my mother and my uncle Vincent—the oldest and the youngest, the brackets holding the family together— are the only ones who turned out all right. My uncle Louis is the pink elephant above the heads seated at the dinner table covered in plastic; no one speaks of him. My aunt Louise is the woman we are all in tacit agreement never to become. We are unified in these rituals, and yet there is my mother, standing under a Tiffany lamp as cigarette smoke swirls around the light bulbs, washing dishes and listening to the conversation. And there is my uncle, the perpetrator of the smoke, talking to fill the air, his voice rising into corners and scaring away the spiders and the demons. Through the two of them, light is shed on dim alleyways.

My uncle is a source of revelation regarding what I refer to as my mother's family (a hodgepodge of actual blood relatives, people married into the family, and the friends who became family). It is from him I learned that my Aunt Louise's dead husband was, in fact, a B-list gangster who became addicted to Percocet after a motorcycle accident, leaving his young wife with three little kids to pick up after until, finally, she called it a day and moved back in with her mother. He died a few years later of an apparently accidental drug overdose. He was in his late twenties. Uncle Vincent is the one who revealed to me Aunt Louise's tryst with a man (later charged by his subsequent wife with allegations of child molestation), resulting in my cousin Andrea. It is from my uncle that I learned my uncle Louis (uncle Vincent's best friend; not to be confused with his actual brother, my dead uncle Louis. Here is where the lines of family and might-as-well-be start to bleed together) had a sister when they were younger. Her name was Donna Lauria. If you

Google her, you will discover that she was the first victim of the ever-famous Son of Sam, a tale that chilled me indescribably upon hearing. This story was revealed to me when I, at seventeen, asked why uncle Louis decided to become a detective. Ever since that story, I am unable to sit in a parked car at night. My uncle is the one who told me the truth about my favorite cousin, Lenny— in the summer of 1994, he was mysteriously whisked away to Arizona for six years. When any of us asked where he was and why, we were told that he had suffered a sun stroke and gone to Arizona to live with Andrea's father. We were then told, upon his impending return, not to tease him for the scars on his face, that he had been in a bad car accident out there. The truth—and this is still difficult for me to both conceptualize and to admit— is that Lenny, at seventeen years old, stabbed an Albanian man to death in Morris Park. My uncle is the one who told me, as he casually sampled his homemade braggiole to make sure it was seasoned correctly, that my cousin Salvatore had been arrested on charges of racketeering, tax evasion, organized crime, extortion, and Murder: One. Needless to say, no one has seen Sal in about two years, and I doubt we will see him in the next two.

My uncle is the one who tells me stories of both my dead uncle Louis—apparently sweet, content with a sub-par life, married to what I'll call (for reasons of manners) a "mentally unstable" woman (who, after his death, remarried, had two kids, and divorced; and then raised her kids to think that my uncle was their father)— and stories of my father's family, who I liken to the Loch Ness Monster: I have heard that they exist, but have no proof. Between my uncle and my mother, I have pieced together a tapestry full of holes, blame pulling the thread from different angles, unraveling what was shoddy work to begin with. The only stories of my father's siblings I can be sure of are those of the present, and the one in the past that started it all.

* * * *

My father's mother died when I was just under a year old. There was, of course, a funeral: the usual proceedings of 3 viewings of the beautified corpse and the ceremonial planting of a rose-covered coffin. I'm sure there were tears and laughter and oft-repeated antics told once more at these viewings, but that is, of course, speculation.

As the tale goes, my father's stepfather (his own father having died when my father was eleven) banded with my father's brother and, together, they asked him, with hostility and politeness, to leave and take his family with him. This happened, allegedly, during the first ten minutes of the first viewing. It came as an obvious surprise, both to my father— humiliated, looking to his baby sister for help as she stood centered in the triangle of men, averting her eyes— and to the entirety of the wake congregation.

Italians don't turn their back on family. Ever.

Shamed, my passive-aggressive father, Thomas, herded his enraged wife and three daughters into the balmy, siren-filled Bronx night, his mind trying desperately to wrap around what had just happened.

It has been twenty two years since that night. My father's stepfather has long since died, his acid-dipped broken English silenced with his life. The truth of this man's evil? He and my grandmother had purchased plans to lie side by side for eternity; upon her death, he made it clear that he was involved with a woman who started out as his live-in nurse and ended up a whore to an old man. When he died, it was this woman he chose to be buried next to; my grandmother, for all of eternity, is alone. For nothing else, he will never be forgiven for that sin. If nothing else, this is the act that I will define him by and hold against him forever.

I have not ever met or even spoken to my father's brother, Anthony, though he lives a mere two hours south with his wife and two sons, each one year apart from me, in opposite directions. I have seen pictures of him; he bears a striking (but not altogether surprising) resemblance to my father. He is shorter, smaller, narrower— a lesser man in so many ways. He is a child, he is a slave to the feud of a man that has died.

My father, about ten years ago, had a massive heart attack— he underwent six triple bypasses, in one surgery. Family rushed in from every angle—my aunt Julie's (uncle Vincent's wife) three brothers, her parents, Dale and John, my grandma Lucia's neighbor from Griswold Avenue—they all made an appearance to thank God that my father was alive. That was the day my father's silent sister came forward to reconcile, after ten years with no contact. My father's brother? Well, he did not so much as call when his sister told him the news. He, who (geographically, anyway) was the closest. He, who lived in my father's shadow, emulating him, for the first half of his life. How do you not lift a finger when your only brother is so close to death that the very doctors who saved him cannot quite believe he is alive? I can only imagine how he passed the time, how he was able to look in the faces of his sons, two mirrors reflecting him and his brother in better days.

The older of the two tried, once, to contact me—his mother found out about it and immediately nixed our

budding friendship. I had respect for him until the moment I found that out. Years later, the younger forged a similar path, but he, like his father before him, was not mature enough to handle the skeletons of our family's vast and inky closets. It occurs to me that there have probably been times when I have innocently moved out of the way to make way for a stranger on the sand or boardwalk of the Jersey shore; it occurs to me that these strangers could very well have been my cousins, or their friends. We have mutual friends; it is likely we have met before, and had no idea that we had identical blood rushing to our heads from identical red cups.

My father's sister I have also never met. They speak; she is the informant to both sides of enemy lines. Her name is Elizabeth; she calls about important things like deaths, when it is too late for my father to act. She grew up, from all accounts, a problem child. She married a man when I was sixteen; this came as a surprise to my sisters. They say the last time they saw her, she had a girlfriend. She has since moved to Pennsylvania (where all of the weird people seem to end up), where she lives with her husband and a collection of goats. The goats are named. They sign the annual Christmas card, which my father quickly hides upon receipt. Elizabeth calls when she knows only my father is home. This was the unspoken agreement: if she came back, she was to come back in silence. The only noise that was to be heard was that of her tail swishing between her legs, shamed for what she had allowed to happen. Still, I know my mother will never forgive her.

It is I, the babbling infant at their last reunion, who is hurt immeasurably and inexplicably by their silence. I am driven by curiosity about them, and yet I hate them for what they have done to my father. I am the one who knows nothing. My sisters, eons older than me both in years and experience, have memories of them, memories of my mother's family and my father's family, together and apart. All I have are the stories, many of them gleaned from the dead, who obviously cannot assess details and refresh times and places.

Instead, I am left with a series of uncles who are not really my uncles, and a hole where half of a family should be.

* * * *

These are the times when we find out the faces that love take. At every meeting, I tell my uncle Chris and my uncle John (the older of my aunt Julie's three brothers, the uncles that were always there when I needed them) that if I could have chosen my family, I would have chosen them. I told their mother, Dale, that for years. When I think of family, of grandparents and aunts and uncles, the faces that pop into my head are not necessarily the ones that, according to biology, should. Those are the times I remember that I am the lucky one; that the trade up between invaluable and worthless was made before I had to choose. My sisters were not so lucky— they have memories to make them wonder what happened. I have only the silence to contend with—and in the silence, the ghosts are harder to see.

E.T.A. Hoffmann's "Mines of Falun": A Psychoanalytic Reading

Nichelle Horlacher

Course: Literature of Western Europe: Renaissance through Modern (ENG 306)
Professor: Jim Hauser, English
Student: Nichelle Horlacher
Analytic Essay: "E. T. A. Hoffmann's 'Mines of Falun': A Psychoanalytic Reading"

Assignment:
For this midterm essay, I offered ten options, the first nine of which were, I thought, interesting, precise, and even traditionally academic. As a last option I wrote, "create a subject of your own." This option, of course, produced the most interesting results.

Instructor's Comments:
In their uncanny strangeness, E. T. A. Hoffmann's stories—like Poe's—seem to defy straightforward narrative sense and straightforward literary explanations. In her essay Nichelle chose to apply one of the central literary theories—psychoanalytic criticism—studied in "Methods of Literary Analysis," the English Department's Portal Course, in order to explain the mysteries and inconsistencies of "Mines of Falun."

What a masterful use of Freud's ideas we see in this essay. Nichelle never gets bogged down in presenting Freud's constructs, and she uses his theory with precision and an impressive degree of complexity. I was especially impressed by her final paragraph, in which she steps back from her detailed Freudian reading in order to consider the tension between death and love, cynicism and hope, in this strange story. Lucid and beautifully written, this is a very fine undergraduate essay.

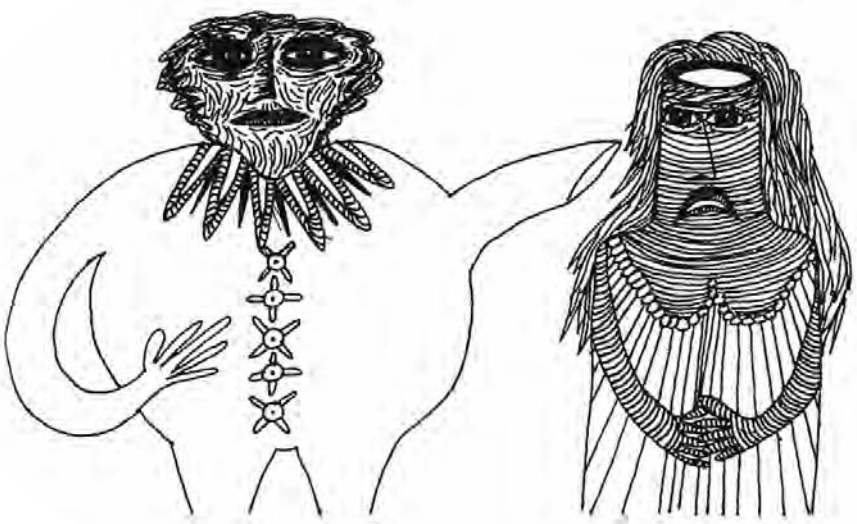
Exploring the abysmal depths of the human mind can truly be mesmerizing, and in his short story, "The Mines of Falun," E. T. A. Hoffmann shows he is not afraid to vanish in caverns of thought. The story chronicles young Elis Froebom's journey from being part of the free-spirited sailing world to working in a dark mine. He becomes engaged to his love Ulla but ultimately retreats to the mine, succumbs to his impulses, and dies. It is of crucial importance to remember that Elis is all alone in the world, as his entire family is dead. He is especially distraught due to the loss of his mother. Because of his solitude, the unconscious purpose of his journey begins to take shape for the reader early on: Elis is trying to replace what he has lost. After retreating to the mine, he

begins to lose his ability to distinguish between reality and hallucinations or dreams, simultaneously creating conflict and ensnaring himself between two different worlds: fantasy and reality. Luckily for him, each world is equipped with a replacement mother and father figure. Due to the characters' complexities and overall depth of the work, this story easily lends itself to psychoanalytic criticism. In exploring the unconscious desires manifested in Elis's reality and dreams, Freudian theories such as the death drive and oedipal complex can be applied. The application of psychoanalysis becomes even more interesting when concepts of the id, ego, and superego are applied to the main characters.

Our story begins "one, bright sunny day in July…[with] a fine East Indiaman, happily returned from her long voyage" (Hoffmann 298). This event was such a grand spectacle that "the whole population of Goethaborg was assembled at the harbor" (298). The reader first sees Elis in the midst of this reverie, "sitting alone outside, on the bench at the door of the tavern" (299) while all the other sailors celebrate being home by drinking too much liquor and being too loose with women. Shortly after we meet Elis, he openly expresses his desire to die: "Oh, I wish I were deep, deep beneath the sea! for there's nobody left in the wide, wide world that I can be happy with now" (300). While sailing, the thought of returning home to his mother and giving her little trinkets pleased and comforted the homesick young man. Due to the loss of his entire family in such a short time, Elis is faced with a completely new level of loneliness. Unfortunately, his self-pitying session is cut short by "an old miner" (300) named Torbern, whom Elis shares his story with.

Hoffman uses Torbern's character to reflect both a paternal figure in the fantasy world and the id. During their first encounter, in a state resembling reality rather than fantasy, Torbern asserts his authority over Elis by constantly referring to him as "youngster." The continuous reminder of their age difference reflects an unbalanced power dynamic/generation gap between the two men, much like that which forms between a parent and child, in this case between a father and son. Hoffmann also asserts Torbern's authority by describing him as "the old miner." Using "the" further emphasizes Torbern's craft and skill for mining. He suggests that Elis go out and be "a miner." By doing so, Torbern again shows his fatherly role, as it was common in the past for sons to learn their father's trades for a living. Torbern recognizes that the id is a strong force and its impulses are hard to deny. By realizing he was too weak to overcome his desires for the underground, he became strong enough to recruit new miners there. Later, he will also use this power to take advantage of Elis at his most vulnerable.

After that awkward encounter, Elis tries to sleep but instead has his first dream/hallucination. In it, he was "sailing…on a sea of calm" (302) when suddenly the water turned to crystal. Elis is "standing upon" it, only to be coerced by Torbern into looking at the Metal Queen, the substitute matriarch in the fantasy realm. Elis believes he sees and hears his mother calling to him, but realizes it is a young and beautiful woman who Torbern later says is the Metal Queen. He warns Elis to "be faithful to the queen who [he] ha[s] devoted [him]self to" (303). The female presence emphasizes Torbern's status both as the father and id. According to Freud's oedipal



theory, the child unconsciously wants to eliminate the parent of the same sex in order to dispose of the competition for the opposite sex parent's affections. The dream acts as a mirror reflecting three things. First, we see Elis's unconscious desires to return to a simpler time, a time when he had a family and was certain about being a sailor. Now he is alone and considering a new career in mining. Second, the dream shows us that Elis has a questionable (sexual) attachment to his mother. Third, we see Elis as the ego, trying to soothe the superego and id. Since, according to Freud, dreams are a window into one's unconscious concerns/desires, it is almost as though this first dream is a harbinger of the horrific events soon to unfold. After he wakes up in the "real" world, Elis tries to rationalize with himself, demonstrating that he is still able to function on a somewhat "normal" societal level.

Because of the dream, Elis decides to look for work in a mine and unknowingly exacerbates his inner conflict by meeting his father and mother/lover replacements in reality. Elis finds work with a relatively kind man named Pehrson Dahlsjoe. He has a beautiful daughter, Ulla, who Elis is immediately attracted to. During his first trip deep into the mines, Elis is "shrouded in thick, sulphurous vapor," (309) which contributes to his second vision. Again, Torbern is an essential ingredient in Elis's dream. This time he berates Elis, saying he has no place

in the world, neither in the mine nor above ground. This particular vision is revealing, as Torbern says Elis will always be an abomination to the Metal Prince. The "Prince" could be Elis's alter-ego, his secret aspiration. Both of them battle for the Queen's love. This illustrates the idea that Elis is responsible for his own downfall, that Elis is holding himself back. In the real world Dahlsjoe is concerned with Elis's ghostly appearance after this dream trip, but attributes it to his fledgling status as a miner. As time passes, Dahlsjoe begins to regard Elis as "a son" (311). He is much more open about asserting his patriarchal role than Torbern, but this makes Elis uncomfortable. Even though he favors Elis, Dahlsjoe nonetheless plays a cruel joke on him involving Ulla. He tricks Elis into believing that Ulla is to be married to someone else and that Elis will be left alone in the house to tend to Dahlsjoe as he ages. Elis is so distraught by Ulla's engagement that "he r[u]n[s] out, out of the house, away to the great mine shaft" (311). After reaching the mine, he has another hallucination relating to the motherly, intoxicatingly beautiful Metal Queen. She comforts Elis by embracing him, as a mother often does with her child. After this experience, he appears to others as "stone" (311), hardened by the loss of Ulla and being torn away from his fantasy. However, fantasy becomes reality when Dahlsjoe confesses Ulla is not engaged and she loves Elis. Shortly after, the two do become engaged.

This engagement/wedding further illustrates each character's fulfillment of their assigned place in Freud's structural model. For a brief period, Ulla fulfills the role of the superego, in addition to beloved, and is able to squelch Elis's desires for his mother. While she is somewhat of a mother figure, Ulla is also representative of the superego because she pleads with Elis not to go back into the mine; simultaneously, the superego is responsible for "moral [decisions]" (Bressler). She is clear that his beliefs in the miner, the mines, and the Queen will destroy him. She tries to reason with her fiancée, but it is no use. Indirectly, Torbern's role as the id becomes clearer here. His strong desire for Elis to venture down into the depths is in direct contrast to Ulla's wishes for him to stay above. The id and superego are more often than not in direct conflict with one another. Torbern encourages negative behavior, regardless of the consequences. For Elis, the conflicted ego, marriage is used as a way to satisfy the id and superego.

As their wedding day draws closer, Elis goes back to working in the mines but after he comes up from being underground, his vision is unclear and he is noticeably a changed man to those around him. While his bride-to-be bustles about discussing "the happiness of their future together" (313), Elis discusses the mines and how the Queen speaks directly to him by sending him rocks with secret messages. The Queen becomes the third person in the relationship. Because Elis never got to bid his mother an official farewell, he will never be able to suppress his underlying desire for her. On their actual wedding day, Elis informs his young fiancée that he has to go to the mine to find the "sparkling almandine, on which the table of [their] lives is graven" (314). This event echoes the age-old adage, "Mother knows best." If Elis is able to get down to the mine, find the gem, and bring it back up to Ulla, the young couple "shall see and understand the peculiar manner in which [their] hearts and souls have grown together into the wonderful branch that shoots from the queen's heart" (314). The Metal Queen was trying to safeguard him against a poor match, but, sadly, this final trip into the mine took Elis's life.

After applying basic psychological principles to the story, it becomes clear that Hoffmann doubts man's innate goodness and ability to overcome temptation, as we see in Elis's tragic demise. Who can really blame Hoffmann? However, it must be noted that his attitude is not completely cynical. Ulla pined over Elis for fifty years and she did not go unrewarded. Despite the fact that Elis was unable to triumph over his inappropriate desires during life, the couple was reunited in death and Ulla is reunited with the man she refers to as "husband" (315). Despite Elis's fragmented sense of self and lack of identity, Ulla gives him an identity as her husband. The fact that the only way the conflict can be resolved is through death reemphasizes Elis's role as a romantic hero. In the end, whether it is the sinewy tangles of insanity, or even death's icy grip, love triumphs over all.

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Reducing Employee Turnover to Reduce Costs

Scott Veenema

Course: Human Resources Planning and Development (MGT 315)
Professor: Richard De Luca, Marketing and Management Sciences
Student: Scott Veenema
Research Essay: "Reducing Employee Turnover to Reduce Costs"

Assignment:
Your second assignment is the preparation of a research report on some topic related to Human Resources Management. By now you have either selected a topic from the list I provided or chosen one of your own which I have reviewed and approved.

Work with this scenario: The topic you chose was actually assigned to you by your manager. Your research report should therefore be designed to educate your manager on the subject, AND include recommendations which might apply to your organization.

Follow the instructions contained in the enclosed "Research Report Guidelines".

Instructor's Comments:
I was particularly impressed by Scott's paper for several reasons: first, his topic is very timely at this moment because when a good employee quits, it's very hard to find a qualified replacement, plus the loss of all that employee's knowledge and skills.

Secondly, Scott clearly explained why turnover is undesirable and harmful to an organization. Then he gave a number of useful suggestions regarding techniques which could reduce turnover.

His paper was extremely well written and documented throughout. He followed to the "t" my instructions about business writing: make it Clear, Concise, and Complete. (Something I learned when a freshman at NYU!)

Introduction

Employees are the life blood of any company. Whether it is a fortune 500 company with five thousand employees over twenty different countries or your local "mom and pop" bakery, employees are what keep businesses running. Without them production and profits would come to a screeching stop. Employee turnover can be described as the "silent killer" of business productivity, and for that reason has caught the eye of upper management and human resource managers. This paper will discuss the costs associated with employee turnover and some possible solutions for reducing employee turnover.

Costs of Employee Turnover

This section will introduce some of the costs incurred by employers due to employee turnover. It is estimated that the total cost of replacing an employee is 30% of the replaced employee's yearly salary (Campbell, p.3). For example, if an employee quits earning $100,000 a year, the cost associated with replacing that employee will be $30,000. Some even go as far as to report employee turnover costs at 150% the employee's annual salary (Bliss, p. 1). Using this data, assuming the average salary of an employee is $50,000 a year, the cost of replacing one employee would be $75,000. For a mid-size company of 10,000 employees with an annual turnover rate of about 10%, this would bring the annual employee turnover costs to $75 million! The following will break down some of those costs.

Recruitment

In any business, cutting cost is the most effective way of increasing profits and stockholder value. Employee turnover is a cost which greatly reduces profits. To illustrate, think of what new employees go through in order to become effective assets to the company. First and foremost the company sends out ads in order to fill vacant positions. This is the beginning of the hiring process. In a recent study it was found that over $5.3 billion was spent by companies placing employment ads in newspapers, and over $5.9 billion on online ads (Mutter). While some of this is to fill newly created jobs due to a growing company, the majority is to fill positions that were left open in the wake of an employee leaving. This is only one of the costs companies incur when hiring new employees.

Other costs associated with recruitment are administrative expenses such as receiving and reviewing resumes submitted by potential candidates, the interviewing process, orientation, and updating Human Resource databases. All of these costs are simply spent on recruiting replacement employees. Next, you must train them.

Training

While some new employees may have experience in the industry, all will need at least some training towards their particular job, even if it may be only company orientation or teaching them company software. Employees must also be taught company culture; given information on benefits, compensation, vacation time, and organizational structure; and shown the ins and outs of working at the company. This process can be time consuming and with every minute the employee is in training that is one minute lost in productivity.

Loss in Productivity

In order for a company to be productive, every employee must be present and motivated to work effectively and efficiently. This will increase profits. Once an employee has made a conscious decision to quit his or her current job, the motivation has gone and loss in

productivity has arrived. An employee who is leaving will be distracted and not work effectively or efficiently. Other factors for losses in productivity include the time period before a replacement can be found and placed on the job, the time spent training the new employee rather than completing work, and time spent for coworkers to help on the job training and completion of work while the position was vacant (Meyer). All of these factors contribute to the loss of production and decrease profits.

Other Costs

There are many more contributing factors in the costs associated with employee turnover. Public relations costs can be associated with a company having a large number of voluntary or involuntary terminations in the community. This may cause bad publicity and hurt shareholder value. Companies may lose market share by having key employees hired by competitors and feeding them trade and industry secrets. Finally, loss of employees may increase unemployment insurance costs.

To give further evidence of all of these costs, Cascio, a company in the health industry, calculated that the cost of replacing 288 employees per year (in a hospital with 200 beds employing 1200 persons with a turnover rate of 2% per month) was $2,888,295.52 when all costs were analyzed (Griffeth, p. 476). Moreover, a recent *Business Week* study estimated that the replacement costs alone are over $10,000 for about half of all jobs regardless of compensation (Bernstein, p.67). These examples highlight the considerable costs that can be associated with employee turnover. The question now is how to reduce it.

Reducing Employee Turnover

Executives and upper management will always be looking for ways to cut cost, and with costs associated with employee turnover being so high, why not start there. As shown, costs of employee turnover for a mid-sized company can be over $75 million a year. A great way to cut costs is to reduce employee turnover, but how?

Hiring

The opportunity to reduce employee turnover and overall costs starts with the hiring process. In fact, 80% of employee turnover can be attributed to mistakes made during the hiring process (Young, p. 3). These mistakes are costing companies millions of dollars every year. Management is making crucial mistakes during the hiring process that are putting the wrong people in these jobs. A Michigan State University study found that traditional hiring and recruitment methods are highly vulnerable to data distortion and falsification. Resumes are often exaggerated, references are groomed, and interviews are skewed by relying heavily on first impressions. These techniques have a likelihood of a successful job hire only 14% of the time, and have led to a workforce of 83% of employees being dissatisfied with their current positions and seeking new employment (Shehan, p. 1).

Modern hiring and recruitment techniques can be utilized to obtain a successful job hire 75% of the time (Michigan State University)! These techniques include on-line applications and interviews, integrity screenings, profile assessments, job matching benchmarks, and background verifications. Managers should have a clear idea of the types of people they need to hire for each position by writing a detailed job description and committing themselves to hiring the most qualified candidates. Managers can also use online assessments to obtain analyses of the candidate's strengths and weaknesses. Using modern hiring techniques will more effectively allow the correct candidates to be hired, and will greatly reduce employee turnover (Michigan State University).

Non-Financial Compensation

Employees need to be attracted to their work. The work must appeal to their interests if they are to be motivated and productive. Nothing interests an employee more than the number one reason for having a job… compensation. Money is something everyone needs to survive and it is a big motivation factor for employees to stay at a company. However, simply raising the salary level may not appeal to them enough. This is especially prevalent in minimum or low-wage businesses that may not be able to implement pay raises. Therefore, non-financial compensation such as scheduling flexibility, discounts, and ongoing training are excellent alternatives and great ways to persuade employees to stay with the company. This will greatly reduce employee turnover (National Federation of Independent Business, p. 1).

Team Building

If companies wish to improve employee turnover, one key element to their management style must include team building. Just as a sports team works together and motivates one another, a business team can motivate each other and become loyal to one another and to the company. Experts have noted that morale is higher and turnover lower in close-knit groups than in loosely knit ones (Strauss, p. 592). Promoting teamwork will satisfy motivational needs of employees and encourage them to stay loyal to their team. Teams encourage the drive to achieve and satisfy the desire to affiliate with each other.

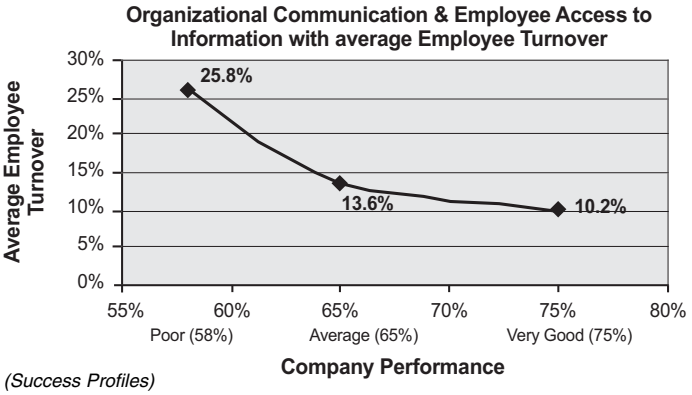
Team building will complement each employee as well. If the employee feels they are part of a team which has goals and expectations, the feelings of loneliness and separation from the company, which cause high employee turnover rates, will be reduced. The employees can rely on one another to help with difficult and challenging tasks and praise each other for accomplishments and work done well. Loyalty to the team is loyalty to the company (Umiker).

Teams will also bring higher profits. Hiring an employee who holds all of the key components to be a successful employee is rare. Everyone has different strengths and weaknesses. A team can incorporate individuals who can use their strengths to benefit the

team and rely on other teammates to use their strengths. Having a team that is able to use many strengths can accomplish much more than many individuals with many weaknesses. This will bring effectiveness and efficiency to the workforce and increase profits which will be more appealing to employees and persuade them to stay with the company.

Increased Communication

Communication is the key to any relationship. This is also the case in company relationships. Employee turnover can be drastically reduced by better communication between management and employees. In a study done by Success Profiles, organizational communication was found to increase a company's performance and decrease the employee turnover rate. This was measured by the companies being divided into three groups. Over the course of two years, participating companies submitted financial data and employee turnover figures. A correlation analysis was performed to determine the significant relationships that occur between business practices (increased organizational communication) and financial outcomes. Each group's average employee turnover was plotted against its Communication and Access to Information score. The results show that companies demonstrating poor communication had nearly twice the employee turnover as those companies who demonstrated effective organizational communication (Success Profiles).



(Success Profiles)

This study proves that an effective way to reduce employee turnover is to increase and improve organizational communication within the company. These findings should motivate all companies to improve their communication. Managers should not withhold bad news and should be willing to admit their mistakes. By providing regular instruction in problem solving and listening to the feedback given by employees, companies can increase their positive organizational communication. Even going as far as having a sense of humor and celebrating employee accomplishments can have drastic effects on the quality of communication (Umiker, p. 3). All of these suggestions will increase communication, increase morale, and reduce employee turnover.

Conclusion

With employee turnover rates and costs levels at what they are today, companies are throwing millions of dollars away on something that is correctable and avoidable. Correcting these costs begins with the hiring process. The termination of traditional hiring techniques and the adoption of modern ones will increase successful job hiring by over 60% (Michigan State University). Non-financial compensation such as scheduling flexibility, discounts, and ongoing training will increase employee retention by rewarding employees for hard work and company loyalty. Team building brings an even greater company loyalty by putting many individuals with limited strengths into a team that feeds off the strengths of others to increase employee effectiveness and efficiency and increase profitability. A profitable company is a company employees will want to stay a part of. Finally, increasing organizational communication between management and employees will bring the company together as a whole. Effective communication reduces the average annual employee turnover by 10% (Success Profiles). The use of all of these suggestions will increase company morale, profits, and loyalty. More importantly, they will reduce costs to the company associated with employee turnover, and increase employee retention.

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The Power of Language in "Mysterious Kôr" and "Dulce et Decorum Est"

Amanda Muench

Course: Modern British Literature (ENG 318)
Professor: Barbara Suess, English
Student: Amanda Muench
Analytic Essay: "The Power of Language in "Mysterious Kôr" and "Dulce et Decorum Est'"

Assignment:
Compare and contrast the ways in which two or three authors represent the power of language to promote individual, social, and/or political change. Consider, for instance, who has a voice and who doesn't in given texts and why.

Be sure to use lots of "textual evidence" (especially direct quotations) to support your ideas and to include in your discussion whichever of the formal literary elements of the text (e.g., symbolism, characterization, diction, structure, metaphors, setting, etc.) help to support your argument about it.

Instructor's Comments:
Amanda chose for the focus of her analysis two richly complex, at times elusively difficult, texts of war literature and went on to discuss them in such a way that, in spite of my familiarity with them, I saw them in a new light. Amanda is particularly adept at providing a close reading of the ways in which the authors subtly guide the reader's attention in order to develop an image meant to lead the reader to a psychological truth and to build an argument. More specifically, she lucidly and articulately delineates how Bowen employs a change of perspective in her story in order to explore the complicated inner lives of two distinctive individuals who share not only an apartment but the experience of living in World War Two London. She then goes on to explore with equal eloquence how Owen uses structure, imagery, and irony in his anti-war poem in order to "arouse emotions on a mass enough scale to allow social growth." As I noted in my original comments on Amanda's paper, "This is truly impressive!"

Language is used in writing as a powerful tool, which can shift the reader's emotional focus and convey different ideas through specific wording, structure, or the use of varied and/or single perspectives. Through these elemental tactics, writers can enrich the meaning of the text as well as the characters they are describing, or stimulate changes in thinking among readers. Examples of the skillful representation of language in a text include Wilfred Owen's "Dulce Et Decorum Est" and Elizabeth Bowen's "Mysterious Kôr."

The immediate element in the latter piece that struck me was the shift of perspective. The beginning is a vague, third-person omniscient point-of-view that later changes primarily into Callie's view—and the marked transition is, initially, unsettling to the reader. However, there does seem to be a connection with the way Bowen chose to change perspectives and the meaning of the story, as well as similarities between the two perspectives.

The opening of "Mysterious Kôr" is clearly an outside perspective. The streets of London are described in detail, the people mentioned not by name but by occupation (wardens, soldiers, Frenchmen), "but for a girl and a soldier who, by their way of walking, seemed to have no destination but each other and to be not quite certain even of that" (2809). This gives the reader a sense of watching, unseen, the couple in the street. Bowen pointedly does not describe the individuals' clothing, only that "he" is tall and "she" is little (2809), indicating that the outside "viewer," so to speak, seems to be observing from a relatively far distance.

To open this way allows Bowen to first describe the scene of London at this moment in history. If she had hurtled the reader immediately into Pepita or Arthur's consciousness, it would have been less practical to then take note of all the details of the setting—and the reasons behind the strange quiet of the streets. Presumably, the characters have been living this way for quite some time, and (as we later see) are not in awe of the blackened windows, the soldiers meandering about, and the ghost-town feel of the city. They have simply come to expect this. In fact, once the reader *is* allowed into the character's subconscious, the only abnormality they seem to feel worth contemplating is the glaring brightness of the moonlight. Even the inclusion of this small detail, and the characters' separate reactions to it, could be interpreted as a tactical method in enhancing the story's meaning.

In particular, Callie, upon extinguishing her bedside lamp, had a memorable encounter with the moon. As she lies awake waiting for her flat-mate and guest to return home, she mistakenly believes the moonlight to be dangerous—a searchlight, peering into her blackened window. "At once she knew something was happening—outdoors, in the street, the whole of London, the world" (2813). This reaction to the light perfectly illustrates to the reader what kind of world Callie has been living in, one in which she instinctually experiences bright light as something to fear. More than that, it represents the unknown—such as the ghost-city of "Mysterious Kôr," or perhaps even London itself.

The moon, and Callie's feelings regarding its intrusion into her home, might even be construed as a metaphor for her feelings about Arthur. Like her initial reaction to the moonlight, Callie "shrank from sharing this flat with a young man" (2812). However, upon actually meeting

Arthur, she seems fascinated, staring for what seems to be a little too long, almost in the same way she stares at the moon after realizing what it is. "[Her] candid eyes since she entered had not left Arthur's face" (2814).

The metaphor, perhaps, can extend to Pepita as well. Unlike Callie's magical interest in the moon, Pepita is quite negative—responding at a few intervals that there was "Too much of it" and "We can't sleep in all this moon" (2815). What seems to be suggested is that Pepita cannot sleep beside Callie, with Arthur next-door behind the thin wall, and that perhaps there are simply too many people in the flat. In the same way that Arthur is intruding on Callie's home, Callie is an invasion of Pepita's lovers' reunion.

Callie's middle-of-the-night meeting with Arthur expands on this, albeit to a lesser extent. The meeting occurs after the moonlight had faded, and much of their conversation takes place under the glow of only her lamp and his cigarette. He is uncomfortable with the darkness, promptly asking Callie to turn on a light. This jumpy response seems to be highlighting his status as a soldier, as he needs to see what is in front of him to discern possible danger.

In the absence of the moon, Callie's attitude alters as well, and she can seemingly no longer affect the persona of a gracious host. But when Arthur refers to the previous fullness of the moon as "hers" (2817), Callie is inexplicably flattered that he remembered. In addition, if the moon represents Arthur himself, what could really have been said is that *he* is hers—not in the romantic sense, but in the way that he is really *her* guest, not Pepita's. It is Callie's flat (as mentioned earlier in the story, she pays most of the rent), and she is not the intruder—Pepita and Arthur are intruding on her.

This connects to Bowen's shift of perspective as well. As the reader is an outsider in the first few pages of the story, Callie is an outsider to Pepita and Arthur's love. As we observed them on the quiet, moonlight-bathed streets of London during wartime, Callie observes them in the smaller space of the flat. Bowen, in a way, gives the reader a sense of "being" Callie, watching two lovers interact but remaining, essentially, superfluous to their action. Another reason why Bowen might have chosen to do this is because Callie's mind is focused enough to relate the occurrences in the story. Pepita, though integral to the plot, is not really "there"—she's in Kôr.

"Mysterious Kôr" is created so that Pepita can escape the world she lives in presently, to be alone with Arthur. Through the eyes of Callie, the reader can see that Kôr is indeed, a fictional place, whereas in the world of Pepita and Arthur, Kôr is a place that their minds slip in and out of. As Pepita dreams of Kôr, she even unconsciously slaps Callie—pushing her away from the precious ghost-city of her mind. As Arthur explains to Callie, "When two people have got no place, why not want Kôr, as a start?" (2817).

Another use of very powerful language in a text comes from a largely different piece, "Dulce Et Decorum Est," by Wilfred Owen. More obviously than Elizabeth Bowen, Owen uses language, whether consciously or unconsciously, to arouse emotions on a mass enough scale to allow social growth. In the face of what seems like a glorified, romantic tale of war, this poem is the record of what war is like in reality. The meaning of the title, "Dulce Et Decorum Est," repeats in the last two lines—"sweet and fitting it is to die for your fatherland" (2348, footnotes). The structure of this poem, and the way Owen reiterates the lines both in the title and at the end, enforces the idea that these words are something he may have been accustomed to hearing—words that were often repeated, most likely by figures of authority.

The simplest interpretation of the piece is that it emerges from someone who, perhaps, was told "Dulce et decorum est pro patri mori" as an argument for becoming a solider—and now, after experiencing war, is talking back to the figure who had spoke the words to him. There are several literary elements that make this meaning effective—for example, choosing to write in the first-person.

> Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
> As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
> (Owen, 2343 lines 13-14)

If he had, instead, used "he" instead of I—"he saw him drowning", or simply "he was drowning"—the reader's emotional response might have been less forthcoming. The echoing use of "I" is a constant reminder that the speaker of the poem is relating real events, and that the graphic incidents in the poem happened not to some "other" person. The first-person usage, as well as the detailed descriptions of death, may be Owen's protest against the previous idea of vague otherworldliness that was present in other accounts of war.

The final stanza appeals directly to people who know nothing of war, but lecture about it with vague, high praise. Again, this also is a deliberate selection of words to help change the minds of people during this time.

> If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
> Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs…
> My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
> To children ardent for some desperate glory,
> The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
> Pro patria mori.
> (2348-2349)

Whether or not he knows to whom he is speaking, Owen is talking directly to *someone*. Most likely, it doesn't matter exactly who the last stanzas are addressed to. Any person reading the poem who has, perhaps, told someone the "old lie" will feel a pang of regret—if the poem is to have its desired effect. Since the words are in Latin, we might assume that the person Owen calls "you" is a bishop, or some other high authority figure.

However, he does address this person as "friend"—this could be a sarcastic term-of-endearment, but it is

possible that Owen is not trying to be hateful. He probably isn't trying to disgust the reader with the detailed descriptions of his comrade dying of poisonous gas, but simply attempting to enlighten those who misled him.

An additional aspect of this poem that makes it effective is the contrast between the events of the war, and the blasé statement that it is sweet to die for one's country. Since it is the title, readers have the sentiment in the back of their minds throughout the entire gruesome and heart-wrenching poem. Often when people are expressing or arguing a point, they will press the issue and ignore others' opinions. However, Owen does *not* ignore the opposing view of war, and instead uses it to his advantage. The Latin words become much more egregious in the light of "Someone still was yelling out…flound'ring like a man in fire or lime" (2348, line 11). If the poem left out the "old lie," we would only be left with an image-rich poem of war, but with little meaning.

On the other hand, if Owen's descriptions were underdeveloped, then the contrast would fall flat. He uses the language to evoke powerful images and emotions as one is reading. His depiction of the gassing, for instance, creates a hectic mood early: "Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!" (2349, line 9). Owen is relating exactly what someone might have yelled during the episode, rather than simply stating "Someone screamed that there was gas in the vicinity." (A tactic that, most likely, no well-known poet would use). Also, in the same stanza, his sentences are shorter, more disjointed—paralleling the emotions the speaker must have felt.

Lastly, one subtle device worth mentioning is Owen's capitalization of the word "Lie" (2349, line 27). Of course, it is obvious after having read the poem that "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" is a lie—but Owen chose to capitalize it anyway. Perhaps he is emphasizing that to present this heroic sentiment to youths desperate for glory is nothing *less* than a lie. Whoever is telling this to prospective soldiers is not just bending the truth, or sugar-coating—or even simply ignorant—they are willfully lying.

Through these examples of language used in the early-mid 20th century, we can see that literary devices were not merely used as an artistic method of expression. During these times, and still today, literature—whether it be novels, short prose, or poetry—is utilized in ways that hope to add meaning to modern life and change the ways of the world.

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The Dreams and Struggles of an American Latina

Cecilia Montano

Course: Latina Testimonios: Ethnographies, Memoirs, and Poetry (WS 335/ANTH 335/LAS 336)
Professor: Elena Sabogal, Women's Studies
Student: Cecilia Montano
Ethnographic Essay: "The Dreams and Struggles of an American Latina"

Assignment:
For your second assignment you will write an analysis of a testimonio based on an interview with a Latina. In writing this paper you should contextualize the person's background and experience and provide an in-depth analysis of the themes explored during the interview. In addition your paper should include connections to the books and articles assigned in this class. During week 4 of the semester we will discuss in class how to conduct the interview and how to write your paper.

The interview paper should be 8-10 double-spaced pages. You will need to transcribe your interview and submit the notes to me via blackboard. At the end of the semester, you will share with the class your research findings.

Instructor's Comments:
Cecilia registered in my Latina Testimonios class because she was interested in learning about her Latin American roots. She also wanted to know more about the reasons immigrant women have to leave their families and countries behind. In this paper, Cecilia analyzes the story of Judith, an immigrant from El Salvador. Cecilia conducted the interview with Judith in Spanish. The paper was originally written in English and Spanish because Cecilia wanted Judith's voice to be heard without mediation. Cecilia presented a compelling and moving testimonio by providing the context for us to understand not only Judith's but other immigrants' experiences in the United States. I feel Cecilia did a wonderful job linking the story of Judith to the plight of other immigrants from Latin America who were forced to leave their countries because of political violence and economic hardships and who then came to the United States in search of a better life.

I strongly believe that God set a path for Judith and me to meet; for me to hear her story. I feel I was able to learn from her experiences, and want to share with others how the power of perseverance took her to very far places.

She is a visionary, influential, and a strong spirited woman. Judith, my new found inspiration, has allowed me to explore the many paths and struggles of

Latinos who are in the pursuit of the "American Dream."

Judith currently lives in Newark, New Jersey, the home of many Latinos who immigrated there in search of better opportunity. According to the Census Bureau, 42.6% of the population in Newark are foreign born, and 29.5% are of Hispanic or Latino origin. Driving into Newark, I was immediately swallowed by a culture unique to many Latino urban communities; loud music, people gathering outside laughing, children riding their bikes recklessly in and out of traffic, bodegas, and Don Jose's mechanic shop were all elements surrounding Judith's home. Judith was kind enough to wait for me outside while I looked for parking. She was standing in front of the nicest house on the block. She had a garden blooming with lavish exotic flowers and her grass looked freshly mown. Greeting me with a warm embrace, Judith welcomed me into her home. The smell of homemade Spanish cooking immediately engulfed my senses. Later I would learn that it took Judith blood, sweat, and tears to earn the nicest home on the block.

Born in El Salvador, Judith's journey to Newark is definitely one to remember. She arrived in the United States at the age of thirty, and had left many experiences behind her. Judith began to explain to me her childhood and her relationship with her parents. She grew up in an unfortunate household in Delgado, El Salvador. As a child, she witnessed her father's struggle with alcohol addiction and observed the struggles her mother endured as a result of his addiction. Judith explains how her mother's suffering gave her a reason to fight for her own family's welfare:

> *My father destroyed himself with addiction and my mother was left to struggle alone. Seeing my mother struggle, I always saw what it meant to suffer and work hard, so I said to myself I had to find a way to help her. Early in the mornings, I would go around neighborhoods helping people with their chores and the money or food they gave me I would split amongst my younger siblings.*

In addition to her broken home, Judith's country was suffering severely from political destruction. For decades after its independence, El Salvador experienced numerous revolutions and wars against other Central American republics. From 1931 to 1979 El Salvador was ruled by a series of military dictatorships (Gentleman 90). At the time Judith was living in Delgado, an increasing conflict between Honduras and El Salvador began to emerge, also known as the "football war". Gentleman (1987) states that as the political situation deteriorated, the Honduran government and some private groups came increasingly to place blame for the nation's economic problems on the approximately 300,000 undocumented Salvadoran immigrants in Honduras. This produced growing labor conflicts and political unrest in El Salvador. Judith, whose family lived in fear of the rebels attacking local neighborhoods, also feared becoming homeless. Judith left school at a very young age to work in jobs that have damaged her mentally, emotionally, and physically:

> *In one's country, sometimes the rich take advantage of the poor. I had cruel jobs and I never told my mother because I knew she wouldn't understand. Employers wanted to abuse my character so I had to leave many jobs. I would always take care of myself but one day I got raped.*

Violence towards woman in El Salvador, especially lower class woman, is very prevalent. The war and the social and economic crisis that accompanied it had an enormous impact. As Kevin Murray (1995) states, domestic violence is so widespread that, according to the

office of the Attorney General, 8 out of 10 Salvadoran homes are the scene of some sort of family violence: physical, sexual or psychological. At the time of the 1971 census, one third of 14 year old females had already experienced at least one pregnancy (Murray 147). As a young girl, Judith faced the pressures of being an uneducated mother and did not have enough money to support herself or her first born. According to Murray, female unemployment in El Salvador is one third higher than male unemployment, and the statistics for underemployment show a similar trend. Furthermore, studies also show that the average educational attainment for women, nationwide, is the third grade (Murray 145). Judith reflects the statistics that arise from a cultural experience in which women are required to take tremendous responsibility for home and family, and are given little or no economic support. As a result of Judith's lack of education, she needed to rely on other methods. It was not an easy task, but with the help of her mother and a close friend, she landed a job at a local restaurant. In order for her to gain employment there, she had to wear short dresses and always present herself in an appealing manner to the clients. Because Judith was desperate to work, she agreed to wear whatever was required of her. Working at the restaurant, Judith began to see how easy it was to make money through tips. As the loyal-hardworking daughter she was, she gave all the money she earned to her mother:

> *There I began to see the good life. The tips! I didn't know we were given tips. Finally, someone told me, "This money is yours! What the clients leave behind is for you to keep." But everything I earned was given to my mother.*

As Judith began to see financial growth, a co-worker convinced her to open a bank account and save some of her money. She began to give half of her earnings to her mother and the other half went into the bank. With hard work and savings, at the age of sixteen Judith was able to build her family a house in Delgado. Judith continued to work at the Sheraton Hotel for several years until army rebels took over the city. Political destruction increased and as a result the economy decreased. *"El toque de queda"* (the curfew) forced many civilians to hide in their homes. Violence was common, whether of armed forces under the guise of security, or gang violence, and fear escalated, according to Murray. Businesses like the Sheraton Hotel suffered from "el toque de queda" and for three months employees were only be able to work during the day. People were no longer booking rooms at hotels and as a result, Judith and many others were fired. There was nothing else Judith could do but look for another job. Work was very scarce, so she pleaded at local factories for a job. At every factory she was told that she was too old. They said if she was eighteen, she would have been hired. This was a turning point in Judith's life. She could no longer afford to help her seven brothers and sisters, cousins, and especially her two young daughters. Judith realized it was time to make some serious changes in her life. Living in El Salvador was becoming impossibly difficult. As a young girl, Judith had helped her brother, aged fifteen, buy a plane ticket to the United States. It took Judith several years to consider following him. Feeling desperate for help, Judith tried to get a passport and a visa to visit her brother, but the Salvadoran Embassy rejected her pass to freedom. Listening to her brother's plea, Judith reluctantly decided to join him in the US. She knew she would have to leave without her daughters, and the only way to enter the United States would be to enter illegally:

> *"Come to New Jersey! You work too hard over there," my brother would plead, but I didn't want to leave my daughters. Finally, when I realized I could no longer take it, I said to myself, "I will have to leave illegally!"*

A research study performed by Nestor P. Rodriguez and colleagues from the University of Houston, states that the basis of Salvadoran's economic motivation for emigrating is closely related to El Salvador's political conflict. Judith, with little income, felt leaving was her only hope. So how was Judith going to find a way to leave her country without a passport or visa? One day, she came across an ad that read, "Fly to the United States in twenty-four hours!" As expensive as it may have been at the time, Judith felt the ad was her last hope. The smuggling agency charged Judith five thousand dollars for the trip but did not inform her of any possible dangers. Her journey began with a flight from El Salvador to a hotel in Mexico City. As she said,

> *I didn't have any money or extra clothes with me at the time. There were eleven of us who were put in a small room; eleven women and one smuggler [el Coyote]. There I was locked in a hotel for fifteen days without going outdoors. Finally, the fifteen days were over and when he showed up to take us way, all I could remember was seeing stars.*

El Coyote, who was supposed to help them get to their destination, had been on vacation for fifteen days. The women had not been allowed to leave their room to avoid detection, so they had nearly starved because the guards gave them little food.

Their next stop was Tijuana, Mexico. Judith and the other women in the room were awakened in the middle of the night by shouts that the immigration police were on their way. Terrified of being caught, everyone ran into the dark streets of Mexico. Sadly, most of the women were caught. After waking outside the next morning, Judith found the woman who previously had connected her with *El Coyote*. The woman called herself Estrella, which means star in Spanish, to protect her identity. Estrella brought Judith to another small room to join a different group of migrants. The group was kept in the room for eight days. During her stay, Judith and the others were not fed until the third day. For the remainder of the five days, each person was only given a small piece of chicken and some water. During the next step of her trip, she was trained to imitate the Mexican culture and language in order to pass as a Mexican citizen. In

groups of three, they were taught to say they came from Oaxaca, had to memorize the Mexican anthem, know the colors of the flag, and fake a Mexican accent. After passing these tests, each group received a fake "mica," which served as an identification card that could be compared to today's green card. After they were in the United States, *El Coyote* would return the I.D. to Mexico to give it to another person in the group. Judith was the last to be taken from her group and the anxiety was overwhelming for her. After crossing over to the other side of Mexico, near the border of California and Mexico, a taxi awaited Judith and two other girls from the group. First, they had to pass an American who worked for the border control services, who asked them what they were carrying with them. After responding that they were traveling empty handed, she recalls the man responding, "Ok, go ahead." Although freedom was only a foot away, the smuggler told them to begin praying because they had one last check point to pass. Driving up to the last booth, the driver ordered them to pretend to be sleeping as if they were drunk. When the police questioned the girls in the back who appeared to be sleeping on top of each other, the driver explained that they had just come from a party. Judith's heart was pumping very hard, and when they finally drove into California, everyone shouted with joy. For once, they felt free:

> *When the police came to check on us, they asked Estrella our smuggler if we were okay. She responded, "Yes, officer, these ladies are just hung over from a party." When he gave us the approval to pass, Estrella pushed her foot on the accelerator and we began to shout, "We did it, we did it! We're finally free!"*

Judith arrived in Pomona, California in February, 1980. After joining the other groups from Tijuana, everyone was sent to different locations across the country. Unfortunately, Judith had to stay at the shelter because her brother could not afford Judith's plane ticket to Newark. Judith claims that she began her new life in the United States as poor as she had been in her native country. Her first paycheck as a tailor was one hundred and twenty dollars. As promised, she sent one hundred dollars to her family in El Salvador and kept only twenty dollars. Many immigrants who come to the United States send much of their income to their relatives back home. According to the United States Immigration Support, in 2005 approximately $2.5 billion was sent to El Salvador. The amount represented more than 13% of El Salvador's GDP or gross domestic product. It is estimated that Latin Americans residing in the United States send $30 billion dollars to their native countries.

Two years after she arrived in Newark, Judith's life changed for the better. On her way to work, Judith met her Puerto Rican husband who helped her greatly. Judith explained how the first nice clothes she owned in this country were given to her by her husband. A few years after her marriage, Judith gave birth to a son. Due to her new legal status, her husband was able to help bring her family to the United States. But reuniting with her mother was difficult. Judith paid el Coyote nine thousand dollars to bring her mother to New Jersey, but her mother did not show up alone. Judith's mom bought her sister and nephew along in hopes they could all escape El Salvador together. Once el Coyote spotted the two extra people, he demanded an extra five thousand or else he was going to report them. Judith was frightened her mother would be deported so she decided to rescue them from the shelter where they were hiding. Remarkably, Judith drove from New Jersey all the way to California to secure her family's freedom. I asked Judith why she decided to migrate to New Jersey rather than another state such as Florida that has a greater Latino population. Her response was that she wanted to be near her brother, and that work was plentiful in Newark. Judith went on to explain that a worker makes so much more money in the United States than in her country, where laborers are paid only a hundred dollars a month, which is not sufficient for a family to survive. An interesting point she made was that if her country paid similar wages to what they pay in United States, no one would leave El Salvador:

> *There is liberal commerce back at home but they pay you one hundred dollars a month. How is it possible for a family to survive on one hundred dollars a month? If salaries were higher, I would not have come to the United States.*

Assimilating to a new country is a very difficult task for any foreigner because one has to adapt to a new culture and learn a new language. Like many other immigrants, Judith's goal was to make a few thousand dollars and return home to El Salvador. She recalls telling her mom she was going to return but the fear and anger in her mother's voice influenced her to stay:

> *My goal was to become nothing more than a temporary resident. I wanted to earn a few thousand and return home. When I told my mother what I was planning to do she said, "No! Here at home things are getting worse. If you decide to leave, everything is going to get ruined because you will not be able to find a job.*

In the beginning of their marriage, Judith spoke more English than her husband. Once her husband began working with Anglo-Americans, he became more fluent in English. Judith says that because she only worked with Hispanics, it made it more difficult to learn English, and people laughed at her. Judith jokes that it was a miracle she passed her citizenship test with flying colors, because she only knew enough English to say half of the answers. Although she does not speak English very well, Judith is currently making an effort to learn to speak it better. She knows it is very important to speak English in the United States. It has been over twenty seven years since Judith made New Jersey her home. An important freedom Judith recognizes is the right to vote.

She would not have this in El Salvador. Factors dampening the political structure in El Salvador are the

lack of economic support the government gives to the working class. According to a research study performed by Nestor P. Rodriguez, during the 1980s the Salvadoran government made voting compulsory, while the guerrillas insisted the citizens should not collaborate with the system. Thus, the Salvadorans were confronted with a dilemma: vote, and face the wrath of the guerrillas, or refuse to vote, and immediately become suspected of leftist sympathy. Judith appreciates being an American who has the right to vote, and says that it gives immigrants like herself an opportunity to prosper. On the other hand, Judith has witnessed brutal racism during her years here which has left her emotionally scared. She compares how the "black" man and the "white" man are treated distinctly different in her neighborhood. When she goes to City Hall in her local town, she notices how African Americans get frustrated when they cannot understand her English. She says the Anglo-American man attempts to find someone who can help her, and is more sympathetic to her needs. Another encounter occurred when she decided to trade in her car for $1, 500. Since the dealers knew she lacked English reading and speaking skills, they gave her $1, 000 instead. Judith could have very well used the money and knew it was an act of injustice.

Although Judith calls the United States her new home, she still has a place in her heart for El Salvador. For twenty four years, Judith dedicated herself to sending money and clothes to poor children in El Salvador. But when she visits her country, she travels with nothing that might attract a robber's eye. During her visits, she is bothered by the actions of the citizens in her country; people robbing and killing in order to survive. When comparing the women in America to the women in her native country, she states there is no difference. More women in her country are starting to dress and act the way we do in the United States. After asking her if she would choose to live here in the United States or go back to El Salvador, she did not hesitate to answer, she would stay in America. Her reasons for staying are that she and her family are well established in the United States, and Newark has been her home for over twenty-five years. She also feels content with her job as a home health aide. Following the theme of identity, I asked Judith how she identifies herself. She describes herself as fighter who has had to be both mother and father in her household. Any goal she set her mind on has been achieved and she is grateful for everything God has given her. Her strength to fight is mainly due to her upbringing in El Salvador. Her parents were tough and strict, and always reminded her to never let go of her honor and pride. With that advice, Judith has managed to live through difficult financial burdens. She's done this without the help of welfare or food stamps and has even been able to become a homeowner.

I now know why Judith has the nicest house on the block. She is a fighter and works hard for what she wants. Judith has taught me that by having determination and strength anything can be achieved. Her journey to the United States is definitely one I will remember, and her dedication to God has inspired me as well. I admire her love for her country because she has shed blood and tears to give back to those who have less. I will also vividly remember the story of how she shouted for the joys of freedom when she touched American land. Most importantly, I view Judith as a voice for the many other immigrants who came to the United States in hopes of a better life. She is an example of the struggles, obstacles, and racism immigrants encounter upon arrival. Judith's strength and spirit deserve to be rewarded with prosperity and happiness. Her warm, humble, and patriotic heart have touched lives around her, and she has definitely touched mine as well.

Honorable Mention

Krista Averill	Memoir: "The Death of Dominique" Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110) Professor: Doris White
Diane Gray	Film Analysis: "Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo and Juliet*" Shakespeare: Tragedy and Romance (ENG 412) Professor: Barbara Parker
Joseph Jiuliani	Analytic Essay: "Butoh" Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110) Professor: Sue Kenney
Ian Krivoshein	Short Story: "From the Mouth of Babes" Introduction to Literature (ENG 150) Professor: Pat Mallery
Robert Lackey	Analytic Essay: "Advertising and Autos" Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110) Professor: Barbara Parker
Jennifer Maury	Memoir: "Blonde-Headed Girl" Latina Testimonios: Ethnographies, Memoirs, Poetry (WS 335/ANTH 335/LAS 336) Professor: Elena Sabogal
Julie Minicozzi	Literary Analysis: "Taste the Colonization" Methods of Literary Analysis (ENG 200) Professor: Barbara Suess
Anthony Ordile	Short Story: "Corn Maze" Advanced Creative Writing (ENG 332) Professor: Martha Witt
Stephanie Rael	Literary Analysis: "To Whom It May Concern" Literature of Western Europe II (ENG 306) Professor: Jim Hauser
Farzad Ramin	Reflective Essay: "Be Careful, Dear: An Iranian Scene" Writing Effective Prose (ENG 110) Professor: Sue Kenney
Kevin Weston	Oral History: "Bucky Pizzarelli: An Updated Biography" History Internship: (HIST 400) Professor: Robert Wolk

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Judging: An interdisciplinary team of faculty members will select the winners.

For entry forms and for information, please call x3063
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APPENDIX B:

FACULTY PUBLICATIONS BIBLIOGRAPHY

William Paterson University

Authors' Publications

2007-2008

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