



# Una Voce



# Una Voce

with one voice

A publication of Tacoma Community College  
Edited by Scott Earle, Ph.D.  
and John Delbridge, Ph.D.

2002



## Welcome to the second edition of *Una Voce!*

TCC's only magazine devoted entirely to expository prose, *Una Voce* is designed to showcase our students' writing across the college curriculum.

The essays presented in this magazine make up a tiny fraction of the scholarship, analysis, and commentary that TCC students produce every year. But if these essays are taken as a representative sample, they can tell us a great deal about the intellectual health of our institution. And from my point of view, that health is good.

Included here are vigorous debates, post-September 11<sup>th</sup>, of American foreign policy; lyrical explorations of jazz and death; and informative articles in the fields of math, science, and literature. The voices range from formal to intimate, from outraged to peaceful. And the contributors themselves represent virtually every segment of our student population while adhering to (what I hope is) a uniform excellence in composition. Editing a collection like this comes down, in the main, to choosing the order of the essays, and what editor can say more than that? I am very pleased indeed to present this edition.

Special thanks go to Dr. John Delbridge, whose contribution, as ever, has been invaluable, and to Sakura Moses for assisting in the production of this publication.

Dr. Scott Earle





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This fascinating and lucid essay takes us far beyond Euclidean geometry.

Written for Karen Clark, Math 107

## Fractal Geometry

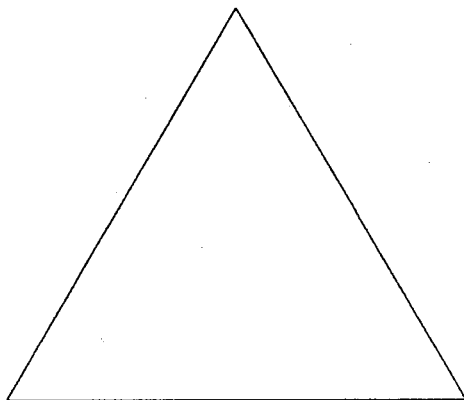
by Holly Alexander

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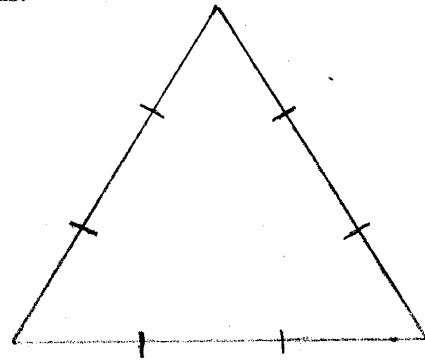
This paper is based on a branch of geometry that exceeds the points, lines and planes of Euclidean geometry to help us comprehend and describe the shapes of trees, mountains, and clouds. It is entitled fractal geometry. Fractals are all around us, a discovery in mathematics which is abundant in nature. This paper will explain two types of mathematical fractals, their history, their ties with nature, fractals' relation to chaos, and the uses of fractals.

I must begin with the basics, explaining what a fractal is. "The Universe is replete with shapes that repeat themselves on different scales within the same objects. In Mandelbrot technology, such things are said to be self-similar" (Gullberg 626). Self-similarity under magnification is one of the properties which defines a fractal. The other is that it contains a dimension that could not be expressed as an integer. Let us start with the von Kosch snowflake.

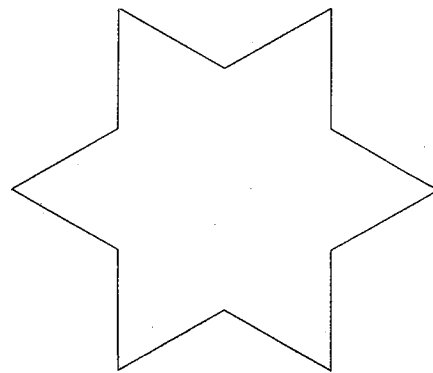
We begin with a simple equilateral triangle:



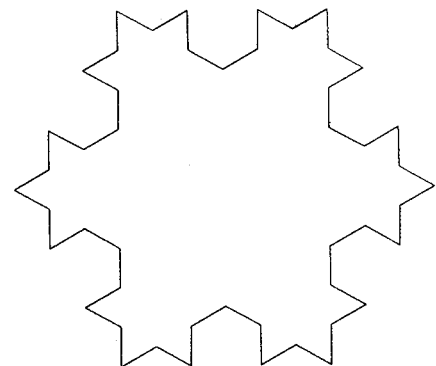
Then we divide each of the three equal line segments into thirds:



We replace the central  $\frac{1}{3}$  with two line segments of  $\frac{1}{3}$  length each to get this result:

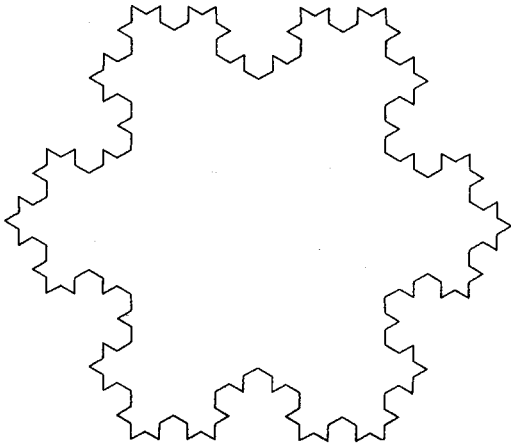


We iterate (repeat the operation using the last result as the input) to get:

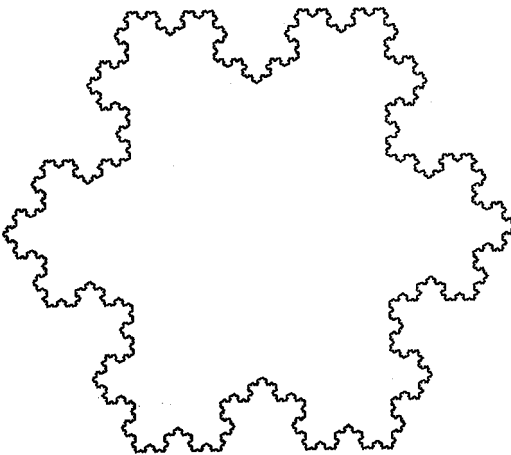


## Fractal Geometry by Holly Alexander

After another iteration:



and after infinitely more iterations we get the von Koch snowflake:



Because the border of the von Koch snowflake is infinitely detailed, it is not possible to measure its border; therefore its dimension cannot be expressed as an integer. Its perimeter increases indefinitely toward infinity. "In Euclidean geometry, a point has dimension zero; a shape with length alone has dimension one; an area has dimension two; a volume has dimension 3" (Gullberg 635). Normally, any border would have the dimension one. Because the von Koch snowflake has an infinitely detailed perimeter, which has an immeasurable length, its dimension falls somewhere between one and two. An infinite border enclosing a finite area, and self-similarity are what makes a fractal (the self-similarity is obvious when looking closely at its borders as compared to the structure as a whole). This concept can be compared to the measuring of Washington state's western border. To measure the coastline, one

could take a photograph from a plane and measure its length using that, but that's inaccurate. The coastline may be longer, but we couldn't tell because of the pixels in the photograph. A person could walk along the border and measure it, but then there are other limits including the degree of detail the person is able to observe with his/her eyes. Of course, in the natural world our measurements are limited by molecules and atoms, while in the world of mathematics we have no such limits. The concept, however, remains the same.

Fractals have a very close tie with nature. Take this fern for example, and look closely. It's made up of tiny ferns, and those tiny ferns are made up of even smaller ones.



McGuire, p.58

The same applies to this cauliflower.



Briggs, p.70



If you take a look around, you'll see fractals everywhere. On another level, fractals may be numerically involved with nature's laws. There is a man using fractal geometry in an attempt to find a "theory of everything" (Whitfield, 2001). Brian Enquist is "working to derive laws that can explain the workings of ecosystems, and the biology of their constituent organisms, in terms of those organisms' sizes" (Whitfield, 2001). He has already shown that the metabolic rate of every living thing is proportional to its body mass raised to the power  $\frac{3}{4}$ . "This relationship has been found to hold across the living world from bacteria to whales and giant redwoods, over 20 orders of magnitude difference in size" (Whitfield, 2001). Again, here we see a disruption to the theory of Euclidean geometry. We are three-dimensional creatures, so one may expect the exponent to be a multiple of 3, not 4. But, just as a perimeter can be in between 1 and 2 dimensions, and as a tree holds 2-dimensional leaves, which fill a 3-dimensional space, so can the rest of nature break Euclidean laws. Enquist has also found that the population density of trees scales the  $\frac{3}{4}$  power of each individual mass, and "regardless of the speed at which plants' diameter or height increases, their growth rate scales to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  power of their body mass" (Whitfield, 2001). I think that this is a very exciting use of fractal geometry. There has been a lot of skepticism about the simplicity of these findings, but many complex things are made up of very simple components.

Fractals generate visual complexity from the least amount of information, just as nature does. For example, the blueprints of every living thing (DNA), which allows for genes to be passed on, is made up of sugar molecules, phosphate molecules, and 4 amino acids. Also, all matter is made up of atoms, which are made up of protons and electrons, just different numbers and different arrangements. Similarly, humans create many things that have complex forms, from simple elements. Every word in the English language, and every combination of those words to make sentences, paragraphs, journals, encyclopedias, books, libraries full of literary

material all come from a combination and arrangement of 26 letters and a few punctuation marks. A great variety of technological equipment, also, is made from the same basic parts. Therefore, "a brain shaped by evolution in a natural world might be expected to have structures complimentary to and adept at apprehending fractal structure in nature" (McGuire 30). Some recent research even suggests that our very brains are similar to the structure of fractals, such as the similarity between the cells of the retina perceiving fine detail and the larger structure perceiving as a whole.

Over a century ago, Weierstrass, Cantor, and others discovered some sets and curves which caused a sort of crisis in mathematics. This was the first discovery of fractal geometry. Mathematicians did not understand where fractal geometry fit into the world, so it was hidden and ignored. The world wasn't ready for it. Then, starting in the 1960's, Benoit Mandelbrot built up an understanding that this form of mathematics was profoundly useful. His ideas have since been taken up enthusiastically. He is the one who adopted this "more abstract definition of dimension than used in Euclidean geometry" (Mandelbrot, 2000) which we've been discussing.

A new world of fractals, which has the behavior known as deterministic chaos, arises from the iteration of simple nonlinear rules. Because algebra is used to make these fractals it may seem a bit more complicated than the von Kosch snowflake, but bear with me. Take, for example, the simple equation  $y = x^n$ . If  $n$  has any value other than 1, the equation is nonlinear. If  $n = 1$ , the plotted equation is a straight line. Linear studies are popular because the solutions are much easier to obtain, but only doing linear studies is a very narrow approach in any field because  $n = 1$  is only 1 possibility out of infinity. Now, a few definitions before I explain this new world of fractals. A real number is any position on a number line, which extends infinitely in both the positive and negative direction. An imaginary number is the square root of any negative real number. "The unit imaginary number is  $i = \sqrt{-1}$ " (McGuire 73). A complex number is the combination of an imaginary

## Fractal Geometry by Holly Alexander

number and a real number, and can be plotted on a complex plane. For the following explanation,  $x$  will denote variables along the real axis,  $y$  will denote the variables along the complex axis, and  $z$  will represent the complex variable so that  $z = x + iy$ . To turn this into nonlinear, fractal geometry, we square  $z$  and add a constant value to it:  $z = z^2 + c$ . The  $c$  is the constant which consists of real part  $a$ , and imaginary part  $b$ . So  $z = (x + iy)^2 + a + ib$ .  $|z|$  is the radial distance in any direction from the center of the complex plane. "The figures that arise from iterating linear transformations are said to be the attractors of iteration" (McGuire 74). For example:

$$x = x^2$$

Starting with  $x = 0.9$

$$0.9 \times 0.9 = 0.81$$

$$0.81 \times 0.81 = 0.6561$$

... after 10 iterations

$$= 1.39 \times 10^{-47}$$

Because the result is shrinking progressively toward zero, zero is this iteration's attraction point.

Starting with  $x = 1.1$

$$1.1 = 1.21$$

$$1.21 \times 1.21 = 1.4641$$

... after 10 iterations

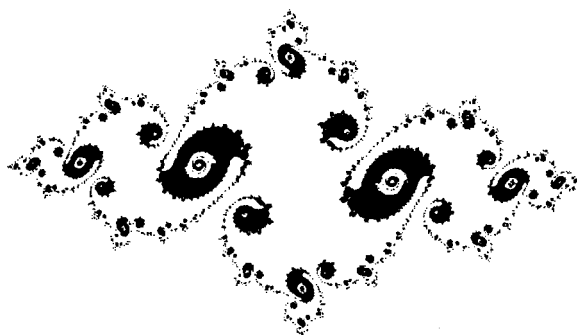
$$= 2.43 \times 10^{42}$$

Because the result is progressively growing, its attraction point is infinity. Starting with anything above 1 the attraction point will be infinity, below 1 the attraction point will be zero.

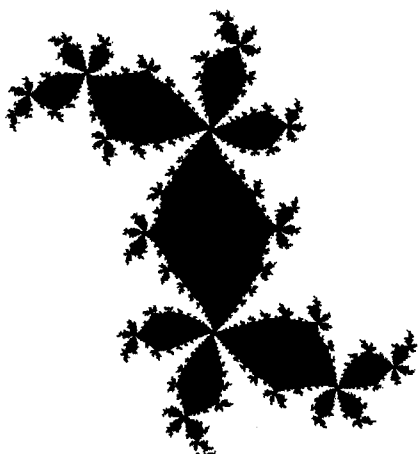
This behavior is similar on a complex plane. Starting with anything inside the circle  $|z| = 1$ , the attraction point is zero; if it's outside, the attraction point is infinity. Adding the constant creates extreme complexity. The graphs below are Julia sets (named after the man who discovered them). Julia sets fall within the circle  $|z| = 2$ . Points are colored black if the iteration is not attracted to infinity. The value of each graph's constant ( $c$ ) is written below it.



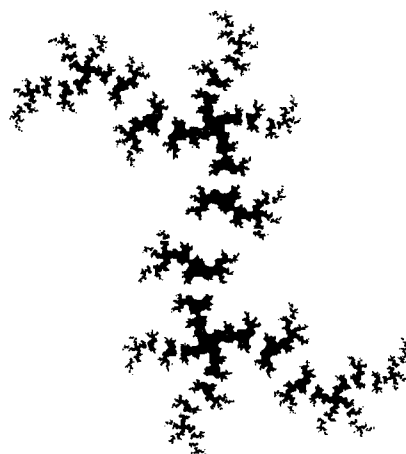
$c = -0.754 + 0.049i$



$c = -0.756 + 0.097i$

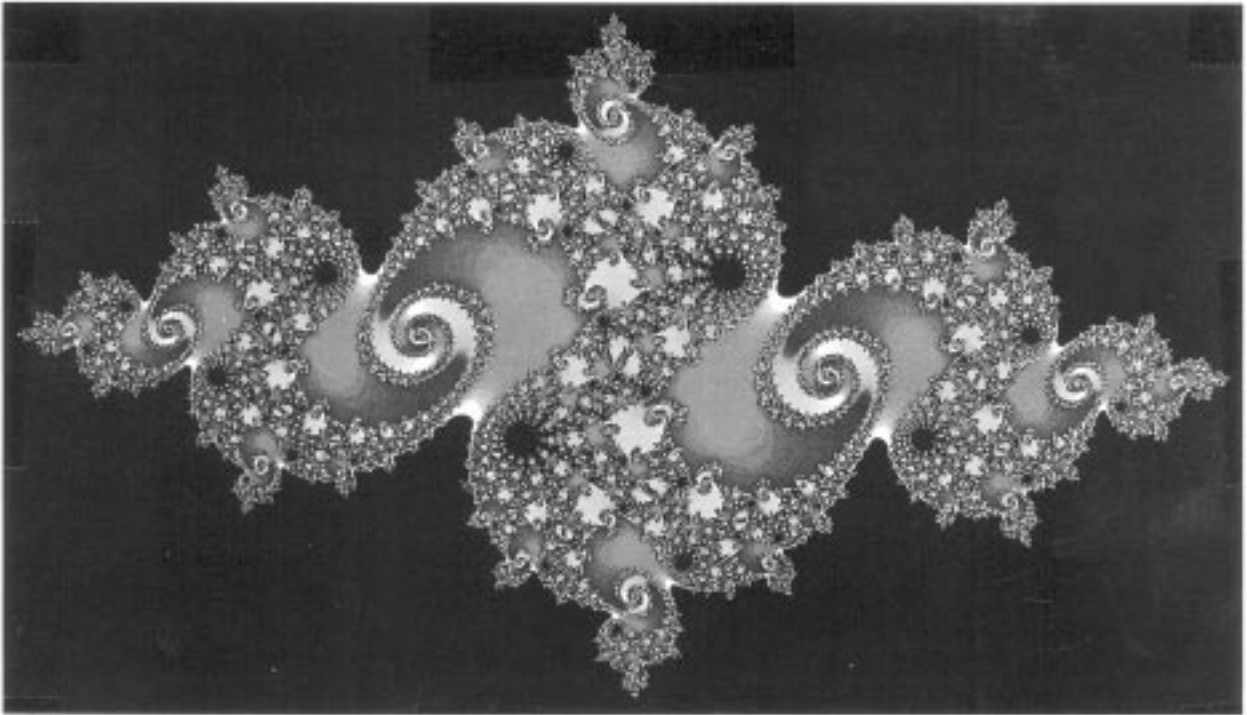


$c = -0.122 + 0.745i$  — Douady's rabbit



$c = 0.354 + 0.536i$

Another approach is to color the maps according to elevation, as shown below.



$$c = -0.766227 + 0.096990i$$

McGuire, p.78

The following series of pictures (see page 10) of increasing depth illustrate the self-similarity in the Mandelbrot set. “By zooming in on any of the outgrowths of the Mandelbrot set, its self-similar fractal behavior is evident” (Gullberg 633). These fractals are different from the von Koch snowflake in that the self-similarity is not as strict, and each of the offshoots of increased depth is more elaborate than the one preceding it.

Fractal geometry has close ties with chaos theory. This does not refer to chaos in the sense of great disorder or confusion. Systems which “exhibit long-term unpredictability even in the absence of random influences” (Ditto, 2000) are considered chaotic. They follow precise laws, but their behavior can appear to be random. In the 1960’s an American meteorologist plotted the weather in three dimensions and it fell into a butterfly-shaped fractal. Even something like the weather, which can seem random at times, had a definite pattern. The trouble arises when one tries to predict. Theoretically, if ev-

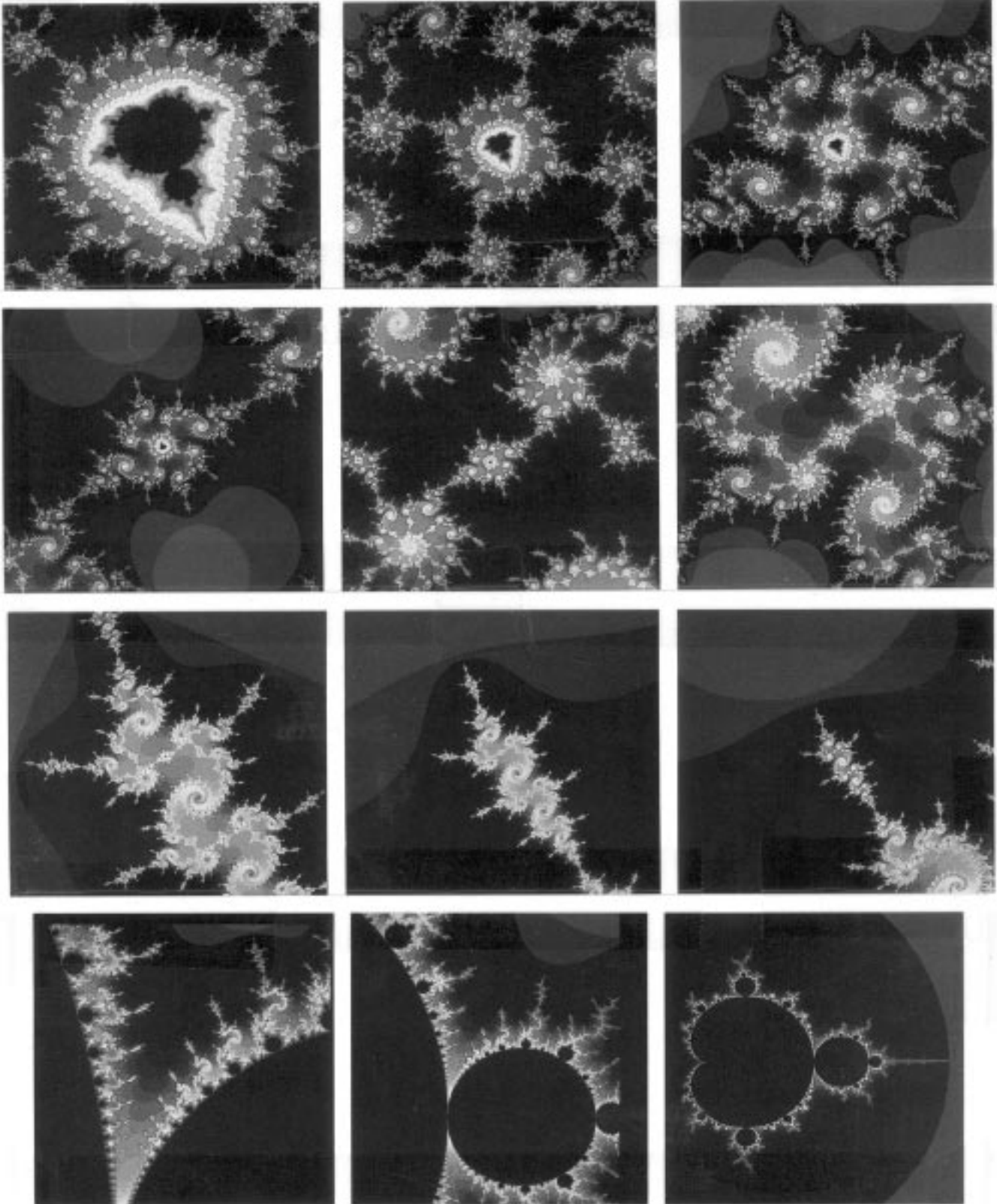
ery detail of the initial conditions is accounted for even the chaotic becomes predictable. This is very difficult. The weather, for example, can be affected by the flutter of a butterfly’s wings, hundreds of miles away. Scientists are currently developing applications that use chaos. “New chaos-aware control techniques are being used to stabilize lasers, manipulate chemical reactions, encode information, and change chaotic heart rhythms into healthy, regular heart rhythms” (Ditto, 2000). So, fractals already have an operative use in the world.

I believe that math, like science, nature, and time, is not a creation of man. It is a creation of God, discovered by man. This is why these things make up the world around us. Fractal geometry is a branch of mathematics, which has only been commonly known of for about 40 years. Already, it has evolved from a theoretical to an applied science, and denounced previously accepted Euclidean dimensional laws. I read and researched many web sites and books, then I finally narrowed it down to the

## Fractal Geometry by Holly Alexander

best sources. I used 3 books, 2 Encarta Encyclopedia articles, and 1 magazine article. They were very useful. I am very interested in this subject, and I'm glad that I chose this topic.

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## Not to be Used as Identification

by Jacob Freeman

This is a wonderful explication of a poem that still resonates today.

Written for Deborah Kinerk, English 102

12

Every American has one. We need it to get a job, to pay our taxes, to open a bank account, to get a credit card, to register for classes, and for hundreds of other activities. It is an identification number on a little piece of paper that, for many years, specifically stated it was not to be used as identification. In many situations, one's social security number is more important than one's name. Such is the case of JS/07/M/378, the subject of W. H. Auden's poem "The Unknown Citizen." The man's identification number is the only name by which the reader knows the subject and, evidently, the only name the state knows him by, as well. It is this disregard for the individual that Auden takes issue with. His poem is an indictment of vast bureaucratic governments that view people as faceless cogs in the machinery of the state, rather than as individuals. It is also a warning that America could be heading in this direction if it is not there already.

The speaker of the poem is not a man but an abstract bureaucratic voice that talks about the subject of the poem, a man who had just recently died, only in terms of his relation to the state. The poem itself is in the form of a government report on the life of the Unknown Citizen, referred to in the beginning as JS/07/M/378. This 'report' contains information on the Unknown Citizen ranging from where he worked to what his friends thought of him, from

how many times he had been in the hospital to what his opinions were. By all indications, this man was the perfect citizen. "In everything he did he served the Greater Community" (l.5), the report states. The Unknown Citizen "held the proper opinions for the time of year" (l.23) and even added the correct number of children to the population, according to the state eugenicist. He was such a great citizen that the state erected a marble monument in his honor. However this honor is given to the citizen, not the man. Despite all of the information gathered by the state on JS/07/M/378, none of it distinguishes him as an individual. There is no reference to what this man is like as a person, nothing about what he finds funny or sad, nothing about what he loved to do or who he liked to do it with. He is so stripped of his individuality he does not even have a name. The state does not recognize the individual; it only cares about the citizen. In the final line of the poem the speaker rhetorically asks, "Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd: / Had anything been wrong, we certainly would have heard" (ll. 28-29). The bureaucratic voice assumes that because all of the state's information showed the man was a good citizen, then he must have been happy. There is no differentiation between the man and the citizen.

The state that the Unknown Citizen is a resident of is not identified by name, but the poem indicates it is a huge government that reaches into many aspects of everyday life. The state has information gathered from the man's employer, his union, social psychologists, the press, his insurance company and a state eugenicist. The state even knows what the man's purchasing habits were: "He was fully sen-

sible to the advantages of the Installment Plan / And had everything necessary to the Modern Man, / A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire” (ll. 19-21). More surprising than the fact that the government has all this information is that the government would even care whether one owns a phonograph or how one reacts to advertisements. That the government is interested in the lives of its citizens to such a level indicates an almost Orwellian kind of obsession with the private life of the citizen and his relation to the welfare of the state.

While the government represented in Auden’s poem could be any large bureaucratic state, there is ample evidence that the author could be targeting one government specifically: the United States. The Unknown Citizen’s employer is “Fudge Motors” (l. 8), an obvious reference to Ford Motors. The state uses “Social Psychology workers” (l. 12) to monitor the subject’s social life; social psychology is a very American institution. Organizations such as “Producers Research” and “High Grade Living” (l. 18) are both indicative of a capitalist society focused on a materialistic lifestyle, as is the “Installment Plan” and owning a car, a stereo system and a refrigerator. Published in 1940, the poem was written during a time when America’s government was growing at an amazing rate, thanks to Roosevelt’s New Deal. The country’s mushrooming bureaucracy may have inspired Auden to write this poem as a warning of where America might be headed if its government continued to expand.

Nowhere in his poem does Auden come out and condemn the society he is describing. Instead, he uses satire throughout the entire poem and caps it off in the end with his two questions. He does not tell the reader to be offended at the audacity of a state that would claim a citizen held the “proper opinions;” he lets the reader become offended on his own. He allows the reader to become angry with the speaker for purporting to know whether a person is happy or free based on how that person was an asset to the state. The poem really has two different tones: that of Auden, the author, and that of the bureau-

cratic voice, the speaker. The opinions of the bureaucratic voice are easily seen in the poem’s text. He believes that a good citizen is a happy citizen. The opinions of the poem’s author are very much opposed to that of the speaker and must be found in the poem’s subtext. Auden’s main point in the poem cannot be found in the words, it is found in the reader’s reaction to the poem. If, after finishing the work, one finds his senses of liberty and individuality offended, then Auden has gotten his point across.

The poem’s speaker, the nature of the state the Unknown Citizen is a resident of, numerous references to ‘modern’ American society, and the poem’s satirical tone combine to paint a damning picture of an American bureaucracy so focused on the state that it ignores the individual. This bureaucracy is so large that it knows how a man reacts to advertisements, what he buys, and what his opinions are, but so out of touch with the individual that it equates being a good citizen of the state with being free and happy. More than sixty years after it was written, W. H. Auden’s poem can be read two different ways: as a warning of things to come that is more important now than ever, or as a description of our lives today that is more truth than it is fiction.

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## To Defend the Innocent ...

by Caleb Timmer

This vigorous argument and the one to follow came from the same assignment.

Written for John Delbridge, English 103

14

History has consistently dealt the Jewish people difficult trials. Even through the Roman dispersion and the persecution in various areas of the world, particularly Germany, the Israelis have been able to survive as a unique people. This ability to survive has currently led them to their ancient homeland. However, even in this new home, the Jews still face terrible problems. Just as in World War II, where the Jews were mercilessly persecuted by the Germans, they are again faced with fierce opposition. This opposition is a direct result of a hatred towards the Israeli People. This hatred is prevalent in the numerous Arab-Palestinian groups who believe that the Israelis stole their land. Without the support of other nations, this constant pressure would eventually erode and collapse the current Israeli government.

Although the Israeli people hold a decisive edge over their opponents, the attacks that have resulted from this feud have been devastating. Many innocent people, including both Palestinians and Jews who were simply searching for a homeland where they would feel safe, have died due to the suicide attacks carried out by the angered extremists. For instance, on May 19, 2002, a Palestinian, dressed as a soldier, killed himself and two others by blowing himself up in a marketplace (Maharaj A5). These attacks have been going on for some time. In 1996, various bombings claimed 57 lives (Greenberg 29).

Tragically, this type of warfare is very common in Israel. These attacks must be combated, for if the attacks succeed in Israel, then they could also succeed in the United States.

Overall, the Israeli people have been hounded and chased throughout the world. They have never found a secure place to stay until now, where they finally seem to have found a homeland. This new homeland is now under a new and vicious attack that could have direct implications on our way of life. The persecution that the Jews went through in the prior years to their establishment of a homeland, and the aggressive and deadly new methods that are being used against them, are all pressing concerns that must not be taken lightly. We must accept our responsibility and support Israel and, in turn, support the way of life that our two countries have developed.

The Jewish people have been a resilient, survival-oriented people. Throughout history, the Jewish people have been faced with numerous tests that would have obliterated other cultures, yet the Jews survived. One of the first major challenges that the Jews faced involved the Roman Empire. It was around 135 AD when the Roman armies destroyed Jerusalem and scattered the Jews throughout their vast empire (Hills 5). However, even with their dispersion across Europe, the Jews were still able to keep their religion and beliefs alive and preserve their identity (5).

The Jews were then tested with their most dangerous and deadly attack, the Holocaust. Throughout the years of World War II, the Jews were rounded up and cast away to die or labor in concentration camps. The Nazi party even declared that



“No Jew can therefore be a German National” (qtd. in Nielson 8). Hitler also had deep hatred for the Jews and believed that the Jews were trying to “weaken and take over Germany” (Nielson 9). These misdeeds were justified by the idea that the Jews were to blame. With this hatred directed at them, the Jews found themselves without a homeland.

The Germans, however, were not the only aggressors during World War II. Instead, there were numerous countries who attacked and persecuted the Jews. For instance, the Soviet Union killed approximately one million Jews (Nielson 71). It can clearly be seen that the Jews have been continually despised, rejected, and persecuted. Because of these overwhelmingly hostile attitudes against them, one can understand that the Israeli people need an ally.

These figures and quotes of death and feuds set the backdrop for the current urgency the Jews have in keeping their homeland. Throughout the various persecutions, the Jewish people saw many brilliant and interesting comrades forced to flee from their previous homes. Many of these innocent lives were never able to show their full potential. Instead, they were thrown aside by various nations. One well known and widely publicized individual was Anne Frank. Anne Frank was a young girl who expressed her “faith in the human spirit” through her writings in her diary (Nielson 67). Anne Frank thought that “this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquility will return again” (Frank 67). Tragically, the young author died in a camp in March of 1945 (Nielson 67). Through this tragedy, one can see how these cruel attacks against the Jewish population continually destroy innocent lives. It is for this same reason that the current Jewish people should be supported and protected. Without support from other nations, the Israeli people will continue to suffer. Likewise without our support, more innocent lives will be lost.

These innocent lives that have been lost over the recent months often seem distant and far off. However, the lives that are lost, the young Anne Franks of tomorrow that are killed do not have to be lim-

ited to Israel. Instead, the danger and fear that saturates Israel could easily come and dampen our nation as well. Through the recent years of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, many extremist Arabs have chosen a new and deadly way to carry out their attacks against the Jews. This new technique is deadly and devastating. It is suicide bombings. Even throughout the recent months there have been numerous bombings in which an extremist would blow himself up in order to shatter the confidence of the Israeli people. These bombings have succeeded in taking away any security that the Israelis felt they had in their homeland. As of today, we have experienced only a small fraction of these horrible events, but what if these were as common here as they are in Israel? Already this type of attack has destroyed the complete security that we felt. Because of September 11, all Americans were struck with fear. If that is how we felt with only a handful of suicide bombers, then how must the Israeli people feel with numerous bombers every month! When the planes hit on September 11, we were forced to realize the deathly fear and horror that the Israeli people go through every day.

The action that must be taken does not stop with admitting that the Israeli people are going through hard times. On the contrary, it begins and grows on this principle. One of the biggest factors that must be added to this is the idea that these attacks that imprison the Israeli population with constant fear have, to some extent, already shifted into our lives through the September bombings. The enemies that hate the Jews also hate us, for we are the ones that the Jews follow in economics, politics, and military plans and operations. Thus, we must support Israel to protect and defend our way of life as well as to protect the innocent victims.

For every dispute, there is always a right and a wrong. The decision of who is right and wrong is often muddled and unclear. This is one of those situations. Who is to blame for the difficulties that have arisen in this arena of the world? The answer to this is hotly debated and thus is not clear cut. However,

there are three major groups that are involved. The first group, the Jews, claim the land as their original homeland and have developed and cultivated it into the prosperous nation it is (Gross 8). The second group, the Palestinian people, have inhabited the land in more recent times, and are mostly Arabs. The third group, the Arab nations that surround Israel, have been the main instigators in the frequent wars that have raged against Israel. Of all these groups, the first two are the most neglected and persecuted. The Jews have been shunned and attacked throughout the world, while the Palestinian Arabs have found themselves without a homeland (Greensburg 9). The latter problem is due to the fact that the Israeli population gained land through their declaration of independence and subsequent wars, and the fact that the Arabs took the rest of the land through their attacks on Israel (9). These developments have led to numerous reactions. Many of these reactions are buried in a deep hatred for the Jewish people. This hatred is felt by many of the Arabs in Palestine and in the surrounding nations. Based on the premise that the Jews stole the land, many Arabs have responded violently. It is these reactions against the Jewish people that must be stopped. It is true that the Jews are partly to blame for the current tensions. Even so, these tensions cannot be relieved if the constant attacks and bombings are not stopped. If these attacks and bombings can be halted through support for the battered Israeli people, the resulting agreement could bring peace and tranquility not only to that land, but to us as well.

Throughout history, the Jewish people have been persecuted and attacked. This trend seemed to have ended when the Jewish people were finally able to settle into a homeland of their own. Now, this homeland is under attack and the Jews are once again under constant pressure. This pressure can be relieved when a strong nation steps up and supports Israel. The nation that must do this, is made up of each of us. Looking forward, there are two paths that can be taken. The first option is one of fear and insecurity, where no one knows when or where the next atroc-

ity will take place. The second option is one of trust and security, where Israel has the support it needs to stop the bombings from spreading any further. In this second option, the innocent Israelis, Americans, and Arabs will be able to live in peace, with the confidence that all of their young Anne Franks of this generation will have the chance to see that "cruelty [did] end," and that there was "peace and tranquillity" (Frank 67).

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Here is something like a counter-argument – both thoughtful and disinterested – that should give us all occasion to pause.

Written for John Delbridge, English 103

## Dear President Bush

by Ying Hu

17

Dear President Bush:

Like most Americans and many other people throughout the world, I will never forget the horrific events of September 11, 2001. As an international student studying in the United States, I am deeply moved by the loss of innocent American lives that resulted from the attacks carried out by terrorists connected to Osama bin Laden's Al-Qaeda terrorist network. In the weeks following the attacks, I began to experience unity with the American people. I also expected your administration to seek out all those responsible and bring them to justice. In your famous speech, "Freedom at War with Fear," on September 20, 2001, you gave my fellow Americans and me a satisfied answer: "Whether we bring our enemies to justice, or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done." At that time, I supported your "War on Terrorism," and deeply believed that the war accurately represented most Americans' high aspirations of getting revenge on the terrorists.

Undoubtedly, your speech brought my fellow Americans and me confidence and let us believe that "[the war] will not end until every terrorist group of global reach has been found, stopped and defeated." However, as the war moves on, your objective to defeat terrorism with a global reach becomes empty words. The war has not eliminated terrorism like many expected; it has actually

brought about unexpected consequences such as interfering with humanitarian aid for Afghan refugees, the increased threat to the lives of many Muslims, and the intensified tension between the Muslim world and the United States.

In your speech, you drew a clear line between Afghanistan's people and terrorists. You created an impressive image for America: "The United States respects the people of Afghanistan – after all, we are currently its largest source of humanitarian aid – but we condemn the Taliban regime." At the onset of this war, I felt that your humanitarianism was superficial. Because of the war, there are 3.6 million Afghan refugees in Pakistan and Iran, and another million are homeless and starving elsewhere (Ahmad 33). The lack of humanitarianism was shown by your administration when it ignored a call by aid agencies and U.N. officials to halt bombing so that enough food could be trucked in to needy Afghans (Mahajan). The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) estimated that because of this disruption of aid caused by the bombing and the threat of bombing, as many as 100,000 more Afghan children may die in the winter (Mahajan). These atrocities contradict your previous words about "humanitarian aid."

Besides targeting Afghanistan, your attempt to catch Osama bin Laden is aggressive, yet the efforts you put forth may turn out to be ineffective. In your speech, you said "This group and its leader – a person named Osama bin Laden – are linked to many other organizations in different countries, including the Egyptian Islamic Jihad and the Islamic Movement of Uzbekistan." Because of bin Laden's strong relationship with terrorists throughout the world,

you should be aware of the serious consequences of catching this terrorist leader. As Jonathan Alter argues in "America's Gravest Threat: Thinking This War's Won," "Even if Osama bin Laden is killed, his network will still be operating in 60 countries, plotting revenge. It's a natural cycle: recovery breeds relaxation, which in turn breeds new vulnerability. When the busy public moves on, the patient terrorists may move in" (Alter 95). Alter is correct in his analysis: the more aggressive your action is, the greater chance there is that terrorists will try to penetrate this country. Your policy may become a motivation and excuse for more terrorists to expand their power.

As you stated in your speech, your goal is to target only certain Islamic extremists. In actuality, with your rhetoric and misdirection, the war greatly increased a tremendous pool of anger in the Muslim world. In response to the attacks on September 11, you called your "War on Terrorism" a "crusade," which draws parallels with the historical meaning of the word (Ahmad 33). Influenced by your instruction, the Pentagon named its plan "Operation Infinite Justice," which not only offended Muslims but also liberal Christians because the phrase "infinite justice" referred to "God's own divine justice, an attribute that no human power ought to claim for itself" (33). I understand that all the words you and your subordinates use are to enhance American morale but they actually threatened the life of Muslim people all over the world.

Not surprisingly, fear has spread among all Muslims. In this country, Muslims have received threatening phone calls, Muslim websites have been brought down with hate mail, and Muslim groups in New York have asked for extra police protection (Sardar12). Muslims in various American cities are afraid to go out for fear of being the target of hate crimes (12). With all these problems they have encountered, Muslim organizations in Europe and America have declared their outrage and misinterpreted the "War on Terrorism" as a war against all Muslims. In "Where is the hand of my God in this horror?" Ziauddin Sardar argues that "Headlines

proclaim 'declaration of war' and lead inevitably to innumerable invocations of the 'clash of civilizations', the assumption that all Muslims somehow hate the west and are inimical to the values of western civilization" (12). As you set out to bring justice to the terrorists and those who harbor them, you seem to lose the distinction between the innocent and the guilty.

In order to achieve victory, you have drawn out your procedures for defeating the terrorists. In your speech, you said, "We will direct every resource at our command – every means of diplomacy, every tool of intelligence, every instrument of law enforcement, every financial influence, and every necessary weapon of war – to the disruption and to the defeat of the global terror network." Undoubtedly, with all these actions, life is much harder for terrorists nowadays. On the other hand, it has also negatively affected many of our everyday lives. In order to achieve your goal, you gave U.S. law enforcement agencies expanded powers to wiretap telephones, enter into people's Internet accounts, and seize evidence from suspects, including DNA samples. In addition, law enforcement agencies were given authority to obtain information from educational institutions, taxation records, and a whole range of other public and private agencies without prior court order or subsequent court review of the evidence (Ahmad 33). Moreover, with the authorization, airport security personnel question particular passengers at will and do on-the-spot checks of their private baggage without having to explain why or what they are being suspected of (33). Although all your efforts are intended to ensure the security of the American people, most Americans may not appreciate them because the outcomes were unexpected. The efforts you put forth have actually created a national fear of traveling or visiting crowded areas.

With all these unexpected consequences, I found that your purpose of declaring the war is questionable. In your speech, you explained the purpose of the attacks: "Why do [the terrorists] hate us? They hate what we see right in this chamber – a democratically elected government. ... They hate our free-

doms – our freedom of religion, our freedom of speech, our freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other.” However, if we listen to bin Laden’s broadcast, he presented different reasons. In his broadcast statement, he failed to mention anything related to American democracy, but did mention specific grievances regarding U.S. policy in the Middle East. He was most concerned with such issues as the sanctions on Iraq, American political support for Israeli military occupation of Palestine, US military occupation of the Gulf, and U.S. support for corrupt regimes that serve their interests (Mahajan). Perhaps bin Laden’s speech only represented an extremist point of view, but he pointed out an alternate view of U.S. foreign policy.

If we look back at the history of the United States, the date of September 11 chosen by the terrorists has a powerful meaning. It was the anniversary of the Camp David Accords, which represented Egypt’s final surrender to “American imperialism” (Ahmad 33). It was also the anniversary when your father, George Bush, Sr. made his speech to the U.S. Congress declaring war against Iraq (33). All these significant events happening on September 11 did not tell us that the terrorists hated the freedoms in the United States. In contrast, it seems to imply the United States’ historical trend of imperialism, as Mahajan states: “In order to remain in power, an empire [America] must show no weakness; it must crush any threat to its control.”

Besides that, history also verifies America’s oil interest in the Middle East. During World War II, the British ambassador Lord Halifax complained to FDR about an American power-play in the Middle East; Roosevelt produced a map and spelled it out for Halifax: “Persian oil is yours. We share the oil of Iraq and Kuwait. Saudi Arabian oil is America’s” (Lowry). Nowadays, in order to defend this interest, the United States’ military and political controls on the Middle East have grown more costly and more complicated (“Addicted to Oil”). With your rich experience in the oil business, you must be aware that the “War on Terrorism” may potentially bring benefits to you and your Administration. Mahajan pre-

sents us the evidence that “Afghanistan is the one country that the United States could control through which a pipeline can be run from those reserves to the Indian Ocean, for the rapidly growing Asian market.” Although you did not spell out your oil ambitions like FDR, the evidence provided by Mahajan exposes your possible intention to set up military bases in the former Soviet republics of the region.

To many of your people, revenge was the motive for the war. As you mentioned in the speech, “Tonight we are a country awakened to anger and called to defend freedom. Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution.” However, when you included your political diplomacy and your oil interest for the war, the war lost its original meaning of bringing terrorists to justice. With these two principle reasons, Americans may feel that you are taking advantage of their emotional desires for revenge to develop your political agenda and maintain your administration’s economic and military domination.

Today’s “War on Terrorism” parallels our former attack on Pearl Harbor. At that time, former President FDR’s military actions brought him the reputation as a powerful and capable leader. Today, your declaration of war seems to imitate the former President’s actions. However, with an unclear enemy and “horrifically unconventional” methods like Fareed Zakaria decries in *Newsweek Magazine*, your “War on Terrorism” may not help you to gain the reputation and support from most American people. In contrast, many Americans and other people throughout the world may lose their confidence and trust in you. As an international student, I do not have enough knowledge to provide you an effective solution to deal with terrorists. Looking at your efforts, I urge you to reconsider your military action against the terrorists and your foreign policy on the Middle East. By working out a more intelligent and effective action against the terrorists, I firmly believe American and foreign people alike will fully support you and your Administration.

Yours truly,  
Ying Hu

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This lyrical piece, well researched and well written, is an excellent example of a research paper with a voice.

Written for Kristel Wills

## Jazz Through the Eyes of Ralph Ellison

By Brandi L. Jones

21

As a young man growing up in Oklahoma City, Ralph Waldo Ellison experienced music as an everyday occurrence. Whether it was hymns, jazz, or classical, music was a large part of Ellison's life. Because of this, music is a large part of Ellison's writing. Though Ellison is best known as the author of *Invisible Man* he also wrote many essays and critiques on jazz and blues. Ellison's jazz writings range from essays on the lives of jazz musicians he knew growing up in Oklahoma City to the intricate weaving of the jazz and blues traditions in his fiction writings. Many of Ellison's jazz writings talk of jazz as the true American cultural invention. Ellison sees jazz as an art form born in America, out of the American experience. When Ellison writes about jazz he is also writing about the human condition. Jazz is so important to Ellison because it not only is part of the African American tradition, and thus the American tradition, but because it also speaks of the human experience.

With the sales of "race records," recordings of black singers singing jazz and blues in the early 1920s, jazz became quickly known and popular in America (Hutchinson 659). But even before this, jazz was known to African Americans in the south in the form of ragtime, which gained popularity in the 1890s, and the blues, whose beginnings are unknown, but it has been said that the blues have al-

ways been around (Southern 310). The tradition of the blues comes from the African slave working in the field and singing about life. Blues singers follow this tradition by singing about love, loss, hope, fear and folk heroes (Southern 333). For the slave, creating his own kind of music was his only freedom. The songs were a way to celebrate life in a world that was hard and almost unbearable. This music was a way to live through the unbearableness of life. African slaves would make up their own songs, but they would borrow what they liked out of European music and blend it with their own (Ellison "Blues" 129). Ragtime is also a combination of African and European music. Ragtime was created in the tradition of African American folk music, cakewalks and plantation songs, but also used harmonies found in European music ("Ragtime"). Early jazz was created out of a blend of ragtime and blues. Like ragtime, jazz utilizes the piano and syncopation. And like blues, jazz uses "call-and-response" in which a voice or instrument will make a statement and other voices or instruments will answer (Southern 376). Jazz is also very much like the blues in that it has a very short main theme or chorus and the musician will improvise and add to this main theme. Not only is jazz a creation from the traditions of both ragtime and the blues, but a creation from the African and European tradition.

In about 1915 there was a migration of African Americans into the north from the south (Hutchinson 660). Many of these African Americans decided to go west to places like Chicago, Kansas City, or, like Ellison's parents, Oklahoma City. This took jazz out of the south and into the west and north, and it was here that jazz began to change. The



cities in the west were newly formed and practically still frontier cities. African Americans fled the south to these cities to get away from lynchings and Jim Crow laws. They believed that they would have a fairer chance in these newly made cities, and though there was still discrimination and segregation there was more of a feeling of freedom and opportunity than there was in the south (O'Meally 8). The jazz that was created in these western cities, with this optimism, were big bands with leaders like Count Basie, who played out of Kansas City. These big bands, later to be known as swing bands, had "large, robust, and always swinging ensemble sounds, interspersed with numerous fine solos and, of course, the light infectious piano tinkling of its leader" (qtd. in Southern 390). This was the jazz of Ellison's youth: jazz that sang with optimism of the west, but that also sang with the blues that told of the tragedy of life. Because jazz was created from the traditions of the blues, it spoke of life and the human experience and because it was also created from the traditions of ragtime it had the sounds of Africa and Europe. This is why Ellison loves jazz, because it is the American experience. Because the American experience is as comic as Louis Armstrong playing the trumpet and as tragic as Bessie Smith singing the blues.

**G**rowing up Ellison heard music at home, at church, in school, and in the streets when the sound of jazz floated out of the clubs and drifted down the city's streets. Ellison grew up in a city that was saturated in music. Growing up he was always involved with music, particularly jazz; in an interview Ellison said this about growing up steeped in music:

Negro culture was music-centered and in grade school I became aware of the standard ways of playing repertory, whether for single groups or for the school band and orchestra. Those of us who tried to play jazz listened to whatever was around, whether played by local or visiting jazzmen or on records [...] I had older

cousins who were in tune with jazz and the blues while their mother was a great one for singing hymns to the accompaniment of their player piano [...] So, in such homes, and it was more or less typical, you had a general openness to music of various styles. (Welburn 16)

Music was always around Ellison. The public schools in Oklahoma City had a music program in which Ellison was taught the basics of music, particularly classical music. As a trumpet player Ellison had enough music education in school to play in pick-up bands around town. There was also the Aldridge Theater, the only theater in the city to have performers brought in especially for African American entertainment. It was here that Ellison heard many of the great jazz musicians, including King Oliver and Ma Rainey. Ellison also attended public dances where people would go to hear local musicians play and to dance (Welburn 16). Music was part of Ellison's culture. He was raised in a musical tradition, where music told him who he was and where he came from. Ellison finds great value in African Americans knowing about their traditions, their roots, because as he states, "those who know their native culture and love it unchauvinistically are never lost when encountering the unfamiliar" (Ellison "Living" 14). He believed if you know where you came from, then you know who you truly are. For Ellison jazz is one of the great viewfinders for African Americans and all Americans to look through, to see where they came from and who they are.

Growing up, Ellison experienced all types of music, but jazz in particular was a cultural institution in his community. In an essay about Jimmy Rushing, a blues singer who once sang with Count Basie's band, Ellison says this about the jazz institution: "Jazz and the public jazz dance was a third institution in our lives and a vital one, and though Jimmy was far from being a preacher, he was, as official floor manager or master-of-the-dance at Slaughter's Hall, the leader of a public rite" (Ellison "Remembering" 46). Jimmy Rushing and other local jazz musicians were not just entertainers; they were the heralds of values



of the community. Jimmy Rushing was so revered in the African American community of Oklahoma City because he was able to express the values of the community through his singing. Even though the African American community was placed in the least desirable section of the city and public places were segregated because of Jim Crow laws, there still was “a sense of possibility which, despite [their] awareness of limitations [...] transcended all of this, and it was this, and it was this rock-bottom sense of reality, coupled with [their] sense of the possibility of rising above it, which sounded in Rushing’s voice” (Ellison “Remembering” 45).

Jimmy was singing with the spirit of the people of the west. When Jimmy sang the blues, Ellison heard the only form of art that told of the limitations of humanity, but at the same time also told humanity to see how far it can go (Ellison “Remembering” 48). Jazz and blues told African Americans how to make sense out of their lives, in a many times senseless world. It reminded them of their aches and pains of the past and of the present, but it also showed them a way to transcend the pain by singing or listening to the “near tragic, near comic lyricism” of the blues (Ellison “Richard Wright’s” 103). Through his music Jimmy Rushing expressed a view of the world and a way to cope with life through the African American tradition (Ostendorf 107).

Jazz for Ellison is not only the expression of the African American experience, but the American experience. Jazz transcends ethnic boundaries because it was created through a mix of cultures; it has elements of European traditions mixed with African traditions. Jazz is a creation from the traditions of the American immigrant (Ostendorf 124). And like the immigrant, who adds their culture to American culture, but then eventually has to give up part of their culture to become more Americanized, the jazz musician must give a part of himself for his music, but then his voice becomes part of the whole voice of the music (Ellison “Charlie Christian” 36). Like jazz, America is a mixture of traditions and voices, many parts and a whole at the same time. Because as

Ellison states, “in the United States when traditions are juxtaposed they tend, regardless of what we do to prevent it, irresistibly to merge” (Ellison “Living” 14). Many white Americans tried to tell Black Americans that they were not Americans because they descended from slaves, and thus were separate from American culture. But ever since the arrival of the African slaves to America they have been shaping American culture. Ever since this time white Americans have been, as Ellison says, “walking Negro walk, talking Negro flavored talk (and prizing it when spoken by Southern belles), dancing Negro dances and singing Negro melodies” (Ellison “Blues” 130). American culture is African American culture and because of this jazz sings of America. For Ellison jazz is the language of America, because it is African and European, and because it tells of the newness of America, of the swirling of cultures that makes up America’s culture (O’Meally “Introduction” xii).

Because jazz is the language of America it tells Americans who they are and where they came from. Many times Americans try to forget the struggles that helped build America. Americans want to forget war and slavery and hatred so that they can move forward and progress as a society. But when they do this they do it at the risk of forgetting where they came from (Ellison “Blues” 124). Ellison believes that jazz and blues can remind Americans where they came from; of this he says,

Perhaps in the swift change of American society in which the meanings of one’s origin are so quickly lost, one of the chief values of living with music lies in its power to give us an orientation in time. In doing so, it gives significance to all those indefinable aspects of experience which nevertheless help to make us what we are. In the swift whirl of time music is a constant, reminding us of what we were and of that toward which we aspire. (Ellison “Living” 14)

Ellison believes if Americans remember where they came from, then they know who they are. They remember that their country was built on the idea

that every man was guaranteed life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Individually and as a group Americans have had many sorrows, but those sorrows created the country that is known today. Ellison sees America not as a country of many cultural groups living together, but a country of many cultures blended together. Jazz tells Americans this and reminds them not to forget it. For Ellison jazz leads Americans forwards toward their dreams and desires, by giving Americans a way to cope with life, a reminder of the strength in their freedom (O'Meally "Introduction" xii). Jazz does this by singing about the American experience, and thus the human experience.

Because jazz was created in the tradition of people who created music to deal with the struggles of life, who through music "developed an endless capacity for laughing at their painful experiences," jazz talks simultaneously about the tragic and comic aspects of the human experience (Ellison "Blues" 130). Jazz sings the songs of celebration, of chaos, of love, of loss, of tradition; of all things that the human experience is made out of. Jazz sings the songs of life in the voice of humanity, in the voice of America. Jazz tells not just African Americans where they came from and where they are going, but it is telling all Americans this. Jazz tells Americans to remember the struggles and use them to go forward and create a great new world. When Americans forget where they came from all they have to do is listen to jazz and blues and it will remind them. It is no wonder Ellison loved jazz. Ellison could see his life in jazz, and he could see the lives of the people around him in jazz. Ellison saw not only America in jazz, but the human experience in it.

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## Changing Faces

by John Davenport

26

Showcasing another strong voice, this essay explores the social pressures that impinge on the construction of a personal identity.

Written for Mary Fox

I first noticed the way my appearance affected me when I was nine years old. Until that time I was a carefree, outgoing, the world-is-my-playpen type of kid. I had grown accustomed to an almost daily diet of Faygo Red pops, Funyuns and Lorne Doone shortbread cookies. An in-between-meal snack would be a few Twinkies or cream-filled chocolate Suzy Q cupcakes. I was becoming quite portly, yet I had been repeatedly reassured by loving family and friends that it was just “baby fat” and I would grow out of it in a few years. I was four feet two inches tall and weighed 116 pounds.

In the fifth grade, I started to experience the tough world of competitive sports. Before this, all the kids in my neighborhood played just to have fun. Due to my rotund physique, I was often the last person picked to play on a team. I was also the subject of relentless ridicule. This was the year I learned just how cruel kids could be. Some of the names I remember being called were roly-poly, lard ass, bubble belly, weeble-wobble, chunky butt and my personal favorite – H.R. Puff-N-Stuff. I started to withdraw from sports, recess, going to the mall and even talking on the telephone. When I did engage in them, I usually ended up in arguments or

fight over those very words. How could I ever survive a few years of this type of torture?

At age thirteen, I finally hit my pubescent growth spurt. I was now five feet three and weighed a solid one hundred and forty muscular pounds. The girls loved it! Sports teams begged me to play for them. I started acting quite conceited. I only wanted to be around people with the same gear or attitude that I had. I would only wear the latest styles, Calvin Klein, Sergio or Guess. My hair had to be done up into the latest trend: Pressed and curled, finger-waved, corn-rolled or brush waved--my personal favorite. My conceitedness was brought to an abrupt halt the year that I turned fifteen and went to Georgia for the summer.

This is when, again, my “identity” went into crisis. Upon my arrival in the small town of Macon, I was an immediate outcast. Contrary to Detroit, light-skinned, clean-shaven brothers with beehive haircuts were not in. The preference here was tall, dark-skinned brothers that had goatees and dreadlocks. I could not change into any of them overnight – if at all. I was devastated and again felt alone and confused. I started putting down (ranking) their slow, drawn out way of speaking and

walking. When this didn't help, I started talking and walking like them in order to fit in. I started hearing the term "wannabe" shouted, whenever I neared a group of kids. I left Georgia feeling empty.

Ages sixteen through twenty-one were equally eventful. I went through one socially-linked metamorphosis after another. I changed my hairdos, my nails, my shoes and even the types of underwear I wore. All of this was done in an attempt to fit in. I was constantly trying to change some physical feature in order to fit in with whatever group I was making the changes for. Although I was "successful" in most of my attempts, I still felt empty.

Finally, I have come to accept and even appreciate my "face" for what it is. It is only a small part of a much larger picture--who I am. Make-up, hairdos and clothes don't make you who you are. They can only serve to enhance or detract from the real you. Today, whenever I start thinking about changing my appearance to please, impress or become more acceptable to a particular social group, my ears start ringing. The ringing is as loud as an Army bugler sounding morning reveille. I then ask myself several questions: What will I learn by doing it? What will I lose by doing it? Who will it benefit the most if I do it? Is it safe to do? Will it hurt others?

I immediately find a mirror. I step in front of it so that I can face "Me" and silence the now deafening ringing. The ringing is a thunderous, resounding plea from my inner self that says, "Before you make a choice remember the old adage - "To thine own self be TRUE."



## Arguing to Persuade

by Renee Largent

28

This essay, from my own English 103 class, takes us into the courtroom to hear a skillful prosecutor's closing argument.

Scott Earle

**A**t 2:00 pm on Wednesday, May 5, 2001 Allison Smith was leaving Seaview Elementary School. She had spent the day volunteering as a teacher's aide for her son Matthew's first grade class. Her back was aching and her feet were sore, but she left the school with a smile on her face, feeling happy she'd spent the day doing something she loved. Allison belted Matthew into the rear booster seat, handed him a snack box of raisins and kissed her son on the forehead. She then got behind the steering wheel of her car, belted herself in and headed for home.

The same afternoon seventeen-year-old Nick Johnson was playing a video game at a friend's home. Before school that morning Nick's mother Janet asked him to have his chores and homework done before she came home from work that afternoon. At 2:00 pm Nick left his friend's home in a rush, realizing that his mother would be home from work in a half-hour and that his chores were still not done. He raced towards his house reaching speeds in excess of 70 mph on the two lane highway between his friend's home and his own.

As Nick sped down the highway towards home he looked away from the road for a moment to adjust his car radio. At 2:37 pm, as Nick looked up

from the radio, he smashed his 1979 Chevrolet Suburban into the front of Allison Smith's 2002 Volkswagon Jetta. The force of the impact shattered Allison's windshield, causing the glass to tear her skin like silk. As the airbags deployed they sent a powerful burst of air rushing towards Allison's face, forcing her head to jerk violently back. Finally, the hood of Allison's car was crushed and the engine block was sent rushing towards her unprotected body. When the motion stopped Allison's body lay limp, pinned between the engine of her car and her son's booster chair on the seat behind her. There was no sound or movement in the car as Allison's life left her body. An unconscious Matthew regained consciousness and began to scream for his mother, trying in vain to wake her from her eternal slumber.

Throughout the course of this trial the defense has tactfully avoided insulting your intelligence by attempting to negate the facts of this horrific incident. Rather they have tried to touch your heart with anecdotes about Nick's life. They've talked with you about his stellar grades and the fact that his teachers enjoyed having him in their classrooms. They've talked with you about his teammates and baseball coaches who vouched for his promise as a collegiate athlete. They've talked to you about his

parents and siblings who told you about his loving manner and dedication to his family. I won't dismiss the fact that Nick Johnson has been a good friend, student and son. However, on Wednesday, May 5, 2001, as Nick Johnson sped down that highway, he was not a good citizen.

The defense has avoided talking with you about Allison Smith and the family and friends she left behind. They've avoided telling you about the nightmares that her six-year-old son has had since the day his father brought him home from the hospital in a wheelchair. They've avoided telling you about the grief that her young husband James has dealt with as he attempts to pull himself from bed every morning. And they've avoided telling you about the loss that Allison's parents, Joannie and Mark, struggle to deal with each Sunday afternoon as they look at their daughter's empty chair at the family dinner table.

We are not here to discuss Nick Johnson's life and the promising future he had ahead of him. We are here to discuss the choice this young man made on the afternoon of May 5 and the tragic consequences of that choice. We are here to discuss how his choice to stay later than he should have at a friend's home caused him to drive at excessive speeds. We are here to discuss how his choice to reach down and change the radio station while driving at such high speeds caused him to cross the center lane into oncoming traffic. We are here to discuss how Nick Johnson's choice to break the law that afternoon took the life away of a young mother.

It is unfortunate that so many lives have been changed forever by the horrific accident of May 5. I'm sure that if Nick Johnson could go back and make a different choice about that afternoon he would. I have no doubt that his apologies come from the heart and are of the most sincere nature. But the fact of the matter is that no matter how sorry Nick Johnson is, he can't give Allison back to her family. And no matter how sorry he is he can't undo the choice he made to break the law that afternoon. Being sorry that you broke the law does not negate the fact that the law was broken. I ask you on behalf of Allison Smith's family and our community at large to find Nick Johnson guilty of vehicular manslaughter.

## Women's Movement – Dead or Alive?

by Candis Jordan

A thoughtful and insightful paper, this bit of historicizing is also timely.

Written for John Delbridge

30

No matter what generation you are part of, the Baby Boomers or Generation Xers, the word “feminist” probably conjures up some kind of image in your mind.

For the Baby Boomers, it perhaps would be an image of the radical, bra burning, women's marches of the late sixties and the seventies. Women like Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*, written in 1963, and Gloria Steinem, feminist activist and co-founder of *Ms. Magazine* in 1972, might quickly come to mind as powerful leaders of the movement. Additionally, the Boomers would most likely have a sense of where the movement began. They know a bit of the history of the suffragettes and how the movement has evolved. For Generation Xers, feminism may have a couple of different images. I think young women today have some sense of the history of the women's movement and an appreciation for what the Baby Boomers accomplished. They admit they are benefactors of past accomplishments of the movement including pro choice, workplace protection laws and domestic violence legislation and laws. However, I don't believe the Baby Boomers' idea of feminism is as relevant for today's generation. The Gen Xers don't relate to the rigid, aggressive, political activism of the Boomers. In *Kiss My Titts*, Susan Jane Gilman, a Gen Xer, writes, “For women today, feminism is often perceived as dreary. As elitist, academic, Victorian, whiny, and passé.” Many young women echo Gilman's words today.

So what does this portend for the future of the women's movement? Is the movement positioned to be effective as we move into the next decade? Based

on my research, I believe the women's movement is declining today, and will continue to do so, due to a lack of relevancy and a clear agenda that can be uniformly embraced by all women in the movement. Perhaps it is time to redefine this movement and to channel those efforts into a more inclusive fight for human rights. Having said that, clearly we can appreciate what has been accomplished in the past and the battles that have been fought and won.

Being at the very end of the Baby Boomer generation, I know that I personally benefited from the courageous actions of both the first and second waves of feminists who were the pioneers of the movement. The efforts of visionary feminists such as Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug were extremely influential in bringing about laws regarding sexual discrimination in the workplace and the Title VII of the Civil Right Acts of 1964 prohibiting sexual harassment. I know that because of the work of feminist activists, I have lived a better, freer life with greater choices and options available to me. I can remember when I started my career in the late 70's, I still had the mindset that I had to blend in and be one of “the guys” instead of capitalizing on the unique strengths that I brought to the workforce, which were in some part due to my gender. After changing this mindset, I reaped the benefits in my career. I was the first woman to be promoted to the position of a regional sales manager in a company that had been around for over 100 years. I sincerely believe that without the women's movement, this would not have been possible. Now, almost three decades later, this has changed dramatically. Most women today don't even have to think about these issues, and this is one of the reasons for the decline. As Jennifer



Baumgardner and Amy Richards point out in *Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future*, “Feminism is like fluoride, we scarcely notice that we have it—it’s simply in the water” (17). Their point is that issues of the women’s movement have become more commonplace and you no longer have to think about them. This further demonstrates the lack of relevancy that exists. As Ginia Bellafante writes in *Time Magazine*, “Some would argue that if the women’s movement were still useful, it would have something to say; it’s dead because it has won.” Young women today don’t relate to the academic or activist feminism of the previous generation. They don’t care as much about issues in Washington, affirmative action, or the politics of the movement. What they do care about is real-life issues. As Gilman points out, “The problem is that a lot of feminist ideology simply doesn’t translate well into real life. It doesn’t empower young women on a practical level.” As with any social movement, as it begins to lose its relevancy, it loses the masses that it takes to propel it forward.

One of the other reasons affecting the decline of the movement today is that the Generation Xers are searching to find a greater balance than the generation before them. They have had a “front seat” look at what their mothers went through and what they sacrificed, and they believe they have an opportunity to take a different tack. In a recent segment on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* entitled “What Younger Women Think about Older Women,” several young women had some stinging comments to make about the Baby Boomers. Among those interviewed was Melissa, age 25, who said, “I feel my mother’s generation did create unrealistic expectations of balancing a family and career. My mother’s generation put themselves before their children.” Another Gen Xer, Cecelia, said, “The Baby Boomer generation was so worried about having it all that they didn’t even think about at what price.” Similar sentiments were expressed by Alison, age 35, who said, “Gosh, those women had to give up so much to make those things happen. Should we give up those things?” Though

the Generation Xers certainly have an awareness of the struggles and battles that came before them, one of the greatest things they appear to have learned is the need to strike a balance. Against the background of young women knowing that they can go after whatever they want, there’s a clear realization that the price that many women pay for success at the workplace may be too high.

Sylvia Ann Hewlett, economist and author, published a study in the April issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, which basically states: “Thirty years into the women’s movement, female executives still don’t have what they want—and probably never will.” Her basic message in “Executive Women and the Myth of Having It All” reveals “a painful, well-kept secret; at midlife, between a third and a half of all successful career women in the United States do not have children.” She goes on to point out that in the majority of these cases, these women have not chosen to remain childless. They simply put that part of their life on hold while they were establishing their careers. Her message to young women is to be mindful of their life choices now and a reminder that “they cannot assume that, as they pursue their careers, their personal lives will simply fall into place” (Hewlett). I think this kind of advice resonates with the younger generation today and is another reason for the declining movement.

I experienced this same kind of thinking when I was talking with the young women in my life. In preparation for writing this paper I asked my niece, who is twenty-three years old, and my goddaughter, who is nineteen, about feminism and its role in their lives. They both looked at me somewhat questioningly, as if to say, “What are you talking about?” My niece said, “The words ‘women’s movement’ and ‘feminist’ just don’t come up when I’m talking with my friends.” Neither of them even thinks about a women’s movement being in existence. However, they do think about equality, equal pay for equal work, having choices available to them, and being in a relationship with someone who is a partner. In fact, one of the comments my niece made

was a reference to the fact that today it's really more about equal rights for all versus purely women's rights.

I think there is much to be said for this point. In the year 2002, it would seem like a point in time where the women's movement should transition and really be positioned under the larger umbrella of human rights. Webster defines feminism as "The doctrine advocating that social and political rights of women be equal to those possessed by men." Perhaps now is the time to work towards harnessing the efforts of both men and women and propel the issue of social and political rights forward under an "egalitarian movement" by which we would all benefit. I recognize this is a lofty endeavor. However, when you look at organizations like the National Organization of Women, The Feminist Majority, the Feminist Foundation, and the Independent Women's Foundation, somewhere within their mission statements they speak to equality for all. Perhaps we have reached a point where these organizations can broaden their agenda to be more inclusive of gender and ethnicity and bring about social and political change for a far greater number of people.

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This piece came from a very simple assignment – to write a single paragraph on a personal experience. The wonderfully realized paragraph works even better when split in two!

Scott Earle, English 90

## Transposition of the Soul

by Jonathan Celis

33

Witnessing someone's passing is a life-altering experience. Even though I knew little of the old man who lay at my feet, seeing my grandfather kneeling by his side, I knew to honor him. When a man like my grandfather gets on one knee (in this case both) an entire island of people follow. Knowing that I should kneel too, I froze the instant I decided to bend my knees. Standing there frozen in a state of awe, I watched as my grandfather placed his hand on the man's chest. At this point, I heard my heart beat as loud as thunder, feeling as though it were to explode at the back of my throat. For every six beats of my heart, the man's chest rose slowly then collapsed back as if he were being deflated like a balloon. His eyes gazed straight up without blinking, wide open as if they were being pushed out from behind. With his mouth barely opened, struggling to live those next few seconds, he mustered up the strength to tell my grandfather, "Afut yo' gi minailig. Afut yo' fan gi minailig." His voice was calm and at a hazy whisper, but I knew this took all his might. From the bottom of his soul, he managed to hold his royal tone. Then, as easily as he had come into this world, he exhaled for the last

time and then was gone. My grandfather's hand no longer rose on the man's chest and the man's eyes closed ever so slightly. "When a person dies in this world, Death walks, in that moment, with man."

There we were: my grandfather, this old man's body, and myself in a 10 foot by 15 foot tin house. Then just as I was getting used to the silence, Death flew in all around us on a breeze that swept through the house, seeming to center itself around the ground where the old man lay. A breeze that reeked of the smell of death and left. Now a ghostly silence once again came across the dark, cold room. "Now it's just you and me, boy. . . . Get his blanket." Hearing my grandfather's voice made me realize who this man was, and why he told my grandfather "Afut yo' gi minailig." This, translated from the ancient Chamorro, means "*Bury me the old way.*" This man was the man in all the legends of Astao; how could such a man die? The following was put on his gravestone: Born into the world a Chamorro warrior, and buried as a King. Tao Tao Chamorro 1887-1989. Watching this great man die made me realize the fragility of life.



## Time Shared

by Demetrick Louis

This student's voice and tone contribute to a strong piece in the first person.

Written for Mary Fox

34

I don't remember exactly what took place on that hot and muggy evening in St. Martin Parish, Louisiana. As I was only about twelve years old at the time, almost all of it is hazy except for that one instance when the world around was unfolded and presented to me in a way that I could not have expected. For me it was the day that my childish way of thinking was shed, giving way to a more mature perception of the world. It was like I had walked through life with a blindfold on, and then suddenly it was removed. The dim visage gave way to the full image.

Working with my father was always important to me. It somehow made me feel as if I had advanced several years beyond my age. No longer was I just my father's son, but at that place in time I was his partner. He would always call me his right hand man and that is exactly what I felt like back then.

We were working on a bridge that he and his friend had built some weeks earlier for the purpose of driving his car across the ditch that separated our front yard from the street. This day my dad had noticed that a few bolts were loose on the bridge. So he sent me out to the shed in the back yard to get his toolbox. That made me feel as if I were an assistant surgeon who was performing a very delicate operation. "Pass

me the 5/16 socket," he would say and I would reach into the toolbox and search for it as quickly as I could for fear that if I took too long our subject would not survive to see another day. For me it could not get any better than this. I was with my dad learning what it meant to be a man and gaining the type of knowledge that no teacher could impart to even his best student. This information had to be passed on from one generation to the next.

His knowledge on any practical subject seemed endless. Be it a broken pipe, a cracked section of sheet rock, or an electrical short in the wiring of the house, he would send me out to get the toolbox and we would go to work. Most normal people didn't even bother to invest the time and effort it took to address the problem. They would just hire someone to fix it for them. But not my dad—he had to fix it for himself.

I remember the sounds so well. The rhythm of a hammer pounding nails, the automated sound of a power drill, or the click clack click clack of a ratchet. That was my favorite sound, click clack click clack. It was almost like music. Click clack click clack as we tightened down bolts on the bridge.

He made it look so simple and that always impressed me, but then again he was built like

Bluto from the Popeye cartoons with forearms that were larger than his huge biceps. It was a trait that most men on his side of the family shared. They were either built like Bluto or built like Popeye with those huge forearms. Once my uncle and a cousin picked up the car with my dad in it to show off their strength. I reckoned my dad was twice as strong, because he was twice as big as they were.

To me he was a real role model. I didn't want to be a football star or a basketball player. I just wanted to be like my dad. He was just as big as a football player and twice as smart. He was the kind of man that when there was no way, he would make one. For him nothing was impossible. Unlike all of those kids who had athletes for role models, my role model was always around. I could talk to him, interact with him, and not settle for seeing him only when there was a game on television.

The conversations we had while working together were unlike any that we could have if we were not working together, because at that place in time I was more than just his son. I remember asking him in a rather casual tone "How'd you get so smart?" It must have caught him off guard, because the rhythm that we were working at was broken as he looked up to answer the question. Usually when he answered a question while we were working he wouldn't look up at me. Though he heard what I said the larger portion of his attention was on the job at hand. But this question commanded his attention.

He looked at me with a steady gaze and a somber face as if to say more than could be said with words alone. "A man can do anything if he puts his mind to it," he said. The answer came out as if he had read it in a book or heard someone say it to him when he was about my age. Then I knew where the expression on my face came from or at least I could guess. It seemed like he was recalling a memory from so long ago, when he asked his father the same question and received the same answer. His whole life was built on that answer and so too would mine.



## Primitive Coal and a Red Hand

By Carl Swanes

Certain essays linger in the mind long after you first encounter them; such was the case for me reading this one.

Scott Earle, English 101

36

“I can’t believe the news today, I can’t close my eyes and make it go away. How long, how long must we sing this song; how long? Sunday, Bloody Sunday.” Bono’s voice filled my head as I crossed the border into Northern Ireland. The border’s razor-wire fences, machine-gun toting guards, and thirty-foot observation towers stood in sharp contrast to the tranquil, almost intoxicating beauty of the Irish countryside. This was, however, an entrance to one of the most politically volatile and violent places in the northern hemisphere, if not the world.

Darkness had fallen over Belfast by the time I arrived at my youth hostel. However, it was still early and I looked forward to exploring this notorious city. I put on my hat and scarf, checked my room key in, and walked out into the damp, cold Belfast night. I immediately stopped and looked around; I was stunned. It was only eight o’clock and the streets were totally deserted. I did a slow three hundred and sixty degree turn. It was like an episode from the twilight zone, the one where the guy wakes up and he is the only person left on earth. I walked for nearly seven minutes before I saw another person. I realized that the citizens of Belfast had been placed under a sort of self-imposed house arrest. They were terrified to be in crowded

places for fear of car bombs or attack from a sniper.

Looking across the cold street I decided to enter a pub. After all, I may have been in the twilight zone, but it was the twilight zone in Ireland. I walked about a half-block and came to the pub. The entrance was enclosed in steel chain-linked fencing; the chain enclosure extended about eight feet from the door of the pub. I pressed a doorbell and after a few minutes I was buzzed in. I felt anxious about entering the caged walkway, but as I got closer to the pub the familiar smell of burning peat entered my nostrils. The smell of this primitive coal had a relaxing effect on me.

I sat at the bar and ordered a Guinness. Behind the bar I noticed three closed television screens; one of the screens displayed the front of the building and the other two screens displayed the sidewalk and street. I asked the bartender the purpose of the security precautions. Hearing my accent, he gave me the full explanation. He told me that the intent of the chain-linked fence was to stop Protestants from throwing petrol bombs or hand grenades through the door. (Evidently, I was in a Catholic bar.) He said it was locked to prevent Protestants from running in with machine guns and killing everybody in the place. The closed circuit cameras were

to see if a bomb had been planted nearby. If so, the bar patrons could sit away from the windows and wait until a bomb squad could dispose of the device. I sat for a moment and contemplated the images of violence that would necessitate these extreme precautions. I asked nervously if there was any truth to the rumors of possible violence in the coming days. The bartender explained that there was a possibility of violence. He told me this was because two bodies of I. R. A. members were being returned from a British prison. The men had been hanged without a trial and then buried inside the prison walls without a funeral. However, through diplomacy, it had been arranged for the bodies to be returned and the funerals would be taking place tomorrow. He then said in a stern voice, "If you hear a gunshot and it has a hollow sound, don't worry, the bullet is traveling away from you. If there is no hollow sound, lay down, because the bullet is traveling towards you."

I paid the bartender and left. I walked out of the warm pub and into the cold night. I decided to take the long way back to my hostel. I rounded a corner and in front of me stood a huge sign that read "Welcome to the center of the loyalist heartland. Sons of Ulster never surrender." The bottom of the sign had the Sons of Ulster symbol, a red hand. They picked this symbol because of its place in Irish mythology. The myth goes like this: A clan chief had two sons and he told them he would give control of the clan to the one that could row his boat around a certain island and get back first. The sons departed

on the race and it was close. However, as the shore grew closer, it was clear that one brother had a commanding lead and would win. The brother that was behind realized this. Because of his desire and ambition to become clan chief, he drew his sword, cut off his hand, and threw it to shore, making him the winner and clan chief. The Sons of Ulster remembered this story and decided to use the red hand as their symbol to show their desire for victory and commitment to their cause. Seeing this sign disheartened me because it made me realize a long-lasting peace in Northern Ireland might be a long way away.



## The Music of Madness

By Heather Koch

This beautifully written piece illustrates how inspiring a good film can be.

Written for David Endicott

38

Into the darkness of a snowy 19<sup>th</sup>-century Vienna night, an old man cries out in desperation, “Mozart! I killed you! Forgive me, Mozart!” The man, Antonio Salieri, fellow composer and secret nemesis of Mozart, then attempts suicide and is taken to an asylum. He is visited by a priest attempting to hear his confession; it is through this confession that the brilliant film *Amadeus* unfolds.

This film easily could have fallen in with many pseudo-biographies and been terribly uninteresting; it is instead enchanting, grasping its viewers from the first moments and refusing to release them until the final scene. *Amadeus* is a triumph for big-budget Hollywood, which typically considers sales potential far more important than artistic integrity. The film deservedly swept the 1984 Academy Awards, winning eight in all, including Best Actor (F. Murray Abraham), Best Director (Milos Forman) and Best Picture (Saul Zaentz). It is artsy without being pretentious, “period” without being stuffy, tragic without loss of humor; it is a mirror of Mozart himself, and the music which Salieri deemed “the very voice of God.”

Visually, *Amadeus* is as rich, full and lush as Mozart’s music. One is swept into early 19<sup>th</sup>-century Europe, from the Archbishop of Salzburg’s extravagant palace to the bustling, dirty streets of Vienna. The costuming is immaculate and effortlessly portrays the strong division of classes. Some of the costumes and set designs convey a sense of playfulness amidst the austere surroundings, reflecting Mozart’s childlike nature.

The screenplay was written by Peter Shaffer, who also authored the original stage play. Where many texts adapted for the screen fail to meet expectations, Shaffer’s far surpasses them. The story is timeless and successfully humanizes a legend by simply showing one man’s struggle for creative freedom, and the jealous rage he unknowingly instills in another.

One of the film’s greatest achievements is its characters. The two primary characters surrounding Mozart (Tom Hulce)—Salieri (Abraham) and Mozart’s practical wife Costanze (Elizabeth Berridge)—effectively bring out the best and worst of Mozart, from the spoiled prodigy to the “giggling, dirty-minded creature” to the mad composer to the loving (although not always faithful) husband and father. However, *Amadeus* ultimately revolves around the silent battle Salieri wages against Mozart and the God who favored another.

Salieri introduces Mozart as a “brilliant little prodigy” who composed his first concerto at age four, his first symphony at age seven, and his first full-length opera at age twelve. While Salieri was “still playing childish games. . .he was playing music for kings and emperors, even the Pope in Rome.” Salieri is obviously jealous of Mozart, and angered at the immense talent drawing attention away from his own career: “Everybody liked me. . .I liked myself. . .until he came.” Yet at the same time, he highly respects the musical genius, often astounded at what sheer perfection his compositions would yield: “Displace one note and there would be diminishment; displace one phrase and the structure would fall.” It is this relationship which draws at-



tention to the most important aspect of *Amadeus*: the music.

Appropriately, Mozart's music plays the most significant role in this film. Sir Neville Martinson, the film's Music Director and conductor of the soundtrack, states: "My main concern in *Amadeus* is that the music should be presented faultlessly, not just technically, but as a perfect complement to what is on the screen. You can't cut the music to fit the film. One of the good things about *Amadeus* was that the film was shot around the music—not the other way around as is usually the case" (Sales). This is evident throughout the entire film. The music works through all facets of *Amadeus*. It sets the mood, fixes the pace, heightens intensity, and thickens the plot, whether fast and feverish, soft and melodic, or strained and maddening.

The music and life of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart are virtual reflections of one another. This point is made clear in the final scenes as a sickly, mad and dying Mozart feverishly tries to complete what would be his last, and arguably best, work: a requiem, or death mass. As *Lacrymosa* (Mournful Day), the haunting fourth movement of Mozart's *Requiem*, plays somberly in the background, the body of this inspired virtuoso is dumped into a common, unmarked grave. This film allows even the most untrained ear to experience the beauty and passion of Mozart's music and equate them to his tragic life.

*Amadeus* refuses to "dumb down" the music and its significance; instead, it expresses what it is to truly love music, to feel as though it is a part of one's soul. "Opera is here to ennoble us," the Emperor quipped to Mozart upon learning he had written an opera based on undesirable subject matter. But music is also here to unite us. Much of Mozart's music was written for the "common man," not the lofty elite. Even today, when classical music is far less popular than in years past, one would be hard-pressed to find someone who could not recognize any of his works.

*Amadeus* is a cinematic masterpiece, the likes of which are rare to come out of present-day Holly-

wood. Like Mozart's music, it stretched across many boundaries to reach the public; the response was overwhelming. There exists a saying in Hollywood: "We give the public garbage because that's what the public wants; if we gave the public Art they wouldn't buy it" (Sales). Fortunately, as the booklet accompanying the soundtrack states, "*Amadeus* gave the public Art—and they bought it. If for nothing else, we can be grateful to *Amadeus* for putting an end to this argument once and for all."

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# Guidelines for Performing a Small Bowel Follow-Through

By Kelly Berger

The topic may be distasteful, but this fascinating paper impresses with its clarity and utility.

Written for Mike Mixdorf

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## Abstract

A small bowel follow through is an evaluation of the small bowel which illustrates the importance of the use of contrast in radiography. Any pathology of the small bowel would be nearly impossible to see using conventional radiography. Materials with similar atomic numbers absorb xrays in a similar way. For example, bones are much easier to see on a conventional radiograph because they have a much higher atomic number than organ tissues. Zelda L. Kravitz of Yale-New Haven Teachers Institute explains that in order to see internal organs by means of radiography, contrast agents with high atomic numbers such as barium and iodine compounds are used. Because of the photoelectric effect, these heavy compounds (ZBa= 56, ZI-53) absorb most of the radiation, producing ideal contrast on the film (Kravitz, 2002.)

A small bowel follow-through is an examination which follows barium through the small bowel through a series of evenly timed radiographs and spot flouroscopy. The examination usually begins as the barium leaves the pylorus of the stomach and ends as the barium goes through the ileocecal valve and into the cecum. Under normal circumstances, small bowel studies can last anywhere from about twenty minutes to around seven or eight hours. The time it takes for the exam to reach completion depends entirely on the digestive system of the patient.

As preparation for the exam, the patient is prescribed a diet and may be given laxatives and suppositories. Usually the patient is allowed no food or drink after the evening meal. Smoking and chewing gum are also discouraged. Upon arriving at the exam site, the patient is given clean scrubs to wear and instructed to remove the bra and/or neck jewelry.

The patient is led into the exam room and a scout KUB is taken. The patient is then given 300 cc's of thin barium, such as Entero-VU, to drink. Once the cup is empty it is refilled with another 300 cc's of the barium. Getting the patient to drink all of the barium in ten minutes is strongly encouraged, as this optimally prepares the digestive system for the exam.

Once enough barium has been drunk, an immediate KUB is taken. Usually it is a good idea to center this KUB higher to include the stomach. The time of the immediate radiograph is noted. The scout and immediate radiographs are then shown to the radiologist. Subsequent radiographs are then timed from fifteen minutes after the immediate radiograph.

For one hour, the KUB's are taken at fifteen minute intervals. From then on, radiographs are taken at thirty minute intervals for as long as needed.

During this time, a radiographer must use wise judgment in areas of film positioning and centering. If a crucial area of small bowel is clipped, the radiograph may have to be repeated. Often with a very large patient it is necessary to follow the barium by centering the film in different areas of the abdomen. In order to do this, one must be able to estimate the barium flow based on close study of the previous radiographs. This not only makes the radiologist's job easier, but this also may cut down on patient dose.

Usually a radiographer can tell which area of the small bowel is being visualized on the radiograph by noting which side of the abdomen the barium is travelling through. When the barium is predominantly on the left side of the abdomen, the radiographer can be fairly sure that the barium is in the jejunum. The barium will typically travel onward towards the lower abdomen and take on a feathery appearance. This is how barium looks when it has reached the ileum. Once the barium begins creeping over to the right side of the abdomen, the radiographs must be shown to the radiologist.

The radiologist is waiting for the barium to reach the ileocecal valve. Once the exam has progressed to this stage, the radiologist will usually don a lead apron and use a compression device to better demonstrate the barium flowing through the ileocecal valve and into the cecum. Spot fluoroscopy is taken by a foot pedal on the floor, which the radiologist can effectively operate while manipulating the compression device.

Once the ileocecal valve has been demonstrated to the radiologist's satisfaction, the patient is ready to be released. The radiographer instructs the patient to drink lots of liquid to flush the barium from the system or to take a mild laxative unless otherwise specified by the patient's referring physician.

Small bowel studies are necessary for the diagnoses of diseases, conditions, and anomalies of the small bowel. According to Kurtz (1997), if there is a suspected tear, rupture or puncture of the small bowel the exam will probably be done using a "water soluble" contrast medium. This is done for two reasons. One, a water soluble contrast media, such as Gastografin, will be absorbed by the body over a relatively short period of time and eliminated through the kidneys. Barium on the other hand can only be quickly and effectively eliminated by the body by passing through to the other end. Thus, if for some reason the contrast medium leaks out of the intestines and into the abdominal cavity, a water soluble contrast will not cause potentially dangerous complications the way barium might. The

second reason is that since water soluble contrast media is much thinner than barium, it is much easier to suck back out if need be than barium is (Kurtz, 1997).

One disease which may be diagnosed following a small bowel study is Crohn's Disease. Crohn's disease is often evident at the area of the ileocecal valve, where there may be inflammation and narrowing of the tissue of the ileum. Lamontanaro (2001) describes Crohn's disease as a long-term inflammatory disease that can affect any portion of the GI tract, including the mouth and rectum. It, too, often affects Caucasians of Jewish ancestry. Crohn's disease can be treated with antidiarrhea drugs, analgesics, corticosteroids, and surgery (Lamontanaro, 2001).

There are many more reasons for a radiographer to carry out a small bowel examination carefully and effectively. This can be difficult at times because a small bowel patient is often ill or uncomfortable. Proper patient care, creative radiography, and good communication with the radiologist will lead the way to a proper diagnosis. The radiographer can be very proud of being an important part of this process

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### Questions

- 1.) What area is the radiologist usually demonstrating during spot fluoroscopy at the end of a small bowel follow-through?
  - a. pyloric sphincter
  - b. Crohn's Disease
  - c. ileocecal valve
  - d. tears or ruptures
- 2.) How fast should a patient be encouraged to drink barium preceding a small bowel follow-through?
  - a. 15 minutes
  - b. 5 minutes
  - c. whatever is easiest for the patient
  - d. 10 minutes
- 3.) The second section of the small intestine is called the
  - a. jejunum
  - b. pylorus
  - c. duodenum
  - d. ileum
- 4.) How long does it usually take to complete a small bowel follow through?
  - a. 4 films at 15 minute increments for the first hour, followed by half-hour increments.
  - b. 3 - 6 hours
  - c. as fast as the patient's digestive system moves
  - d. a and b
- 5.) The central ray for a KUB during a small bowel follow through must always be at the level of the iliac crests.
  - a. True
  - b. False

This paper, the author's second contribution to the magazine, takes a long, hard look at a Northwest staple.

Written for Kristel Wills

## Starbucks, Just Another Fast Food Coffee Shop

by Brand L. Jones

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**T**hey come in wearing running pants and baseball hats. A family comes in wearing church clothes: long skirts and ties. One man wears a Seahawks jacket, shirt and hat and carries two thermoses. All walk inside away from the gray sky that is threatening to rain. "A great Sunday for coffee," one says to another. People come to Starbucks for a cup of coffee and perhaps to sit down and have a conversation with a friend. Though Starbucks may seem like a great place to come and relax, with its many tables, overstuffed chairs and its upbeat soundtrack, in reality Starbucks is subliminally sending messages through store plans and seating choices for its customers to pay four dollars for a cup of coffee and then leave.

Starbucks seems to have taken over America. Customers can find at least one Starbucks in almost every city, with twelve just in the city of Tacoma; they are in airports and even on college campuses. The Starbucks across the street from Tacoma Community College is just one of the many shops in a large shopping center dominated by a Fred Myers grocery store. This Starbucks is situated next to a pizza parlor and across the parking lot from a Hollywood Video, making it a convenient stop for caffeine before going on with daily activities. This particular Starbucks is one of the company's smaller stores with seven small round tables and two overstuffed chairs. The walls are painted in soothing col-

ors of taupe and sage green. One wall has multi-colored wallpaper that has a collage of literary quotes printed over it. There are sleek stylized fixtures displaying fat bags of Arabian Mocha Java. As the customer walks into the store there is a tile path that leads to the ordering counter. The path is flanked by carpet in the first half of the store. This path gets wider and wider as the customer gets closer to the counter, giving the customer a road to follow straight towards the counter. This is one of the first subliminal messages given by the store telling the customer to stay on the beaten path in and out of the store, deterring the customer from the seating that is situated on the carpet off of the tile path.

As the customer reaches the counter she is bombarded with choices. Not only does she have coffee choices: latte, mocha, americano, caramel macchiato, grande, venti, non-fat, foam, no foam. But she also has coffee alternatives to choose from: hot chocolate, nine types of tea, Thomas Kemper root beer, bottled water, and assorted juices. There is also a small selection of pastries to choose from. All muffins, bagels, scones and brownies are kept in a glass case so you can see them, so customers don't constantly have to ask what flavor of scones Starbucks has today. All food items are conveniently small and easy to eat in a car or in a hurry. The girl at the cash register even gives them to you in a bag; if you want it on a plate you have to ask. In front of the register there is a display of impulse items: after coffee mints and gum, Starbucks caramels, and suckers with finger puppets on them. As the customer moves to the side and waits for her drink to be made, there is a whole wall of merchandise for her to browse. The wall is filled with Starbucks logo

cups in various colors and styles, espresso machines with all of the accompaniments: foam pitcher, thermometer and shot glasses. There is even a canister shaped as a “to-go-cup” that you keep your coffee beans in. All of these novelty items can be tacked on to your four dollar coffee: two dollar after-coffee mints and thirteen dollars a pound whole coffee beans.

With all of these choices the customer needs to have some idea what she wants before she enters the store or she would be there all day. As one customer walks up to the counter, the girl behind the counter asks, “Same as usual?” “Yep,” replies the customer as the girl writes on her cup and yells at the barista, “Grande, double shot, non-fat, no foam vanilla latte.” All drinks are served in a to-go cup, unless the customer brings her own cup or asks for a mug. The barista makes the coffee as fast as she can. There is a large line of customers waiting for their coffee and the barista wants to make sure they all receive their coffee as quickly as possible, so there can be room for more people in line. As the last customer in line receives her coffee, the girls behind the counter congratulate each other on a job well done. The employees have served all of their customers in a timely manner. In these times of ready-made dinners and drive-thru banking, timeliness matters. No one likes to wait anymore.

Starbucks understands that time matters. The more people Starbucks can get in and out the more money Starbucks can make. But in the tradition of café culture, Starbucks sets up a few tables and over-stuffed chairs for you to relax in and enjoy a caramel macchiato. This Starbucks across the street from Tacoma Community College has one third of the store devoted to a seating area. To get to the seating area the customer must get off the tile path. In the seating area the small tables are situated very close together, close enough for you to read the paper over the shoulder of the person at the next table over. There are only two over-stuffed chairs, which are the first two seats to be taken. Some of the tables are decorated like a checkerboard, though there are no pieces so you can't sit and play a game.

Starbucks does offer some reading material: *The Seattle Times*, though to read the complete newspaper you have to hunt around the store for the sections that are strewn around. Then the noise of the milk steaming, the Starbucks soundtrack, which is a mix of jazz, pop and indi-rock, and the chatter of the people talking, makes it hard to concentrate on your paper. So even though Starbucks gives the option of sitting down and staying a while, the majority of people decide to take their coffee and go on with their daily activities.

Starbucks tries to get its customers to believe that it is selling café culture by setting up tables, cushy chairs and playing hip music. But Starbucks is really selling a multitude of products and sending the customer on her way. In this capitalist world of drive-thru fast food, Starbucks is just another get-you-in, get-you-out product peddler hidden in a sit-down-and-stay-awhile atmosphere.

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of square tiles. Each tile contains a stylized, light-colored design consisting of a spiral on the left and a leaf-like shape on the right, set against a darker background. The tiles are arranged in a grid, with some tiles appearing slightly more prominent or darker than others, creating a textured, three-dimensional effect.

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