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Skunk River Review Fall 1997, Vol 9

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Edited by

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CONTENTS

I.

Basic Writing/Writing Skills Review

Move On	1
<i>Patrice Harson</i>	
Web Research	3
<i>Brian Allen</i>	
Motivation	5
<i>Richard S. Ardon</i>	
“Try it. It won’t hurt you.”	7
<i>John Lee Miller, Sr.</i>	
Lighten Up (Scholarship Essay)	9
<i>Patrice Galm-Harson</i>	
Battle	11
<i>Nedzad Hasanbegovic</i>	
Devastating War	13
<i>Richard Sokiri Ardon</i>	
Touch with Death	16
<i>Edin Kazazic</i>	
Bridging Cultures	18
<i>Jason Edwards</i>	

II.

Composition I

Buddy	22
<i>Kara Lichtenstein</i>	
The Quiet Man	24
<i>Laura Morlan</i>	

A Hole in One <i>Stephanie Van Doren</i>	26
The Horror of Having a Computer Virus <i>Brian Tuffin</i>	28
To Go North <i>Luke Funk</i>	30
Viola <i>Sandy Carlson</i>	32
Computer Animation <i>Dan Dill</i>	34
The Unforgettable Day in DMAACC's Dorms <i>Graciela Moreno</i>	37
Standing Outside the Circle: Confessions of a Former Outsider <i>Matthew LaShomb</i>	39
Interesting School Systems <i>Graciela Moreno</i>	42
The Bottom Half of Six <i>Shannon Cannon</i>	44
Static Shock <i>Matt Williams</i>	45
The Truck Is Rolling (Scholarship Essay) <i>Kim Hancock</i>	47
Memories of Ledges Manor <i>Chris Parker</i>	50
Wasn't Meant to Be <i>Cindy S. Benesh</i>	53
Miracle <i>Denise M. Kamm</i>	56
Tradition or Torture? <i>Ronna Fisher</i>	58

III. Composition II

Landmark Study? <i>Lori Price</i>	63
Ebonics <i>Jacalyn Hopp</i>	65
How Bible Writers Viewed Women <i>Lorraine Powell</i>	68
What If I Were a Transsexual? <i>Scott P. Mein</i>	71
Juvenile or Adult? <i>Jackie Sparks</i>	74
Dennis the Menace <i>Blaine Klonglan</i>	77
Dennis the Menace <i>Travis Neumann</i>	80
The Legacy of Life (Scholarship Essay) <i>Dan Ehler</i>	83
Privacy of Death: Mandatory HIV Testing for Expectant Mothers and Newborns <i>Nathan Lewis</i>	87
The G.I. Joe Invasion <i>Alicia Van Cleve</i>	90
Terms of Sexual Harassment <i>Cullen Waters</i>	93
Gender Classes: Are Females Being Cheated? <i>Scott Mein</i>	97





Introduction

Welcome to Volume IX of the *Skunk River Review*, Des Moines Area Community College's collection of student writings. We're excited about this issue because it is our first scholarship edition. Last fall when American Heritage Custom Publishing approached us about publishing the *Skunk*, we hesitated at first. However, after we reviewed their proposal and realized that money was an end result from working with them, we decided to create a *Skunk River Review* Scholarship Fund.

Because we never know from year to year the amount or the number of submissions we'll receive, we have decided that the dollar amount and number of scholarships will be determined each year. For example, this year we are awarding the following scholarships: a \$600 scholarship for the most outstanding Comp I submission, \$600 scholarship for the top Comp II submission, and a \$100 scholarship for the best Basic Writing/Writings Skills Review submission. A panel of DMACC composition instructors read and juried the selections without knowing the authors of the essays. The scholarships will be awarded for the 1998 Spring Semester.

Although it is an honor to be selected for the publication, we are hoping that with the addition of the scholarship rewards more students will want to submit their writings for future editions of the *Skunk River Review*. Please notice the Release Form at the end of the publication. Releases must accompany all submissions. We also are asking students to submit hard copies and computer disks of their essays. Having the essays on disk assists the publishing process immensely, especially since we are required to submit our material to Heritage by disk.

These essays in the *Skunk River Review* are representative of the community of writers studying composition at DMACC. We suggest the compositions be read, analyzed, and enjoyed, as well as used as models. Students may choose to evaluate their own writing by reviewing these samples. We encourage instructors and students to discuss the strengths and weaknesses of the selections.

As in Edition VIII, we have included an MLA style sheet at the end of the book. Hopefully this addition will continue to encourage students to seek proper documentation when they cite outside sources in the writing.

Thank you to all students who submitted essays. The number and quality of essays made the selection process difficult. Thanks also to all instructors who encourage their students to submit essays and who use the *Skunk River Review* as a supplemental text in their writing classrooms.



Move On

Patrice Harson

We have upon us a new social situation: divorced mothers who, after thoughtful consideration and discussion with family members, decide to make the step traditionally taken by divorced husbands and move away from their children, leaving the father in the role of custodial parent.

With each new decade and the ever-rising divorce rate in our country, parents and their children are continually challenged by family issues rarely experienced prior to the 1970s. Social situations that were once considered taboo are now becoming more familiar, albeit not comfortable, for many American families.

Two years following the end of my 16-year marriage, I moved 150 miles away from my daughters, and every day I question how this journey will affect my life and my daughters' lives. If our well-being is to withstand this new challenge set before us, my daughters and I will need to remind ourselves regularly of the solid reasoning involved in making this decision.

In many ways, being only eight miles away from my children and not being allowed to see them was more difficult than being the 150 miles away that I am now. The first two years of my divorce, Nicole and Kristine were with me more than two-thirds of the time. Then, without warning or explanation, my ex-husband gradually began to exclude me from their lives. Over a three-month period, he continued to involve me less and less in parenting decisions, and he insisted the children spend more time with him.

Past health problems and a low income prevented me from hiring a lawyer, and I was forced to be content with seeing my daughters as often as my ex-husband dictated. I really didn't know what to do with myself at

this point. My life evolved around my daughters, and I was lost without them.

Five months passed as my daughters neared adolescence and became more involved with their school activities and friends, and they decided that spending more time with their father was not such a bad idea.

Sometimes, our children are our best teachers; my daughters had moved on, and Mom decided it was time for her to do the same. Realizing that Nikki and Kristi were in the compassionate hands of their highly capable father, I decided it was time, finally, to take control of my life.

"Taking control of my life" meant attempting to fulfill a dream I've had since my junior year in high school. At age 17, I had big plans of following my brother's footsteps by joining the Navy. I wanted to become a photojournalist and see the world. However, as John Lennon sang, "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans."

Since the Navy isn't too interested in recruiting women of my maturity, the logical choice was to pick a college and restart my life. I've been an Iowa farm girl all my life. Although it would be nice to see other parts of the country, at this time in my existence, I couldn't imagine calling any other state my home. Realizing that I wanted to remain an Iowa resident, my next decision was which direction to move. One thought re-entered my conscience consistently while weighing my options: What kind of mother leaves her children behind?

If it were up to me, my girls would go with me, but this was not my choice. The next best thing was to choose a place that, although they would not be physically present the majority of the time, my daughters would, at least, be with me in spirit. I

decided I would choose a location that could become my children's "other home."

I was as far north as I could get and still be an Iowan, so going south seemed like the logical choice. My fourteen-year-old daughter, Nicole, has always shown great interest in the arts. As a toddler, her first coherent sentence came when, with pen and paper in hand, she approached me and said, "I 'ite, Mommy, I 'ite," meaning, "I write, Mommy, I write." Anything performed fascinated her, whether it was being read to her out loud, the simplest of plays performed at her elementary school, songs vocalized off-key by her less than talented mother or, preferably, those sung brilliantly by her favorite Sesame Street characters.

Like a child in awe of the novelty not of my possession, I have always enjoyed the arts as well, and I recalled stories told by my brothers and their wives as they reflected on their college days at Iowa State University and the abundance of entertaining concerts, museums, and varying cultural opportunities the Des Moines and Ames area offered them when they took up residence there. I decided that this would be a wonderful atmosphere to expose Nicole to. I decided I may be on to something worthy of continued consideration and investigated further.

I was afraid Iowa State University was an unrealistic aspiration, and after studying on my own for the ACT's, I discovered my fear was well-founded. I decided I needed to do what my brother, Paul, did and start small with a smaller college. After some discussion with friends, I heard about Des Moines Area Community College. The next decision was which campus to choose.

In the summer of 1996 my 11-year-old daughter, Kristi, spent a week at a YMCA camp near Boone, and

she had the time of her life. Nine years ago on a RAGBRAI expedition I pedaled my way through Boone and recalled the beauty of its landscape, as well as its people. It sounded inviting, so I made plans to revisit this wonderful community.

While in Boone, I took the DMACC asset test. I have concluded that the only ability one needs to pass the DMACC asset test is the ability to read. Still, I didn't do all that well, but I was accepted and the time had come to tell my daughters that Mom was planning to move.

Mom cooked a special meal that night . . . pizza. The three of us laughed while dreaming of the future and what we would someday become . . . an actress? a teacher? an astrologer? an astronomer? an archeologist? a photojournalist? Yes, girls, Mom wants to be a photojournalist, and I would like to go back to school, which means a move to Boone.

Nicole just about fell over with excitement, and Kristi's eyes lit up at the mention of Boone. My adolescent daughters, who reflected more maturity than their mother did at age 30, were thrilled, supportive, and just plain wonderful.

What kind of mother leaves her children behind? I don't know. What I do know is that I am the kind of mother who has learned a great deal from life's lessons and, because of this knowledge, I have earned my daughters' respect. I will continue to make decisions concerning what is best for my children. Of course, I won't always be right.

There will come a time when my daughters will need to come to terms with their parents' mistakes; and I have faith that, once again, they will find the freedom experienced when discovering what it means to respect oneself enough to "move on."



Web Research

Brian Allen

Can you imagine ordering a pizza on the computer or not having to go to school for the rest of your life? It could be possible in the future with a computer and a phone line. These are some of the key issues that we are faced with for the future. But first we must learn how to use the Web in order to do all of this stuff. Knowing how to do good Web research is necessary for college success. Knowing how to use a search engine and how to find good information will be necessary for today's college students. Only the right search engines like Infoseek and Alta Vista will bring up good information for your paper or topic. A student can find so much research on the Web that he/she wouldn't know what to do with all of it. Knowing how to narrow down your searches is also helpful when using the Web. Therefore knowing how to find all the good information and knowing how to sort out the bad information is necessary.

When you are researching the Web, you are open to so many possibilities. There is so much good research out there that we haven't grasped the whole concept. Students have access to good information, and just by being connected to the phone line, you can get your information from anywhere in the world. If you wait for a book to be published about something, all the material could be outdated. But with the Web you can look up recent information and it does not take long at all. On the Web you can find research from online fishing magazines to getting plans for a vacation with your travel agent at any part of the day. Almost everyone and every business is online now. You can e-mail your favorite radio station. There is just so much information out there it is unbelievable.

The Web or the Internet is a network of electronic pages which are linked to one another. To find useful

information on the Web, you should learn how to use a search engine. A search engine is a catalog of words or phrases that can be searched for in Web Pages. A good search engine to start off with would be Infoseek. When you click on Infoseek's page there will be an empty box and a word that says "Search." The word "Search" will probably be located directly to the right or right below this empty box. Then type the word or phrase of your topic in the empty box and take the mouse and click on "Search" (or just hit the enter key). In just a couple of seconds you probably will have many "hits" or Web Pages on your topic. At this point you may want to define your topic a little bit more. An example of a bad search would be the word "music." There would be millions of hits for the word music. You could take it down to "alternative music" or even the band's name if you know that. For instance, you could look up the Dave Matthews Band and you would only have a couple of hits. This would be a good example of a way to narrow down your search.

If you have found some good information, you may want to put in a bookmark. To do this you are going to have to go to the menu bookmark and pull it down. When that happens you will have to click on "Add A Bookmark." This has saved this information or WebPages for you for a later time. If you want to retrieve your information from the bookmark, you have to go back to the bookmark menu and find your information on the menu. For instance, if you left a bookmark at the Dave Matthews Band home page under the menu bookmark, you would see Dave Matthews Band or something real close to this. You also have Back and Forward buttons. If you hit the Back key, it takes you back to the previous page you were on and if you hit Forward, it

would take you to the next page. Forward will only work if you have hit the back key. You can't go forward if you haven't double clicked on any information. When you are going to click on some information to a Web Page, the arrow will convert to little fingers. Sometimes you won't be able to get information on things and you will know this by the arrow not changing.

Some ways to narrow your search would be to put things in quotations and use the word AND between words or phrases. Let's say you were looking up the topic stress management. First you would want to start off by putting *stress management* in quotations just like this: "*stress management*." Or, let's say you wanted to put in the word time management also with *stress management*. To do this you would have to put *stress management* in quotations and put the word AND in between the phrase *stress management* and *time management*. It should look something like this: "stress management" AND "time management." Doing it this way will help you a great deal because if you just type in the words stress management and time management, you will find so many hits you won't know which one to begin with.

Knowing how to do good Web research is necessary for success at college. From using the search engines or just knowing how to use the system in general is necessary for today's college students. Know how to use your bookmarks to the back and forward buttons. Know how to narrow down your search, put words and phrases in quotations and use the word AND between words and phrases. I am not saying we won't have to learn, but we will have to learn on the computer. Maybe the teacher will be online and she can give you the homework you need and all you would have to do is just e-mail it back to him or her. Maybe we won't even need teachers to teach us; maybe all we have to do is find everything we need on the Net (let's not get our hopes up). The Web can be so cool; you can find anything you want on it. There are so many possibilities with the Web that we haven't seen the half of them yet. This is definitely the wave of the future and will keep on growing and growing and no one knows where it will stop. We all should take advantage of this and use it as much as possible. Who knows, we may never have to go to school again in our life!



Motivation

Richard S. Ardon

Can unmotivated students succeed in college? To succeed in college, motivation must be the first on the agenda in every person's mind. One must be motivated to work hard to overcome the challenges ahead such as finding a good job and being a good citizen in order to succeed in college. This includes dreams to transform, clear goals to execute, and responsibility which is required without an obligation at any cost for a future of hope and success.

First of all, young or old, we all have dreams, such as "I want to be a teacher, policeman, or musician," regardless of our age. Dreams are images of bad and good things in our vision during night or day dreaming that project us to see certain things for our own future, good or bad. They tell us to do something and prepare every individual to find a key and principles of getting a solution before we are immersed by the problems. Anything we aim at, which differs from person to person, and we have not seen with our own naked eyes, touched with our own hands, or smelled, is a dream. If one can aim to be a scientist, economist or any other profession, then it is not far from a dream. Therefore, we must admit and transform these dreams of invisible images into reality. A self-motivated student will always be a long-sighted person, one who looks at these images with seriousness, focusing on everything being far to reach and tending to pump in more energy to reach the point he or she wants to reach. Being motivated to read and work hard will make us reach our destination and succeed in college with less difficulties, regardless of the time.

What is a goal? This is the purpose toward which an effort is directed. As a student, one must have a purpose or an aim to do something as a basic requirement to motivate one by all means for a better

fortune. Life outside school is really hard, not as we think right now. Right now, I am eight years out of school without the qualifications I want. I am internally motivated to pursue my college education as a result of all I have seen and learned, which taught me a lesson I will never forget because I have been working for very little money. Today, I have taken the initiative to straighten up my writing, reading, math, and computer skills to accomplish my dream as an architectural designer in order to get a better life; however, every effort must be based on a well constructed foundation that should not be shaken until the last milestone is reached; a foundation of a good, marketable profession, and in high demand in the industry. It is important to choose a major that enables one to be self-employed if there is no job outside to do, so that one may enjoy a nonstop income.

To achieve these goals, reading skills must be excellent, and one should make a commitment to sweat and complete every assignment given, attend class regularly, be a bookworm and use the available resources to accomplish one's goals without fear. One should not take thirty minutes to read at least five to ten lines. In addition, books must be the closest friends one has ever lived with in life, because books give the necessary information to meet the requirements of a degree. Sacrifice of time and effort will help a student avoid backsliding and eliminate regrets. A regret is the most harmful and deadly weapon. Above all, avoid frustration at end of the day that has taken many to the street as homeless; we must learn from this experience. As Carol Grimm stated during the interview, when a person is hungry, one is motivated to eat. Peers who are loitering in the street as homeless because they were not motivated to read is

another example. Years ago, when my friends were learning how to swim, I was frightened and refused to learn because I feared water. When my friends went to school, I would not go with them to school because I neglected or feared school. On this ground, I learned to put my fear aside. I must be self-projected to the environment with a capitalized internal *motivation* in my heart, in order to be a successful person in college, and in my career in particular.

Being responsible is to act without guidance or superior authority from external forces. Responsibility plays a significant role in our everyday life; everything one decides to do is for himself and this defines the boundaries. No one will be responsible for me but me alone. Responsibility to act and make a decision without any external force, waking up early, or going to bed late because I have to read should not be an excuse to raise an accusing finger to anybody. I will blame myself for the failure; but on the other hand, I will enjoy my success without any worry, as I have worked and sweat during the course of time. I must take some or little from external motivation, and act fully with what is entirely internal. I for one should be self-concerned, and internally motivated weighing all I get from peers, elders, parents and friends in our society and beyond.

In conclusion, to succeed in college, motivation must be the first on the agenda in every person's mind. If one is motivated to work hard to overcome the challenges ahead, he/she is bound to win the battle of poverty. For some advice, I suggest people should learn from other people's experience, finding the difficulties one has undergone through friendly conversation which costs nothing. To transform dreams to reality, executing one's goals with concern and taking responsibility is very important for our success in college.

Works Cited

Writing this paper, the hardest thing I met is the transformation of ideas from one culture to another that proved a big challenge to me, and I hope all I have just put down is the right material that hit the target of the topic *motivation*. I am happy to learn from the books, interview, and guide from my instructor and tutors in the academic achievement. On this background, my thanks goes to them all.

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“Try it. It won’t hurt you.”

John Lee Miller, Sr.

My first experience with cocaine was when I was 25 years old. It was with my brother. My brother, Eddie, was six feet two inches, 200 pounds, and looked very handsome in his Army uniform. He was 20 years old at the time. He had just come home on his Army leave from active duty in Germany. He told me he had some powder. He opened up the paper and there was this crystal clear powder substance.

He said, “Try it. It won’t hurt you.”

Well, that was the biggest lie I ever heard. Three and one-half years later, I realize that I was addicted to this little clear substance that made my mouth numb and made me feel more powerful than God. I thought, this is my world, but I am giving you permission to live in it.

My snorting of cocaine didn’t last too long. I ran into a girlfriend of mine who told me I was wasting it by snorting. Evelyn was a 40-year-old black woman with a nice figure. She had long black hair and pretty, assured facial expressions. She was easy to talk to and I felt very welcome in her home which was filled up with plants. Evelyn suggested we go into the kitchen and said to me, “Let me show you. This is much better.” We sat down at the table. So I watched her take baking soda, an eight ball (or a quarter of an ounce) of cocaine and a little bit of water, shake it up and put some fire on it. Evelyn took an iron hanger with some cotton on it, dipped it into some 151 rum, and lit it. Evelyn held it underneath the glass until the substance began to bubble. Next, she shook it around very carefully with her wrist like a whirlwind. She was cooling it down. After a few moments, she poured it out on a plate. I heard that sound that I would learn to love. *Ping!* Evelyn said, “Now it is ready,” and sliced some off. As a final step, she took out a glass pipe with some Brillo and broke off

a piece of it to fit inside the pipe. Evelyn lit the torch again and told me to draw. I found my first love.

Now I really was invincible. The more I smoked, the more I liked it. A lot of things happened. The first time it made me feel very sexy. So I wanted the euphoria to return again. I didn’t know in a matter of a few hours I had just spent \$600. The feeling was so magnificent I was willing to spend anything. This is how my addiction started. This was just the beginning of the evening!

That evening I did not know what I was in for. All I knew was that I didn’t have a care in the world. For most of my life, I was afraid of most things. At this point, I was fearless. All I knew was that I wanted to keep this feeling. I took out my Telco Credit Union card and said, “I’ll be right back.” My limit was \$1000, so I could only get out \$400 more. That gave me an idea. I drove home and got my girlfriend’s credit card. I drew \$1000 out of her savings account at the Bettendorf Credit Union and this closed out her account. Thinking about what I had done, I felt very afraid, because I knew that she was going to be mad. I tried to sneak the card back into the house without anyone knowing I had used it. After doing that, I found myself still wanting more cocaine. I thought to myself, “Nothing can take over my mind. I am too strong for that. I know better.” Well, I was wrong.

It was something that I could not handle. It handled me for the next three and one-half years. I lost my job, got kicked out of the house, felt unlovable, unemployable, unwanted, and unhuggable. That one day, approximately ten hours, changed my whole life. It damaged my relationships with Evelyn and my kids. Today, I know I cannot handle using drugs and also have a life with my family. I learned my kids are more important to me than cocaine. Being a father, I now know takes a lot of respon-

sibility. Today, I thank God for giving me a new life. I am truly grateful for this life. So, if you think cocaine or drugs won't hurt you, think again. I wouldn't suggest cocaine use to anyone. One night after work, after I got out of treatment, a friend of mine, Bob, said to me, "Come on, let's go get a \$50." I said, "Nah, I'm going to pass." He said, "We're only going to get one . . ." He didn't lie. He only got one. It killed him. My friend Fred

died from an overdose of cocaine. He left a wife, two sons and a daughter, ages 13, 12, and six months. He was only 30 years old. My friend Joe died from an overdose of cocaine. Joe was an only child and left his Mom and Dad behind. He was only 25. So that's why I feel I am very fortunate to be here. If you try cocaine, you may not be as fortunate as I was, because I am one out of a million who made it back from a living Hell.



Lighten Up

Patrice Galm-Harson

SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY

For Christmas one year, my mother thought it would be fun to give a couple of her daughters magnets for the refrigerator that stated, "Wake me when I'm a size 9!" Some of her daughters were not amused. However, I roared with delight at this confirmation that I am not the only person caught up in the frustration of losing the weight and keeping it off.

In the years following that Christmas, I watched in amazement as I continued to gain weight, adding an additional 100 pounds to my bathroom scale. In pure disgust, I vowed that I would lose the fat. Thus began the starvation/binge roller coaster ride of my life. Finally, I realized that I needed to remove my self-contempt prior to removing the calories. Only then did the weight begin to drop at the healthy pace of one to two pounds a week. Now, as I steadily near my goal, I have discovered the weight loss secret that works for me: what goes into my mind while I'm dieting is as important as what goes into my mouth.

It's no secret that in order to lose weight, it is necessary to burn more calories than are consumed. However, doing this consistently, day after day, requires a healthy attitude in addition to a healthy, yet flexible, diet. I know many people, myself included, can only munch so many carrots or crunch so many low-calorie, artificially flavored, Styrofoam cakes before our taste buds rebel. And let's not forget, those low-fat cookies in the green box *are* high in calories. Even healthy doses of those will keep that desired weight out of reach. In a fit of frustration we can easily find ourselves elbow deep in an intoxicating gallon of butterbrickle ice cream and chocolate syrup.

It's at this crucial moment that many of us lose the fight. Some of us are horrified by our shocking demonstrations of lost willpower. Or, even worse, we receive an "I knew you couldn't do it" comment or glance from a significant other that reinforces our loathing. I've found that, no matter how much we weigh, we all just need to *lighten up!* Lose the disgust, whatever its source, and the heavy task at hand will transform from painful to pleasurable.

When I've had a successful week (and by successful I mean the numbers on the scale have lowered; I don't care if it's an ounce or a pound), my determination and spirits are elevated when I reward myself with one purely decadent meal. Whatever I want, be it pizza and a beer or a baked potato smothered, (Yes, Oprah, I said smothered), in butter and sour cream. My pallet and my soul satisfied, I'm ready for another week of gentle discipline and resulting weight reduction.

Something else I've discovered is that I can deviate slightly from those low-cal, low-excitement foods if I include some exercise into my weight loss program. No, you do not need a private trainer or a fitness center membership; although I must say I wouldn't mind acquiring both. Since my income won't allow such luxury, I enjoy cycling, walking, swimming and I even shoot a few hoops when I can. These are activities I enjoy and I indulge in at least five times a week. Finding the time seems easy when I consider the bountiful benefits to both myself and my loved ones.

Another pleasant side effect to exercise is the increase of endorphins produced by the brain. Endorphins are nature's anti-depressant. While you're reducing

hips and waistline, endorphins are widening your perception of the beautiful person that continues to emerge as time goes by. The two biggest blocks to weight loss are looking in the mirror and jumping on the scale too often. Cut yourself some slack! Instead of torturing yourself by hanging those size nines in clear view, pamper your gorgeous self with a mind-easing soak in the tub. Let Rosie O'Donnell, Andy Rooney, or whoever you secretly admire supply you with some healthy perspective. Or plug in some music from happier days and ease on down, secure in the knowledge that youth and vitality are alive, well, and safe inside.

I really don't like to tell people how much weight I've lost in the last year and six months. I get this wide-eyed stare and I just know some are thinking, "Gees, lady, *how fat were* you?" I also recognize there are 25 pounds yet to be shed. Well, as of today, I've lost over four times that amount and I guess my secret is out. The blending of a manageable diet and binging on sweet confirmation, endorphins and patience, reflect an attitude I can carry with me throughout my life. Not only that but, as Bette Midler would say; "I look *good!*" Now, what to do about this hair . . .



Battle

Nedžad Hasanbegović

The sun will be here in about one hour. They are late. Suppose they already passed the spring? Call them again. If they do not answer in fifteen minutes we have to go back. When the sun comes out, it will be too late. Serbs won't use the guns to kill us; the rocks will be enough. My heart is starting to beat faster and faster.

That night I was scared because it was the first time I went into an action, but it was against my will. I hate to be a figure on somebody's chess table and that player pulling the steps how he wants. That is the reason why there is only one king on the chess table and eight pawns. They are killed the most. To die is easy. It is just a second or less. But, what if I survive without a hand, a leg, an eye, without my mind? Without friends. Without brothers. Without forgetting.

All night from twelve to four-thirty I believed there wasn't only one way out of this battle. I might live. Now, I began to think there was only one way out. Death. But it could come in many ways. In that moment, I felt I had different senses. I felt the smells of ground, the ants moving, the leaves breathing. I hadn't smoked a cigarette in more than five hours. If I were allowed to smoke, I would smoke at least fifty.

At once—the silence. The birds, the insects, the grass, the air—everything has stopped. I look at Avdo. His eyes are big and quiet, his face is stiff; he seems not to breathe. I approach him to see if he is alive and I feel a very familiar smell. The smell which tells me that Mirza's diapers are ready to change. But Mirza is so far and Mirza is sleeping right now.

I hear a sound like the opening a coke can up there from the top of Karanovica. But Karanovica is ten miles far so that isn't Coca-Cola. A second after, I jumped from the earth like from a mattress. It was just a shake,

like a thunder shock. The first then second and hundredth. The line between the earth and the sky was gone. The action is started. It is a procedure. A thousand times practiced in the last seven days. After ten to fifteen minutes of big-guns fire, the pawns have to start. From bushes, under knocked down trees, from holes in the earth, from the grass. The sun still isn't out, but we can see the trees, although the ground is completely dark.

Running forward as if hurdling, we fall over branches, get up again, hands and faces bloody, but fear is gone. Flying, I feel as if I am running through sandy beach. I step on somebody's towel, hit somebody's ball or spill somebody's soda. In the place where the water touches the shore, a huge wave hurls me down. It throws me down, turning me around, and takes my breath. I lie on the ground for a couple of seconds, getting conscious, and touching all my body with my hands. Everything is fine. I get up, start running, but at once . . . pzuuuu. I jump on the ground. The bullets, which ten minutes before sounded like a zoom of mosquitoes, now become so loud, so real, and so bad. Around me a noise and someone screams, "Kill all," or "Alive, caught them alive!" From another side the answer, "Come on, come on." One cries, "Where are you? I am waiting for you all night." Twenty meters farther I hear painful weeping, but I cannot recognize it. Was it dog or man? I've got ears and eyes on all four sides. I see ours how they run. Some of them behind me fall down, but all of us shoot and run forward.

At once, I stumble over something soft and fall down. In the jump to move forward, I recognize he is one of ours. I look at his eyes and touch his neck. The neck is still warm, but without any pulse, and his eyes shine as they try to tell me something. Mechanically, I

want to tap him over his stomach. My hand touches something warm and slimy. An exploded bullet; only it makes that kind of injury. In two to three jumps I come to the line that connects their trenches. Some of them flee deeper in the forest, some lie around, some raise hands up in the air, but immediately they fall on the ground—forever. “There, go there! You three, quickly up there! Others, let’s go! Let’s go!” The orders begin to fly and all of us split up by their first line, which begins down from the brook, goes by the edge of the forest, and ends there up on the hill. On the top of the hill is a shepherd’s cabin transformed into a kitchen.

We run from trench to trench. In the front of any trench the same procedure—cleaning. A bomb, jump in, shoot. We run over dead Cheekiness, sometimes just parts of their bodies, which sob, “I had to. They took me from my bed.”

In the front of the shepherd cabin all is quiet. The smells of mountain grass mixed with smell of wild pear. We gather easily. The soldiers are talking about who is dead, who is injured, who has survived. One says, “More than half of them are dead.” Another waves with a bottle. “The real plum brandy,” he shouts. I sit down on a tree that was Serbia’s ten minutes ago, and right now is the Muslim’s, and I am thinking. Should I feel happy because I am alive, or sad because I am not dead. I am asking myself how many of us and how many of them without volunteering keep and defend these forests and these hills from them, and from us. Then, as now, and probably never I didn’t find the answer. What do we actually fight for? I begin to feel hungry and cold in a sweaty body which has started to cool down.

I hear a ripple. Somebody is coming. Somebody very important. I stand up on my log. Looking down to the edge of the forest I see a group of people. At first, I don’t recognize them, but I know who they are.

Something like a multicolored ball rolls up beside the hill. Surrounded with commanders of platoons and companies, which as children after a football game explain who has won and who was a better player, he seems so important. He needs five minutes to come back to his breath, so he just walks around and takes a look, feigning interest in the seeing of new, released land. Then, he starts to shake his hand with everyone’s. He gives empty promises and talks too much. All the time, my log and I look quietly at him.

I knew he recognized me just after he climbed up to the hill, but he acted like he didn’t. I was waiting just waiting for his look. And I got it. He glanced at me, and I knew he’ll turn it over.

We look at each other some time until he finds I won’t leave my log. He starts to walk slowly, searching for cigarettes in his pockets. Red, recently shaved face, with a mustache that is yellow from a lot of smoking, has a strange smile. That kind of smile is rare to see but is for long remembered. His hand is soft and warm. He smells of soap and cologne water. “Good job,” he says. Offers me a cigarette and starts to talk about deer hunting. “I came here before the war, but then we hunted animals with four legs,” he says. He would probably talk more, but somebody calls him to drink a plum brandy. He gives his hand one more time. When he and his cosmetic smells are left I again start to feel the smell of grass and pears. I smoke one more and look so far as eyes can go. Around me the forests and hills are as a waved sea. On the end of my horizon the sun has appeared.

Several months later in Washington, Dayton, or Geneva, doesn’t matter, the compromise is found, the war is ended. The maps are made and every group of people gets part of the land. I have seen a couple of these maps, but I couldn’t figure out who got my log.



Devastating War

Richard Sokiri Ardon

There have been ten years of misery in The Sudan, and the ordinary people's lives still remain in danger without any hope of peace to come. One and a half million people have died and many have gone into exile in the neighboring countries and beyond. I have no hope of seeing my home district Kajo-Keji anytime soon, or Juba, a city where there is a big malnourished population, no freedom of speech, and a lot of mines and antipersonnel explosives at the outskirts.

Two months following my horrible journey out of war torn Juba, I still remained a lost sheep in the jungle, remembering the human skeletons I had seen and the smell of the dead, rotting bodies. Worst of all, ordinary civilians were being taken by the government security agents on a journey of no return, with no hope of survival. The scars of torture, due to beating and kicking, remain painful physical signs I can never forget. I vowed never to involve myself in either side because independence or liberation lost the meaning when you had to turn a gun on your own brother, cousin, nephew, or children.

* * *

At 5:00 A.M. on December 10, 1993, I was being plunged into another slippery, painful, and deadly day; we were unsure of the direction and the destination we would reach through the course of the day. Far away, I heard the faint noise of many people, which grew louder as they moved toward where we were. I jumped out of my bed to find what was outside. Before I could get to my door, a loud, clear voice sounded at the center of our compound, a voice that foretold problems that pricked my ears and paralyzed my body as if I were sitting in an electric chair. My body was completely numb because of this sign of misery and pain at any cost.

"Everyone get out of your house," yelled a heavily armed officer, who was speaking Arabic and whose voice came out of the smoky, dark, piercing cold night of the dry season. The whizzing, blowing Harmattan wind blew from the Northeast to the Southwest.

My stubborn friend, James Lokade, who leaves no stone unturned in his life, was ready, preparing himself to meet the threatening person outside without any fear regardless of whatever weapon he might have. "Did you hear anything yesterday evening?" He whispered to me in the lowest tone in Swahili, a language we learned in exile during the first war that ended in 1972. "I really do not know what might be behind all this in such a time of the night," he continued in an inquiring voice before he went outside.

"I have neither an idea of what is going on now nor did I hear something yesterday," I answered him in the same language with the same tone.

"Man, what is the problem?" Lokade asked the officer with a rude, questioning tone. We are tired of all these problems in this country where our own people, cousins and relatives intend to kill us. "Who are our enemies at this time of the so called War of Liberation?" he continued in his native dialect.

We were all rounded up and taken to their camp store, which was a long distance away from where we live. When we reached their camp store, we were told to take one thing from the store, either food or any military hardware, and begin the journey. Our destination was unknown to anybody, but the direction the platoon leader was taking was enough and no questions were asked. Where there is a gun, and you want to live longer, never raise a question when faces are gloomy. West of the river Nile was not an easy place to walk

through; it seemed like even the stones were crying for mercy as people were walking through with all that load. We were not far from recruits in the training ground. I told James that due to the fact that all bridges in this part of the country were blown up, the youths were targeted to give the soldiers a hand transporting all the stores that they wanted to reach certain locations.

"Yes, that might be possible, Richard," answered James, who was following me in a sorrowful mood. "On the other hand, it could be another way of forcing us to become rebels, by taking all of us in a tactical way for military training. I bet one of the two must be true or something else," James continued in a whispering voice of sadness.

At Loreje Hill, which was so steep, rolling was not a surprise, but an interesting yet painful game to watch. This is when the hand acted fully as the braking device. If one was stopped by a tree, thank God; but if not, then the journey to the bottom of the hill was a nonstop journey with high rolling speed. Many tumbled, yet their loads followed them at maximum speed.

Crossing the Nile River was another task because this river has a lot of rapids and flows at high speed in a narrow gorge due to the fact that this area is hilly. As soon as we had boarded the canoe and moved some seven to eight meters away from the shore, due to unbalanced weight on either side, it capsized and we were all poured into the water. Whoever did not know how to swim cried for help and I was happy nobody died. On the other hand, we were extremely happy because the load we were carrying was reduced. We sustained many beatings when we were all ashore on the other side of the river with the claim that we intended the canoe to capsize. We were trembling with coldness.

At 11:00 A.M., having covered a reasonable distance, we became the target of the government high altitude bomber. Bombs were thrown in a zigzag way at a close distance ahead of us. We all threw everything we were carrying and ran for our lives. The sound of the bombs shook the ground like an earthquake. The burning bushes, due to the petrol bombs, choked us; the dust clouded the air, and we could not see a distance of ten meters away. I was completely covered by the dust where I fell. The metallic sound of the blades was heard in all directions as the bomb blades hit rock to rock, cut the tree branches, slashed the grass, and whoever stood up was cut into pieces. Whatever one had never touched, was touched unconditionally. Movement depended entirely on the chest, the hands, and the knees, but we were safe in the valleys. The smell of fresh blood from the wounded and dead was like that in the

slaughter house. The unlucky ones' bodies were scattered everywhere within five meters and many of the wounded ones cried for help that was not possible.

The bombing became a rescue to those not wounded, and whose legs after some time crawling for a distance could carry them. I escaped at the tip of the bullet. In other words, escaping by the skin of your teeth! I was dusty and sticky as if I had dug a thousand graves. The sweat that streamed down my face tasted bitter and salty as I had not taken a drop of water since I left my beloved house to this unexpected chaos and pain. My friend, James Lokade, if he is alive or dead I still do not know. This marked a turning point, and I ran for my life, wandering for days and nights through the dangerous hills and river valleys, full of dangerous animals and poisonous snakes. Every night, I climbed a tree and slept. What remained ahead was crossing the areas of the hostile and merciless tribes in Southern Sudan with hope too far away to see or smell. After two and half weeks of roaming in the highlands of Eastern Equatorial, with the guide of some good hearted people who gave me some food, I finally and unknowingly found myself across the boarder in a safe country, Kenya.

In Loduwa, Turukana district, Northwest of Kenya, I found a good trailer driver who gave me a ride to Nairobi City. The following morning, I reported to the United Nations where I was referred to Ifo refugee camp. This is where I stayed for almost one and half years in Ifo Dadaab, the semi desert area of Kenya. We depended entirely on this humanitarian agency for everything except security, which was the Kenya government's responsibility. This place was still unsafe, although not as dangerous as home in The Sudan, due to bandits who robbed all we were given by the agency whenever they entered into the refugee camp.

* * *

April 11, 1995, opened another chapter to a new world. I found myself in the KLM air bus flying to Amsterdam, Netherlands, heading for New York City with no peace and joy in mind. I did not know where my family was, as we were scattered without having said a word of goodbye to one another.

I arrived in New York on April 12, 1995. I stayed for four days and then flew to Jacksonville, a northeastern city in Florida, arriving on April 15, 1995, at 5 P.M.

The first three months in the United States were really rough ones, I almost committed suicide due to the prevailing problems I experienced, both physically and mentally. The sponsor, whose name was on our entry form to the United States, had never come to talk to us, and we remained full of questions to ask

Devastating War

him. We were left like a flock without a shepherd in the grazing land. Meeting unknown people, Pat's family and Barbara in the church, brought a dramatic change to me. Pat acted as my sponsor; he is the only one who gave me parental advice in a new country right away without taking a long time. My problem was not money; rather a guide I needed in my new life.

In the time of war, misery is unavoidable, and to overcome all this tragedy, we must learn how to comfort ourselves during this painful time in life. Although all people are not the same in their hearts, according to the Bible, all people need love to share and to advise one another as brother to brother in a family. The church plays an important role in shaping us in difficult times and brings people during desperate conditions closer to meet new friends. In my

opinion, pumping in relief food to war torn countries is not a solution; we must solve the problems on the ground that cause the war and uproot the ordinary population from this pain of war. It is ridiculous when the supply of arms continues unconditionally in spite of the attention of the so called United Nations and the word and call for peace remains too far away. Jumping to Somalia, Bosnia, Rwanda, Burundi, Zaire and back to Europe leaving a country like The Sudan that has been devastated in the last fourteen years in addition to the seventeen years of the same misery without an attention to the problems, pains me so much. The United Nations should look at the global problems without bias in any country with equal concern to save lives of innocent people who are dying daily in these battlefields.



Touch with Death

Edin Kazazic

It was Friday, a nice summer day. It seemed everything was perfect. I was in the class with my classmates talking about how we were going to spend the weekend. I did not even guess what might happen that day.

Walking through the hall to the front door of building was very slow going because many students were stopping by the front door. Everybody was asking, "What is going on?" "What happened?" I knew what was going on. The real war between Bosnia and Croatia had started.

The group of soldiers were standing in front of the door and asking everybody for documentation. They wanted every student of the Muslim religion on one side and everybody else on the other. I knew why. Most of the other Muslim students knew why. We all spread out and went for the other exit. It was locked. Everything was locked.

I gave up looking for an exit and put myself in line. Shortly, I saw my friends on both sides in front of the building. I knew which side was for me. The soldier checked my I.D. and started checking my bag asking me, "Do you have any weapons?" I answered him, "Yes, books and pencils." He just looked at me with his eyes like a wild angry-hungry animal. He was mad. He pushed me on the side with the other Muslims. They were my friends, but my friends were also on the other side. I knew them very well. The truth was some of them were happy because they liked what was going to happen to us, but the real friends started raising their hands. That was the only way we could say good-bye to each other. That day I knew I was never going to see them again.

Soon we were loaded on the trucks. Driving out from the school zone, I still could see my friends. I do not remember that I ever felt so sad like that day watching my friends and school getting smaller and

smaller from my view. I was thinking, am I ever going to live until that day to come back to the same place and watch my friends and school getting bigger and bigger?

I couldn't think about that very much. I had to think what is going to happen to me. Am I going to be executed or taken to the concentration camp? Either way was almost the same. If you were taken to the concentration camp, you were alive, but your pain was long and hard. You had to work every single day on the fire-line between two armies. If you were executed your pain was short, but you were dead. Which one would it be?

In the truck were fifteen of us. Nobody talked. Everyone was thinking the same thing as I was, thinking about family, about friends, about life, about death. The day was beautiful, but I did not want to take even one look outside after we headed off the school zone. The simple reason was because everything that I would see would start getting smaller and smaller, and I would have same sad feeling as I had in front of the school.

The ride was very long, more than one hour by my watch. I stopped thinking the same moment the truck stopped. I raised my head up and tried to recognize the place. I could not do it; I never was in this place before. It did not surprise me. Who would know where I was when everything about me was green? We were in the wood, but where nobody knew. This place was deep in the enemies' territory. The place was beautiful; the air was clean. You could almost taste it. The best thing that happened to me in that moment was hearing the song of the most popular bird in my country. The bird was called goldfinch. That song threw me back to thinking about days when I was with my friends trying to catch the

biggest number of those birds, carefully studying their black, yellow, red, green, and white colors and then letting them fly away.

That thinking was short, too. The soldiers ordered us to get out from the truck and to make two lines. At that moment, I realized that I was going to be executed. One of the soldiers put a blindfold over my eyes. I was not scared, but not brave either. I felt nothing. I think I did not yet realize that I was going to die, that I was never going to see my family again, my friends, my birds. I felt as if I was watching a movie from the World War Second, where there were German soldiers instead of the soldiers in front of me. I felt that everything was happening to somebody else and somewhere else.

My friend Harris was standing next to me. I could feel how his body was shaking. He was half dead. In

hopes to relax him, I took his hand. It helped. He responded to me, holding my hand so hard that I started feeling pain. Then we all heard guns clicking. One moment of silence. Even the birds got scared and flew away to a safe place, or maybe they just stopped singing and asked themselves like everybody else, "Is this only a bad dream?"

The last moment had come. I heard one more vehicle approach. The soldiers started mumbling. Someone slammed the doors of the vehicle. I could hear two persons. The soldiers started talking with them. Shortly one of the soldiers told us, "Everybody take your blindfolds off." I could not believe it. They had a new order. Orders to take us to the concentration camp. Nobody could believe it. I was happy like everybody else. I was happy even though I knew I was going to risk my life every day in the concentration camp. I was happy.



Bridging Cultures

Jason Edwards

When I was in junior high, I belonged to a subordinate group. We were normal looking for the most part; we might have worn some unusual t-shirts, but other than that we looked like any other kids our age. I don't think that any of us smelled like sewer or looked like trash. I guess there might have been a couple of us with nappy hair, but other than that we were "normal." What I have found out in my experiences is that it's very scary, as well as character building, to be a member of such a group.

I became a member in the summer of 1988. Our group was an informal group of friends who engaged in the same interests. Some of my friends and I started pushing skateboards around town. We didn't go out of our way to hassle anyone. We were just out for a little fun, as well as some exercise.

We managed to round up money by working part-time jobs during the summer. The reason for these part-time jobs was to make enough money to build skateboard ramps on our parents' property, because we were considered to be a burden on the community. The city council actually passed an ordinance, saying we couldn't ride our skateboards on any of the city streets.

It wasn't only the city that didn't enjoy our company. The upperclassmen thought they were on a power trip, as well. I remember attending a school sponsored event with friends that were a year older than I. This event was called War Games, and was a competition between the classes. They did such things as the tug of war, eating contest, and hand stand walking contest, etc. Well, afterwards we left the school peacefully, minding our own business. Soon we realized we were being chased by every

upper classman. They chased us up trees, to our parents' houses, you name it, they did it.

We lived like this for a very long time. We had to look over our shoulders, just wondering if there was going to be someone bigger and badder, who could pack a harder punch. It was really kind of scary at the time. It wasn't anything that a thirteen-year-old kid should have to deal with.

That summer we had started on one of our biggest projects. We were going to build a half pipe, one of those ramps you may have seen on an ESPN re-run. The ramp was to be eight feet tall, sixteen feet wide and thirty-two feet long. That was huge for a couple of young boys from Iowa! It was surrounded by a chain link fence for liability reasons, as well as for our protection.

We had it completed by June and were riding from sun up to sun down. This was a daily routine. We were having a blast and weren't bothering anyone, or so we thought. Obviously we were bothering someone. The reason I say this is because one night one of the older jerks wasn't happy because we were still enjoying ourselves, where he couldn't touch us (The rocket scientist that he was). He must have just realized that when you put a flame with gas it starts a fire. In the middle of the night, there was our ramp that we had put so much time and money into, up in flames.

It was a good thing we had insurance, because within a month and a half we had reconstructed everything. But we still had no idea who or how someone could destroy something we had put so much into.

Bridging Cultures

I was now entering high school myself, and was a little nervous because I was going to be trapped with all the people that I had feared for so long. It wasn't nearly as bad as I expected it to be. I actually held conversations with these people; I even became friends with some of them. I think the reason for this was because everyone was growing up and had better things to deal with. This made me feel pretty good because I could relate to these people that I hated so much, months before. I didn't change at all and these people were accepting me for who I was, not what I happened to do

in my spare time. It was one of the best feelings that came out of this experience. I didn't think it was possible for anything this exciting to happen to one of the most hated freshman entering high school.

I think from this point on in my life, for the first time, I didn't want to be judged and I didn't want to judge anyone until I got to know them. Obviously, there are some advantages as well as disadvantages of being a member of a subordinate group. Being a member of such a group, made me the person I am today.



II.
COMPOSITION I



Buddy

Kara Lichtenstein

Walking into the pet clinic that morning didn't feel like it usually did. Usually, I was eager to see the animals and start my day. This day I hesitated. It was cold that morning and I had trouble fitting my key into the lock. I almost thought about turning around and going home. After a few moments, the key turned. The usual smell of cleaner burned my nose as I walked towards the room of barking dogs.

I flipped the switch and surveyed the room. It was busy for a Wednesday, at least half of the kennels were full. The animals looked at me, eagerly waiting for attention. I walked towards the first set of kennels and picked up a tiny kitten that was crying louder than the dogs were barking. I spent a lot of time with this kitten, even removing the bandages from his recently declawed paws. I cared for the rest of the cats and started to take the dogs to the runs. A sick feeling came over me as I neared the end of the dogs.

I waked slowly toward the dreaded cage. Buddy's huge chocolate eyes stared at me as I approached. He looked so innocent. His tail wagged harder as I opened the cage door.

Buddy belonged to the vet I work for. He had been working hard to get Buddy, an English Springer Spaniel, housebroken. At six months of age, he was an excellent hunter and knew every command from "sit" to "roll-over." The day before, my vet gave up on housebreaking him. Doc called his staff into his office. He glanced around at all of us and then announced that Buddy would have to be euthanized. I couldn't believe how nonchalant he sounded. Doc didn't wait for a response;

he muttered that it would be done the next day, and walked out.

How could he be so heartless? He was supposed to love this dog. For two years I'd worked for this man and never doubted his judgment. I'd seen him save animals that I felt didn't have a chance to survive. Until that day, he seemed to be completely devoted to his work. On numerous occasions he'd come in every two hours during the night to check on sick animals. When he faced a mean or frightened animal, he was more concerned with making the animal feel comfortable than with the risk of being bitten. You could even see the hurt in Doc's eyes if an animal cried while being examined. There was no sympathetic feeling in Doc's eyes that day, just a piercing coldness.

Doc had undergone a complete metamorphosis. This was definitely not the man I'd respected. Why would he make a decision like this? It may have not been in Doc's best interest to keep Buddy; however, the dog didn't have to live inside. Because of Buddy's hunting skills, he would've been invaluable to a hunter.

I led Buddy out to the runs and prepared his last meal. I even threw in canned puppy food because he loved it. I felt dizzy as I watched him eat. I fed the other dogs and went on with my other tasks for the day.

Then, the dreaded call came. "Get Buddy, please." My heart raced as I walked toward the run door. I gave Buddy a pat on the head and led him to the exam room.

Sensing my unspoken questions, Doc glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. "I know this is hard. Someday you'll understand." I wanted to understand

Buddy

now; however, my fury kept me from asking. The fewer the words, the better. Nothing he could say could justify killing a perfectly healthy and well-mannered animal.

Doc pulled open the medicine cabinet. I drew in a deep breath as he brought out the bottle. It was no bigger than two inches and filled with a dark brown liquid. Doc handed me the bottle and needle. "Get 4cc ready, please."

My hands shook as I struck the needle into the bottle. I couldn't get my breath and the room seemed to be spinning. Doc got out the Telazol and injected it into Buddy. His tail wagged and Doc patted him on the head. It made me sick; how could he even look at Buddy?

After what seemed like an eternity, Buddy relaxed. His once bright eyes became cloudy and his tail wagged every once in a while. Doc reached for the

death syrup and only paused a minute before driving the needle deep into Buddy's side. I jumped as the needle stabbed Buddy. Doc glanced up at me, but said nothing. It took everything in me not to get sick. I felt like walking out of the room; however, I thought Buddy deserved to die with someone who cared for him present. It seemed like forever, but in reality it was few minutes before Buddy was dead.

Doc petted Buddy one last time before sliding him into the body bag. I thought I saw a glimmer of remorse in his eyes as he sealed the body bag. It must have just been my imagination because he looked up at me with those same cold piercing eyes and calmly said, "It had to be done." Doc walked calmly out of the room and greeted his next appointment.



The Quiet Man

Laura Morlan

It was a Sunday afternoon and he was sitting in his overstuffed rocking chair, watching the Vikings play the Cowboys. I did not dare get in his way or make much noise, for if I did, he threatened to kick me where the sun did not shine. He would stare blankly at the screen, not saying a word or showing any emotion until he would see a play he did not like. "God-damit! What in the hell was that play? You should have thrown the damn ball, not run with it!" He shouted at the television, as if the players could hear what he was saying. Then he lit the cigarette that was sticking out the corner of his mouth. Without taking his eyes off the television, he would demand I get him a beer. My father walked softly but carried a big stick; therefore, when he told one of us children to do something, we did it, or face the consequences. I loved this man I called "Dad," but was very afraid of him. At the age of ten, this was confusing.

Father was a large man with broad shoulders. His mid section was a massive growth, hanging grossly over his trousers, making it difficult to keep them above the crack of his buttocks. His skin was as rough and tan as a cowhide. Yet it seemed to compliment the mountain of snow on top of his head that was starting to thin a bit. At the age of thirty-two, his hair had matured to the ripe age of sixty. His tee shirts had to have the sleeves rolled up just enough to stick a pack of Camel cigarettes under the left sleeve. They also allowed him to show off the writing on his right forearm. He had the name "Bud" put there when he was in the service to identify his nickname.

When father was home, he would sit in silence, almost as if he were the only one there. When we were out in public though, he would tell story after story and

joke after joke. I enjoyed this man I was hearing and seeing. With his hearty laugh, he would make everyone else laugh too. Why wasn't this man the same man I lived with at home? I yearned to hear and see this side of my father more often.

Disciplining was one of my father's strong characteristics. When my mother could not handle the four of us, he would step in and take over.

One hot summer day, our parents were heading out the front door to go pick some sweet corn from a friend who lived about ten miles away. "Junior," Mom shouted, "you are in charge of the kids. Keep everyone in the yard, and remember, don't go down to the tracks!"

"O.K." Junior said as he stuffed an apple in his mouth.

After we were all done with our apples, we decided that we needed something special to do while mother and father were away. Going down to the creek seemed like the best thing to do.

On the way back from our little adventure, we got sidetracked. We began walking on the rails of the tracks, trying our hardest not to fall off. Then we heard a car put on its brakes. "Screech!" The tires came to a complete stop. As I looked through the glare of the hot sun shining in my eyes, I could see my father's head pop out the car window. His face was like a bull ready for a fight. "What in the hell are you kids doing down here?" he shouted, not waiting for a reply. "You get your asses back home, and when you get there, I'll be waiting." As he drove off, the smell of exhaust made me sick to my stomach, along with the fear of what was about to happen.

Curt and Keith had already begun crying. "I don't want to go home," Keith cried, "He's going to spank us."

"You're probably right, but if we don't go home right now, we'll get in more trouble," I explained.

As we walked into the kitchen of our two-story home, Mother was right there to greet us. There were bags of sweet corn covering the floor along with the clutter of four children. I could smell the smoke from my parents' cigarettes as it lingered in the air. Father was sitting in the next room, staring at the television, smoking one of those cigarettes. As my mother pointed her finger to the staircase, she said, "Go up to your rooms, and when Dad is ready, he'll call you down, one by one."

Time seemed to stand still as I waited to hear my father's voice. Then it came. "Junior!" He shouted up the stairs. This was all that needed to be said, for Junior had begun to walk down the stairs. Then I panicked. Fear swept my entire body. I went numb. I knew I would be next. I then grabbed a handful of clothes out of my dresser drawer. Rummaging through what I had, I put on three more pairs of shorts. It was a tight fit, but I got them on. Now I had extra padding for the blows that were sure to come.

As Junior came back up the stairs, he looked at me and said, "It's your turn." He wasn't crying. How strange this was, for it had to hurt. Then I looked at his face. He was beet red from the neck up. I could see the look of anger on his face. His mouth was closed tightly and his lips were wrinkled with disgust. He was gritting his teeth so hard, I could see the shape of his jaw bone.

When I got down stairs, Father was sitting in the wooden chair at the kitchen table. "Come here!" he said as he turned the chair around and pointed to his legs. I began to cry, but did not dare make a sound. As I bent over his knees, he gave me one, two, three sharp spanks, as hard as he could. I got up, and tears were rolling down my cheeks. "I hope you learned your lesson today. Now get your butt back upstairs and stay there 'til supper," he said. "Send down Keith."

As I ran up the steps, I thought to myself how the pain was not that bad, but the pain I felt in my heart was. How could he love me and want to hurt me at the same time? I knew then I did not want to get on his bad side again.

Through the next nine years, father was home more often, which gave him the opportunity get to know me better. Now he was learning things about me that he had missed through all the silence. The more I talked to him, the less I feared him. He did not seem to dominate me anymore.

On the night of my wedding the band announced it was time for the father and the bride to join each other in a dance. As we slowly walked onto the dance floor, I took a quick glance at my father. He looked so handsome in the blue suit he was wearing. The jacket seemed to cover the extra pounds around his waist. Then the music started. I did not realize it until he took my hand that I was trembling. "Just relax," he said softly. "All you need to do is follow my lead." We danced in silence at first, trying not to step on each other's toes. Soon we were in perfect harmony. I knew it was safe to begin talking.

"Thanks, Dad, for helping me make this a special day," I began.

"Ya," he said, "it turned out pretty good."

"I'm so happy right now," I exclaimed. "My dreams have finally come true!"

"Ya, you've got a good guy there," he replied.

As the dance ended, we turned around and there was Dave, my new husband, dancing with my mother. My father then walked up to Dave, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Take good care of my daughter, and keep her happy." Then he turned back to me, and with a low cracking voice said, "I Love You." As he gave me a loving hug, I began to cry. I had waited for that hug all my life. It took nineteen years and a lot of pain, but it was worth the wait.



A Hole in One

Stephanie Van Doren

Every angler (fisherman) has a “hole.” Professional and fair-weather, weekend fisherman alike, if asked, will expound for hours on the particular redeeming qualities of their faithful “hole.”

The location of each sacred spot, and the qualities that define it as a “hole,” vary for each fisherman. But, every angler agrees; there is a certain thrill, an emotional satisfaction you get, when you discover your “hole.” Even, where you least expect it.

The main attraction of our February trip to Louisiana, was Mardi Gras, the annual, cajun, pre-Lent celebration. But avid fishermen will jump at any opportunity to drop a line into the water, and we were no exceptions.

A friend suggested we drive to the coast, where a local guide would meet us with a boat. Troy, our guide, was from the bayou (swamp); and looked like a character from *Deliverance*, waiting to prey on innocent tourists or misguided out-of-towners. He was small and wiry, with a long scraggly beard. The contents of which were not immediately obvious, but caused you to speculate just what he had for lunch the previous day.

His clothes were faded and torn, and he spoke with a flat drawl. Fifteen minutes or so into our new acquaintance and I had yet to decipher a word he said. Intermixed with French phrases were expressions I did not recognize as belonging to the English language.

I somehow managed to determine the approximate goal of our excursion. It was someone’s “camp”; a small house, built on pilings (stilts) above the water, somewhere in the middle of the bayou.

Troy took stock of the beer, bait, and fuel. This would determine how long we were gone, how many fish we caught, and how far we could go. He loaded

everything into a boat. It was impossible to determine the breed of the boat. Multiple modifications, over the years, had left it a mutt, a mixed breed of flotation devises. I have no fear of the water, but images of alligators, poisonous snakes, and other local fauna made me hesitate before boarding. However, everyone assured me it was seaworthy.

Like *Lewis and Clark*, we pushed off from the dock and headed into a watery wilderness. The depths of the water varied. In one canal the water was deep enough to accommodate a large freighter, which we dodged with the amazing agility of a graceful schooner. Sleek, silvery dolphins raced beside us. In the next canal the propeller of the motor struck bottom. The water was only several feet deep, and large white pelicans cast a hopeful eye, looking for handouts.

Our navigator led us onward into a maze of slim reeds and knobby cypress trees. Spanish moss hung off every tree like Christmas tinsel. King Minos would have marveled at nature’s copy of his famous labyrinth. A moist breeze caressed lips and cheeks, leaving a salty residue in its wake.

Troy appeared to know exactly where we were going and turned down various byways with calm sureness. We traveled deeper into new territory, passing through dusky glades where the midday sun failed to intrude. A solemn symphony of silence was interrupted only by the chug-chug of the motor and the occasional chattering of a bird. Percussion was provided by the steady beat of waves against the hull. Even the wind rustled the grass, providing a simple harmony.

An hour passed, when we entered a watery canyon. We were surrounded on all sides by tall grass. Several man-made stumps protruded from the water, supporting

nothing, but looking purposeful. Troy told us, "The pilings are all that is left of camps swept away by the desecrating winds of Hurricane Andrew." We approached a solitary camp on the far side of the clearing. Troy cut the engine as we coasted into the near side of the structure. We climbed out of the boat, unloaded the gear, and climbed a ladder to the deck of the camp.

Once at the top, I could see over the green canyon walls a sea of grass, stretching endlessly to the horizon. It was divided by thin strips of water, like a giant tic-tac-toe game. The occasional cypress tree played the part of an "X" or an "O." Freighters, on the horizon, slowly made their way inland towards the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The camps are built high to withstand floods and are bolted directly to their pilings. But they become susceptible to the fierce winds generated by a full force hurricane. The unemployed pilings around us gave a

graphic testimony to the fury of nature. Simple in its creation, this camp had no electricity. Kerosene lamps were used at night; and there was a propane generated heater inside. There was cold running water from a well drilled deep below the muddy bottom of the bayou.

I peered through a dusty window and took note of the stark accommodations. Simple cots lined the walls, and a crude handmade table and chair sat by the window.

This place, unlike many others I had explored, felt different, new and exciting. I did not catch a single fish. Instead, I sat down, leaned my back against the sun-warmed, rough wood of the building, and closed my eyes. I drew a thick, salty breath into my lungs, and was almost lulled to sleep by the rhythmic sound of nature untamed and the gentle slap of the ocean tide, before I realized that I had discovered a "hole" whose qualities, if asked, I could expound on for hours.



The Horror of Having a Computer Virus

Brian Tuffin

Here is an example of what a computer virus can do to a computer. I downloaded a virus from the Internet without knowing I had done so. Later that evening, I e-mailed a program to a cousin and helped a friend write a résumé. Not only did I have the virus, but my cousin's computer also became infected with the same virus that I had unknowingly transferred. When my friend went to print out his résumé at work, he infected the computers at his place of employment.

Meanwhile, the next day, I couldn't figure out why my computer wasn't working properly. This is when I discovered that I had a virus and had passed it on to people I never intended to. Before I could get in contact with my cousin, he had already left on a business trip where he was going to use the infected program I had e-mailed him. My cousin used this infected program for his presentation with a perspective client and infected their network of computers. Thus, computers can be infected with many different kinds of viruses that can attack a computer in many different ways, but with better understanding of how they work, where the viruses are hidden, and how to use preventive measures against the attacker, you can prevent a loss of all stored and programmed data.

What is a computer virus? A computer virus is simply a small program that is written to wreak havoc upon a computer, or it may be a simple error in a program. One type of virus is a Boot Sector Virus or (BSV's). The (Boot Sector) Viruses are one of the easiest types of viruses to get. This is because it can be piggy-backed on to a data file such as a picture or a text document. It can also be attached to an executable file or program. An executable program is a file that is used to open or run a program.

The boot sector on a computer usually contains coded information used to load the operating system. An operating system is usually a program like Windows 95, DOS, UNIX, etc. Basically, all a Boot Sector Virus does is replace the boot sector with the virus. It will attack and hide the boot sector somewhere so it can not be found. The virus will usually hide somewhere in your hard disk memory. This will cause the computer not to boot up and properly run the program (Data Fellows).

Another type of virus is a Trojan virus. All this virus does is easily scramble your File Allocation Table or FAT. The File Allocation Table is just a form of addressing that the computer uses to call up information when it is needed. It will change it around so that the computer won't know where to find the information it is hunting for.

There is also a virus called the Time-Bomb, and fortunately, this type of virus is fairly harmless. Its goal is to start on a predetermined date or time. When this date and time arrive, the computer will automatically shut down. There is one added feature to this type of virus though. Some type of stupid object will bounce around the screen for a few hours but the stored data will not be lost.

The last type is an application virus or a "Macro" virus. This virus is a big problem for someone who works mainly with word processing programs. The virus will attack any text document changing it to a series of random letters fully destroying the material. Unfortunately, these types of viruses are the hardest to detect (Data Fellows).

As you can see, it is really important to protect a computer. There are numerous types of virus protection programs and most of them are fairly inexpensive. The best

choice is to use something like Thunder-Byte or F-Prot to periodically check the computer.

Many of the virus protection programs have a shareware (free copy) version that can be downloaded off of the Internet. Thunder-Byte is a prime example of this. All that has to be done is type in the Internet address, (<http://www.thunderbyte.com>) at the address prompt in the Internet browser and pick the shareware icon. F-Prot is another good example of this which can be found at (<http://www.infoscandic.se/fprot>). The only problem with doing this is that the program has to be updated frequently with a newer version of the shareware program. If you choose to buy a virus protection program, anywhere from seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars can be spent at any computer store.

Most of these virus protection programs use some type of routine background check to see if anything has changed. If the protection program notices a change, it will prompt you to delete the file or change it to a text document. Unfortunately, they are not one hundred percent accurate. When a virus scanner does a background check of the computer system to detect a virus, it is simply looking to see if any changes in the structure of the computer has occurred. The computer automatically saves what has occurred when a program is initially installed and the virus scanner detects any changes from that initial saved file.

In case of a Boot virus, the most common kind hard to detect by virus protection programs is found, you need to make a boot floppy. To give a floppy boot capability all that has to be done is to chose that option when you format the floppy. When the formatting process is completed, you will want to copy two files to the floppy `command.com` and `I/O.sys`. Also, a program copy called `F-Disk` will allow you to fix a boot sector problem. This step should be done in advance.

The safest thing that can be done when transferring a disk from school to use on the home computer is to

check the disk at school for any viruses. College students are the most likely group of individuals to write viruses that will infect the school and home computers. I really don't understand why anyone would want to infect computers; it is just someone's idea of a sick joke. If a virus is carried from school to home, there is a risk of wiping out an entire computer system. It is more than worth the extra minute or two to scan the disk for viruses. All of DMACC's computer labs and computers have a virus scanner. If any questions arise, just go to the computer lab in building six.

These computers can be infected with many different kinds of viruses that can attack a computer in many different ways, but if you understand how they work, where they are hidden, and use preventive measures you can prevent a total loss of all data. I hope to have proven through my experience that virus protection is relatively inexpensive (in most cases free) and may prevent a nasty chain of negative events.

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To Go North

Luke Funk

“Beep, beep beep.” I quickly jumped out of bed and shut off the noisy alarm clock whose red L. E. D. display showed 2:00 A.M. Do I normally get out of bed this early? Of course not. This morning was special, *very special*. I picked up the portable phone lying near by. With quick fingers I entered a number. A half awake voice answered, “Hello.” In a voice that sounded like a mission commander at NASA I said, “It’s two o’clock! Are you ready to go?” The voice on the other end responded with zest, “We’ll be right over.”

Walking to the guest room at the other end of the house, I knocked on the partly opened door. No response. I opened the door and turned on the light, with a quiet but firm voice I said, “Joe, Joe its time to get up.” Joe responded with a moan, his facial expression told me he was mad at me for waking him up. I didn’t care. I purposefully walked to the refrigerator, opened the door, and poured myself a glass of milk, which I devoured with big gulps.

Car lights of an Oldsmobile told me Obie and Austin had arrived. I grabbed my duffel bag and headed out to my copper-colored, Nissan kingcab pickup truck, which had two canoes strapped securely to the top. I opened the truck topper and we stuffed the last remaining items under the mattress in the truck bed. We all thought about what we were doing and offered a prayer for protection during our journey. Austin and Joe climbed onto the mattress and the topper door was securely shut and latched. Obie and I walked to the front of the truck. Being very careful not to bang our heads on the protruding canoe rack, we climbed in. Obie drove first so I could sleep.

As the miles rolled by I began to think about what was happening to me. I was actually on my way to Quetico

Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada, where my three friends and I would spend a week and a half enjoying the wilderness, deprived of all the “necessities” of life.

We would follow a route of interconnecting lakes and streams. Many times we would have to carry our canoes and all our gear over rough trails through the woods. The food we would eat had to be non-perishable; it consisted of M. R. E.’s (Meals Ready to Eat, the same the military uses) and various healthy snacks. We would drink water right out of the lakes. So we packed along powdered Gatorade to add flavor. At night we would sleep in a tent to provide a solitude from the insects.

“Luke, we need gas in about 20 miles. Do you want to drive then?”

“Ah ah yea, sure”

“Are you awake, Luke?”

“Yea, I was just thinking”

“About what?”

“This trip.”

After a total driving time of about nine hours, we arrived in Ely, Minnesota, the canoe capitol of the U. S. After taking care of last minute details, which included our last civilized meal (Pizza Hut), we drove to Moose Lake. After unloading the canoes, we carefully packed our gear in our boats and paddled North. North to Canada.

The dream was alive.

Yes, we had a wonderful time filled with adventure and punctuated with accomplishment. We paddled 100 wilderness miles. We saw eagles soaring over cliffs that towered 200 feet above the water’s edge. One day we decided to paddle down a lake at night. We started at 10:00 p.m. The sun had just gone down, but the sky was still pink. As the night came on, the stars came out. I could see their reflection on the calm water. Suddenly,

To Go North

what sounded like wolf cries echoed across the lake. We all stopped paddling and listened. It was hard to identify the location of the wolf or wolves (there seemed to be more than one) because the sound would bounce off the cliffs and islands of the surrounding area.

Our trip to Canada could be summed up in one word. *Awesome*. Would we do it again? Oh yes! In fact this summer we're planning to follow another route in the same park.



Viola

Sandy Carlson

My mother died of Leukemia when I was four years old. As a result, I had to endure the presence of two stepmothers before I was old enough to leave home. One stepmother would frequently beat me with a toy broom handle. When asked about my bruises, she would say I was a clumsy child. Although the second one never hit me, she insisted I share everything I owned with her daughters. I had nothing I could call mine. In addition, she frequently ridiculed me and always managed to infer that anything that happened was somehow my fault. Over the years I grew to thoroughly detest the word “stepmother.” I finally dropped out of school in my senior year and hit the road to freedom. It was several years before I finally established contact with my father again.

When I received a call in 1976 to announce he was once again married, I was pretty reserved. While we were on speaking terms, the relationship was rather distant and I made excuse after excuse to avoid meeting him and his new wife. Fortunately, she was a very determined lady and once she had her foot in the door there was no getting rid of her. She constantly popped over to see if I needed help with chores, the kids, or just wanted to talk to someone. Little by little she learned the secrets of my childhood. She helped me learn to be more tolerant and less judgmental of others. She helped me put the bitterness of the past behind me. She was the human bridge that allowed me to forgive my father and reunite our family. Her name was Viola. She was both the mother I never knew and my best friend.

Viola’s face was a living testimony of the life she had lived before meeting Dad. Heavy smoking and years spent working outdoors in the relentless Arizona sun had left her skin deeply wrinkled, the color and texture

like old leather. On one visit to Mexico, she was stopped at the Carlson 2 border and had to prove that she was from the United States. Her skin was so dark that the border guards thought she was a citizen of Mexico.

Before Dad, she had been married to a man who had knocked her around whenever the mood would strike. He left her when their two sons grew big enough to stop him. Viola worked two jobs at minimum wage to put food on the table for her four kids. There was no job she wouldn’t take to make ends meet. She had been a cook, janitor, assembly line worker at a noodle factory, maid and seamstress. She did not believe in being on welfare as long as she could find work.

Unlike me, she had a passion for housework and was like the Energizer Bunny—always going, going, going—cleaning here and there and making sure her house was spotless. In contrast, I would rather let the dust bunnies grow to be adults so that I could sit and read books.

Two previous bouts with cancer had taken Viola’s hair and left her looking like a survivor of a concentration camp. She never complained. Although I bought her a wig, she only wore it when she was going out in public. Around the house or in the hospital, she donned one of her many colored turbans that were as bright as her smile. She always appeared cheerful and made everyone feel totally welcome, regardless of time or circumstances.

Viola was a sports nut and Iowa teams were her greatest passion. She especially liked football and basketball. She’d always want to lay bets and ended up taking much more of my money than I did of hers. She also loved to play cards and was always coming up with new games to play. However, I preferred fishing and we would often take a twelve pack of beer and a picnic

lunch and spend the day at the lake or river. We didn't care if we caught anything because we enjoyed each other's company. If we were lucky and caught anything other than carp, we'd always have a fish fry for supper that same evening. Viola even ate carp, but as much as I loved her, I couldn't bring myself to join her.

A few years ago, Dad was confined to a wheel chair and virtually stopped going out of the apartment. Since she didn't like to leave him alone for long periods of time, she didn't get out much either. Dad had a drinking problem, so Viola got him involved in latch hooking rugs. This was a hobby that kept his hands busy and gave him something to do every day. Viola told everyone that she and Dad were Panora's oldest hookers. We all knew what we were going to get for special occasions. The first rug they gave me was a huge tiger. My brother got Mickey Mouse.

I spent part of last New Year's Day alone with Viola. Breakfast and bath time were over and we were watching the Rose Bowl Parade on television. All of a sudden she surprised me by saying, "Tell me a ghost story."

"Gosh, I don't think I know one, do you?"

"No, I don't know one either. Do you like the four puppies that Dick got you?"

"Gee, is he giving me some puppies? He hasn't said a word to me about that."

"OOPS!! I guess I wasn't supposed to tell you! I've spoiled the secret."

"Don't worry; I'll act surprised and he'll never know you let it slip."

"Are the Tupperware bowls put back in the cupboard?"

"Umm, I guess so?"

"Do you suppose they will ever, ever, ever, let me go home?"

"Yes! I'm sure they will."

"When?"

"Soon."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure it will be soon."

"I saw Charlie last night. He brought me a pack of cigarettes."

"What! Umm, has he quit smoking?"

"No, he says it's okay to smoke if I want to."

"Yes dear, I believe he's right. Can I get you anything?"

"No, I'm just fine."

"Are you in any pain? Do you need some more medicine?"

"No. I think I'll just go to sleep."

"Okay."

As I sat and watched her drift off to sleep I went back over the conversation. My husband Dick was not giving me any puppies. There was a float in the parade on television that had puppies on it that must have prompted memories of the past when our dog had one of her numerous litters of pups. Charlie is my brother. He died unexpectedly three weeks ago of a heart attack. He had been a heavy smoker. I guess that explained the request for a "ghost" story and her belief that he had visited. The medication she was taking produced some strange side affects.

Viola went home the next day. The stepmother that I loved so dearly had quietly slipped away. I'm sure Charlie was waiting for her so they could have a smoke.



Computer Animation

Dan Dill

Computer animation has become the latest rage. Movies, TV, and even commercials use computer-generated images to “wow” their audiences. The most exciting innovations have taken place in movies, especially over the last 15 years.

Special effects in movies have been around for a long time. At the turn of the century George Melles, a French magician turned filmmaker, invented “special effects.” He shot a spaceship from a cannon in *A Trip to the Moon* (1902). Even the 1939 classic, *The Wizard of Oz*, used a lot of special effects. A. Arnold Gillespie, special effects artist, constructed a 30 foot model of a tornado. The model was made of muslin, a woven piece of coarse cotton fiber. The tornado was attached to a moving gantry. A small, model house was filmed dropping from the ceiling. Finally, the film was reversed, giving the illusion that the wind carried it away (Wolkomir).

By the 1960s, the old craftsmen retired and the old skills died out. TV commercials and movies of the 2001– *A Space Odyssey* type were about the only times a person saw special effects. That is when George Lucas came along in the early 1970’s. In 1975 he began work on *Star Wars*. His work with computer-generated special effects etched some powerful images into our minds—Darth Vader’s breathing, Luke Skywalker waving his lightsaber around, or the Starship Enterprise “boldly going where no man has gone before” (Wolkomir). The photochemical process prevented Lucas from getting what was in his head onto the screen. He turned to technology to solve the problem. This idea became a powerful tool that allowed filmmakers to combine fantasy and reality. Computers take a piece of film and digitally render it, breaking it down pixel by pixel. Pixels

are the little dots that make up an image on a computer screen. Software then transposes or creates images within the film’s setting (Lane and Samuelson).

George Lucas created the first digital studio. In this studio the directors and producers are not constrained by reality. They need not worry about artistic merit, but more about combining shots to tell a cohesive story. Before Lucas, unless you were making cartoons, you had to have real settings and real people to do a movie, TV show, or a commercial. Filmmakers had to deal with physical constraints, while an author was bound only by imagination. Until now, they had to use only what the audience’s eyes would accept as reality. The new computerized techniques have allowed Spielberg to make life-like dinosaurs run through Jurassic Park, or Forrest Gump shake hands with John F. Kennedy (Lane and Samuelson).

Today’s audiences are more sophisticated, which means special effects artists have to be more sophisticated with their techniques. One example of this is “gomotion,” in which the camera and the model is controlled by a computer. Earlier figures, like King Kong, had very robotic type movements. Anything filmed in motion was slightly blurred. This development allowed movie monsters to appear more realistic. A similar method was used to film the train ride in *Back To the Future III*. A computer, with the help of a supporting armature, guided the train on its wild run that is seen in the movie. After that the background must be added and the armature blanked out. This process consists of putting two strips of film together. The filmmakers decide what parts they like about each strip and splice together those parts. Basically, the best parts from each strip are combined into a new strip of film. The film does

not even have to be fully developed (Wolkomir). When finished they have combined different images to achieve a new, more desired image. They can also combine images that were never together in reality.

This was the method used in *Wagons East*, starring John Candy. Candy died of a heart attack before the last two sequences could be filmed. Without Candy, the director turned to computer aided special effects and a Candy look-alike to place Candy in a handful of settings in which he never actually appeared in. Someone with a similar sounding voice did the dialogue. The image was superimposed onto the screen, giving the appearance of being on that background. The makers of *The Crow* had to use the same method when actor Brandon Lee died on the set of that movie. The filmmakers superimposed the actor's face onto another actor's body, who performed the remaining scenes.

Once limited to the action films, computer images have been used in dramas such as *Forrest Gump* and *In the Line of Fire*. The possibilities seem endless and it has changed the role of the actor in some movies.

Superimposing was also used to make *Forrest Gump* shaking hands with the former presidents. In *Forrest Gump*, actor Gary Sinise's legs were "amputated" by a computer. The president in *In the Line of Fire*, was superimposed over an image of Bill Clinton who appeared at the Denver campaign rally (Horn).

In the movie *The Abyss*, computers were used to create the Oscar-winning visual effects. In the movie there is a giant extraterrestrial pseudopod that is made up of seawater. The huge tentacle that ripples and shines, as if it were real water, was a computer-generated image. This was done by putting a worm-like outline up on the screen. Then they started matching the color tints and shadows. The computer can create 17.6 million different tints. The animators had already created a model of the movie, matching its lighting. As the pseudopod's image developed, the computer matched it with the proper highlights and shadows. The next step was to match it up with scenes that were already filmed. The actors' faces were digitized or brought up on the screen as well. This is how the people in the movie saw their reflections in the pseudopods water-like body (Wolkomir). These advancements have given filmmakers unprecedented freedom. Scripts are created without any fear of whether or not they will work technically.

The advancements made in computer-aided filmmaking have helped to revolutionize the way cartoons are made as well. The computer allows cartoons to appear more realistic. In *Cool World* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, real people and cartoon characters interact with one another. They can interact in a real setting or in an imaginary setting.

Perhaps the crowning achievement is *Toy Story*. The movie is the first full-length feature made up entirely of computer graphics. Woody, the toy cowboy, and Buzz Lightyear, the movie's stars, started off as 3-D computerized models. The toys were first drawn as wirelike "skeletons." The animators attached hundreds of computer-drawn 'strings' to bend the toys' joints and change their facial expressions. The animators became high-tech puppet masters (Freiman).

Once animated (given movement), the line-drawn characters are shaded to look more real. The animators use these programs to add color, texture, and light reflection to the characters and the scenery. This is what gives the characters that 3-D, or life-like, image. Without this step the characters may appear like "stick figures." A good example would be watching Gummy.

The final touches are added in a process called rendering. During this process the computer "layers" all the data for each image. The character's skeletons receive their animated poses and surface texture. A camera records the final images on film. *Toy Story* took about four years to complete (Freiman).

Computer animation has become a legend in its own time. It has already become the wave of the future. Seven of the top ten movies of the 1980's were special effects movies (Wolkomir). Roughly half the movies released last year utilized some kind of digitally altered visuals, and 90% used digitally recorded sound. That number rose from maybe 10% for each category just two years ago (Lane and Samuelson). This trend has prompted people to wonder if movies in the future will even need actors. The computer has the potential to create any scene with any actors chosen. It has been described as a God-like power that the filmmakers have. This is even more amazing, considering the relatively short period of time computer animation has been around. Computers in filmmaking appears to be here to stay and will continue to grow. As Nancy St. John, executive producer of ILM computer graphics says, "We are adding more magic to the toolbox" (qtd. in Wolkomir).

Time will tell if actors will be replaced and if reality is just a raw material, but nobody can deny the impact that computer animation has had on the film industry.

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The Unforgettable Day in DMACC's Dorms

Graciela Moreno

I know, it's boring, but that's my point, so bear with me here. Actually, this is not jail, or not even hell—this is a usual Sunday at DMACC housing, and that's precisely the problem. As anybody knows, an acceptable nice day would present at least certain qualities that make it dignified to be part of a day in one's life. This includes characteristics like things to do, sociable people around, and a general good mood that gives us inspiration to be or not to be among others. Viewing Sundays from this perspective makes me affirm that this particular day has always ended up being gloomy, vacant time. For those of you who think Sundays are the most marvelous days, it's probably because you haven't been on the Ankeny campus yet. I'm being too polite comparing it with hell or jail—, this is worse than that. However, don't just take my word for it, because there is more to discuss.

It is true that because of dreary Sundays, we are able to recover from the rest of an agitated week. In other words, this in-between period is good because of the flux state it offers. In fact, I wouldn't be maintaining a 4.0 grade point average in my Composition I course if it weren't for this isolated day. When my mind rambles, I finally experience a "light bulb" charged with fantastic ideas that sets my writing initiative and imagination on fire. So let's say that Sundays are good in a way. Who knows, this could be the time to develop a new skill, like picking our noses, sorting pennies by dates, or training our cat to do a new trick. Well, not in this case—, we can't have pets. This could be the time to increase our potential to do many important things, such as watching TV and pouring coffee with the left hand while reading the newspaper at the same time. Further, if the weather is survivable outside, we could all go shopping for snacks or household needs like toilet paper

and garbage bags. I'm not being dramatic; everything is closed around campus on Sundays. Obviously, asking about a gym or a student lounge would be a joke. We do have something like that, but anyway, it's closed, too. This unproductive time definitely could be a privilege for some, or God's punishment for others. I, myself, am so thankful for it being just once a week. I consider it as a real torture, and let me tell you why.

To begin with, since there is little or nothing to do, this is the day to wear my bathrobe until four and comb my hair at five. This is the day to clean behind my desk (twice) and rearrange my place with the same furniture. The day to walk slower and to not stop yawning louder and wider. The day devoted to rush my last-minute homework. The day I end up glued to my bed and vegetating, eating a dozen chocolate-chip cookies in front of my black and white TV. The day when I start thinking that watching the grass grow while twiddling my thumbs is fun. Moreover, my phone is also dead. No, wait. It's ringing. "Hello?" Never mind—wrong number.

Outside, there is nothing going on, either, but the slender dry trees peering and laughing at me. It's not funny. Embarrassingly, I must confess that I have found myself singing by heart all existing songs on the Iowa radio—even humming unconsciously that country stuff. There is no way I cannot be scared by the time the weekend is coming to its painful end. I always laughed at the bored-looking fishermen on the shores or the campus pond, but now I have to admit that going to join them has occurred to me several times already.

Coincidentally, all neighbors disappear for some reason, and I don't blame them. Why do some students seem to have too much time, and others not enough? I thought everyone on this planet had the

same twenty-four hours. Perhaps, some people need to sleep more, while others need to convince themselves they are very busy (because busy and not-busy bees make the world go round). I can't remember all the times I've tried to tell myself to hold on to these moments as they pass—, otherwise, I'll drive myself desperately crazy (if I'm not already). But seriously, are there actually any living students on this "Oh so dead" day? If there were, they are probably killing their sins in church, doing their laundry, taking the garbage out, or perhaps just hiding somewhere fighting with their late homework, too.

Above all, investigating this issue more deeply has become my Sunday goal in case inactivity and loneliness are not reason enough to hate this lassitude. I've found out that hangovers have a great deal to do with all of this apathetic mood. Yes, all this tragedy stems from Saturday night, and it seems as if I'm the only poor, sober one in the entire complex. The few people I catch walking in the halls look like zombies coming from their tombs for a Coke. Like authentic sleepwalkers, they go straight to the machine; I guess they are trying to extract some caffeine from it. Typically, this old machine gets stuck on Sunday; people have to kick it so that it will

spit out a can. Then these subjects turn around, dragging their feet back to their cages. It's sad; some don't even say "hi" to one another, smile, or look at each other, even if they happen to be roaming in the halls at the same time. I've finally diagnosed that this leisure mood is very contagious, and we have a terrible epidemic on Sunday.

I'm not insinuating that Sundays are for bums, or that we should extend days of employment or school. Believe me, I am one of those easy people who also support the right to be lazy, but this particular day, as you can see, has gone beyond the limits of laziness.

Similarly, my intentions haven't been to make you feel sorry for me—, I just wanted to warn you that if you are an ambitious person, an energetic type of individual, or a creative student who cannot stand solo-life, then don't you ever—ever spend a Sunday at DMACC's dorms. On the other hand, if you'd ever like to experience the full pure meaning of a dull day (which I doubt), or if you'd like to switch off your life for a moment, then feel free to drop by my apartment at DMACC's campus in Ankeny, Iowa, any Sunday. Still, to tell you the truth, this is something that I wouldn't even recommend to my worst enemy.



Standing Outside the Circle: Confessions of a Former Outsider

Matthew LaShomb

When most people think back to their years spent in high school, a feeling of warm nostalgia wraps itself around them. Sports, clubs, drama, the school newspaper, perhaps even student council are activities which once welcomed them with open arms. I admit, at one time, I felt as if the doors leading to these activities were closed to me. Although I strove to belong to any group, any clique, I found myself constantly identifying with the Outsiders.

“Outsider” is a metaphor I toss about casually, as if it were a football. I derived it from the Dean Koontz novel *Watchers*; the “Outsider” is a genetic experiment which is made to look horrifying and nightmarish, but deep within, is painfully human and intelligent. It was perfect for describing “my kind” we are often judged by a first impression, which is usually our appearance. There are other names for Outsiders, names with teeth that bite and gnaw, names like “geek,” “nerd,” “fag,” “wimp,” and the most accurate, “prey,” to name a few.

I moved to Kellogg, Iowa, on June 1, 1991. It was the summer before my freshman year of high school, and I looked forward to a new life in yet another town. I hoped and prayed that the students of Newton Senior High would be more accepting of someone like me. If not, I knew I could always spend more time alone, as I always have, thinking, plotting, and imagining stories. It wouldn't be so bad. Maybe I could fill in the gaps in my as-of-yet unwritten stories.

I was wrong. The students of Newton Senior High were no more receptive than the students of Antigo Junior High, the hell I had just escaped. Glancing about at freshman orientation, I saw a number of friendly faces, but all seemed to be directed at someone else. It was like being on a

deserted island, only I was surrounded by people. I recognized and despised the irony.

As the year progressed, my hatred grew. Countless lunch periods were spent sitting at a table alone, quietly devouring the pizzas, hamburgers, corn dogs, and chop suey served to us by the lunch staff. There were times when I was certain my face was as green as an emerald from the envy I felt watching friends sit with other friends, laughing and carrying on without a care in the world.

Gym class was even worse. I will confess, I have never been athletically inclined. I don't understand football, I find basketball dull, and I only play baseball when dragged kicking and screaming into a game. Volleyball and dodgeball are my games—I enjoy playing both, and that is reflected by my energy and effort output. However, we couldn't play volleyball and dodgeball constantly, so I was stuck playing sports I despised. As a result of my hatred for both the sports and my tormentors-disguised-as-students, I was always one of the last people picked, being brushed aside for comrades and love interests of those selecting their teammates.

My sophomore year, I planned to try harder and do better at making friends. I had already established a reputation of punctuality, open-mindedness, and acceptance of situation. I thought I could shatter the chains of my Outsider status. Again, I was wrong, for my efforts were in vain. A single incident on a warm August night annihilated my hopes for a better sophomore year.

I remember that night as if it were yesterday, even though it has been four years. I had four quarters in my pocket and a burning thirst in my throat. The solution was beautiful in its simplicity: walk down to Casey's, the only store in Kellogg, and buy a fountain soda. My

greatest concern as I set out was indecision over Pepsi as opposed to Mug Root Beer.

Along the way I came across a number of young people playing football in a field near the railroad tracks. There were forty of them, all people I knew had a craving to beat the living snot out of me for no other reason than the fact that I was an Outsider. I tried to ignore their verbal abuse, thinking in my own mind that they were not real, that they were in my mind, that they were here to test me. That particular defense had worked in the past, as I could convince myself that "imaginaries" could not harm a real person such as myself.

It failed because one of them had a car. I won't name that person, as I feel he does not deserve mention; needless to say, when he barely missed running me down like a deer caught in the headlights, I snapped. I shouted angrily, instantly regretting having lost my temper. As if on cue, the masses assembled against me. Their spokesman, who will also remain unnamed, got into my face, threatening me while an elderly gentleman observing the incident yelled futile orders to stop. I'll never forget the single word that may well have saved my life, and whether my antagonist said it or if it was in my head, I shall never know.

The word was a verb, the verb "run," and run is exactly what I did. I fled in terror, believing I could hear someone in pursuit, drawing closer with each step. When I dared to look back, there was no one there.

Humiliated and frustrated to tears, I returned home. Several minutes later, having explained the situation, my mother escorted me to the store. When we walked past the crowd of predators, I had to hold my mother back to keep her from attacking one or all of them.

My junior year was the closest I came to curing my Outsideness in high school. I had discovered in the middle of the previous year that I had an interest in writing. My first stories were filled with descriptions of pain and suffering, usually my classmates being tortured and killed by evil monsters and demons! I began to write more often, devoting most of my free time to typing in the school computer lab. I even began a story called "I Am the Outsider," in which I made myself into a being with shape-changing abilities, a "Tektokadoc." The Tektokadocs despised humans in the same manner humans despise cockroaches, and "Tekks" strove to gain positions of power in human society in the hopes of one day exterminating them.

It was in the midst of writing this story that I realized I had been an Outsider my entire life, contrary to my previous thoughts of having become one in high school. My mind spewed memories of the six

elementary schools I had attended, of all the times I had been teased by the other children, of all the times I had felt as if I needed to prove myself better just to be perceived as an equal. I'd spent years believing my problems had been from my own shyness, that being bashful is what stopped me from making new friends. But as the narrator of "I Am the Outsider" once said, "Humans can smell Tektokadocs, just like a deer can smell a wolf. They know and fear us, but if asked what they were afraid of, they wouldn't be able to tell you."

I went through a period of alternating depression and animosity. In one moment, I would consider suicide, the next moment, mass homicide. I became obsessed with death in its many forms, including vampirism, the living death. I began to lose my grasp of the concepts of reality and fiction, thinking of the characters in my stories as being real. In a story entitled "The Dancer," I killed the title character, Elaine Jade, with a fatal stroke. I remember weeping softly over the keyboard and going through several weeks of mourning.

It was the writing that nearly killed me, and it was the writing that brought me back to life. I destroyed the Outsider story and started a new version, one in which the narrator expresses his love for humans, even though it is against the wishes of his people. My stories were just as dark and violent, but I began to show the consequences of death rather than glorifying it. I'd almost beaten the Outsider disease. Then came my senior year.

My senior year arrived not with a bang, but a groan of disgust. New rules made us sit in a homeroom every Wednesday and threatened to steal our "senior privileges." Pep assemblies were eradicated one month into the year. I glanced at the faces of my classmates and saw again the looks of hatred which snarled, "I know what you are, and no matter what you do, you'll always be an Outsider. I won't let you be one of us."

Case in point: It was a Friday, the Friday before Halloween, 1994. as a contributing writer for the *Cardinal Chronicle*, the school newspaper, I was informed that all staff members would be wearing costumes to help advertise the Halloween dance. I was told this on Monday. When I arrived Friday morning dressed as the Phantom of the Opera, I was shocked and dismayed to discover that on Thursday they had decided not to wear costumes. How convenient that I wasn't told, one might say.

The day didn't end there. While rollerblading in gym class, I lost my balance because of someone chasing after me in what I thought was good natured jostling. I was corrected as I lost my balance, fell to the floor, and had the fingers of my left hand run over. The physical

pain was minimal, but the realization that it had probably been done on purpose terrified me.

For most of the year, I was paranoid that my classmates were plotting against me. As a result, my once friendly demeanor was replaced by a scowl, and rather than walking, I skulked through the hallways, like Shylock off to collect his payment of a pound of flesh. I craved graduation if for no other reason than to leave this black hole that was slowly sucking the life out of my body.

Graduation came as graduations do, and again I felt like an Outsider. I sat nervously listening to speeches from the valedictorians and the winner of the speech writing contest, then waited for my name to be called. It was as if the past four years had not yet happened; I was back in freshman orientation, it was 1991, and I was still surrounded by strangers.

Incidentally, I was invited to one graduation party. I went to it briefly, pausing to thank and congratulate the hostess. When I walked inside and saw a thousand pairs of strange eyes burning holes to my soul, I panicked. This was the ultimate Outsider experience. This was what the narrator of "I Am the Outsider" felt when he admitted his passionate affection for humans. I left, trying to retain my dignity. I was, and still am, glad it was raining that day. The drab sky matched my emotions.

Now, contrary to what you may think, I'm not going to spin a tale of my misery at Iowa State University, which I entered for the first time on August 17, 1995. I was both astounded and profoundly grateful to be there, for it was at Iowa State that I found where I belonged. I can't say it's true for every big state university, but based on my experience, I can say it's an Outsider's paradise. The diversity was so incredible. I found the only phrase that could describe it was an "amalgam of Outsiders."

It's been nearly fourteen months since I stepped onto an elevator in the Knapp building and rode it to Murray, the sixth floor. Fourteen months since I walked onto campus for the first time and stood staring in awe at its grandeur. My days as an Outsider are long since past. I'd like to set them on a shelf to let them collect dust and decay into nonexistence, but I suppose a part of me refuses to let go for a reason. It was because of this painful time that I learned to appreciate individuals for who they are, not what they appear to be. It taught me that even Outsiders are a clique, a secret society that exists within plain sight. I'm not suggesting that we the Outsiders (and former Outsiders) rise up in arms against those who are "human." I do ask, however, that the Outsiders "grin and bear it" and that the "humans" act a bit more lenient. After all, beneath the surface of every Outsider is a human trying to fit in.



Interesting School Systems

Graciela Moreno

I needed to remove a mistake I'd made when writing in my very quiet American lit class, but I had lost my eraser. The real problem was that I didn't know how to say "eraser" in English. Luckily, I had with me my magic translator machine that always got me out of (and in) trouble. I typed in the Spanish word I knew for eraser and decided to ask someone. The room continued to be silent. I turned around and looked over my shoulder at a couple of students behind my seat, and said, "Hey, guys, don't you have a rubber?" The entire class simultaneously turned their heads toward me. "What? rubber?" everyone laughed. The professor was a little upset because he thought I had said that on purpose, but that was the word the translator gave me; it wasn't my fault.

I knew I was going to have trouble with the English language when coming to the US in the first place. In the same way, I felt excited about being here, learning and experiencing the American educational system. Not many people have had the pleasure to travel and say that they have experienced the best of two different world's education systems. Having studied in two countries, Venezuela and the United States, I can affirm that the high school systems for both countries are very similar, but at the same time very different. Both systems are shaped by the culture and social interests of each country. Education systems in nearly all countries out of the United States are seen as better because of the strict discipline and more stringent standards. This contrasting fact doesn't make either system superior or inferior to the other, and that's precisely what makes it interesting. Central to the socialization process, schooling serves as a cultural lifeline linking the generations.

To get more specific, let's take a closer look at two classic examples for each system: Liceo Nueva Esparta

located in Margarita Island, Venezuela, and Dowling High School, Iowa, USA. Both schools serve/teach the same student body size of about 300 graduating seniors each year. Both are Catholic and favored by parents who want their children to receive religious instruction or believe that private schools hold students to higher academic and disciplinary standards.

The daily schedule is one of the major differences between Venezuela and the United States. Students in Nueva Esparta arrive everyday at 6:45 A.M. First, they form a line by respective grades. Staring at the Venezuelan flag (blue, yellow, and red with seven stars) in the middle of the school square they sing aloud the national anthem ("*Gloria al bravo pueblo! . . . na nana na . . .*"). After the song is over, a fat nun in a white robe and with wimple, begins the prayer ("*En el nombre del padre, del hijo . . . Amen*"). It takes about 10 minutes to actually get to the last word "Amen." Later on, everyone is guided to their rooms, where they stay to be taught by different professors who rotate for each period according to that day's schedule. At the end of the day, at noon, parents pick up their children so that students and their families can have lunch at home. The reason why school time is short in Venezuela is because the system doesn't provide free time as schools in the US do. Students in Nueva Esparta, instead of dropping their books and beginning an afternoon of fun, settle into their homework after eating and having taken a relaxing nap, of course. Accordingly, Dowling High School establishes several free periods with much the same purpose: study homes, study halls and homerooms are periods when students get their homework done before they even get home.

The educational system in the US has also been shaped by the cultural traditions. For example, in Dowling very few people are dropped off or picked up by their parents. Every student owns a car, or at least the big majority. The students here arrive at eight in the morning. First, they go straight to their lockers and empty out the mountain of books they have brought (there are no lockers in N.Esparta). At the ringing of the bell, students go to their first-period class. This time the students are the ones who rotate every class period instead of professors. Their lunch period is still at school. When the clock hits three, everybody is gone.

Furthermore, exploring your creative side, releasing your inventive skills, or putting paint on canvas are extracurricular activities viewed differently between the two institutions. The first thought of having the opportunity to find my creative side in Dowling, personally, was really exciting. Sometimes I even skipped classes so I could finish my art works. All of my Dowling's classmates saw pottery as something really "cool." Introducing your hands to clay was something only for Renaissance people. Teenagers in Venezuela, however, perceived ceramic work as an activity only done by the peasants in the Amazon jungle. Arts in Nueva Esparta represented a nonexistent area. Moreover, there are two routes that one may take in the Junior year at 2V Esparta. One is the science which consists of a sequence of classes such as mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics and other killer science courses. The other route is the humanities side, which are classes such as literature, sociology, psychology, and languages. In both curriculums art classes are not offered, unless the students is going into design or architecture, so that she or he will be able to take some drawing courses (not easy, at all). Exploring a variety of different classes is not possible in Nueva Esparta, which hinders the possibility of different career options for the future. Still, Margarita Island is not shut down from the arts. Usually, after school students will go to different specialized institutions into arts, if that's their desire.

The biggest difference, in addition to the language barriers, was the way both institutions perceived sports activities. Cheerleaders jumping all

over, sports heroes showing off in the stadium, avid spectators, and the sound of a huge marching band are all typical characteristics that draw a traditional picture of an American high school. This is unlike Venezuela's system, where it's said that heroes exist only in comics, and cheerleading ended in elementary school. Nueva Esparta focuses its efforts on academic achievers rather than winners in sports. While football and basketball stars are put on Dowling's pedestal, V. Esparta's pride never goes beyond historic heroes like the great liberator Simon Bolivar and well-known authors of Spanish literature such as Neruda or Servantes among others. Such examples transform Venezuelan institutions into symbols of respect and seriousness, rather than focusing school around sports and related activities.

The differences in viewing sports is even noticeable on preparing children for college. In order to get into a Venezuelan university no one has to bench press 200 lbs. The only thing that would get anyone into a school is the power and endurance of the mind. Here the students face entrance examinations with utmost preoccupation, and about half attend "cram schools" to prepare for them. The American system of the standard of sports is instrumental in the sense that it allows kids who don't have the money to get into college, but have the ability to win the championship for the school, to play their way into college. In Venezuela the same is true, but in a different way. In order to play for a good university team, reading, writing, and arithmetic is not just a game of scrimmage but the championship in the world of academics.

Education is shaped by the social forces. Schools show the influences of cultural patterns, such as academic achievement and intense sport competition, and historical forces, seen through the background and languages of both cultures. The Venezuelan and the American school systems, both which are very familiar, are not superior to one another. They both have high standards of education that in a personal bias became hard to avoid in comparing and contrasting institutions in two different continents. Both systems also stress in different ways the value of practical learning: knowledge that has a direct bearing on people's work and interests.



The Bottom Half of Six

Shannon Cannon

He is a regular at the bookstore where I work. Saturday nights, when the clock strikes the bottom half of six, he can be seen slightly limping into the store carrying a plastic Hy-Vee sack. Refusing a cane, he prefers countertops, rails, and poles to steady his shifting weight. He makes sure I notice his new gold-framed eyeglasses that darken conveniently when exposed to UV rays. He is awed by this new invention. His soft, curved piano player hands plop the heavy sack on top of the counter, while asking me how I am doing, never failing to call me "sweetie." I reply with the same answer, "I'm fine, but tired."

I don't need to ask him how he is; his faded blue eyes and fine wrinkles tell the story. He leaves soon thereafter, and my eyes follow him as he slowly retreats into the mall. My eyes glance to his worn belt to determine if he's wearing his gray "beeper box." He once told me that this ash-colored box looks, wears, and even beeps like a real beeper but instead of beeping when messages are received, it sends therapeutic electric shocks that travel through wires and penetrate his spine. I've noticed that he seldom wears it. His uneven step speaks of the chronic pain he has endured ever since his severe car accident. The accident appears to have left his

body weak and failing, yet I sense a strength emanating from within him. I know that he can't play basketball anymore, and wishes he could sit through a concert. He's frustrated that he can't even stand very long before he experiences numbness.

Despite these physical limitations he can do things healthy people cannot. He can see inside people. His eyes burn through me and they can read my heart and soul as if they were transparent. He calls strangers his friends and smiles appear on their faces when he chats with them but never a smile bigger than his. He may not have the ability to move about vigorously, but he can care and love enormously.

After he leaves I peer in the plastic sack. Inside I see a black workman's thermos, steaming hot inside and out, and two sandwich baggies. One filled with soup crackers, the other with thickly sliced, sharp cheddar cheese. In the very bottom lies a 20 ounce Sprite, a bounty paper towel, and a shiny, silver spoon. I immediately go on break to see what the faithful thermal holds. Ahhh . . . Stew! His specialty. I then begin my meal by saying a short prayer thanking God thoroughly for the food, and for my dad's hands who prepared it.



Static Shock

Matt Williams

In a small ill-lighted room, Static Shock stares at the computer screen as numbers and letters scroll down the screen by the thousands. Throughout the room papers are scattered as if a bomb has blown up several spiral notebooks. These pages covered with countless characters and commands that to the untrained eye would be meaningless, but to a programmer or hacker are very precious. A large coffee pot sits upon a dorm refrigerator next to the desk allowing for easy access to the hackers' drug, caffeine. The smell of smoke fills the room as Static Shock takes another long drag off his Camel cigarette and extinguishes it in a old tuna fish can on the corner of the desk. There is total silence except for the clicking of keys and the hum of the computer's hard drive. Static Shock is a Hacker. His name is a handle by which other hackers know him. No real names are used due to the secrecy involved and in fear of prosecution.

Static Shock glares at the screen as a specific strand of characters found by his sniffer program are displayed. This strand will allow him to access a computer system on the other side of the United States. "There you are my sweet angel," he says as he copies the strand of numbers to a notepad. It seems that these numbers are some kind of address, much like what everyone uses in Netscape, but in IP address form. "Now we can begin our journey," he says as he guides the mouse pointer gracefully across the screen shutting down the line connection. Seconds later the joyous sound of a modem connecting to a computer server fills the room. With the help of past hacking, he is able to jump from server to server making tracing this hack very difficult. With the stroke of a few keys, Static Shock enters the strand of numbers his program discovered and the screen goes blank. "Hmm, well be that way then!" he grunts. He

guides the mouse, opening several menus that will allow him to change his modem settings. The screen jumps to life with the words "Login:." With the stroke of a few keys, another program begins running in the background. This program acts as a worm that is able to penetrate even the most secure computer systems. The worm then returns with a login name that it leeches from the server. This name was the last person to login into this system. He then enters the login name that brought us to a password prompt. With a click of the mouse another menu opens and yet another program begins. This is a password program that tries random words at the password prompt. I sit and watch as hundreds of possibilities automatically entered and rejected. Static Shock grabs another cigarette and lights up saying, "This could take a while." As we waited for the program to come up with the magic string, I asked him about the history of hacking.

Hacking, according to Static Shock, is basically the exploration of computers and all hardware attached to them. They contain gateways to different worlds of knowledge that the general populous would never find sitting at home watching television. He went on to tell me that hacking has been around since the 1950s. People are just getting around to realizing just how much of their personal information is compiled in the millions of computer data bases around the world. Anyone with knowledge of computers and programming can access this information. That scares the general public. There is so much misconception about hacking that when people hear the label "hacker," they automatically think of some greasy haired kid who spends too much time on the computer. This is just not true. Although hacking did begin with college students

at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, many older members of the world discovered the possibilities at the same time. Hacking is also the writing of computer programs or fixing bugs in programs that businesses have produced but had flaws.

Hackers believe in the freedom of all information, in that I mean all information. Driving records, medical records, or anything that is entered into a computer. Most hackers don't want most of that kind of information simply because why should they care if so and so had a wart removed from their foot. They are simply more interested in top secret information or beta versions of new programs that haven't been released to the public. That is all hackers want—information. They don't go into systems and shut them down or destroy web pages, break into banks and transfer large sums of money to Swiss bank accounts as depicted in the media. That is just too risky. Hackers have morals and ethical codes which they follow strictly or they will ruin it for all other hackers. Hackers have become a scapegoat for the community of Crackers. Crackers infiltrate computer systems, sometimes forcefully, obtain the information they want, then often destroy or edit a majority of the files on a system. That's what causes these systems to crash. When the data a system needs to run is edited or deleted, the system can't fix itself, so someone has to do the tedious work of reconstructing the system. Not all Crackers are like this either, just a few bad eggs can ruin it for an entire group.

"Beep, beep, beep," the computer yells. A big grin comes across Static Shock's face as he realizes that his program has finally found the precious password into the system. "We're in!" he says. The screen jumps into action as the systems menus are displayed. "Let's see if we can find anything interesting," Static Shock says as he selects File Archives off the menu. A folder is opened and all the files on the system are displayed. There are thousands of files in the archives but we are looking for specific files such as prototypes or beta versions of new programs that a corporation has produced and not yet released.

Static Shock begins selecting files of interest to his download directory. "This is when the fun begins," he says as he starts to explain why. It seems that when files start getting moved around or downloaded, the computer records these transfers in a download record. When the system administrator looks at these download records and sees that large programs were downloaded at odd hours, they get curious. "All we want to do is get in, find what we want, then get out without being detected," Static Shock explains. Once all the files he wants are downloaded to his computer, he begins looking for the login and download records. Within the login records are the listing of who logged in and when and where they are from. It also records the number of failed attempts of entering a password on that account. If the system administrator looks at the accounts login file and sees that there was over seven hundred failed attempts at entering a password, he's going to think something is up.

As he was searching for the login and download files, he got a broadcast message from the system administrator asking what he was doing. "Shit!" Static Shock yells as he races to find the file he's looking for. Another message comes across the screen asking that we identify our clearance codes. We both look at each other and realize that we had logged in under one of the executives names. Both of our hearts were racing now because we knew the administrator would start a trace to find out where we actually were. "There you are!" Static Shock gasps in relief. He then opens the file and deletes the entire contents because he doesn't have time to just edit it as he normally would do. With the file gone, he sends a message to the system administrator saying "Thanks for the thrill of it all, but you have been hacked." With that Static Shock terminates the connection to the phone line and sits back in his chair. "That was close," he says.

That is what hacking is all about—the thrill of finding new knowledge, and being chased by the system administrators. The adrenaline rush we got when the first broadcast message came across the screen was like nothing I had experienced before.



The Truck is Rolling

Kim Hancock

SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY

Beep, beep. Gilbert First Responders. Gilbert First Responders. You are needed for a man down for possible spinal injury at 1123 Hancock Avenue, Ames. Beep, beep. Gilbert First Responders. . . .

This is what Kevin Netcott may hear at any time of the day or night as a First Responder for the Westory Gilbert Fire Department. He gets the call through a pager/loud speaker placed in two different locations in his home. He may also get it through a portable pager he carries on his person. The information comes from the Story County Courthouse in Nevada which receives all 911 calls in the Story County area.

After receiving the call Kevin must respond immediately by getting to the fire department in Gilbert as quickly as possible. If it is during the day, he goes dressed as he is. If the call is received in the middle of the night, he keeps a jumpsuit beside his bed that allows him to be dressed in a matter of seconds. Time is of the utmost importance as there is a "golden hour," which is not an hour at all, but from four to six minutes after the initial medical emergency occurs. After this time, there is a possibility of brain damage due to lack of oxygen to the brain.

After arriving at the fire department, Kevin must gain entrance by pushing a code into a push button security lock used for quick entry at night. The cleanliness of the place is surprising at first. There are four large trucks in the garage. For calls for an accident or injury, the Attack Truck is always used because it contains the essential medical equipment. Kevin jumps on board, knowing that the Gilbert First Responders have prepared during weekly maintenance inspections.

He feels confident that the proper equipment and trained personnel are ready to go. This call is during the day, so they will not need the Pumper Truck, the main truck used for firefighting and for extra light at night. From the time of the call to the time the truck is rolling out of the garage, it has been only two minutes.

The Attack Truck is equipped with blue and red rotisserie lights—blue for fire calls and red for medical emergencies. The red lights are rolling now for the man who is down with a possible spinal injury. All around the truck are compartments filled with emergency medical equipment, the most recent acquisition for Gilbert being a Physio-Control Life Pak 300. This lifesaving machine is about the size of a breadbox. This machine can shock a heart that is no longer beating back to life.

As the truck rolls, Kevin thinks back to all of the training and effort he has put into learning how to be a good First Responder. It all started with a fourteen-hour class at Mary Greely Medical Center. After the first class, First Responders are required to take some form of continuing education every two years to hold their state certificate. Like most First Responders, Kevin takes many more courses than what is required by law. "Upgrading is very important," Kevin says. "You always want to be as prepared as you possibly can."

"You can tell a seasoned First Responder by his actions and by how calm he is. The average volunteer lasts only about five years. They burn out after that. Most of them have full-time jobs as well as a family. This, added to the continuous training, is extremely tiring." Kevin is entering his eighth year as a First Responder.

The truck is now pulling up to the scene of the accident. Kevin is quick to jump out and run around to the side of the truck to the compartment that holds the "First-out bag." This large bag contains all required medical equipment for immediate treatment of the victim. It weighs about seventy-five pounds. It is no small feat to carry it to the car that is lying on the driver's side in the ditch. The man is still strapped into his shoulder harness. The first thing Kevin and the others must do is check the scene for safety. The Story County Sheriff has already arrived and is directing traffic around the scene of the accident. He is required to be at every emergency scene.

Immediately upon arrival at the scene of the accident, a First Responder begins making out a report that includes information such as the victim's name, address, allergies, regular doctor, past medical history, medications and injuries. One copy of this will be kept by the Gilbert First Responders to use later to fill out an audit sheet they are then required to send to Mary Greely Medical Center. The other copy goes to the paramedics upon their arrival. This report gives the doctor on call the necessary medical information he or she needs to decide on treatment immediately.

The Emergency Medical Service (EMS), or First Responders are checking the stability of the vehicle. Is it safe to try and get the man out without moving it? Can they get him out without using special equipment needing to be called in? After they shake the car a bit, they determine that it is stable enough to try to remove the victim.

After donning sterile rubber gloves, a jumpsuit and a mask to protect himself from bloodborn pathogens that can cause AIDS or other infections, Kevin leans his head into the broken passenger's window to see if the man is conscious or not. If he is, an EMS is required by law to get the victim's permission to treat him. If the victim is unconscious, it is referred to as "complied consent" and their next step is to discover the extent of the injuries.

"Sir? Sir?" Kevin repeats to the man. "Sir, can you hear me? Can you hear my voice? Are you able to speak?" All remains quiet in the car. It appears the man is unconscious. Kevin sends another EMS back to the Attack Truck for the Kedboard, a device that keeps the victim in a sitting position. It is a funny-looking contraption, green padded cloth material with four black straps to secure the victim. They will also need a

sea collar, white, and made of flexible plastic that is attached to the victim with Velcro straps. This will keep the head and neck in a stable position.

Two EMS personnel squeeze their way into the front seat to begin their check of the victim's vital signs. This is known as the ABC's. First they must make sure the man is breathing properly on his own, and that the airways are not obstructed. Then they check the victim's circulation by noting the color and moistness of the skin. The man's breathing is garbled and uneven, so Kevin calls for a nonrebreather oxygen mask, a green rubbery device with a tube going to an oxygen bottle and an attached bag. This is used only for people still breathing on their own. Should the man not have been breathing on his own, they would have had to use a bagged valve mask, made of clear nonflexible plastic, also with an attached bag and connected to an oxygen tank. The bag is gently squeezed to get oxygen into the victim.

After making sure the man's breathing and circulation are satisfactory, the EMS's place the necessary equipment on the victim before attempting to remove him from the car. Kevin has noticed the obvious bulge in the crotch of the man's pants known as priapism, a sure sign of a spinal injury.

After carefully removing the victim from the car, the EMS's hold the victim steady in the upright position, remaining with him at all times, until more advanced medical personnel arrive on the scene to take over.

As the EMS's are driving back to the Gilbert Firestation to prepare their equipment for yet another emergency call, Kevin is thinking of all the things he might have done differently to help the man with the spinal injury. "There is always something you forget. There is no such thing as the perfect call. We've come close, but you always forget something."

Kevin has some very interesting stories to tell. "Sometimes you just don't feel you've done enough. The sad calls are the hardest when somebody dies and you just can't bring them back.

"I've done CPR for over thirty minutes without a break before. Another guy was doing the breathing for me. It was very intense and tiring. If you're not pushing hard enough to break ribs, you're not pushing hard enough to move any blood through that heart. Properly done CPR always breaks ribs."

Kevin's most memorable call was also the goriest. "Total destruction everywhere. Some young girl was

The Truck is Rolling

driving in her car late one night. She had been drinking quite a bit. She hit the back of a trailer hauling corn that was being pulled by a tractor. She was going pretty fast. The car was totally destroyed. It took hours using the jaws of life to extricate her. She was dead on impact.”

Kevin also remembers a humorous call. “There were two cars trying to cross an old narrow bridge at the same time. The bridge had high metal sides. One car rolled up onto the side of the bridge and got suspended in midair on two wheels. It was hilarious. A wrecker had to pull the car out back-

wards. Then a bunch of us guys pushed the car back onto all four wheels.”

Kevin has some final words of advice for all of us. “Always be cautious and careful. The EMS personnel are busy enough as it is.”

Although Kevin is taking some time off to be with his family, he still retains a strong interest in the care and welfare of the sick and injured. He is not yet sure when he will return to First Responding, but he did say he would go back. “It has become very important for me to feel I am helping people in some small way.”



Memories of Ledges Manor

Chris Parker

The Ledges Manor, stately named, is a nursing home in Boone, Iowa where I have interacted at various times of my life. The facility is a sprawling, red-brick ranch structure located on the northeast edge of town. Cornfields border the east and south property lines. In an aerial view, I envision the home as a modified cross. The center of the cross contains the nurses' station and a spacious living room, complete with a 25-inch TV for residents and their visitors. The Ledges Manor has capacity for about 85 residents. The residents live in private and semi-private rooms that form the east, south, and west arms of the cross. The north arm of the cross houses the kitchen and the main dining room. The southern-most section of the south arm contains a dining room, as well as a sitting area with a piano.

I first met the Ledges Manor when delivering papers with my brothers. Several residents subscribed to the *Des Moines Register*. The nursing home was the final stop on the route. My goal for the deliveries was speed. The home was always hot, especially since I was usually wearing a coat. More distressing was the institutional odor. I usually tried to hold my breath and when that failed, I became a mouth breather. If we happened to have an extra paper, I left it at the nurses' station. I felt pity for the workers, cooped up and unable to escape that hot stench. I would then retreat to the fresh cool air outside, taking several breaths to clear my nostrils before returning home.

Shortly after I turned 16, I began a two-year, intimate affair with Ledges Manor. Several of my friends worked at Ledges Manor. They were nurse's aides, called

four-to-niners, appropriately named for working 4:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M., covering the evening meal and bedtime work load. I wanted desperately to work there also. I had always known I would be a nurse. I was future-minded, looking for valuable experience and funds for schooling.

I was hired as a four-to-niner for the south wing. I started my new job with cautious excitement. The nursing personnel began their shift assembled in the lounge for report. Report was given by the registered nurses. The emphasis placed on a bowel movement was amazing. The entire report seemed restricted to how many days had elapsed since the previous bowel movement (BM for short) and which cathartic cocktail the nurse planned to administer that evening. I would later learn of a specific BM log book. Each resident was expected to have a BM every third day or receive an enema the following morning. The evening nurses viewed enemas as personal failures. Each felt compelled to adjust a variety of laxatives—liquids, pills, and suppositories—until achieving the perfect result, somewhere between an impaction and diarrhea.

Now equipped with report we disappeared down our assigned wing. Bedridden clients were aroused and seated for supper. Their meals arrived first since many also required feeding assistance. Most of these trays contained pureed foods, leaving no clue to the actual dinner menu.

Other residents were encouraged and assisted to the dining room. This room was my favorite with windows throughout, receiving exposures to the east,

south and west; it was bright and cheery in spring, summer and fall, yet cozy even in winter with the curtains drawn. One aide managed the dining room crowd while the remaining two returned weary residents to their beds for the night.

After clearing the dining room, the aides were allowed a break. We staggered our breaks, careful to leave an aide available to answer lights and offer assistance.

Promptly at 7:00 P.M., the residents were prepared for slumber. I was assured I would quickly learn the routine as well as individual quirks of the clients. Each aide had a list of clients to care for. These lists were skillfully developed by the head aide on each wing. This aide was full time and worked 3:00 P.M. until 11:00 P.M., coming before and staying after the four-to-niners. She strived to keep the workload fair. We were expected to have most residents in their beds by 8:30 P.M.

Bed check rounds could then be started. We checked on each resident, turning the bedridden to prevent skin breakdown, changing soiled linens (this was where listening to report could really pay off) and ensuring all was well. Our final responsibilities included emptying trash, collecting and sorting laundry, and processing the urine tests of diabetic residents. Finally we could report off, clock out, and go home.

Orientation was brief, lasting a few nights and then I was on my own. Initially, I stumbled around in a daze, fumbling for my list to keep up. Gradually, I mastered the routine. I became accustomed to the stifling heat. Once repulsive odors were now tolerable. Women far outnumbered the men. Then I discovered that individuals lived at Ledges Manor, not residents or clients. I grew to know and love those wonderful people.

Susie was deep in her own world, jabbering constantly as if she were reliving her younger days. She would often chuckle to herself. She always seemed to be happy.

Daisy was our oldest resident and I was proud she was on my wing. She turned 100 years young during my tenure with Ledges Manor.

Twila was a character with twinkling eyes. She had frequent visitors, including neighbors who cared for her beloved dog. Occasionally, they would bring her dog along when visiting. Oh how she lived for those visits. Twila would sometimes go for the day with friends or family. The diabetes urine test always tattled about the contents of her meals out.

Hulda was a splendid conversationalist. She was wheelchair bound, but could walk with her tri-cane and a helper. She enjoyed walking so much that I tried diligently to walk with her each shift I worked.

Ruthie required the utmost patience. Her bedtime routine was extensive and she refused to be hurried. I usually traded for her. Our personalities were a good match. I found her fascinating. Each night she drank her special brew, Metamucil with diet 7-Up. The drink foamed, seeming to boil just as a witch's brew. If left too long, the drink hardened like cement. I always wondered how the brew acted in her stomach.

Louie was retired from the railroad. He had limited periods of alertness; however, his ability to swear never seemed to leave him.

John was great. He had a defeated attitude and seemed depressed. I tried multiple avenues to motivate him, most without success. He saw himself as weak and helpless. One night John was discovered pushing his bed to the south sitting area, his desperate attempt to find relief from noisy and senile roommates.

Most memorable was Danny. Danny was a quadriplegic. He resided in the first room of the east wing. He was young, probably not more than five years older than many of the workers. He required extensive care. I was drawn to him as steel to a magnet. Unlike the others, Danny would let the aides know when he desired to quit for the day. He whistled when in need or sought help in his motorized chair. I was meticulous completing tasks for Danny. He seemed so dependent, requiring someone to scratch his nose and push his chest when he needed to cough; similar in action to the Heimlich Maneuver, dispelling phlegm instead of particles of food or foreign bodies. We talked and teased. He loved practical jokes and for someone so handicapped physically, was adept at getting even.

I left Ledges Manor just before starting nursing school. Occasionally, I would return to fill a shift or visit my friends, workers and residents. Eventually, I ceased to go there. As is the nature of nursing homes, the people I knew were slowly dying off. It became too painful to visit. I did correspond with Danny for a time. Danny obtained his GED and graduated from the Boone campus of DMACC. He planned to attend an Iowa university for further education. Danny is a nursing home success story.

The Ledges Manor returned to my life a few years ago. My grandmother became a resident, unable to return to her home after a prolonged hospitalization. Once again I found myself walking through the door of Ledges Manor, this time to visit Grandma, her room in the east wing. The home, though familiar, was different. The main door had an added security buzzer. I recognized no one but Grandma. Her roommate was an empty bed. The atmosphere was hauntingly unchanged, the same stifling heat and institutional odor.

Grandma's stay at Ledges Manor was brief, lasting just a summer. She was found walking near Ledges Manor, planning to return home. Occasionally, we "lost" a resident when I had worked at the home years before. We found one gentleman in the cornfield outside the south wing after his unscheduled exit. At 16, I thought this escape was very amusing. Now that an

escape involved my loved one, it was not nearly as entertaining. Grandma was released to live with my parents after that incident. She did eventually return to her home. I consider Grandma another nursing home success story.

I have rich memories of Ledges Manor. I would not trade any of those experiences, and yet I knew I would not spend my nursing career in geriatrics. I now work with infants and I muse of this irony. It seems odd to have migrated so completely, now caring for babies at the earliest start of life. And yet, the two groups have intriguing similarities . . . helplessness, dependence for physical care, the need for unconditional love and a hunger for human touch. I have been privileged to a few nursing home success stories. I am thankful to witness many nursery successes.



Wasn't Meant to Be

Cindy S. Benesh

At 9:00 A.M. on a beautiful Thursday morning in late August the phone rang. It was my obstetrician, Dr. Miller, asking me to come to his office to see him. I knew this was about my ultrasound and if he was asking me to come in to see him personally it couldn't be good news. This had happened once before and I was filled with dread. A year and a half ago I found out I was pregnant and they sent me to the hospital for an ultrasound. I knew something was wrong just by the way the radiologist acted; she was too quiet. The baby ended up dying. I cried for weeks, but we decided to try again. I had this crazy sense of *deja vu*.

As I drove to his office, I kept thinking I should have someone with me because this was not going to be good. I had this horrible sense of dread creeping up my spine and coming to rest on my chest and shoulders. I couldn't believe I could get bad news on such a beautiful day. The sun was shining and there was a cool breeze, just enough to slightly ruffle my hair. I remember thinking this would be a nice day for a long walk with my dog Lad. Some of the leaves were beginning to change already, but then it had been a pretty mild summer.

When I arrived at the clinic, they led me straight back to his office. The air had that hospital smell: antiseptics and alcohol trying to cover the smell of sick people. His office was a tiny room so cramped with furniture I could hardly turn around. The room was probably six feet by eight feet with a desk and a file cabinet along one wall and a couch along the other with barely a two foot walkway between the two. I came to the conclusion that Dr. Miller is an extremely messy

person. There were papers and files shoved in every available space. Books were piled haphazardly on the corner of his desk and I thought for sure they were going to topple to the floor. I liked learning this about him; it made him more human. In the background I could hear the elevator music coming over the clinic's loud system. I guess that stuff is supposed to soothe and calm, but it usually only puts me to sleep. I sat on the couch to wait, hoping I wouldn't have the normal doctor's office wait.

Finally, Dr. Miller came in carrying two cups of coffee. He offered one to me and kept the other for himself. I could see by the look on his face this was really bad news. He didn't beat around the bush, "Well, Cindy, it seems there are some complications with your pregnancy."

"What do you mean complications?" I asked with trepidation in my voice. The tears were already starting to form in my eyes.

"The ultrasound shows several things wrong with the fetus. First off . . ."

He went on to describe several major things wrong with the baby, but I couldn't hear anymore. I kept thinking over and over again, "This can't be happening, this can't be happening. I won't let it. No, stop saying all these horrible things! No! No! No!"

The next thing I heard him say was, "At this point several things could happen. If you continue the pregnancy you will probably miscarry within the next few months. If you do manage to carry full term and the baby is not stillborn, it will require extensive surgery and its

chances for survival are very slim. Even with surgery it will be severely mentally and physically handicapped. The other option we have is terminating the pregnancy.”

“Do you mean an abortion?” I asked with revulsion in my voice.

“Actually, it would be a medical termination, but the procedure is the same,” he corrected with understanding. “This is not something you have to decide right now. Is there someone you can call? Your husband? Your sister?”

“No, my sister went back to Cedar Rapids and Darren is out on a job and can’t be reached by phone.” On my previous visits my sister had joined me for moral support, but after we heard the heartbeat we thought everything would be fine and she returned home to Cedar Rapids. My husband, Darren, was painting a new house in Ankeny and there was no way to contact him.

“Well, I’ll tell you what, just stay here until you feel able to drive. Just give me a call later today or early tomorrow so we can get together and talk about this with your husband. Ok?”

By this time I was sobbing uncontrollably and couldn’t seem to get a grip. I wanted my husband more than anything at the time. I wanted, more than anything, someone else to take over for awhile because I wasn’t coping very well. I kept thinking, “No! No! No!”

Finally, Dr. Miller patted me on the shoulder and left the room, closing the door softly behind him. I must have sat there and cried for close to an hour before I felt confident enough to drive my car. I knew where I was going. I was going to find my husband.

I wasn’t sure how to locate Darren in Ankeny. I knew they were painting new houses, but I didn’t know exactly which one they were working on today. I figured I would drive around the areas where new houses were being built and look for familiar vehicles. I got lucky though. As I was sitting at a traffic light, contemplating where to look first, Darren’s boss drove past. I followed him to the Quiktrip. Darren just happened to be with him.

As soon as I saw Darren, I burst into tears. I was just barely able to tell him what I had found out. He had a difficult time understanding me because I was sobbing so hard. I felt like a water fountain that keeps spraying and spraying. I was so glad I had someone to take care of me when I needed to be taken care of most. He just took over. He put me in the car very gently and took me home; he called work for me and called Dr. Miller back to see when to come in to talk to him.

By this time I was in a daze. I didn’t want to end my pregnancy, but I didn’t know if I had what it takes to bring a severely deformed child into this world. Maybe I was just being selfish. Maybe I just wanted what every new parent wants, a healthy child. Was it my place to determine whether this child lives or dies? Who am I to play God? Or is this God’s way of testing me? What’s best for the child? Should I just let nature take its own course?

Finally Darren and I discussed the alternatives. I looked at him and said, “What do you think?”

“I’m not really sure what to think. Could they tell you why this is happening? I mean, what’s causing it?” Darren stared intently at me as he ran his hand roughly through his hair.

“Dr. Miller said to find out why they would have to induce labor and force me to miscarry so they could test the fetus. He also said this could be more painful than a normal delivery.”

“What did Dr. Miller recommend?”

“He thinks we ought to terminate.”

“Maybe he’s right,” Darren spoke softly and took my hand to give me what comfort he could. “We have to look at this realistically. Do you want to spend the rest of your life taking care of someone who can’t take care of themselves? I’m just barely able to take care of myself and you pretty much have all you can handle taking care for me. I’m not trying to be cruel; I’m just stating things the way they are.”

“I know, but . . . an abortion?!”

“Hey now, it’s not like you’d be doing it simply because it’s an inconvenience. You have a valid reason. That’s what I think we should do,” Darren said resigned.

“Maybe you’re right. We have an appointment with Dr. Miller tomorrow?” He nodded. “Why don’t we talk it over with him some more, but I think I agree that terminating would probably be best.”

Two weeks later we went to Iowa City for another ultrasound. They found a few more things that the first ultrasound had missed and determined that I would definitely miscarry if the pregnancy was continued. We went ahead and terminated the pregnancy. I felt we made the right choice.

Afterwards I gave this a lot of thought. Did I make the right choice? I’m still not sure. I wonder what would have happened if I had continued the pregnancy. What if the doctors had been wrong? Would I have miscarried? Was it just not meant to be? Every time I

would see an anti-abortion commercial I felt guilty, and I seemed to catch quite a few.

That was four years ago and we haven't tried again. I'm not sure I could take it if it should happen again. This was the hardest thing I've ever had to deal with. I've been told that there really is no reason why I shouldn't be able to carry a child full term, but it has taken me a long time to get past the last experience. I do think about trying again. I wonder what it would be like to be a mom. But then again I look

around at society now and think who in their right mind would bring a child into this world with all the crime, drugs, divorce, hatred, and greed?

To this day I'm not sure if I made the right choice. Maybe it was the right choice for me at that time. I do believe if it were to happen again I would not make the same choice, I would just let nature take its course. We may decide to try again, but right now I'm just not ready. Maybe someday.



Miracle

Denise M. Kamm

From a distance, the dense pine and fir trees make the hills of the area we now know as South Dakota appear black. These Black Hills were considered sacred by the Lakota Sioux tribe of Native Americans. Wind Cave, one of the two national monuments in the Black Hills, is the place, according to legend, where buffalo were blown from under the earth to feed the Lakota ("Recreation" 1). It was here that the legend of the White Buffalo began.

The land was void of game, as the sun's heat cooked the starving tribe one summer 2,000 years ago. Hunting one day, two young warriors encountered a large body approaching them. The beast was a buffalo with a snow white coat. As it grew closer, it transformed into a beautiful young Indian girl dressed in white. One of the men had desires for her. When he approached the girl, at her prompting, he was consumed by a cloud and turned into a pile of bones. The remaining warrior fell to his knees in prayer (Giese 1).

The woman spoke to the remaining man, "Return to your people, and tell them I am coming" ("Legend" 1).

Four days after the encounter, a cloud came down from the sky, and off the cloud stepped the White Buffalo calf. As it rolled onto the earth, the calf stood up and became a beautiful young woman who was carrying a bundle in her arms (Giese 1).

She unwrapped the bundle, and offered the tribe a pipe. Throughout the four days she spent with the tribe, she taught them the meaning of the pipe, as well as how to use it in prayer ("Legend" 1). She also taught them seven sacred ceremonies: purification, child-naming, healing, making of relatives or adopting, marriage, vision quest, and the sundance ceremonies (Giese 1).

The White Buffalo Calf Woman promised to return one day, and made some prophecies. One of

those prophecies was that the birth of a White Buffalo would signify her return to purify the world, that she would return harmony and balance (Giese 2). For Native Americans, the White Buffalo symbolizes the coming together of humanity into a oneness of heart, mind, and spirit ("Legend" 1).

When she was done with her teachings, she left as she came (Giese 2). She walked away, rolled over four times, and turned into a White Buffalo female calf. It is said that after that day the Lakota honored their pipe, and buffalo were plentiful ("Legend" 1).

Today that pipe is held with great regard, kept in a sacred place on the Cheyenne River Indian reservation in South Dakota (Giese 2).

On August 20, 1994, in Janesville, a city along the banks of the Rock River in south central Wisconsin, 2,000 years after the White Buffalo Calf Woman departed, a family awakes at the crack of dawn to check on the buffalo cow that should have given birth overnight. David Heider, who had been raising buffalo for a mere three years, walked out to the pasture. The newborn calf was standing in her mother's shadow, ghostlike against the chocolate herd. Unable to believe his eyes, he rushed back into the house.

He told his wife Valerie about the white calf. Neither of them had ever heard of a White Buffalo. David then called a journalist friend to tell her he had a cute story about a buffalo that was just born with a white coat. Neither of the Heiders knew of the importance of the miracle that had just occurred on their farm ("American" 2).

The last great White Buffalo on record was reported to have died in 1959. It was thought that the gene was extinct. It was nearly impossible to calculate, but it was

Miracle

estimated that the birth of this White Buffalo was a one in six billion chance ("American" 1). In light of this, the female calf was appropriately named Miracle.

Little did the Heiders know that their farm was about to become a tourist attraction after the Associated Press picked up the story ("American" 2). In the first month after the birth of Miracle, three thousand people made the pilgrimage to their farm, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. According to the Heider guest book, people were sprouting from all corners of the country. A handful of tourists even came from overseas ("American" 1).

The farm quickly became littered with Native American dream catchers, feathers, necklaces, pieces of colored cloth, personal notes and the occasional medal won in Vietnam. Visitors set up camps, in hope of viewing the buffalo. The Heiders never put Miracle on display. She was kept a part of the herd, and it was never easy to behold her beauty. They did not want anyone to make a profit from Miracle; therefore, they had both her name and her image copyrighted (Laskin 1). It was because of this that pictures were not allowed, although photographs were available for purchase at the farm. The Heiders have never charged visitors to their farm; however, there were donation buckets set up around the farm. The money donated has been used for the upkeep of the electric fence used to protect Miracle as well as the rest of the herd.

Not only did tourists line the farm, but offers to buy Miracle did as well. Ted Nugent, who had penned a song about the White Buffalo, offered to buy Miracle early on. The message was clear, though, Miracle was not, and never would be, for sale. Still, the story had piqued the interest of news and infotainment outlets around the world, including BBC, CBS News, *People Magazine* and *Unsolved Mysteries* (Laskin 1).

Even two years after her birth, more than 100 people each weekend come to see Miracle ("Unsolved" 1), whose coat has changed many colors throughout her lifetime. It changed from a snow white, to a golden yellow, then

black and is currently a cinnamon color. In some versions of the legend, the White Buffalo Calf Woman predicted the buffalo calf would change colors four times, thus signifying the colors of the four peoples she would unify: black, red, yellow and white (Laskin 2).

Joseph Chasing Horse explains his thoughts on what the birth of the buffalo means. "We are praying that mankind does wake up and think about the future, for we haven't just inherited this earth from our ancestors, but we are borrowing it from our unborn children" (qtd. in Giese 2).

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Tradition or Torture?

Ronna Fisher

Female genital mutilation, also known as female circumcision, has been a sacred aspect of many cultures for centuries. The meaning of the circumcision tradition varies from tribe to tribe, from community to community. In the last several years, controversy over female genital mutilation has risen from human rights groups, politicians, and other individuals around the world.

As defined by Sable Dawit, a human rights lawyer, and Salem Mekuria, a professor at Wellesley College, female genital mutilation (F.G.M.) entails three main varieties. The "Sunna" circumcision, meaning "tradition" in Arabic, refers to the removal of the clitoris. A clitoridectomy, also referred to as excision, consists of the removal of the clitoris and the adjacent labia. The third and most extensive variety, infibulation, also known as pharaonic circumcision, involves the removal of the clitoris and both the majora labia and the minora labia. After these are removed, the vulva is scraped and then sewn together over the vagina with catgut or thread. A small opening is held open with a reed or a sliver of wood to allow for the passage of urine and menstrual blood (2). This procedure is usually completed without anesthetic.

Many countries still practice female genital mutilation for a variety of reasons. According to the political science department at Earlham College, Muslim law demands females to be circumcised ("F.G.M.-Religious" 2). Marcia Mason, a feminist, peace activist and World Syntegrity Project alumna, adds women in many countries have no economic rights; they are not allowed to work or own property, and have little access to education (3). Female circumcision is a traditional celebration marking the time a young girl is ready for marriage. Many parents fear if

they have an uncircumcised daughter, she will be seen as a social outcast, and therefore not eligible for marriage (Dawit and Mekuria 1). Marriage is one step that is expected in every woman's life, due to the restrictions placed on them by their society.

The actual procedure is completed in the young woman's home or in a ceremonial hut. There is no access to medical facilities in case of infection or complications. The areas, including the table and the tools, have not been sterilized and could possibly cause infection. However, these conditions are not chosen. It is not the intention of the community to poison a young woman or cause death. The members of the tribe or community are working with what they have available.

In the United States today, an average of 75% of infant males are circumcised by choice of the child's parents. This number has, in fact, decreased in the last 20 years according to Theodore H. Rhodes, a writer for *The Beacon*, a newspaper at the University of Tennessee (3). Very few of these circumcisions are medically necessary, yet they continue in hospitals around the country. Although the procedure is more extensive on a female, the mind set remains the same. What was done before will be done again; a societal thread that keeps the culture close.

It is difficult to regulate cultural traditions. The American society has many traditions that may be horrifying to others who are not aware of our culture. Until female genital mutilation is fully understood, there is little that can be done to completely abolish it.

However, something must be done to protect the little girls who are forced into being circumcised. They are not educated enough to understand completely the ramifications that go along with female circumcision. Mariama Barrie, a victim of female genital mutilation,

describes the event as she remembers it. Girls are usually held down by their parents or relatives while they are being cut. Because there is no administration of anesthetic, the children can feel their flesh as it is cut away from their bodies. The child's genitals are then doused with scalding water to cauterize the wounds and stop the bleeding. When the procedure is completed, the family celebrates the event. The young girls, circumcised just hours before, are forced to dance a ceremonial dance in front of the entire community. The young girls receive no compassion and are ordered not to cry because it will disgrace their families (54).

The individuals who perform these procedures are the elder women of the community. Over 50% of these women are birthing attendants, traditional midwives, and are not trained to perform any type of surgery. Globally, two million girls are circumcised each year by the unqualified women; that is six thousand per day (Earlham College, "Description" 1). They use anything from kitchen knives and scissors to broken glass to remove the required areas. They pass from one girl to another without sterilizing their utensils, therefore increasing the risk of contracting AIDS or another blood-borne pathogen. There is also a risk of serious infections, such as abscesses, ulcers, tetanus and gangrene. The Columbia School of Public Health states F.G.M. may create long term complications resulting from scarring and interference with the drainage of urine and menstrual blood, such as chronic pelvic infections, which may cause pelvic and back pain, infertility, chronic urinary tract infections, urinary stones, or kidney damage. As for mental complications, F.G.M. may contribute to sexual frigidity, depression, and suicide (1).

Along with the customary problems that many women have, errors made when surgery is performed may lead to even more tragic conclusions. In some cases, the opening in the vulva is too small to allow for the passage of menstrual blood. The abdomen of the young girl swells up to a quite noticeable size. This swelling, involving much pain is mistaken for pregnancy and an unmarried girl is often beaten to death by members of her community because she violated the laws of chastity before marriage (Earlham College, "Description" 1).

The pain of circumcision does not stop at the initial event. When a woman is married, she must be cut open to allow for intercourse with her husband. As soon as pregnancy has been achieved, she is sewn again until the onset of labor. Again, she is cut open. There have been cases where an infant's head has been crushed in the damaged birth canal causing almost certain death of the

infant and possibly the mother (Earlham College, "Description" 2). After birth, the woman is again sewn up until the decision is made to have another child. The vicious circle of torture begins again. It is important to note that F.G.M. is currently illegal in many countries in Africa and the Middle East. This, however, has not reduced the number of girls who are mutilated every year. The governments in these countries have no way of monitoring the spread and practice of female genital mutilation (Dawit and Mekuria 3).

Until quite recently, F.G.M. tended to be ignored or minimized by those with an interest in the developing world. An update news article published in *Jet* magazine noted the Immigration and Naturalization Service (I.N.S.) resisted offering refuge to 19-year-old Fauziya Kasinga of Togo, a country in Western Africa. Kasinga fled her native country because she was going to be circumcised. Kasinga was held in the United States in a Federal prison in Pennsylvania for over a year awaiting a hearing. The I.N.S. decided to release her only after an enormous display of public outcry ("Young" 14). By allowing the release of Kasinga, a precedent has been set in the United States. Other refugees seek asylum here, just as Kasinga did.

Although Kasinga was fortunate in her appeal to the United States, the traditions have not changed across the globe. Katha Pollitt, a writer for *The Nation*, warns that more than twenty-five countries in Africa, such as Egypt, Sudan, Somalia, Ethiopia, Kenya, and Nigeria still practice F.G.M. regularly. It is found as well in the Middle East and Asia (Pollitt 9). Sara Mansavage, a writer for UNICEF, states the practice of F.G.M. was declared illegal in Sudan in 1941, but that did little to stop the horror. About 90% of Sudanese women have had some form of F.G.M. done to them. Interestingly enough, a poll of 4500 adults in Sudan in 1983 showed that 82.6% of women and 87.7% of men felt the practice should be continued (1).

If the tradition of female genital mutilation is to continue, medical training is an absolute necessity. Clean facilities, sterilized instruments, anesthetic, licensed medical professionals, and post operative medication and care could make the experience less traumatic. Counseling services should be offered to the victims of female genital mutilation. The torture of this procedure is greater than anyone ever imagined. The victims should be allowed to express their anger and rage with someone capable of helping them cope with the crime that was committed against them.

The United States should take action by passing legislation against countries that practice female genital

mutilation. In addition to legislation, legal protection should be provided for women seeking refuge because they are threatened with the possibility their genitals may be mutilated. Young women are not informed of the ramifications this procedure may have on them as they enter adulthood. The procedure is painful and can cause a lifetime of physical and mental difficulties. There are absolutely no medical benefits involved with female genital mutilation.

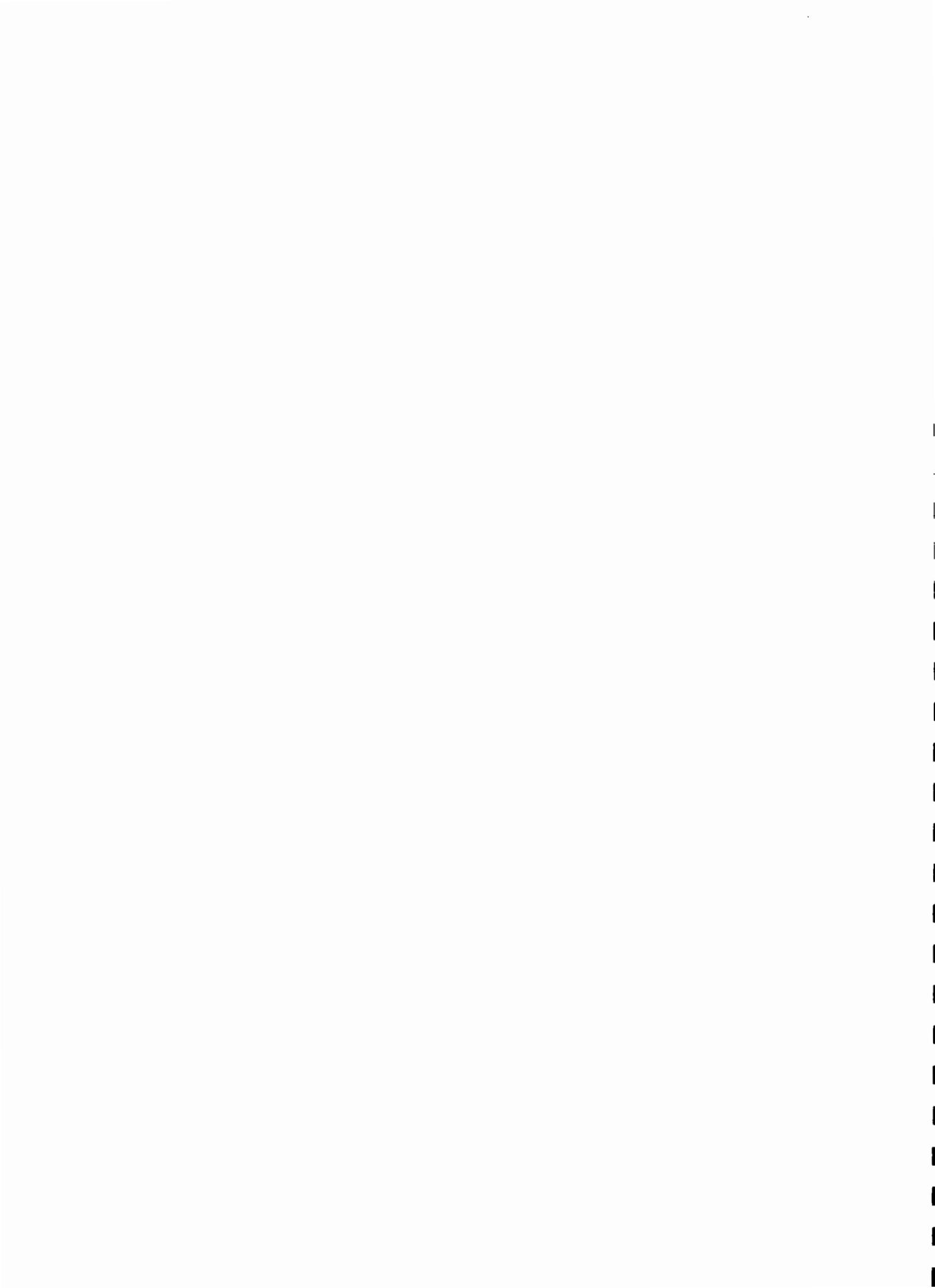
The United States has access to educational and legal services to help women in dangerous situations. In past years, legislation has been passed to protect the victims of domestic assault. The same rules should apply to the countries that force the women members to be circumcised. Education can be provided to women to present them with probable solutions and/or options. Education and protection are necessary to completely abolish this blatant exploitation of women.

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III.
COMPOSITION II





Landmark Study?

Lori Price

A.C. Kinsey's report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, when it first came out in 1948, redefined sex in American culture. Since 1948, findings from this report have been held up in society as respected scientific research, according to author Rachel Wildavsky.

Since this study came out, questions about the research and methods for gathering it have been asked by many scientists. Serious flaws were addressed by Wardell B. Pomeroy, a co-author of the Kinsey Report, in the early seventies. He stated in his book, that Kinsey had not been professional in his approach to gathering research for the report (Wildavsky 62). In gathering information, Kinsey used intimidation and coached the respondents ("Serious Flaws" 2). This is not quality testing procedures for collecting and reporting accurate statistics (Horowitz 306).

The claims of Kinsey's report, in the textbook *Choices in Relationships*, pertain to the prevalence of homosexuality in the United States (Knox 163). The research gathered was not representative of the population. In fact, the sample included a large number of prisoners, and volunteers were used instead of more valid random sampling (Wildavsky 62). Kinsey applied his small, unique sample to a large population. These are the statistics still promoted today.

What if the report is not relevant? According to some authorities, that is not important. Flawed as it is, Kinsey's discoveries are historically significant. Harvard psychology professor, Jerome Kagan, defends the reports as "accurate enough to catalyze discussion" (qtd. in Wildavsky 66). The reports sparked "national dialogue" on the once taboo subject of sex

(Wildavsky 66). Kinsey's research is still widely used in today's culture as important findings in the area of sexuality ("Serious Flaws" 2).

The problem with using this information is the relevance to today. Why is this research, full of errors, in textbooks as authoritative information on the issue of homosexuality?

If current research does not agree with Kinsey's findings, why not include it in the text? If studies are not in sync, why not include both sides of the issue? Conflicting reports are normal in many scientific areas. Surveys can be collected and interpreted many ways (Horowitz 306).

In the field of sociology, the findings of research are vital to the study of this science. A good course teaches the student to critically analyze data gathered in survey results. If the research is biased, a good teacher gives contrasting data, or uses statistics from more than one source. Unbiased reports, including pertinent information, can then be applied to the general population. Data becomes valid when it includes differing points of view and the student has the opportunity to use critical analyzing skills.

Including Kinsey's report, in this case, helps the author's point of view, but up to date corresponding research is missing from Chapter 6 in *Choices* (Knox).

College students' abilities to assess information and learn more than one side would expand their education. If teachers stretch students' minds, students can continue learning with open minds and be able to judge quality research.

Many theories need to be studied in the field of sociology. Most helpful to the student are listings of various reports and theories, backed by the latest research and findings on the subject. The student's job is to decode the information read and apply critical thinking skills to gain and store the knowledge.

Many college students I talk to see their texts as a requirement for passing the course. Some students keep the books for future reference. Students purchasing expensive materials for college courses deserve quality from the publishers who print it.

Since college instructors and employees expect high standards from college students, students should expect quality in their required textbooks. Using flawed reports and outdated research in college textbooks seems unreasonable. The use of Kinsey's report in *Choices in Relationships* (Knox 163), a 1997 textbook, for a sociology

class shows a lack of quality and relevance to the study of sexuality. This biased material does not need to be included in college level texts.

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Ebonics

Jacalyn Hopp

On December 18, 1996, the Oakland Unified School District Board of Education approved a policy affirming Standard American English language development for all students. . . . Language Development for African [sic] American students . . . will be enhanced with the recognition and understanding of the language structures unique to African American students. ("Synopsis" 1)

This decision has recently been assailed by the media, public officials, and other individuals. Media has painted the picture of a school attempting to gather funds by declaring their students bilingual. A common belief is that the Oakland Unified School District (O.U.S.D.) is trying to lower the standards to help students ("Synopsis" 2). In reality, the O.U.S.D. is wanting to implement a revolutionary new plan to reach the historically disadvantaged Black students. The average GPA is a 1.80, and 71 percent of students enrolled in Special Education were African-American. This figure should be contrasted with the fact that African-Americans represent only 53 percent of the total Oakland Unified School District ("Synopsis" 3). The Board of Education recognizes the need to solve these blatant inequalities between the different races. The school board is willing to try a new, and highly controversial method. Their plan hopes to better understand the Black culture through means such as identifying African Americans as having a separate language than Standard English. This plan identifies the language currently known as Ebonics. It allows the teachers to understand the students and help them learn appro-

prate usage of each. The increasing levels of understanding will improve the teaching that African American students receive from their teachers.

The first controversial issue revolves around whether or not Ebonics is a language. *Ebonics* is a new word to describe what has been previously known as Black English, Black Dialect, Black Idiom, and African-American Vernacular (Landrum-Brown 1). Linguists, professionals who study languages, agree that it is a separate language complete with its own rules of grammar, vocabulary, and structure. They define it by saying that Ebonics is "a hybrid language containing elements of Euro-American English (standard English) and elements of West African Languages (surviving Africanisms from Yoruba, Ibo, Ewe, etc.)" (Landrum-Brown 3). Africanisms would include such elements as "no consonant pairs, few long or two-part vowels, no /t/ sound, no /th/ sound, vowels plus /ng/ rendered as /ang, and the contraction of going into 'gone'" (Landrum-Brown 5). Although Ebonics has recently been showcased as a new idea, researchers have studied African-American language development in various parts of the country as early as the 1920s (Lewis 1). Several theories exist as to how Ebonics was created and established. However, most linguists feel that it generally reflects the acquisition of English by slaves. When the slaves from various tribes arrived in America, they were forced to learn English in order to communicate with their masters. The children of slaves were taught original African languages but due to the wide varieties of tribal languages, the languages became ineffective. Thus, the best method of communication was the blend of

English and African languages. Many linguists believe that Ebonics developed using the vocabulary of English and the rules of African languages. This mixture was passed through families over the generations (Lewis 2).

Another common question asks what benefits will come from having African-American language awareness. Although *Brown vs. The Topeka Board of Education* desegregated schools, African-American students still lag behind their white counterparts in education achievement. Statistics show that the disparity is decreasing at a very slow rate (Lewis 4-5). Lewis quotes from *The Journal of Blacks in Higher Education* that "The racial gap in standardized test Scores [sic] is so wide and the rate at which the gap is closing is so small that absent some extraordinary and unforeseen event, Blacks will not catch up to Whites until well into the middle or latter part of the next century" (5). Clearly there is a lack in the ability of teachers to reach their students in classes. An African-American student member of the school board made the following statement about the language barrier, "If the teachers do not understand me, and I don't understand the teachers, then learning doesn't take place" (Holland 3A). Changes need to be made to reach these students. The statistics prove that whatever has been tried in the past is not working. The burden to improve these appalling facts rests on the educational system.

Some people against the O.U.S.D. policy believe educating children in Black English will force African-American students into a position of incompetence. They think the plan will create avenues for the children to avoid speaking Standard English. Some individuals believe that Black English is a "language of slavery and servitude" (Lewis 3). The children could not compete in life with Asian and White counterparts, and will fall even further behind (Leo 20). Other key arguments to the O.U.S.D. Board's plan focus on monetary matters. Politicians, educators, writers, and other concerned individuals believe the primary reason for Oakland's radical policy is for money. These groups believe that funds to support the plan will come from programs that the federal Department of Education provides for bilingual education programs (Holland 3A). They feel Oakland's policy will hurt immigrants' opportunities to learn English.

In reality, the Oakland plan does not eliminate Standard English, it allows the teachers to be able to speak to their students in a way they can understand. It hopes to teach the children the difference between the two languages and how to switch between the two effectively (Landrum-Brown 1). Once the common language has been mastered, then learning other material will be easier. As Rep. Maxine Waters mentioned, "They [African-American students] can't learn the sciences and other subjects because they are not proficient in the English language. . . . If they continue with these language patterns as they enter the world of work, people won't listen to what they are saying" (Holland 3A). The Oakland plan hopes to reach the ones who are not receiving the language skills they need to succeed.

The goal of federal funds is to help programs that improve the education of its children, especially the disadvantaged. Despite that highly supported belief, concern about the money matters is unnecessary. Carolyn Gettridge, superintendent of the O.U.S.D. states, "The district has not requested state or federal funds, but is committed to finding ways to improve black students' performance" (Holland 3A). If the program achieves its goals in helping African-Americans succeed, then it is fairly entitled to funds. It needs to be tried though, before it is thrown away as useless.

The failure to reach out to the students desperately in need can find blame with those unwilling to try new ideas. The American public, including the media and celebrities need to inform themselves of elements in an issue before condemning a new alternative. Celebrities especially need to educate themselves before they speak out to the general public, as they have the potential power to sway popular opinion. The media needs to present all sides in a fair and unbiased way. Many people receive most of their information from the nightly news or daily paper and allowing only one side distorts the whole picture. People need to educate themselves completely about an issue before taking a stand for or against it. I wonder about the number of people who are speaking out against the O.U.S.D. policy without even having read it. The Oakland policy deserves a chance to prove its effectiveness before people shred it, especially when those people do not even completely understand the policy. At the beginning of the United States, many

considered democracy a radical, new idea and thought it was improbable. As Donald Kaul mentioned in his article regarding trying revolutionary policies, "If it works, we copy it. If it doesn't, we junk it" (Kaul 11A).

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How Bible Writers Viewed Women

Lorraine Powell

I have lived over thirty-five years of my life believing that every word written in the Bible came straight from God. In believing this, I had to try to understand why God did not like women. At least he did not like them from what he said in the Bible about them. I was very familiar with passages in the Bible such as "Let women learn in silence with all subjection . . . But I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to learn in silence" (I Tim. 2:11,12). "Let your women keep silent in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church" (I Cor. 14:34,35).

From my very first readings of Genesis and the story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit, I reasoned: "Why did Eve get all the blame?" The answer came in I Tim. 2:14 with "And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression."

I grew up believing in my mind that men were definitely more intelligent and more capable of thinking than women were, even though I could not quite understand why. In fact, there were even times in my life that I "questioned" such devout and honorable men as the early apostles. Was not the apostle Paul so holy that he had been caught up into the third heaven and shown things by God that he was not even allowed to tell anyone (II Cor. 12:1-5)?

And then there was the fact that Jesus, who, as the Son of God, was a man and even became a resurrected man after he had been killed and put into a tomb for three days. Evidently, a voice in me said, "Only men are

considered by God as his best creation. God must have made some mistake when he created women."

Then, several years ago, I began an extensive personal search of the Bible and its origins. I began to understand that the Bible was written by men, it was mostly written about men, and it was obviously written to please men. If one does not believe that, research history and see how many women got to read the Torah in the Jewish synagogues or how many women participated in the Christian church organization right up to this present generation.

After extensive research and getting rid of age-old mind sets, I realized that there were many things to keep in mind when interpreting the so-called "inspired" words of God about women.

The first had to do with the historical context of the Bible and its cultural relevance. If one assumes that the first five books of the Bible were written by the Old Testament prophet Moses, then that would place the time of the writing about 4000 B.C. At that point in time, the Hebrew people were under the rule of Egypt. Egyptian culture, as most other cultures of that time, including that of the Hebrews, honored and revered the patriarchal system of male dominance. A woman was valued either as a father's daughter or as a husband's wife. She had no intrinsic value of her own except as far as it related to being the mother of the next generation of sons.

In fact, economic and spiritual inheritance passed from father to son as attested to throughout the Bible. The women only inherited or shared whatever her father or husband had. If her husband died, she became the property of his brother or his nearest relative who had to then marry her. If he were already married, she became a second wife.

In the New Testament times, which began about 2000 years ago, things were basically still the same. In fact, when one studies about the Greek influence on the Bible and its culture, one realizes how closely they are related. Aristotle, about 400 years before Jesus, said the following: "Woman is to man as the slave is to the master, the manual to the mental workers, the barbarian to the Greek. Woman is an unfinished man left standing on a lower step in the scale of development. The male is by nature superior and the female inferior, the one ruler and the other is ruled and this principle extends of necessity, to all mankind. Woman is weak of will and therefore incapable of independence of character or position." Does this not sound very familiar to what was previously quoted from the Bible?

This is the world that the man, Jesus, came into and the culture and learning that he was dealing with. Although some of the apostles were unlearned and were ordinary fishermen, there were others like Luke who was a Greek doctor and like Paul who was a learned Hebrew and citizen of Rome.

The second factor to be discussed in relation to the gender inequality found throughout the Bible is the fact that its writers were male. In the Old Testament, prophets who spoke words from God were men and they had male scribes who wrote down what they said. Scribes were always males because only males were allowed to be educated. Girls and women were led to believe that their natural position was in the home, to nourish and clothe their households and bring up their children.

There are sixty-six books in the King James Bible. All of them are reported to have been written by men. When it came time for the religious councils to decide which books were to be canonized, all those who made the decisions were men. So, even if a woman had managed to learn to write, her book would probably not have been selected by an all male council.

Now, some will immediately speak up and say: "There are many references to women in both the Old and New Testaments." Yes, but you will find out that most of those references have to do with women who birthed or married some famous man. You may bring up Deborah in the Old Testament who was a judge in Israel for forty years. But it was made very plain that the only reason that she got to fill the position was because there was no worthy man at the time to do so.

The apostle Paul does mention some worthy women throughout his epistles to greet in the churches. Both Jesus' ministry and Paul's ministry were supported by money from women, some high up in the nobility. At that time, women were considered to be holy if they

obeyed their fathers and their husbands as attested to in I Peter 3:5. But when it came time to write down for posterity the acts of the early Christians, whose acts were written down? The acts of the male apostles and their male followers.

Knowing now that the Bible was written by men and written mostly about men the third issue to be discussed is "Who was it written for?" Who was educated enough at that time to be able to read it and who was allowed to read or listen to it? Hebrew culture allowed only the men to read the Torah and during the reading, women were isolated to the outer court. Even if they got to hear some of it, they were not allowed to discuss it except with their own husbands.

Lastly, I would like to examine some particular stories about women in the Bible and see what they were remembered for. There is a story in the book of Esther in the Old Testament about how Esther became queen. It reports that Queen Vashti, who was the queen at the time, gave a feast at which her husband, the king, got very drunk. He requested that she come out and show her beauty off to all the men at the feast. She refused to do so. The king's councillors advised him that if he did not punish her for this disobedience, then all the other women of the kingdom would refuse to obey the commandments of their husbands also. As a result, he got rid of Queen Vashti and in her place chose the beautiful Esther who obeyed and worshipped him.

What about the story of the male angels that came to Sodom and stayed at Lot's house (Gen. 19:1-8)? When the angry mob of Sodomites knocked at Lot's door, he offered to sacrifice to them his two virgin daughters in order to protect the lives of the men who were staying with him.

Or what about King Saul giving his daughter Michal to his worst enemy David in order to trap him (I Sam. 18:21)?

One instance after another could be given similar to these showing the lack of value that Bible men placed on their wives and daughters. Yet, those same men have gone down in history as the heroes of the Bible.

Granted, there is the story of the virtuous woman in Proverbs 31 who worked from morning until late in the evening to feed and clothe her household while her husband sat in the gate. What man would not have respected a woman willing to do all the work while he just sat?

In conclusion, I would like to reiterate that the Bible is a book written by men, written mostly about men and written to please men. The domination of the male priesthood or intelligentsia is ageless going

back to the beginning of time and especially to the beginning of civilization. Even the Hebrew people were a patriarchal society that held the man in reverence and created their religious traditions to support male superiority over women.

If the Christian world does not wake up to the fact that the Bible was written in the language of the "spirit" which is "neither male nor female" in nature, they are going to lose more and more of their readers who are women and even those men who are honest enough to

admit that women's minds are equal to men's. It would be interesting to see if men would still preach the Bible as God's words if all cultural references were taken out and replaced with updated additions according to today's laws and culture. In doing so, they would have to tear down their "ivory tower" of male intelligence and the superiority of the male mind over the female mind. Today, in this nation at least, women work, women are educated, and under the civil law, women are becoming more and more equal to men.



What If I Were a Transsexual?

Scott P. Mein

Having lived most of my life as a man, two years ago I made the decision to become a woman. I transcended the gender line in search of my true identity, but once the reassignment was complete, I experienced painful rejection from others instead of compassion and understanding. In making the decision to become a woman, I faced possible alienation from family and friends and was asked by many people what made me decide to do it. I only feel comfortable telling my story to those closest to me.

In relating the events leading up to my gender reassignment, I remember the strong feeling that I had ever since I was a young boy. I always felt that somehow I was meant to be a girl (Zhou et al. 68). I can remember feeling as if I were different from the other boys in the neighborhood. They always wanted to play football, baseball, or race bikes. I was more interested in playing with dolls, coloring, or playing "house." Knowing that this was not commonly accepted behavior for a boy, I struggled with my desires for these activities and tried to keep them concealed from everyone. I knew that I would be embarrassed and ridiculed if anyone found out about this, so I began to have two separate identities (J. Price). I was the youngest of three boys in my family and had no sisters. Sometimes I got the feeling that I would have been more valued by my parents if I had been born female (Glausiusz 83). Although my parents would not openly talk about it unless I insisted, they admitted they had been hoping for a girl to be born since they already had two boys. However, they both were quick to point out that they were just as happy to have another boy, but my older brothers always teased me about it and called me "Joy," the name my parents said had already been selected for me if I had been born

female. Since I always felt that I was meant to be a girl, secretly I didn't mind being called "Joy."

Through my adolescence, I felt the cultural pressure of trying to fit into some of the prescribed norms of male behavior. I participated in team sports and signed up for automotive and wood-working classes at school. My favorite sports were track and cross country, and I really enjoyed distance running. As I advanced into high school, I dated a few girls and the experiences were all right, but I did not seem to derive as much pleasure from them as many of the other boys at my high school seemed to (J. Price).

Three years after graduation, I met Debbie and fell in love with her. After dating for nearly a year, we were married and began our happy lives together. She was a wonderful woman and gave me unwavering love and affection. Like me, she was an exercise enthusiast and enjoyed distance running. Four years after being married, we were blessed with a beautiful son, Todd. It was a very happy time in our lives and we both felt very fulfilled. Two more years passed before the birth of our daughter Ann.

Though I loved my family, there was still something inside of me that I could not deny. Even after many years had passed, I still felt, even more strongly, that I was meant to be a woman. Frequently, I bought women's lingerie at the mall (pretending it was for my wife) and took it home. When no one was there, I would put on the silky undergarments and look at myself in the mirror (Davidowitz 105). It was at that point that I began to realize that I could do something more than just fantasize about being a woman. I could actually become one. Initially, the idea of having a sex change operation seemed somewhat drastic. However,

the more I thought about it, the more I reasoned that modern medicine had advanced to the point where this was a fairly simple operation with a very high success rate. In the 1970s, tennis pro Dr. Renee Richards gained notoriety by having such an operation, and I remember thinking about it even then.

The biggest obstacle to overcome while deciding to go through with the operation was the realization that I would likely lose my wife and children when I "came out" with my intentions. Not only was I concerned about losing my family, but I realized that I would put them under tremendous emotional stress by becoming a woman. I felt that having the operation now was the only way to be transformed into the woman that I always knew I was meant to be. Although there were significant drawbacks involved, I knew that going through with the operation was what I really wanted to do. It was something I fervently began to feel was the only way to save my life. One option I seriously considered was suicide, rather than to subject my family to the emotional trauma of seeing their father and husband become a woman. Then I realized that a death by suicide would be no less traumatic for them and by being alive, yet a woman, I would, hopefully, still have the opportunity to see my children. I decided to begin hormonal treatments and go through with the operation (J. Price).

Telling my family was the most strenuous ordeal I ever endured. Explaining my intentions to Debbie was even more difficult than I thought it would be. Although we had begun to grow distant over the previous couple of years, that did not make it any easier for me to tell her. It had reached the point where I avoided physical contact with her as I struggled with feelings of my own sexuality. Even though I had tried to conceal my desire to become a woman from her, Debbie began to suspect that I was either gay or a transvestite, and seemed very unhappy with our relationship. When I told her about my plans to become a woman, she wept uncontrollably, said that she wanted a divorce, and exclaimed that she never wanted to see me again. It was just as painful for me as it was for her.

Two days later, I called my brother and asked him to meet me at a local bar, because I had something important to tell him. He agreed to come, although he could not understand why I could not just tell him over the telephone. After he arrived, we sat and drank a couple of beers before I reached into my wallet and pulled out some photos. The pictures were of me dressed as a woman. I handed the photos to my brother and asked him if he could tell who it was.

"Kind of looks like Aunt Jean," he said with a voice growing uneasy, and a very peculiar stare. (D. Price).

Then I told him it was me and at first he could not believe it; he thought I was kidding. I assured him that I was serious and was planning to have the operation performed. I explained why and asked for his support, but instead he became hysterical, told me I was crazy, and stormed out of the bar. It was not exactly the kind of understanding that I was hoping for (J. Price).

Other family members had a very difficult time coping with the news of my impending sex change operation and gave me the feeling that they thought I was some kind of a freak. I felt it would be best to avoid contact with any of them for a while (M. Bonds).

Two years have passed since having the operation, and I am very happy living as a woman. However, the pain most hurtful is that I miss my children, whom I rarely get to see. My father refuses to speak with me, but I have accepted that fact and proceeded to get on with my life. I found out that "in order for me to be me, I had to hurt the ones closest to me. I'm going to have to live with that for the rest of my life. I miss my wife and children. I cry a lot" (Davidowitz 134).

In an effort to move on with my life, once again I took up competitive running, mostly in the 10-K division. After going through the rejection of my family, I hoped this would offer a release for some of my anxiety and energy. I thought that I would be accepted as "just another runner" in the women's division. Unfortunately, this became another area in which I was made to feel unwanted. I trained diligently to become a top competitor, but once I began to win a few races, cries of unfairness began to arise from other runners (Higdon 54). Some of the women felt that I had an unfair advantage in running against biological females. One woman even went as far as to conduct research in a medical library to provide proof to race officials that a male-to-female transsexual was still biologically a male and had a physical advantage in running (Higdon 56). Disgusted with all the fuss being raised by several of the women, I decided to drop out of competition. I never asked for any special favors. I just wanted to be treated fairly.

I conducted a little study of my own after I quit running. I discovered that recent biological research confirmed what I had believed for many years. The study explained in scientific terms my belief that I was different and was meant to be born female. There is a small region of the brain known as the BSTc. This division of the brain is 52 percent larger in men than it is in women. The research showed that the brains of six male-to-female transsexuals studied contained a

BSTc the same size as that typically found in females (Glausiusz 83). This study confirmed that the sexual identity of a child is developed before birth and is related more to the composition of the brain than to the sexual organs. Now I am convinced that a condition such as mine is biological, not social as some researchers have contended.

I have had a lot of time to reflect on everything that has happened to me relevant to my gender reassignment. I have seen how cruel people can be to someone who is different from them. My family rejected me once they felt that I was not the person they thought I should be. The ladies in the runners' club rejected me when they felt I was "cheating" and was not who they thought I should be. In the final analysis, I have found an inner peace and am comfortable in my own body, despite how I am sometimes treated by others.

I spend a lot of time at home reading, gardening and working on my crafts. I have two wonderful cats to help fill some of the emptiness I feel inside. I think a lot about the words of Sojourner Truth. She was on the right track regarding women's rights. Like Truth, I never expected any special treatment from anyone. Nobody helped me or gave me anything special, "and ain't I a woman?"(293). If I had it to do all over

again, I would do it the same way; I am happy with who I am. I only wish that other people could be more tolerant and open-minded and less prejudicial in their judgments of their fellow human beings.

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* The names of the interviewees have been changed to protect their identity.



Juvenile or Adult?

Jackie Sparks

On June 8, 1994, because it was the last day before summer break, school let out early. Two seventh grade students, Mark Castor and Tim Gorball, best friends, had decided on a camp-out that evening to celebrate the beginning of summer vacation. No one knows why, but instead of camping out, Mark shot Tim three times, in Tim's garage, killing him.

Mark claims they were playing with the gun and as Tim ran from him, he shot Tim in the back. According to Mark, Tim fell backwards and begged (Mark) to put him out of his misery, leaving him no choice but to place the gun on Tim's chest and shoot again. Then, just for fun, he placed the gun on Tim's eye and shot a third time. (The cops called this an "in your face" shot). Tim's younger brother entered the garage and found Tim lying there, dead.

Mark's case is typical of a growing trend toward violence by young people from all socioeconomic backgrounds. Mark is from a middle class family, as was Tim. Tim's family is influential in the community and active in community activities. The idea that only inner-city, gangs do these violent deeds is a misconception by society.

Mark was tried as a juvenile because he was only 13 years old at the time of the murder and the law did not allow for him to be tried as an adult. (Hussman). An agreement was reached between the state prosecutors and the defense attorney for Mark to reduce the charge to second degree murder. Then came a plea bargain and more negotiating, resulting in Mark eventually going to Eldora Boys Home. On October 7, 1996, the judge heard Mark's case again and asked for Mark's release, stating Mark was feeling remorse for his act in 1994. None of this would have been

possible had Mark been tried as an adult. The question is "Should a juvenile be tried as an adult?"

I feel that when the crime is a violent one, the juvenile needs to be tried as an adult. When children commit adult crimes, they need to be responsible for the acts they perform. Today, children are becoming adults who do not accept responsibility for the behavior they choose, resulting in occasional random acts of violence (Juvenile delinquency 4). The punishment for such violent crimes must be related to the magnitude of the act itself. One year in a juvenile home has little impact on a violent behavior pattern. Rehabilitation is a process that takes years of therapy, and then the success rate for violent offenders is not high. As sad as it seems to put a child in prison, it is sadder to allow a violence to grow inside a child until it matures into adulthood. If "innocent" children can perform such violent acts, will they not feel more comfortable with the behavior as they become "hardened" adults and learn new excuses for the behavior?

Youth advocates will point out that the majority of violent youth come from abusive and dysfunctional backgrounds. The fact that these children were never able to bond with an adult or find nurturing as a developing child does not allow for them to have normal feelings towards other people (Holtcamp).

To treat such violence as only a child's misbehavior is unfair to the family of the victim. Slapping the hands (so to speak) of a violent young offender mocks the victim in front of the family and society. It also sends a message to other juveniles who are "on the edge," such as the two teenage boys in Brighton, Colorado who stole a car from an elderly woman and left her to die, that it's really not "so bad" to hurt people for material goods.

The boys beat her, as she begged for her life, then weighted her down with a spare tire in a field where she died a slow death. They can face imprisonment, but are ineligible for the death penalty because they are under eighteen years old.

If young people are not held accountable for these acts of violence, the likelihood of reoffending is present. Statistically, when the young offender is released at age 18 there is an 85 percent chance he/she will continue in criminal behavior (Humes 28).

Youth agency leaders and court officials agree that juvenile crime is soaring in Polk County and beyond. They refer to an alarming rise in all areas of delinquency, such as 23 percent increase in juvenile court filings (10,000 in two years), 18 percent increase in children-in-need-of-assistance petition, 4,103 juveniles in detention, and a 77 percent increase in juvenile court filings. There have been an additional six lawyers hired since 1991, to keep up with the demand for youth offenders, in the D.A.'s office (Bowers).

Within the last few years, society and the law have changed their attitudes toward violent young offenders. Iowa legislative law changed in 1993 to give courts the right to determine whether the offender be tried as an adult or child. Some states have had this option for some time, while others are still struggling with the issue. In Ohio, a teen was sentenced to life in prison for hacking his foster mother to death with an ax and trying to burn her body. The "child" was fifteen years old and was tried as an adult. Argument by the defense was that he was abused by his parents and had been in and out of foster homes 19 times. If that's the problem, let's fix it, but not at the expense of more innocent people. This young man will be eligible for parole in 36 years ("Teen Gets Life").

As I work with young people, most of whom have been victims of abuse, I begin to see patterns of using abuse as an excuse for inflicting injury on others. As very young people, they are wanting, even begging, for adult intervention in situations that they are not equipped to handle. This is where most advocates will find logic for youth being treated as such, under the law, regardless of the crime. I attended a conference on "Children without a Conscience" and walked away with a fear for (of) today's youth. These kids are totally innocent of their actions due to the lack of parenting and society's failure to intervene in

their (kids) lives, states one defender of youth committing violence (Humes 31).

Society and the law continue to use these young people as pawns in an effort to rehabilitate a family that never existed in the first place. I have been known to say, "You are not restoring families; you are trying to create families that have never existed. Having sex and producing children does not make you a family or a parent."

So who is at fault when a fourteen year old girl and an eleven year old boy kidnap a four-year-old boy, rape him repeatedly, and then beat him with a coat hanger? Then, as if that is not enough, stuff the toddler in a suitcase and discard it where no one, they hope, will find it ("Court Restricts Teen Kidnapper"). This child survived and the teens were tried as juveniles and were ordered into treatment. Who's at fault? I maintain that, first of all, the teens knew exactly what they were doing and enjoyed every minute of it, leaving one to assume they are at fault. I also maintain that the law has given these young people a hand-slap, that the teens realize this, and will return later to find new young victims.

Who's at fault? Juvenile court is flooded with violent young people who show little remorse for the actions they have taken (Bennett). Therefore, we, society, are at fault. We are allowing young criminals to become mature criminals by treating them as if their behaviors are justifiable. No circumstances in life gives a person the right to commit criminal acts against other people.

My heart goes out to children who live in abusive situations, but that does not give them a ticket to repeat the cycle. This attitude is a no-win situation, leaving all of us vulnerable to crime. To continually return children to unbearable living situations, is likened to creating a hardened unfeeling "Frankensteins." The human spirit can only endure so much and when these acts take place during those developmental years, the normal scheme of development has little room to occur. Nurturing a violent environment, by continually removing and returning a child, does nothing but confuse and potentially ruin a child's hope for a normal, fulfilling life.

The headlines are screaming today with accounts of youth and violence. One of the most publicized accounts is the Rebecca Hauser case. We have gotten to know Rebecca over the past two years and have shared in her family's agony. We have felt sickened by the arrogant attitude of the perpetrators and cried as Rebecca's last few minutes of life were exposed on

television. Jason Speaks showed no emotion as the verdict was read by the Marshall County District Judge. He was convicted of first-degree murder in the slaying of the mother of four and first degree robbery in the same case. Earlier it had been stated that they (there have been four convictions in this case) pulled Rebecca over by using a flashing light attached to the top of the truck. When she refused to get out of the car, Speaks shouted "Shoot the bitch, just shoot her," which triggered the attack. He shot her in the face with a .22-caliber rifle, stabbed her 33 times and beat her with the butt of the rifle breaking three ribs and knocking out two of her front teeth. Should this killer be treated like a child stealing candy from a store? Dan Hauser said, "I have no feelings towards these boys: I am a victim. They are not children. The verdict does not make me happy. It protects you and I. Justice has been served" ("Jury Finds Teen Guilty" 14). If we treat the perpetrator, in a violent act, as the victim, then we are treating the family of the victim as if he/she was a nonessential part in the juvenile's rehabilitation. The victim was there in order for this young person to act out his frustrations with his own life, not as an innocent victim of a violent unforgivable crime. We must remember who the

victim is and treat the young offender for what he/ she actually is: a murderer or a rapist or a kidnapper, etc., NOT a child in need!

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Dennis the Menace?

Blaine Klonglan

"You're in my world now, baby!" Every Sunday that I hear this phrase on the television, I know it must be 9:00 P.M. and *The Dennis Rodman World Tour* is on MTV. The basketball player turned TV movie star has his own television show while attempting to play basketball at the same time. One may ask how Rodman can pull it off and still remain an all-star in the sport of basketball? Maybe it is because he likes to spend his free time doing activities like this, or also it could be that he does it while serving suspensions for creating havoc on the court. Whatever the case, the nation has reacted to Dennis Rodman the way Dennis Rodman wants them to react to him: as an entertainer. He is the one player who stands out to fans due to his ever-changing hair colors, many tattoos, and crazy behaviors. Some critics believe that Rodman should be kicked out of the league as he causes too much trouble and has been suspended for more games than some bench players will play in a career. Dennis Rodman should not be banned from the NBA for his antics on and off the court.

Those who are opposed to Dennis Rodman's behavior feel that he may injure someone in the future if something isn't done soon. Rodman is known for his bad temper at times, and his inability to control it. He kicked a camera man in the groin after tripping over him in a recent game. The camera man, Eugene Amos, then proceeded to press charges against Rodman for compensation. Eventually, Rodman paid Amos a certain sum of money and the charges were dropped. He was suspended for his actions for 11 games, then he returned to the court. He elbowed another player in the groin during a game about three weeks later while attempting for a rebound. Rodman insists it was unintentional, but was nonetheless suspended for one game. NBA Vice

President Rod Thorn spoke his feelings of Rodman in *Gentlemen's Quarterly* magazine. "Dennis Rodman has a lot of positive qualities: He works hard; he's always in great condition; he's an excellent defensive rebounder. The problem with Rodman is that he makes the game a farce when he steps over the line, and the league has to do something about it" (qtd. in Raab 100).

Even though Rodman may create havoc on the court sometimes, he has paid the consequences for antics that may cause injuries to players or fans and has stated that they are accidents. Rodman should also be considered a man who has a good heart. Upon completing his suspension for kicking Amos, Rodman¹ donated the \$106,000 salaries that he would have earned per game for the next 11 games to select charities ("Dennis Rodman's Suspension Ends" 48). Another example is recently after Rodman was ejected from a game for receiving two technical fouls, he headed towards the locker room, took off his jersey, and kindly handed it to a child with a smile before exiting from the game.

Those wanting actions taken towards Rodman also state that he has been warned of the consequences by the commissioner for problems that he causes on the court. He has had meetings with David Stern, the commissioner of the NBA, and told that he needs to attempt to control himself. Stern told Rodman that another incident could bring Rodman's NBA career to an abrupt halt. Stern spoke as to how the meeting went afterwards: "Dennis told me that while he does not plan to change the way he plays the game, he will conform his conduct on the playing court to acceptable standards. And he knows that further incidents of this nature (cameraman incident) may end his career in the NBA" ("Dennis Rodman's Suspension Ends" 48). As he

was described in *Current Biography*, "Although he has turned the dirty work of rebounding in to an art form, the quirky, unpredictable Rodman is also a ticking time bomb whose temperamental outbursts and defiant individualism, both on and off the court, sometimes short-circuit his team's chances for success" (Steinburg 41).

Even though what Rodman did was worthy of a punishment, as commissioner Stern has explained, he listens and doesn't argue with the commissioner, but just explains that it is the way he plays the game. On a team of stars such as Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen, Rodman stands out as the lone bad guy in the NBA. Other teams have players who often get suspended, but the general public tends to believe that Rodman should act like Scottie Pippen or Michael Jordan.

Some people also believe that Rodman has received enough suspensions and fines that he should be terminated from the league. It seems that he just doesn't understand what the punishments are supposed to do: teach him a lesson. In the 1993-94 season, Rodman led the league in technical fouls with 35, and was fined \$32,500. In the 1994-95 season, Rodman began the season on the suspended list, was suspended by the team many times, and was constantly in coach Bob Hill's doghouse all season long. In the 1995-96 season, he was fined \$5,000 by the league for verbally abusing the referees and failing to leave the court in a "timely manner" after being ejected from a game. Later in the season he was suspended for six games and fined \$20,000 for headbutting a referee after being ejected for two technical fouls in a game (ESPN). The fines and suspensions must not affect Rodman enough to keep him from causing trouble, so further action is needed.

Rodman adds his own style of play to the league. The way he plays the game is his own way of making an impact every time he is out on the court. Rodman definitely wins the "mind game" approach, by making the other players think more about him than what they are supposed to be concentrating on. As for the suspensions and fines, he always serves the suspensions and pays the fines without protesting, so there shouldn't be a problem.

Although some people may be opposed to Dennis Rodman's unique way of playing the game of basketball, they cannot deny the fact that he does make the game much more interesting, kind of adding a style of his own to the game.

Rodman has battled back from a difficult childhood, and basketball has given his life meaning. He was a troublemaker as a teen in Dallas, Texas and didn't even play basketball in high school. Dennis worked as a janitor at the Dallas/Fort Worth airport after finishing school, and then grew seven inches over one year. After being fired from the airport for stealing a watch, he was a walk-on for the Southeastern Oklahoma State University basketball team, and by the end of his freshman year, Rodman had earned a scholarship. This kept him out of trouble, and eventually he was drafted by the Detroit Pistons in the 1986 NBA Draft (ESPN). Chuck Daly, coach of the Pistons when Rodman played in Detroit, doesn't think of Rodman as such a bad guy. "He's the only player who ever came to my home on Christmas Day with presents for my family" (qtd. in Raab 98). Basketball has helped Rodman become more of a family man. Rodman explained why he is still playing basketball, instead of retiring: "I play the game for my daughter, Alexis. I want to make sure that she has enough money and doesn't have to struggle like my family did" (Sportscenter). If Rodman would have been left out on the streets in Dallas, who knows what his future could have led to.

Dennis Rodman is one of the best basketball players in the game today, if not all time. His coach, Phil Jackson, explains coaching Rodman. "Dennis has been a real blessing for us, because he's like a heyoka, the clown of the tribe" (qtd. in Raab 97). He uses his size and strength to the best of his ability in order to gain an advantage over opponents. He has led the league in rebounding for five consecutive years, winning by a large margin each year. This is despite playing in less games than most of his competitors due to suspensions and injuries (ESPN). Rodman has turned rebounding into an art form. "I rebound with a little flair, a little something extra. Rebounding is how I express myself on the floor" (Taylor 39). The one advantage Rodman has over opponents is a mental edge. He can get into many players' heads and cause them to get frustrated, and then he has them right where he wants them. If they are concentrating more on him than their own game, Rodman feels like he has an edge on them. As Rodman describes himself in *Current Biography*, "People love to hate Dennis Rodman, but once he's on their team, they love Dennis Rodman" (Steinberg 44).

Rodman should be held as an example to young children, at least on how he plays the game. Although not the tallest player on the court, Rodman finds a way to get the ball in his hands very often during the course of a game. He does not care about individual stats, as long as his team wins the game. He is one of the few unselfish, "team player" teammates left in the game. He may tend to be overshadowed on a team of stars with the likes of Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen, but with them on the team, Rodman doesn't need to be a star. He is supposed to do the "dirty work," chasing loose balls or grabbing rebounds, while Pippen and Jordan do the majority of the scoring points. Most young children want to "be like Mike" when they play the game of basketball today, rather than be a hard-nosed team player like Rodman. If Rodman were taken out of the NBA, there would be no one else in the league who plays with the intensity and energy level that he does.

A final reason to keep Rodman in the NBA is that some people pay money just to see him play. One would not believe the number of fans who follow Rodman on and off the court, or come out to see him wearing a dress and autographing his book. As former teammate Jack Haley said in *People Weekly*, "Any arena we go to in the country, there are at least ten people that will have dyed their hair green or pink or purple that night. They wear the Rodman jerseys and the stick-on tattoos" (138). Henry Rollins, a famous music artist, was recently a guest on the *Dennis Rodman World Tour* show, and pointed out the fact that "I would go to a Bulls game just to watch Dennis Rodman, and he puts on enough of a show to make the ticket worth the price of admission" (*Rodman World Tour*).

Dennis Rodman plays the game of basketball a way that no one has ever seen it played before. He is an unselfish player who doesn't need to score to help his team win games. By rebounding and passing to open teammates, Rodman plays a team game the way it is supposed to play. Although some people may think his on and off the court antics are unnecessary and should not be allowed, Rodman should continue to be allowed to show his talents on the basketball floor. One must admit that although he may seem a bit crazy or unprofessional at times, he is the most intimidating player on the court with his rebounding and defensive abilities, not to mention his tendency to put on a great show that fans love to watch.

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Dennis the Menace

Travis Neumann

On January 15, 1997, the Minnesota Timberwolves were hosting the National Basketball Association champion Chicago Bulls. Dennis Rodman, the most controversial player in the NBA, fell to the floor right in front of a television cameraman. All of a sudden, Rodman kicked the cameraman in the crotch area. The game was then delayed in order for the injured man to be carried out on a stretcher. Rodman ended up getting fined \$25,000 and suspended for an NBA record eleven games (Guss 20). Is this the type of role model that people would want their children watching on television? Obviously, Dennis Rodman should not be allowed to play in the National Basketball Association.

Dennis Rodman is perhaps the best defensive player in the NBA today. Since his rookie season in 1986–1987, he has had numerous achievements on the court. A two-time NBA Defensive Player of the Year and a member of two championship Pistons teams in Detroit and one with the Chicago Bulls, he has won five consecutive rebounding titles despite standing only 6'8". Only three players, all centers, have captured as many rebounding titles as Rodman, who is a forward ("Career Profile"). An informal Sports Illustrated poll of NBA players, coaches, executives, and broadcasters rated the best rebounders of all time as Wilt Chamberlain at No. 1, Dennis Rodman at No.2, and Bill Russell at No. 3 (Taylor 33).

"There is no doubt that Rodman is an extraordinarily gifted player," says Utah Jazz president Frank Layden. "He is to rebounding what Michael Jordan is to scoring. He may even be the best rebounder ever to play the game. But I would not have him on my team because he'd be too much of a distraction with all his antics" (qtd. in Guss 22).

Teammate Michael Jordan says:

I like Dennis. He gives us the defense and rebounding we need to be a championship team. I'm not about to go to the places that Dennis goes to or do a lot of the things he does because that's not me. We don't say much to each other. I respect his right to live his own life. So we try to give him his space. (qtd. in Guss 22)

It is known that if Rodman ever fulfills his goal of getting fifty rebounds in a game, he may do something really different. He has said that his fantasy is to grab the fiftieth rebound, then strip off his uniform and run off the floor naked. Is this something that a mature thirty-five-year-old man should do? The NBA would lose a lot of respect if this happened. Even if he is the greatest rebounder ever to play the game, the NBA should not tolerate his wild antics on the court.

Some people feel that he should be allowed to be how he is because of his rough childhood. He was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on May 13, 1961, the oldest of the three children of Philander Rodman, Jr., a career military man, and his wife, Shirley. His father abandoned Dennis and his mother Shirley when Dennis was only three and he hasn't seen him since. Philander ran off with a military chaplain's daughter in 1970. He now lives in Angeles City, Philippines, and is the father of 27 children by four different wives. Dennis was, by his mother's account, a "soft, painfully shy, passive child" who stubbornly believed that his father would return someday and resented the attention he thought his mother lavished on his sisters. "I haven't seen my father in more than thirty years, so what's there to miss," Dennis writes. "I just look at it like this: Some man

brought me into this world. That doesn't mean I have a father" ("Dennis Rodman's Dad" 50).

Rodman, whose two sisters were All-American basketball players, didn't play high school basketball and stood only 5' 11" when he graduated. At age 20 he was working the graveyard shift at the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport when he decided, after having grown eight inches since high school, that he would pursue basketball. He enrolled in Cooke County Junior College in Texas and later transferred to Southeastern Oklahoma State, where he blossomed as a basketball player ("Dennis Rodman" 42). Does Dennis Rodman's rough childhood make it all right to do all of the questionable things that he does? The answer is no. There are thousands of people who have had rough childhoods but they turned out all right. Take Bo Jackson for instance. The book *Bo Knows Bo* tells about his rough childhood. His father left him just like Rodman's father left him. At first he couldn't handle it, but look at him now. He ended up becoming a star in baseball and football, he was in numerous charities, and he was great with children. Overall, he was an excellent role model. There is no reason why Dennis Rodman couldn't be as good a role model as Bo Jackson.

Do people feel that Dennis Rodman is just being an entertainer and his wild antics are good for the NBA? Some people come to the Bulls games just to see if he will do anything interesting in the game. Rodman says, "I paint my fingernails. I color my hair. I sometimes wear women's clothes. I want to challenge people's image of what an athlete is supposed to be. . . . I'm always looking for new ways to test myself, whether it's on the court or off. There are no rules, no boundaries—I'm trying to get deep into who I am" ("Dennis Rodman" 41). Jack Haley, an old teammate and roommate of Rodman's, says it best:

On the floor, first and foremost, Dennis is an entertainer. He not only wants to play the game, he wants to put on a show. He's going to do that and he does that very well—from throwing the jersey, to pumping the fist, to getting the crowd going, to shooting three-pointers. It's all part of 'The Dennis Rodman Show' and it's great. He entertains. (qtd. in Armour 7)

He may be fun to watch, but should kids actually be watching a guy who gets kicked out of games all the

time because of his antics and rough play? Dennis Rodman is not teaching kids how to play the game and enjoy it. He needs to take lessons from someone like his teammate Michael Jordan. Millions of kids in the world just want to "Be Like Mike." In a poll of black Chicago schoolchildren asked to name the person they admire most, Jordan finished in a tie with Jesus (Heisler 73). This poll may have taken place in the city of Chicago but it is like this everywhere.

Just by looking at Dennis Rodman's past fines and suspensions, it is obvious something needs to be done. Besides the cameraman kicking incident, there have been over ten other instances where he has been fined or suspended. Some other examples include—(1) He was fined \$5,000 for shoving Scottie Pippen to the floor in a Bulls-Pistons playoff game. Pippen ended up having to get stitches due to the incident. (2) He was fined \$7,500 and suspended for one game because he head-butted the Bulls' Stacey King and refused to leave the court promptly. (3) He was set back \$10,000 for verbally abusing the referees and refusing to leave the court in a timely manner. (4) He was charged \$5,000 and suspended for one game for head-butting John Stockton and criticizing the referees through the media. (5) He was fined \$7,500 for throwing the Denver Nuggets' Dikembe Mutombo to the floor. (6) He was fined \$20,000 and suspended for six games after headbutting a referee and refusing to leave the court after an ejection (Guss 20). These are just a few of the examples where he has been fined or suspended. Anyone who has had this many fines or suspensions definitely has a discipline problem. He should not be allowed to play in the NBA if he is going to continue to get fined or suspended.

It is hard to tell when Rodman is going to blow up and do something wrong. He begins his own autobiography by describing how he contemplated blowing his brains out with a shotgun while playing for the Pistons. Nick Van Exel, point guard for the Lakers, says Rodman is a time bomb waiting to blow up. Utah Jazz president Frank Layden says:

You never know what he's going to do and when he is going to lose his temper, do something stupid and get kicked out of a game. . . . I also fear, along with a lot of other people, that one day we will get a news bulletin about his ending up dead somewhere. I worry

about him. Is he really in control? He does a lot of things for attention . . . but he reminds me of some guys who are willing to jump off skyscrapers to draw attention. (Guss 22)

Rodman is known to do many crazy things on the court and off the court. He dyes his hair a different way all the time, he hangs out in gay bars, he dresses like a woman sometimes, he has thought about killing himself, and he has done a lot of other questionable things. What began with a harmless single pierced ear spread like an infection to his nose, then headed south to his nipple and navel before Rodman pierced his scrotum. His best selling autobiography, *Bad As I Wanna Be*, was full of crazy stories. If the content of the book, featuring steamy sexual escapades with Madonna, wasn't enough to sell it, Rodman did the rest by arriving at his first book-signing dressed as a woman and driving a motorcycle (Guss 21). Who knows what else Dennis Rodman will do before his career is done?

Dennis Rodman does not love the game of basketball. He plays the game just to earn a salary and gain endorsements. He has to love the game of basketball in order to be a good role model. "I don't care about basketball anymore," Rodman told Michael Silver in an interview for a *Sports Illustrated* profile. "I'm already out of life in the NBA. I'm just living my life the way I want to. I'm not an athlete anymore. I'm an entertainer" ("Dennis Rodman" 44). By the time 1997 draws to a close, he will have played the American public to the tune of \$26 million, less than half of which is his

basketball salary. The rest, reportedly more than \$15 million in endorsements from such companies as Converse, Carl Karcher Enterprises and MTV. If he would concentrate on his game more he wouldn't be such a "bad boy."

Dennis Rodman is not the type of role model that children of all ages should be looking up to. He is teaching children to head butt opponents and referees, cross dress, hang out at gay bars, pierce different parts of their body, get tattoos, die their hair, and do all the other crazy things he does on the court. Just by looking at all of his past fines and suspensions, it is obvious that something needs to be done. Dennis Rodman should not be allowed to play in the National Basketball Association.

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The Legacy of Life

Dan Ehler

SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY

Here I sit at my keyboard, composing my thoughts, and putting them in a final essay assignment for English 118. The time nears midnight and my wife and children are safely snuggled into bed. Our home, filled with laughter and childhood arguments earlier, is now peaceful like the dark, star filled sky I see out the window. In the still of the night, I am taking the opportunity to work on what began as a normal research writing assignment. But as I examined my topic, it turned into a soul-searching inspiration taking me on an emotional roller coaster ride, leaving me physically drained thinking of my mortality and the lives of my family and friends. I felt sad, lonely, and depressed envisioning a tragedy taking their lives or causing my death before seeing my children become adults. Then I realized I was being pessimistic because this issue is not about death, but life. It's about doing all I can for humanity and ensuring my mortal body does not pass from this world in vain. In the hectic pace of this world, have you stopped to consider what your legacy will be? Will you be able to say you have made a difference in the life of another?

There are many ways to do this and, because of our different lifestyles, beliefs, and personal perceptions, each way requires careful consideration. However, deciding in favor of one or more of the following possibilities will affect others because they extend, enhance, or save lives such as this one:

[A little girl named] Liza was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her five-year-old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had

developed the anti-bodies needed to combat the illness. The Doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked him if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. He hesitated for only a moment, took a deep breath, and said, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save Liza." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in a bed next to his sister and smiled as the color returned to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?" Being young, the boy had misunderstood the doctor and thought he was going to give her all his blood. (Millman 27)

This five-year-old boy was willing to sacrifice his life by donating his blood. Fortunately, technology exists that saves lives without risk to donors or recipients. This boy's blood contained anti-bodies necessary to save his sister, but this is not the only way donating blood saves lives. A single whole blood donation can have an impact on four different lives. It is separated into components because they are more potent when transfused for patients' specific needs (Irwin 1). Patients with anemia, a condition where there is not enough oxygen supplied to tissues in the body, receive red blood cells which carry oxygen; chemotherapy patients commonly receive platelets which help in blood clotting; burn victims receive plasma, the liquid part of blood that carries chemicals such as minerals and vitamins; and hemophiliacs receive cryoprecipitate, a protein that controls bleeding (Savage). These components can have a tremendous impact on lives. In most cases a patient needing a blood transfusion has a sixty

percent chance of dying without it (Irwin 1). Each day approximately forty thousand units (pints) are required to meet the needs in the United States because blood transfusions take place every three seconds (ABC 1).

To maintain an ample supply, we simply need to take a little time and give a unit of blood. "Twenty-nine percent of previous blood donors who have not given within the last year said they didn't donate because they were too busy or found donating blood inconvenient" (ABC 2). Jim MacPherson, Executive Director of America's Blood Centers, states, "I think people want to donate blood but find they don't have time" (qtd. in ABC 2). If we can find time, we have plenty of blood to spare. An average size man has twelve pints of blood, the average woman has nine, and our bodies immediately start restoring what we donate. By restoring blood, our bodies are capable of donating once every fifty-six days, or six times a year (Irwin 1; Savage). If interested in donating more often, donating only plasma is an alternative. Karen Fowler, Manager and Medical Director of the Cedarloo Plasma Center in Waterloo states:

Donating at a plasma center allows one to donate twice a week because of a process called autopheresis. With this process a donor's blood is pumped through a spinning centrifuge, plasma is separated, and all remaining components are returned to the donor. These centers alone touch fifty million lives annually.

Consequently, if we can take a few minutes and go to a plasma center, or donate blood when our employers or communities sponsor blood drives, we can help people who want to live to see another day. If you are concerned that diseases such as AIDS can be acquired when donating, there is nothing to fear. "Giving blood is completely safe because everything used in the donation process is sterile, disposable, and used only once" (Irwin 2).

While we are living, donating blood or blood components can save lives. In contrast we can make a difference in peoples' lives after death by consenting to organ or tissue donation. This decision is often difficult but the cold hard fact is, we have mortal bodies that will eventually die even though our individual perceptions of death may vary according to our religious beliefs. Carefully scrutinizing our beliefs before agreeing to donate is necessary. Most organized religions support organ and tissue donation as a generous act and many such as the Catholic, Lutheran, Baptist, and Methodist churches

issued statements encouraging organ and tissue donation (Simbal).

Nevertheless, while deciding to be a donor, anyone who doesn't know their religions' teachings regarding donation can consult their religious leaders. Moreover, if you don't have any specific religious beliefs of what happens to your mortal body after death, or your religions support donation, think of the difference your organs and tissues can make in the lives of people who are sick or dying. The demand is astounding. As of February 26, 1997, the United Network for Organ Sharing (UNOS) waiting list showed 50,918 people need organ transplants. This number has dramatically increased from 16,000 in 1988 (UNOS, *OPTN*). Sadly, the number of reported deaths of people on the waiting list has increased proportionally. From 1988 to the end of 1995 the number of deaths rose from 1,500 to 3,448 annually (UNOS, "Reported Deaths"). After our death we have the ability to reduce these numbers. If the transplants go well, each person willing to be an organ donor can save six or more lives.

Our lungs can be transplanted individually to two patients, our heart to one, our liver to another, and our kidneys to two others. These transplants can save the lives of mothers and fathers longing to raise their young children. They might be parents with heart disease, lacking energy to play catch or who can't watch their children play in the school band or basketball games because they are tied to a dialysis machine. Our organs may save lives of teenagers or young children with aspirations of becoming doctors, firefighters, or police officers. These hopes fade as their organs slowly give up and no transplants become available. A decision to be a donor can affect people of all ages and from all walks of life.

Occasionally, donations are limited to tissues when death is declared because our hearts irreversibly stop beating or after the age of seventy (CORE 1; Iserson 15, 62):

The difference between organs and tissues is that organs have arteries that have names, while the blood supply to tissues come from millions of capillaries and tiny arterioles. Tissue transplants include skin for burn patients; corneas (eyes) for those whose eyes are clouded or deformed, so they can see again; bone and cartilage transplants provide patients with a foundation for their own bones to grow or to replace damaged joint tissue; temporal bones, including inner ear structures to restore

hearing to some who are deaf; heart valves to allow some patients' own hearts function correctly; and veins to permit others to have coronary artery bypass surgery.

Other tissue grafts are used to repair congenital, surgical, or cosmetic defects caused by illness or injury. Arteries and veins from the legs are used for grafts; cartilage is used to reconstruct noses, other facial structures, and knees, thus avoiding total knee replacements; pliable thigh tissue (fascia lata) helps surgeons reconstruct the covering over brains; discs between the vertebrae are helpful in reconstructing other damaged discs; and the spinal bones (vertebrae) themselves are sources of bone marrow for transplantation. (Iserson 53)

This list shows us the smallest donation can have a huge impact on someone's life. They can help a blind person see their daughter play basketball, a crippled child walk to school, and a deaf person hear the laughter of children. So don't let your age deter you from being a donor.

Tissue and organ donations are possible for people with histories of medical illnesses too. "The Organ Procurement Organization (OPO) will review medical histories at the time of death to determine donor suitability on a case by case basis" (CORE 1). A point that needs to be stressed is this assessment occurs after death. Physicians do everything in their power to save an individual even if we are possible donors. And medical teams don't notify an OPO until all lifesaving efforts fail and death is positively determined. Likewise, "the OPO does not notify the transplant team until your family has consented to donation" (CORE 1). Rest assured knowing a physician has your best interest at heart.

If all measures do fail to save your life, family communication can substantially increase the number of donations. A Gallup pole showed 93% of respondents would honor a family member's request to donate. However, even if you have filled out a donor card, nearly one in four Americans opposing the concept of organ donation would disregard a family member's choice to donate (Gallup, Section III 7). Similarly, family members can donate your tissues or organs if told you oppose doing so. Therefore, whatever your desires are, legally protect them with a living will or durable power of attorney for health care decisions. Because, if a tragedy occurs, and brain death (criteria used when no blood or oxygen flow to the brain) is declared, a nurse, doctor, or chaplain will approach family members to

consider organ and tissue donation. This is due to "Required Request," a Federal Law mandating how everyone declared brain dead should be given the opportunity to donate (Koerner 3).

During this time, emotions can have an extraordinary impact and keep family members from making a rational decision. Immediately, in our grief, we have intense feelings of anger and despair, and find it hard to face reality. These feelings need to be expressed to help us through our grief. We may also focus our anger at the deceased or others such as family members, nurses, doctors, and chaplains (Kubler-Ross 177). Steve Williams, Pastor of the United Methodist Church in Gladbrook, previously served as a Chaplain with a transplant team. He reiterates how some family members responded in anger when confronted with the question of donating loved ones' organs when pronounced dead. While I hope you are never faced with this decision, heartache can be avoided if the issue is openly discussed among family members.

Many times, discussing death and what to do with our or our loved ones' bodies after death may be difficult. Death can be a sad and depressing subject but we can't deny that life is fragile and death can come at anytime. Three weeks ago my son came running in the house all skinned up and crying because the driver of a truck hit him while backing out of his driveway. I wonder . . . would I have been prepared to make a rational decision about donating his tissues and organs if the event was more tragic and he died? On the other hand, what if he was injured, needed some kind of transplant, and one wasn't available? Thinking of the 50,918 men, women, and children on the UNOS waiting list helps me realize how tragic indecision regarding organ and tissue donation is.

We have the ability to directly affect the lives of sick and dying people with tissue and organ donation. But there is another way our mortal bodies can benefit multitudes of people. This is accomplished by donating our bodies to medical research. In this way medical students gain valuable knowledge of human anatomy and researchers test new devices and procedures on cadavers instead of the living (Iserson 89). "Most of the catheters (tubes) physicians use to look at and treat the heart, brain, and intestines had their first insertions in cadavers" (Iserson 97). Therefore, some of the simplest medical procedures performed on an outpatient basis today were previously more dangerous and painful major surgeries that required an extended hospital stay and recovery period and caused increased financial

burdens. I imagine you or someone you know has benefited from someone's whole body donation.

As beneficial as this type of donation is, there can be problems regarding funeral and burial procedures. Some schools require that bodies come to them immediately after death but others allow a short delay for funeral services (Iserson 79). Pastor Williams mentioned that he has performed funerals for people that participated in whole body donation and in one case a body was returned to the family approximately one year later for burial. These details must be arranged with the school receiving the body otherwise they cremate the body and dispose of the remains themselves (Iserson 81). These added arrangements may cause family members more emotional distress during bereavement, so careful consideration and planning will be crucial to help them work through their grief after our deaths. Individually, we must consider whether aiding medical students and science for the future well-being of multitudes of people outweigh any distress whole body donation could cause our families.

If we can't see donating our bodies to this extreme, we can consider the alternatives mentioned. While living we can save lives by donating blood. In our death, or the death of a loved one, the courageous and generous act of donating organs and tissues can save, extend, and enhance lives. These decisions can't be made lightly and regardless of your personal decision, discuss this issue with family members to determine how everyone feels because communication with them is vital. They have the final say about your donation after death so let your desires be known. To ensure your decision is honored, make an appointment with a lawyer to have a living will and durable power of attorney for health care decisions drawn up. Spouses should also discuss how they would feel about donating their minor children's organs, tissues, or bodies. No matter what we do, our conscience needs to be at peace with the decision.

For my family and me, we have worked through these possibilities and determined which ones are best for us and the lives our mortal bodies or remains can affect. The emotional turmoil of thoroughly exploring this issue is through and I am at peace with my decision.

The pessimism toward death is gone and replaced by visions of life. Long after our bodies have died, and our remains are dust, the stars will continue to peacefully shine in the night sky, but what will our legacy be? What will your legacy be?

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Privacy of Death: Mandatory HIV Testing for Expectant Mothers and Newborns

Nathan Lewis

In June of 1996, the American Medical Association endorsed mandatory testing of all pregnant women and newborns for human immunodeficiency virus (HIV, the virus which causes Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome or AIDS), but test results continue to be treated only as statistics in the forty-four states which test for HIV ("Mandatory" 3). A number is currently assigned to each test applied to newborns in order to protect the privacy of the mother, and is available only if the mother requests the results by signing a series of consent forms. Therefore, 1,800 newborn babies a year, in those forty-four states, leave the hospital carrying the HIV virus. Within one year, some of those babies who test positive will develop symptoms of AIDS, and those who do will eventually die (Gorman 61). Therefore, mandatory HIV testing for expectant mothers and newborns should exist, but the results of the tests need to be provided to the mother.

The American Civil Liberties Union takes a stand for the rights and protection of citizens regardless of their age, race, sex, sexual preference, or any other characteristics. But in the case of newborn babies testing positive for HIV, a different definition of the ACLU's goals emerges. The confidentiality and rights of the mother are suddenly more precious than a newborn baby's life. Opponents to mandatory testing are backed by many groups, including the Gay Men's Health Crisis lobby, abortion-rights activists, and many feminist groups such as the National Organization for Women (NOW). These groups' views are not totally wrong, for confidentiality must remain a high priority, but newborn babies need to be protected too. Babies who test positive for the HIV virus need to be given the best care possible to help insure a healthier and longer life;

then privacy issues can be addressed. Nat Hentoff, a civil libertarian who resigned from the ACLU after thirty years, wrote in his defense: "It is repellent to see people who call themselves libertarians become accomplices in the deaths of children" (Leo 23).

Opponents to the mandatory testing have pointed to such problems as at what time doctors should tell the mother the results of her baby's test. They point out that a positive test is a positive test for both the baby and the mother. Carolyn Britton of the Columbia University School of Medicine said, "... mandatory testing creates a situation in which the mother, without adequate warning, receives a death sentence for her baby—and for herself. To pronounce such a sentence at what should be a happy moment in a woman's life," in Britton's opinion, "is an 'act of incredible cruelty'" (Hellman 30–31). In the event of a positive test result, many new advancements can be of use to help ensure the health of positive babies. Instead of allowing the mother to take a sick baby home from the hospital, medical professionals can educate the mothers of the problems which may or may not arise due to the positive test results, and how to further protect the baby from further infection and common sicknesses.

Many minority groups, such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), contend the test results are going to point out that the AIDS virus is more prominent in minority babies. Opponents believe legislators are targeting African-American and Latina women, who comprise the majority of women infected with HIV in the United States (Woodman 90). Rather than making a political and racial issue of AIDS, an attack needs to be made against the disease. Finding a cure, or even ways to

prevent newborns from contracting this deadly disease, should be the focus of legislative efforts.

A better life for mothers and their babies is the focus in the fight for mandatory testing. Thus, mandatory testing cannot be viewed as a burden on our society, but rather as a positive measure to help ensure public health. Nettie Mayersohn, a member of the New York State Assembly, introduced a bill which would have ensured mandatory testing of mothers and their newborns, and then required medical treatment of those who test positive. In an excerpt, she is speaking to the assembly about the bill:

Powerful groups who have a determination that they own (AIDS)—and there can be no changes in health law without their approval. As a result we will continue to send thousands of newborns home from the hospital to suffer the miseries of preventable opportunistic infections—and a premature death . . .

Mayersohn went on to speak about a bill which the assembly passed which related to domestic-violence. She pointed out that a small battle had been won, but that a worse atrocity was being ignored. Mayersohn went on to say:

. . . We protect newborn infants from a whole host of diseases by doing mandatory testing. This is considered enlightened public-health policy. . . . Why do we not do the same for babies with AIDS? . . .

Mayersohn went on to point out that the religious affiliations reject the disease, and therefore overlook the death of babies to the AIDS virus to ensure the protection of confidentiality. Mayersohn points out:

. . . Child advocates, reporters, doctors, mothers, and the country are astounded by what we are doing by ignoring that these babies are independent, living, breathing human beings whose right to health care is being violated. (Hentoff 20)

At the time of birth, forty-four states routinely test every newborn for a series of diseases including HIV. Today, about 7,000 babies test positive for HIV at birth in the United States per year. Of those, about 1,800 will actually retain the HIV antibodies. The rest will shed the mother's antibodies which they carry with them for

about the first fifteen months of their lives (Leo 23). The problem with this is we know not all positive results will turn into an AIDS case, so doctors have to attempt to treat every case alike, even while facing opposition from lobbyists who fear a breach of confidentiality of the infected mother.

It may seem as though a thorough job is being done, but the fact is the results of the HIV tests are considered confidential to everyone involved, including the mother of the child unless she has stated otherwise. If doctors were able to use the results of the HIV tests, they would be able to begin treatment with a drug called Bactrom Prophylaxis, a drug which helps to protect the infant's delicate immune system from common infectious disease (Hellman 29).

One of the reasons for testing a mother prior to birth, especially before the fourteenth week, is the results allow a new procedure to be administered. A recent discovery concerning the drug Azidothymidine (AZT), a drug which helps block the effects of AIDS but which is not a cure, has been successful in blocking HIV from transmitting from the mother to the baby. The chances of transmission of HIV when AZT is used has fallen from twenty-five percent to a remarkable eight percent (Woodman 92). AZT can also help to extend the life of the mother so she can care for her newborn child.

With knowledge of the test results, counselors and doctors can begin to educate new mothers of the effects which AIDS can have on their babies. Mothers could learn that their babies have better than a seventy-five percent chance of shedding the antibodies with the help of special medication. They can also learn how to protect their babies from common diseases, such as pneumocystic carinii pneumonia (PCP), the leading cause of death of AIDS patients (Hellman 28). Mothers need to know what ways HIV can be transmitted after birth, as well as how to care for their babies.

A mother with the knowledge of her and her baby's condition can be warned not to breast-feed. The Federal Centers for Disease Control recommends that women who know they are infected with HIV should be warned not to breast-feed their baby. In addition, according to the World Health Organization, as many as one-third to one-half of the babies with positive test results who retain the virus are infected through breast milk, rather than being infected in the womb (Woodman 91). Breast-feeding jeopardizes the infant's chances of shedding the mother's antibodies by reintroducing additional antibodies. It can also lead to the transmission of numerous bacterial viruses which accompany the

breast and which can live in the breast milk. With the knowledge and education, one third to one half of the babies who retain the virus using current procedures could be saved by simply avoiding breast-feeding.

While our society continues to look at AIDS as a political problem rather than an epidemic, innocent babies are being allowed to perish due to their mother's right to privacy. A mandatory testing law, accompanied with mandatory health care and education, could save many of these infants' lives; or at the very least, treatment with drugs could lengthen their lives. We cannot predict the future. Who can say that a cure isn't lurking on the horizon within the next decade? Our country's law makers seriously need to consider passing a bill to ensure the rights of babies with HIV, and to equally protect their mothers. If treated properly, HIV positive babies and their mothers could potentially live to see a cure.

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The G.I. Joe Invasion

Alicia Van Cleve

According to the Center for Handgun Control, between 1986–1990: 71 people (including 66 students) were killed by guns in schools; 201 adults and students were wounded by guns on campus. Since 1993, guns at schools resulted in at least 35 deaths and 92 injuries nationwide. (Feinstein 2–3)

A statewide expulsion report in Iowa indicates that 36 students were expelled in 1995 for weapon possession. Twenty-one of the thirty-six incidents involved handguns, some of which were loaded (Siebert 1). Forty-seven states and the District of Columbia have already addressed this weapon problem with a Zero Tolerance Policy (Kitchell Malico 1), which is the first big step made to make the classroom safer. The Zero Tolerance Policy, along with the Gun-Free Schools Act of 1994, which states that “every state adopt a law requiring students to be expelled for a full year for bringing a firearm to school, with few exceptions,” works to ensure a safe and healthy learning environment (The “Gunman” 8).

The Zero Tolerance Policy prohibits the use or possession of alcohol, drugs and illegal weapons on school campuses, buses or any district facilities. As a part of the enforcement of the Zero Tolerance Policy, unannounced drug searches of middle and high schools are held regularly throughout the school year with full cooperation and resources of local law enforcement agencies. The times and dates of these searches are not announced in advance. (Zero Tolerance Policy 1)

In addition to the Zero Tolerance Policy, some schools have established a 24-hour Campus Police Department, school uniform policies, peer mediation, and a Student Hotline. Some schools have also installed metal detectors. While all of these methods are helping to alleviate the chaos of the classroom, there are still children bringing firearms, drugs and alcohol to school.

The Zero Tolerance Policy and other preventative policies are bringing down the numbers of expelled students because of firearms, but there should be more action taken in locating the reason why students are fearing for their safety at school. The problem will not resolve itself by expelling students without looking at the causes of their actions. Some students are carrying weapons to school to show off to their friends, while others feel they need protection (Siebert 1). Violence is a reality in some schools.

At Dowling High School in West Des Moines, a 16-year-old was expelled for taking an unloaded sawed-off shotgun to school in April. Last fall, a 16-year-old student at Bishop Heelan High School in Sioux City was charged with attempted murder after allegedly stabbing another Heelan student at the school parking lot. Two years ago in Ottumwa, 15-year-old Jeremy Allen was shot and killed by classmate Michael Coffman outside a summer driver’s education class. Several people, including Allen, knew beforehand that Coffman had threatened to bring a gun. (Siebert 2–3)

To achieve a higher level of efficiency, the Zero Tolerance Policy should be expanded to include more

counseling. There is obviously a problem when students are unable to get their education because they've been shot by a fellow classmate. Also, other educational alternatives for expelled students and a re-evaluation of the guidelines would enhance the policy.

By incorporating more counseling, students will find other ways of dealing with problems that don't involve firearms or drugs. Senator Dianne Feinstein states that

the National School Boards Association reports that some 160,000 children are absent from school everyday because they fear physical harm. Studies show that children exposed to violence are nearly twice as likely as their classmates to show significant signs of depression, low self-esteem, excessive crying, and [worry] about dying or being injured. (3)

I realize that the cost of additional counseling opportunities will be a greater burden on school districts, but the other option is to continue to let disturbed or frightened students walk down school hallways endangering lives. How can people put a price on human life? Students need help whether they are the victims or the students causing the fear. Counseling could be the key to helping disturbed students receive their education peacefully.

When elementary students are expelled for a period of time, they are not only being punished for breaking the policy, but they are also missing vital classroom time. In Council Bluffs, a 6-year-old student brought a broken, unloaded BB gun to school. The gun was not used in a threatening manner and the student was suspended for 10 days in November. I realize that a 6-year-old has no reason to bring a gun to school and I am not condoning his behavior, but I do believe that ten days was excessive, especially when children do not fully grasp the concept of time and the school did not use the boy as an example to teach other students what the consequences are if a gun is brought to school. Thus, the student was punished for 10 days and a message was never sent to other students (The "Gunman" 8). Policymakers cannot preach that education is important if they do not have alternative educational solutions for expelled students. The time that students are absent from the classroom does not improve their success in their current situation. Education is the key to success and policymakers should use caution when interpreting their guidelines.

A re-evaluation of policy guidelines is imperative also. Vague rules allow for exceptions or bending of those rules. I understand that there are exceptions to every rule. For example, the Gun-Free Schools Act "gives schools discretion to modify the expulsion policy on a case-by-case basis should extenuating circumstances exist" (Feinstein 1), but once a student is used as an exception, then every student expects to be the exception. When this happens, the policy loses the "zero" tolerance claim. The current Zero Tolerance Policy has a large "gray area" and a re-evaluation of the guidelines would eliminate some of this area and make the policy more fair. Shannon Eierman was a 16-year-old, all-county softball player at Howard County's Atholton High School and an honor roll student. While on a school ski trip to Vermont, she picked up two cans of beer and proceeded to pour them out. She was angry at her friends for drinking and afraid that chaperones would walk in and see them. That is exactly what happened. Under Maryland County's "zero tolerance" policy regarding alcohol use and possession, Shannon received five days' suspension, mandatory attendance at an alcohol treatment program, and no extracurricular activities for two quarters (which ruined her chances for any college softball scholarships) (*School Alcohol* 1). The gray area in this policy significantly altered Shannon's future. Mitch Ingram encountered the same gray area. Dripping Springs High School officials found the remains of a joint in the back of Mitch's pickup truck and he was automatically expelled. Mitch denied knowledge of any drugs and suggested that someone had placed the joint in his truck without his knowledge, which is conceivable because in his small town he rarely locks his truck. He was a very intelligent and dedicated student with no past problems. Also, Mitch passed polygraph and blood tests and was still expelled (Barnett 1-5).

The Zero Tolerance Policy works. "In the Los Angeles Unified School District, gun incidents decreased 65% (from 256 gun expulsions last year to 166); in the San Diego Unified School District, gun incidents decreased by half (from 30 gun expulsions last year to 15)" (Feinstein 3). Guns are found everywhere. The problem does not just plague the urban schools of large cities. The problem affects everyone. The Zero Tolerance policy as it stands helps to decrease the number of expulsions, but if counseling were added, alternative education supplied, and more specific guidelines created the numbers would decrease even more drastically.

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Terms of Sexual Harassment

Cullen Waters

Though the term *sexual harassment* wasn't coined until 1975, and wasn't recognized by the U.S. Supreme Court until the 1986 case of *Meritor Savings Bank v. Vinson* (Weiss 4–5), the conditions behind the term have existed since the dawn of history (Swisher 6). As time has passed since the term's creation and acceptance, there have been more and more reported cases of sexual harassment. But is this the revelation of a terrible corruption in the United States, or signs of a definition too broad in scope? Is justice truly being done, or are the legislature and the courts sweeping away the innocent as well as the guilty?

The most focused definition of sexual harassment, as well as the one mainly used in the courts, is the one created by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) in 1984 (Webb 16). More or less, the EEOC states that sexual harassment was "unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature." This includes when the student or employee is forced into the situation by promise of placement or advancement by a teacher or an employer, or when the refusing of such offers adversely affects the individual being harassed. The EEOC and the courts also consider it sexual harassment when "such conduct has the purpose or effect of unreasonably interfering with an individual's work or academic performance creating an intimidating, hostile, or offensive working or academic environment" (qtd. in Siegel 47–48).

There are other definitions that are even broader in scope, branching out from one another. For example, the definition of sexual harassment as put forth by the feminist National Organization for Women (NOW) includes not only all the points covered by the EEOC,

but also enfolds "bashing." This is "a sexually explicit derogatory statement, or sexually discriminatory remark" that the listener finds disagreeable, or that "causes the recipient discomfort or humiliation, or which interferes with the recipient's job performance" (qtd. in McElroy 63–64).

Finally, according to some, there are the five types, or levels, of sexual harassment. Set forth by psychologist Louise F. Fitzgerald (Paludi 36–37), they cover the same ground as all the other definitions, but are more specific in nature. An example of which is Gender Harassment, the first level, which is described as "generalized sexist remarks and behavior." It is followed by Seductive Behavior (called "inappropriate and offensive" yet not punishable due to the lack of threat), Sexual Bribery and Sexual Coercion (which are more or less as the EEOC has defined them) and Sexual Imposition or Assault (which includes grabbing and touching in a highly inappropriate manner) (Siegel 49).

All of these definitions and criteria are to be judged in one very specific way. In a 1991 judgment by the Court of Appeals in the Ninth Circuit in California, it was decided that sexual harassment should be determined by "the appropriate perspective . . . of the 'reasonable woman'" while understanding that a woman's views are likely to be different from that of a man's (qtd. in Siegel 48). This leads to an over-all definition that is incredibly broad, so much so that it led to the statistic (claimed in several feminist articles) that "85 percent of all women in the work place have been sexually harassed in the work force at some point in their lives" (Weiss 5).

Why so much leeway in describing something that can be potential destructive? Why not clear, precise

rulings on what is and what isn't sexual harassment? There are three reasons that can be given for this, and all of them lead back to perspective.

Stephanie Riger, a professor of sociology, believes that the problem with a "reasonable person" approach rather than a "reasonable woman" is the basic difference between what a man and a woman find offensive. She fears that "[m]en's judgments about what behavior constitutes harassment . . . are likely to prevail" (qtd. Siegel 49). Thus, protecting the victim by the way the situation could be interpreted.

Next is Deborah Rhode, a professor of law at Stanford Law School, whose thoughts run along similar lines. She contends that it is the judge's views that hold the most weight in court, and it is not uncommon for "the vestiges of long-standing prejudices" to come springing back into the light (qtd. Siegel 49). Perhaps a good sized list of the wrongs perpetrated in the work place will guide the judge to justice.

Finally, and perhaps closer to the heart of the matter, is this statement from Susan Estrich, a professor of law at the University of Southern California. "The people doing the judging are in no position to understand the position of those being judged. The powerful make judgments against the powerless" (qtd. Siegel 49). This could be easily interpreted as meaning men will never be able to comprehend the suffering sexual harassment causes women. They will punish the victim unless it is made clear and plain what it is, so here are the rules. Obey them, do not break them.

All of these points may very well be true and correct. Arguing their validity would not be productive. Nor would pointing out that there are occasions where women are the offenders be worth mentioning more than in passing. It is not unreasonable to accept the assumption that such a thing is, in Fitzgerald's words, "an extremely rare event" (Paludi 42). Pointing out the basic flaws in the current definitions of sexual harassment will work just as well, if not better. For there are flaws.

Nowhere in any of the definitions have there been any listings of any sort of age limit on sexual harassment. How old does someone have to be before the five levels of harassment begin to apply? This is fine on the side of the victim; such things can and do happen to even kids. But what about on the side of the harasser? Is there a limit?

So far, the answer is no. In 1996, Johnathan Prevette of Lexington, North Carolina, was quickly brought to justice for breaking school rules on sexual harassment. It was a clear case; his victim, someone Johnathan allegedly liked, complained about Johnathan kissing her (even

though he later claimed she asked him to) and a teacher caught him in the act. He was quickly punished.

The problem with all this was not just that both the harasser and his victim were in the first grade, but also that the kiss was one on the cheek. No threats or obscenities, in deed or in speech. No mention of sex. Just a little kiss on the cheek

The school changed its views after nation-wide protest, making the reasons for its actions from "breaking written rules on sexual harassment" to "general school rules on unwelcome touching." A spokesperson for the school stated "that children at that age [six] cannot comprehend sexual harassment. We teach them what is welcome behavior and that everyone should report behavior that is unwelcome" (qtd. in Zoglin 64). However, by that time Johnathan had lost out on coloring, playtime, and an in-class ice cream party. A big deal for a six-year-old.

Couldn't all of this have been handled by simply telling Johnathan that he had acted inappropriately? Even though the whole thing was handled in school, was the "reasonable woman's" perspective used in passing this judgment? Shouldn't they have at least taken Johnathan's side of things into account? Can a six-year-old actually be held accountable for something he really doesn't understand? Obviously, broad terms lead to some confusion.

Another problem with the current definition of sexual harassment is how all these standards and types make both men and women in general appear, and how their feelings are being shaped. Feminist author Katie Roiphe believes that the current attitude towards sexual harassment "implies that all women are potential victims and all men are potential harassers" (79). Wendy McElroy, editor of the textbook *Freedom, Feminism, and the State*, also fears that it is causing men who would possibly support fair standards of sexual harassment to lose "their sense of compassion for abused women." This reaction, McElroy claims, is fostered by the use of "force, under the form of the law, to impose standards upon them" (67). Thus another problem. Too broad a term can lead to apathy, and the continuation of harmful stereotypes.

Finally, there is the standard of judgment, that of a "reasonable woman." In the courts, there has been use of similar terms, such as a "reasonable pilot" (Goodman 26)*. All well and good, except what a "reasonable pilot" would do in a given situation is fairly clear cut. With over half the population of the United States being women, can what a "reasonable woman" sees and believes be easily defined?

Take the case of Sarah J. McCarthy, restaurant owner and the author of "Cultural Fascism," an essay on sexual harassment. As the title implies, she views the current state of how sexual harassment is viewed as wrong. In her restaurant, there have been repeated unsuccessful attempts by the chef/manager of her place to get one of the waitresses out on a date for over three years, a clear case of Seductive Behavior. There are also incidents of the use of Gender Harassment; according to McCarthy the nickname "Honey" is used quite frequently.

However, neither she nor her female employees consider what is happening sexual harassment. The manager/waitress relationship is not a problem; by McCarthy's words the waitress, while always saying "No" to the managers advances, does not find any fault with him. The name "Honey" is also a non-issue. "Everyone calls everyone else 'Honey,'" McCarthy claims. "[I]t's a ritual, a way of softening what sounds like barking orders" (522)*.

Are McCarthy and her female staff to be considered "reasonable women," or hopelessly naïve? Is it possible that the standards set, the Gender Harassment and the Seductive Behavior, are oversensitive?

What McCarthy has pointed out, what is offensive to one "reasonable woman" is not the same as what is offensive to another. Like the differences between what a man and a woman sees as sexual harassment, *there is a difference between what women themselves see as offensive and harassing*. There are no set rules, there are no set guidelines.

None of these opinions or examples are in any way meant to belittle the problem of sexual harassment. It is clearly a real problem with serious implications to both the victim and the offender. However, as it stands, the definition of sexual harassment is so broad and vague that not only can almost anything be seen as harassment, but also those who are guilty of only foolhardy behavior being punished with the true troublemakers. With punitive damages reaching around \$300,000 for the offense (McCarthy 522), things need to be better defined and narrowed to ensure justice.

How should such a thing be brought about? There are three things that should be kept in mind when working on defining the term sexual harassment.

Primarily, vagueness should be eliminated entirely. As McElroy states, "Words like 'unwanted,' 'abusive,' and 'perceived' are too subjective to allow a real sense of what behavior constitutes sexual harassment" (64). Points should be clear and definite, with no room for the guilty to weasel out as well as the "unreasonable" to worm their way in.

Secondly, it should be based on the level of power involved. If the victim is in a position of power over the offender, where the victim has some means of ending the harassment, such as being able to fire the employee for improper remarks, or dismiss the student from class, then it is not a legal matter. Roiphe believes that to do otherwise promotes the stereotype of women being the weaker sex (77). Feminists have for decades struggled to end such nonsense. Any step made in order to end sexual harassment that undermines the goals of female/male equality should be both condemned and revised.

Finally, the standard "reasonable woman" should be tempered with the overall environment of where the incident happened. How do the other women working in the same environment feel about what goes on there? Are they equally offended? Plus, the intent of the offender must be kept in consideration. How was it meant? Was it a case of an insensitive boor or something worse?

Granted there are problems with handling things this way. There are undoubtedly some who would not come forward for fear of their jobs or positions, which could lead to injustice. There is the very likely possibility that the offender would deny ever making statements to the victim. But it still is best to act under the assumption of innocence.

Also, there will be instances where these standards will not apply. Then, the only way to handle things is to judge by the individuals' pasts. How often has the offender been accused, been actually found guilty of harassment, or both? Has the victim ever falsely accused someone? While all the above criteria are how the courts are supposed to work, as a case-by-case basis (Webb 17), it is worthwhile stressing that these ideals are worth keeping in place.

Since the Supreme Court's 1986 acknowledgment of sexual harassment's existence, the U.S. has been struggling to find its way to clear-cut justice. Without a set of clear, focused terms, any effort at finding such an ideal situation will be in vain. Serious, open discussion on both sides of the issue must be made. Only with clarity can the legal system avoid injustices done in the name of justice.

* Although the author has documented Goodman and McCarthy internally, the sources have been omitted from the *Works Cited* section. While the editors consider such a practice negligence, and perhaps an error the instructor should have marked, the essay is still well-written and we choose not to delete it.

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Gender Classes: Are Females Being Cheated?

Scott Mein

The vast majority of public schools at all levels have employed coeducational practices for many decades. The coeducational trend was attributed to changing attitudes toward women's rights, sexual equality, and indications that the educational needs and abilities of both men and women were basically the same. Overcoming resistance by some to admitting women, "in 1855 the University of Iowa in Iowa City was founded as the first coeducational state university" ("Coeducation" 402). Even though Iowa set the trend as an innovator toward gender-neutral classrooms 140 years ago, today the state finds itself facing a controversy regarding gender-based classes in some Iowa high schools. West Des Moines, Mount Pleasant, and Fairfield are three communities being dissuaded from the practice of sex-segregated education (Siebert 2). With all the progress made in the last fifty years to reduce and eliminate bias, discrimination, and segregation, it is a sad commentary on the condition of education when we observe the separation of students based on gender. Not only is sex-segregated schooling in direct conflict with most civil rights statutes, it is counter-productive to achieving equal educational opportunities and social equity. The practice of gender-based classrooms should be effectively eliminated from all aspects of formal education in Iowa schools.

It should be the aim of all branches of education to promote equal opportunity in course studies. This certainly cannot be achieved if the institution engages in gender-oriented schooling. In a researched study by David and Myra Sadker of American University, the

authors of *Failing at Fairness: How America's Schools Cheat Girls* make the following interpretations. "In more than 20 years of observing teachers in classrooms, [we] have found that boys get by far the biggest piece of the education pie. Boys, they say, are twelve times more likely than girls to talk in class, and five times more likely to get the teacher's attention" ("Do Girls" 20). The knee-jerk reaction is to propose gender classes to address this disparity, when instead, steps should be taken to promote equal opportunities.

Another important element in supporting equal educational opportunities is the amount of praise and encouragement given to students by their instructors. High school aged girls tend to achieve more when teachers praise them, while boys are generally less motivated by praise. According to research conducted by the Sadkers, "teachers praise only 10 percent of the time . . . [and] constructive criticism is rare: 5 percent" (Hannan 103). The amount of time spent interacting with students of both genders is also critical to achieving success. Instructors must be continually aware of their patterns of interaction to ensure that equal opportunities are provided for girls, as well as boys. Not only is the amount of time spent important, but also the type of interaction. While boys tend to favor competitive activities, many girls excel in group activities. Proponents of gender classes argue the benefits of disjoined classes, and "across the country some educators have advocated separating girls as a way to improve their academic performance, particularly in math and science courses" (Siebert 2). Even if the gender-based education

is equal to, or slightly better than that in an integrated environment, there are numerous other disadvantages to this arrangement.

A gender-based education is not natural since students will not experience such separation outside of the classroom. There is nothing to be achieved by establishing such an artificial environment. The lack of interaction with the opposite sex would be akin to the deficiency of social interaction experienced by home-schooled individuals. When successful female students complete their studies in a gender-based environment and then must compete with males in the employment arena or elsewhere, they are at a disadvantage with deeply-rooted stereotypes already in place, and having had only limited experience in direct competition with the other sex. Men and women live together in society, so it should be no different in education. For decades our society has striven to achieve integration in many areas. Advocating separate-gender schools would be taking a step backward into segregation based on gender.

There is an inherent danger in allowing schools to offer gender-based classes. Doing so would set a very undesirable precedent, and perhaps open the door to segregation based on a variety of other factors. Any type of separation would only cause further divisiveness, intensify stereotypes, and destroy the concept of equal rights. The impropriety of gender bias and discrimination is not a new concept. It has hindered education for many years as Adrienne Rich notes:

women . . . have been made participants in a system that prepares men to take up roles of power in a man-centered society, that asks questions and teaches "facts" generated by a male intellectual tradition, and that both subtly and openly confirms men as the leaders and shapers of human destiny both within and outside academia. (58)

We live in a society where males traditionally earn more than their female counterparts in the open job market. As Macionis illustrates, "among full-time workers, 58 percent of employed women earned less than \$25,000 in 1992, compared to 36 percent of comparable men" (370). Even when performing the same job functions, studies show that in most cases men earn higher wages

than women. It is senseless to perpetuate this stereotype with gender-segregated education.

A lack of evidence supporting significant increases in academic achievement is another reason why gender-based classes should be discouraged. Although it is true that differences in academic achievement between males and females during the early years of their educational development is indistinguishable, this trend may begin to change during the middle school years. According to research conducted by the American Association of University Women, after the sixth grade

boys showed a heightened interest in math and science and began to outdistance girls on standardized test scores. This separation continues into high school and college and may well be significant in the occupational choices that young men and women make later in life. (Perry 33)

While certain educators would interpret these facts as motivation for gender classes that enable both groups the opportunity to receive instruction equal to their respective abilities, there is simply a much better way to achieve a balanced education. Since it has been clearly established that gender bias inadvertently does occur against females in our public schools, the course of action should not be to adjust to that bias by establishing gender classes, but rather to eliminate it by initiating rigid guidelines and specific policies. Occasionally, teachers will unconsciously contribute to gender stereotyping. An English supervisor, sitting in on the class of a recently hired teacher, observed him explaining the meaning of *oxymoron* by putting these examples on the [chalk] board:

cold fire
hot ice
intelligent woman. (Hannan 103)

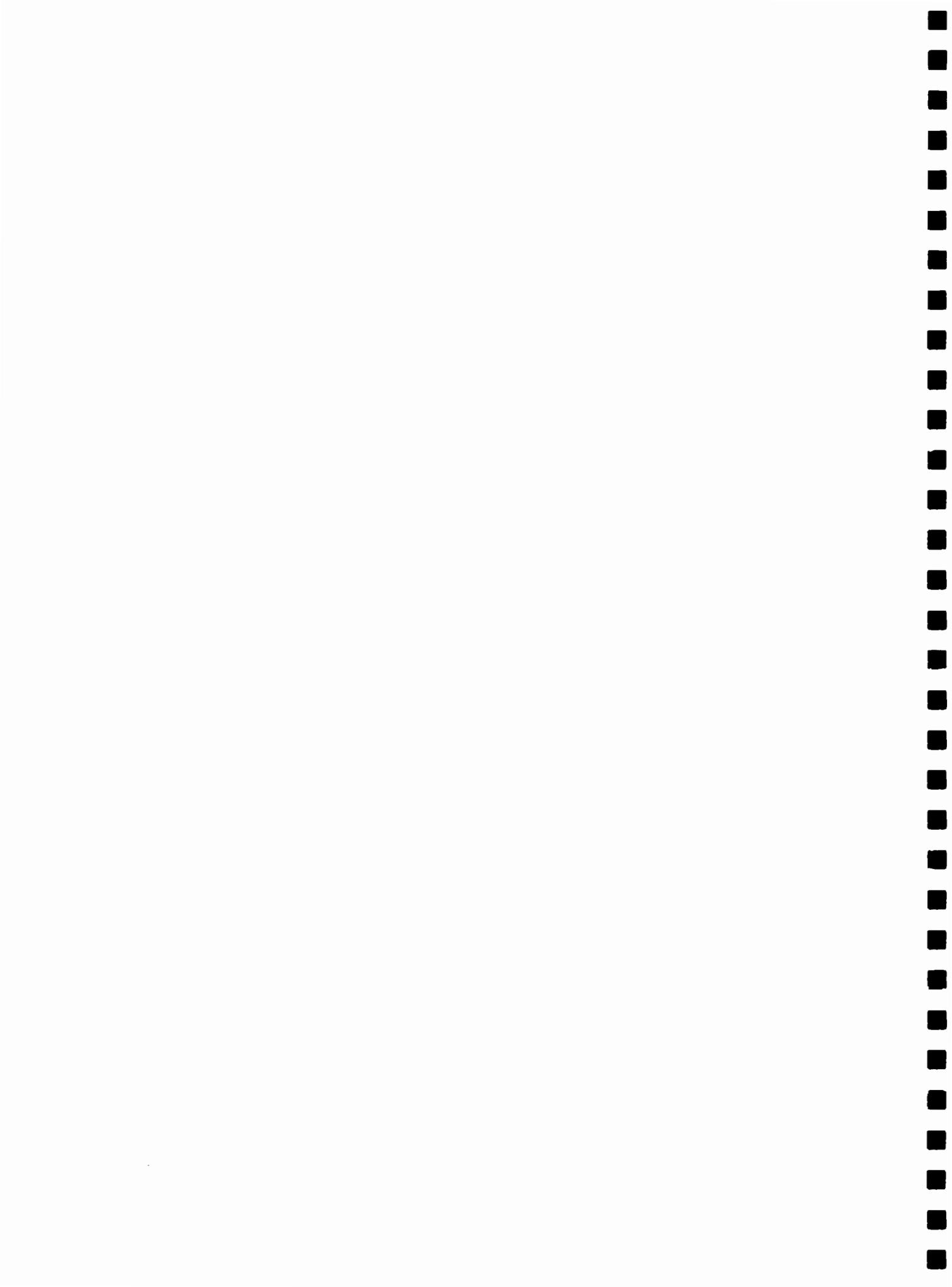
This may seem like an extreme example, but another male teacher explained his reluctance to give constructive criticism, "I don't like to tell a girl anything is wrong because I don't want to upset her" (Hannan 103). Elementary educators must stop uttering seemingly innocent, but deeply damaging language, such as telling a young boy to "stop acting like a girl," as if that is something undesirable. In addition to the behaviors of instructors that inadvertently add to gender bias,

some textbooks in our schools may also contribute to sexually discriminating viewpoints by the editors.

In charting a course for the future, it is apparent that changes in schools' and in teachers' behaviors must occur before gender equity can be accomplished. Educators must be concerned with program design as well as content, and they can achieve these objectives by developing comprehensive strategies to ensure equal academic opportunities for all students. Instructional materials should be examined for content to determine if they are gender biased. Cooperative learning activities should be incorporated into the classroom to encourage greater participation. The assignment of gender-stereotyped activities must be eliminated in favor of providing opportunities for all students to take part in all activities. By implementing gender awareness training sessions, teachers and administrators will be more mindful of differences in their methods of interaction with both male and female students. Most importantly, educators must continually challenge the misconceptions of gender that are so divisive, not only in education but also in society. By reaching these goals, all students will be better served and gender bias will no longer be an issue in our educational system.

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APPENDIX I

Sample Writing Assignment: Argument Paper, Composition II (English 118)

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Overview:

Two years ago, Alan Hutchison and I began teaching English 117 courses using a software program called Norton Textra Connect. In the spring semester of 1997, I taught the first Norton Textra Connect English 118. The following section contains the assignments, responses, and excerpts from computer “chat” discussion regarding the assignments.

1. The first assignment outlined the requirements for the assignment:

Assignment: Requirements for Final Paper

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

In addition to the requirements listed in your syllabus (format, grammar, spelling, punctuation, etc.), I will expect to see the following in your Final Papers. Any omissions of the following will probably result in a failing grade for the paper:

- Narrowed, arguable topic and narrowed, centered thesis statement
- Cons, refutations, and pros in the correct places
- At least six sources from a *variety* of locations (the Web, the library, etc.)
- Equal reliance on all sources; no “book reporting” of one or two sources
- Use of paraphrase, quote and summary in appropriate places; no over-reliance on quotes
- Use running acknowledgments (see handout from Feb.) correctly
- Use MLA Style correctly
- Do Works Cited correctly
- Interesting title
- No repetitions of information in the body of the paper, or double use of quotes, paraphrases, etc.

2. The second assignment centered on choosing an appropriate topic:

Assignment: Second Argument Paper Topics

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

This paper will build on the knowledge you have gained from the first argument paper. Like the first paper, this paper will be based on an argumentative thesis statement, and you will argue against the cons and support the pros.

The good news is that unlike the first paper, where you had limited choices as to what topic you could write about, this paper will be based on an issue that you are interested in. However, there are several topics which you *cannot* choose (because I’m so sick of reading papers on these subjects):

APPENDIX I

- The Death Penalty
- Gun Control
- Abortion
- Euthanasia
- Animal Testing
- Violence on TV or the Movies
- Changing the drinking age
- Changing the speed limit

To help you choose a topic, answer the following questions:

1. What other classes are you enrolled in this semester? Do you have a paper assignment in any of these classes that could “double” for this assignment? (remember, this paper has to be *argumentative*, not informative; but you may be able to find research that supports both purposes).
2. What is your major, or what do you plan to major in? What are some issues in your chosen major or future profession that you would like to research? (again, remember that the paper is argumentative)
3. What kind of music do you listen to? Can you recall any controversies surrounding this music?
4. What sports do you enjoy participating in or watching? What controversies about that sport can you recall? What are new trends or rules in this sport?
5. Think about your experiences with elementary and high school education. Was there ever a time that you thought a policy, law, or action was wrong or inappropriate? How could you argue that point?
6. Think about your experiences at college. Again, are there any policies, laws, or actions that you disagree with? How could you argue that point?
7. Do you have children, or are you close to a relative’s or friend’s child? What issues that concern children interest you?
8. What environmental issues interest you? (they can be local or global)
9. What hobbies or talents do you pursue in your spare time? What hobbies or interests have you abandoned? What are some issues involved in your hobbies that could be termed controversies?
10. What are some of the political or social issues you have heard about on the news? Which of these sounds interesting to research?
11. What issues involving the computer have cropped up in the past few years? Which controversies interest you?
12. What experiences have you or your friends had with the criminal justice system (police, courts, etc.)? Can you think of any controversies that you could research on this topic?
13. Think about members of your family who have had health problems. What issues or concerns did you or your family consider while that family member was ill?
14. Think back to the last disagreement you had with someone over an issue. What was the controversy you were discussing? Would you want to research this controversy?
15. What governmental controversies can you think of? Which would you like to research?

Look over your answers, and choose two to develop into thesis statements. Part of your assignment for Wednesday is to watch or listen to a news broadcast or look over a newspaper for another possible topic. I recommend listening to “All Things Considered” on KUNI-FM, 96.3 or WOI-AM 640 from 3–5, or WOI-FM 90.1 from 4:30–6:30. This news program explores controversies in detail, and would definitely help you in formulating a thesis statement.

*For Wednesday: Post at least three possible argumentative thesis statements under this assignment; two should be from the questions you answered above, and one should be from your “news gathering” assignment. *Remember that formulating your thesis statement early is the best recipe for success in the argument paper.*

3. The third assignment focused on generating thesis statements:

Assignment: Second Argument Paper Thesis Statements

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

Copy and paste your thesis statements from the previous assignment in the bottom screen, remembering to *write your name at the top of the paper*. Then post your paper, and read your group's postings. Analyze each person's thesis statements based on the following; *this discussion will be anonymous, so your name will not accompany your comments*.

You will score each thesis statement based on this test:

- Check each thesis statement for "arguability"—to do this, read the statement, and then formulate an "anti-thesis" (the direct opposition's "thesis statement" that would reply to this thesis statement). If you cannot formulate an "anti-thesis" or if the "anti-thesis" sounds ridiculous (i.e., very few people would forward that opinion), then the thesis is either not argumentative or really takes no stand (i.e. "Child abuse is wrong.") *Give the writer one point if the thesis is arguable and takes a stand. Give the writer zero points if it isn't arguable or doesn't take a stand.*

- Check each thesis for narrowness and specifics. If there are words like "good" or "bad," are they defined? Has the writer narrowed the thesis to one specific issue instead of a group of issues? The thesis is probably too broad if you think an entire book has been written on the subject. *Give the writer one point if the thesis is narrow enough for a six to eight page paper.*

- Think about audience appeal. Which of the theses appeals to you the most? Why? Give the writer one point if you would like to read a paper based on that thesis statement.

- Now tally up the points for each thesis, and post your scores to discussion. It may work best to copy the person's name and thesis statements and then rate them in the message. Please include a written comment or two for the writer, if you have suggestions for improvement in the thesis.

Here is Bobi's response to the assignment:

Bobi Mart

- 1) Donated organs should not be given to persons with "self-induced" illnesses. (*i.e.* cirrhosis of the liver due to alcoholism)
- 2) Instead of relying on government intervention, parents and guardians need to take responsibility for the actions of their children on the Internet.
- 3) Iowa should not lower income taxes. Instead, the money that lawmakers propose cutting from taxes should be funneled into the public school systems.

Here is an excerpt of student discussion on the assignment:

FROM: Student 0 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:31:40

Bobi, excellent thesis statements.

FROM: Student 3 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:39:27

Bobi, your statements seem very well written also.

1. organ donars, this can be very controversial (3 points)
2. parental supervision on the internet. (3 points)
3. Iowa taxes. (3 points)

FROM: Student 11 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:44:06

Donated organs should not be given to persons with "self-induced" illnesses. (*i.e.* cirrhosis of the liver due to alcoholism)

APPENDIX I

I like this (3) but how could you tell what is self induced and what isn't? (I'm thinking about second hand smoke and lung cancer.)

FROM: Student 11 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:44:57

'Instead of relying on government intervention, parents and guardians need to take responsibility for the actions of their children on the Internet.'

FROM: Student 7 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:45:00

Bobi all you statements have good potential, 3 for all of them.

FROM: Student 4 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:45:16

Bobi, good thesis statements, all very controversial. I like the first one best, but all are worthy of 3's. Good job!

FROM: Student 11 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:45:44

'Iowa should not lower income taxes. Instead, the money that lawmakers propose cutting from taxes should be funnelled into the public school systems.'

3, I guess.

FROM: Student 10 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:48:27

But how could you tell what is self induced and what isn't? (I'm thinking about second hand smoke and lung cancer.)

second hand smoke isn't self induced. if it is second hand you aren't the one putting the cigarette in your mouth are you? Now, the smoker who ends up with lung cancer, it would probably be self induced.

FROM: Student 11 TO: Group 2 03/12/97, 10:49:36

'second hand smoke isn't self induced. if it is second hand you aren't the one putting the cigarette in your mouth are you? Now, the smoker who ends up with lung cancer, it would probably be self induced.'

My point is how could you tell the difference between the two if no one says "I'm a Smoker" or "I am not a smoker?"

4. The fourth assignment focused the students on preparing a pro/con list to go with their thesis statements:

Assignment: Second Argument Paper Pro/Con List

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date: March 14

Using the thesis statements you chose in the previous assignment, do *preliminary research*. This means devoting an hour or two to library and/or Web searches to find *the pros* (points that support your thesis) and *the cons* (points which oppose your thesis).

As you probably noted in the first paper, it is much easier to find pros and cons if you can identify groups or individuals who support or oppose your thesis. That is the goal of *preliminary research*. So go to the library or search the Net.

(don't forget about my research link page: address:

<http://members.tripod.com/~kmbigalk/bigalk.html>)

****ASK FOR HELP FROM THE LIBRARIANS IF YOU NEED IT. DO NOT "BLOW OFF" THIS ASSIGNMENT. If you skimp on preliminary research, you will find yourself scrambling a few weeks down the road, when you're trying to study for finals, write this paper, AND have a life. So do the work now, and save yourself some pain later.***

After you've done your *preliminary research* and compiled at least three pros and at least three cons, post your pros and cons in the screen below. We will be workshopping your thesis statements, pros and cons on Friday (remember that workshops are *mandatory* and that you are penalized for missing workshops).

Workshop

Post your narrowed, revised thesis statement and your pros and cons. Then read through others' thesis statements, pros and cons, commenting on the following:

1. Is the thesis narrow enough for the six to eight page limit?
2. Do the pros or cons have the words "good" or "bad" or other words which imply value judgments, (such as "menace," "harmful," "helpful," etc.) without defining exactly what is meant by "good" or "bad"? These words must be defined so that the statements make sense.
3. Are all the points supportable? Do you think research is available to support each point? Do you have suggestions for the writer as to where he/she might find research, a person to interview, etc.?
4. Are the cons refutable? Do you think there is research available that will refute each con? Do you have suggestions for the writer as to where he/she might find research, a person to interview, etc.?

Here is Bobi's response to the assignment:

Name: Bobi Mart

Course/Sec.:

Instructor:

Assignment: Second Argument Paper Pro/Con List

Thesis: To ease the burden on grieving families, there should be a presumed consent law that mandates organ donation.

I. Introduction

- Story of Nicholas Green (Life article)

II. Con #1 - Some religions and cultures forbid transplants

Ref: Carry a card refusing to donate instead on consenting as it is now
use example of six chances to refuse (Issues in Science & Technology article)

A. Only Orthodox Judaism opposes donation (Life article)

Ref: Orthodox family of Alisa Flatow donated organs to Israelis (Life article)

B. Japanese culture opposes desecration of body (People article)

Ref: After Alex Van Cleave's death his kidneys were donated to Japanese children.

1. Change in attitude of Japanese doctors
2. Possible change in laws to honor brain death (People article)

III Con #2 - Myths related to organ donation

A. Carrying a donor card guarantees donation

Ref: Regardless of donor card status, family still has final say

B. Every effort won't be made to save life if injured

1. When does life end?
2. Anecdote of transplant team scrubbed & waiting (Utne Reader)

Ref: Only when determined brain dead & doctor signs death certificate are families confronted about donation. (definition of brain death)

C. Unable to view body after harvesting of organs (talk to Trever)

Ref: No different than autopsy. Small incisions covered by clothing

IV. Con #3 - Insurance costs will rise because companies will be overwhelmed with transplants

Ref: Medical treatments to sustain life are expensive and long term

A. Small hospitals will be outpriced by larger teaching hospitals (inability to compete)

B. Fighting between transplant facilities for business

- Patients suffer (different hospital may = diff geographical area for candidates)

Ref: Many insurance carriers are already striking "deals" for surgeries (Bns Wk)

Possible changes being made to current laws about 11 regions

APPENDIX I

V. Pro # 1 - Increased organ availability will allow transplants to become more efficient and therefore less costly

VI. Pro # 2 - Increased organ availability will save many lives

A. Stats of patients waiting for transplants vs. eligible donors vs actual donors

B. Increased economic effect (more productive after transplant)

C. Increased social effect (people happier when not sick)

VII Pro #1 - Mandatory consent will relieve family of decision at difficult time

A. Family member may not have communicated wishes

B. confronted only 30–60 minutes after death (pg 28 organ procurement)

Because of the shortage of organs available for transplantation, consent to donate should be implied.

Here are some excerpts from discussion for this assignment:

FROM: Bobi Mart TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:28:13

Diane,

1. Thesis is narrow enough but since this is an argumentative paper, try rewording it with the word "should" in it.
2. Pros and cons are well thought out. I especially like the one about liability, I would have never thought of that one, I assumed that you take responsibility for yourself when you jump on your skateboard.
3. Most points should be supportable, especially if you know people to interview and your cons are refutable.

FROM: Michael Groenendyk TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:29:43

Bobi, I think you have a good topic here. Your thesis is good and all your points are supportable or refutable. I think it work out well.

FROM: Jason Peterson TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:33:11

Because of the shortage of organs available for transplantation, consent to donate should be implied

Bobbi: Isn't it already?

FROM: Kris Bigalk TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:34:34

Bobi, I think you need to define "implied" in the thesis statement itself.

FROM: Diane Caraza TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:36:41

Bobbi, your essay will surely be narrow enough for a six to eight page essay. however what are you striving for. Mandatory organ donars? everyone know does have the choice to be a donar or not to be. What are you trying to address?

FROM: Bobi Mart TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:37:52

Because of the shortage of organs available for transplantation, consent to donate should be implied

Bobbi: Isn't it already?

No, even if the victim has a card stating that he/she wants the organs donated, the family has the final say. No consent is implied that I know of and many of the articles I found support implied consent laws

FROM: Jason Peterson TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:42:29

Bobbi, your essay will surely be narrow enough for a six to eight page essay. however what are you striving for. Mandatory organ donars? everyone know does have the choice to be a donar or not to be. What are you trying to address?

We even have the option to put it on our drivers licence, so I do not understand what the debate is.

FROM: Bobi Mart TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:44:37

everyone know does have the choice to be a donar or not to be. What are you trying to address?

The point I am addressing is that the decision should not be put onto the family. As is stands now (at least in Iowa), every person has a choice to donate (as you said) but this is not the final decision. For example, I choose to be a donor, but my husband doesn't agree with it. In the end, he makes the decision, does he honor my wishes or his own beliefs? With implied consent (only the victim can make the decision NOT to donate) the family will be

relieved of this decision. Does this make sense? (I know what I mean but not how to exactly say it maybe I need to revise my thesis statement.)

FROM: Diane Caraza TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:48:44
Bobi,

I now understand. This is something I had no idea even existed, I assumed if their card said organ donor or not that was the say so. I guess all you have to do is revise your thesis statement.

FROM: Bobi Mart TO: Group 2 03/14/97, 10:52:11

My girlfriend's sister just had a heart transplant, and through all of that that statement was never brought up as fact. This only refers to the donors not the recipients. The case of your girlfriend's sister is kind of the support of my thesis. The turmoil of the donor family (assuming there was any) in deciding whether to donate (and allowing a heart for the sister) could be eliminated by having an implied consent law that mandates organ donation unless the person (or parents of a minor) refuses.

5. The fifth assignment ensured that students were evaluating sources well.

Assignment: Source Assignment

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

On the last paper, several of you used sources which had no real credibility. To make sure you have a source that is reputable and usable, answer the questions below (there is a separate section for Web Sources and Library Sources).

The reason you should evaluate your sources is simple: you want good, reliable information. If you can't identify the author of a source or a Webpage, it's probably not a good source; after all, someone didn't even want to put his/her name on it, and you don't know what those person's credentials are, if they have any at all. On the other hand, an article written by someone educated on your topic or someone who has had direct experience with your topic is both credible and interesting. *Don't always believe everything you see in print; make sure the truth is being represented in a fair manner.*

Analyze your sources based on the questions below, and post your answers for class on March 31.

Library Sources:

1. What is the author's name and his/her credentials for writing on this topic?
2. Who are the authorities on the subject that are interviewed or quoted in the article/book?
3. What statistics related to your topic are contained in the source? Who sponsored the studies, a biased or unbiased group?
4. Where and by whom was the book/magazine published? What agenda does this organization ascribe to that could have affected the slant of the book/magazine?
5. What year was this book/magazine published? If it is more than five years old, what evidence do you have that the information included in the publication is still valid?

Web Sources:

1. Who is the author of the Webpage? What credentials does this person possess on this topic?
2. What organization sponsors the Webpage? What agenda does this organization ascribe to that could affect the slant and material included in the Webpage?
3. If statistics are used, is the source of the statistics referred to? If so, is it unbiased and credible?
4. Does the Webpage quote authorities on the subject? Who, and what are their credentials?
5. What is the tone of the Webpage? Does it sound juvenile? Are words misspelled? Is the grammar sloppy?

APPENDIX I

6. When was the Webpage published (this info is at the bottom of most pages)? Is the information still valid?

6. The sixth assignment double-checked student evaluations of their sources.

Assignment: Bibliography/Source Evaluation Workshop

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

You will be assigned a partner. Print out your bibliography assignment and give it to your partner. Then complete the following activity on your partner's bibliography, and post the results before class on Wednesday, April 2.

Using the information your partner has provided on his/her bibliography, look up and find the sources he/she has listed. Here are some hints:

For books and magazines, get into the right DMACC library database and do an author search.

For webpages, type the http: address in the location window. If this doesn't work, get into a search engine and search for the title or author's name (use quotation marks to group words or names together).

1. In the bottom screen, type your partner's name at the top, under your name.
2. For the webpages, books, and magazines that you find, check the information included in the page or library entry. If any information does not match the information in the bibliography, edit the bibliography.
3. Type the bibliography entries you were unable to find. If you know why you were unable to find the entries, include a note about what information needs to be included in the entries.
4. Check the bibliography for MLA Style. If it is incorrect, make a note to the writer (you do not have to correct the mistakes, just point them out—the writer is responsible for fixing errors).

Here is Bobi's response to the assignments:

Works Cited

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- United Network for Organ Sharing. "Numbers of U.S. Transplants: 1988 Oct. 31, 1996." http://204.127.237.11/sta_tran.htm (17 Mar. 1997).
- United Network for Organ Sharing. "Reported Deaths on the OPTN Waiting List 1988–1996." http://204.127.237.11/sta_dol.htm (17 Mar. 1997).
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Name: Bobi Mart

Course/Sec:

Instructor:

Assignment: Bibliography (Works Cited) Assignment

Works Cited

- Abbott, Cate. "Legal Aspects." <http://www.lhsc.on...transplant/legal.htm>. (19 Mar. 1997).
1. Cate Abbott. - I have E-mailed for credentials.
 2. London Health Sciences Centre. Education of the English
 3. No actual numbers, but gives rates comparative to other countries
 4. Gives references to Wolfslast, G."Legal Aspects of Organ Transplantation..."
 5. Very professional legal based document.
 6. December 16, 1996.
- American Red Cross. Handout "Overview of Tissue Usage."
1. American Red Cross

APPENDIX I

2. No authorities mentioned just statistics about the number of persons helped by a single donation and the number of transplantable organs/tissues from a single donor.
3. Biased group (they encourage donation) releasing numbers pertaining to organ donation.
4. Handout distributed by the Iowa Tissue Center. They encourage donation so these numbers are a plea for persons to consider donation.
5. No date of publication given on the handout.

Baker, Stephen. "Caught in the Organ Grind." *Business Week* 21 Aug. 1995: 32.

1. Stephen Baker, no actual credentials given but he is a managing editor in Pittsburgh and writes often for the medical/science portion of *Business Week*.
2. Dr. Thomas E. Starzl, liver transplant pioneer from U of Pittsburgh
Roger W. Evans, head of health services evaluation at Mayo Clinic.
3. Cut rate for liver transplant to make HMO happy (from \$153,000 to 120,000)
"Nearly 1/5 of heart and liver transplant prospects die while waiting."
4. McGraw-Hill Company Inc. New York. No known slant to publication.
5. August 1995. Other than number of patients who die, probably pretty accurate

Baker, Stephen. "Who Gets a Liver—And Who Doesn't." *Business Week* 9 Dec. 1996: 153.

1. Stephen Baker, no actual credentials given but he is a managing editor in Pittsburgh and writes often for the medical/science portion of *Business Week*.
2. David Matter, a real estate developer with college ties to President Clinton
United Network for Organ Sharing (UNOS).
Andreas G. Tzakis, the director of transplantation at U of Miami
3. 5500 families will say yes to transplantation and as many will say no.
The country is divided into 11 regions by UNOS and the distribution of organs within the regions
4. McGraw-Hill Company Inc. New York. No known slant to publication
5. Published in 1996

Berger, Alan H. "The Presumed Consent Law: A Sensible Alternative to Xenotransplantation."
<http://www.g-net.com/api/xeno1.htm>. (19 Mar 1997).

1. Alan H. Berger, Executive Director of Animal Protection Institution
2. Animal Protection Institute. They are against xenotransplantation and in favor of cadaveric donation.
3. Mortality rates for liver: 8%, heart: 12.2% kidney: 3.8%. Xenotransplantation 100%.
1 in 5 people consent to donation costs of transplants and survival rates.
4. Quotes from authorities who are unbiased, but the sponsoring group is biased
5. Educational, but sometimes hostile.
6. No date given.

Center for Organ Recovery and Education. "Topping the List—Top 10 Misconceptions About Organ Donation." [ht://www.transweb.com/n_folder/myths.html](http://www.transweb.com/n_folder/myths.html). (17 Mar. 1997).

1. CORE (Center for Organ Recovery and Education) a procurement organization for parts of PA, WV, and N.Y. Credentials—they educate the public on donation.
2. They encourage donation and UNOS.
3. Most organs accepted up to age 70.
4. Speaks of OPO (Organ Procurement Organization)
5. Set for the general public. Not sloppy etc.
6. No date found on information.

Creedon, Jeremiah. "The Transplant Trade." *Urne Reader* Sept/Oct 1993: 17–18.

1. Jeremiah Creedon. No credentials found in the magazine
2. Tim Appelo in an article published in *The Sciences*
Jim Hogshire, a writer for *Sell Yourself to Science & New Times*.
Karma Lekshe Tsomo, a Buddhist nun
3. 30% of candidates die while waiting for a transplant match (Appelo).

“When a donor dies, he/she sets into motion more than 1 million dollars worth of medical procedures”
Hogshire in *New Times*.

4. Lens Publishing in Minneapolis. No slant to publication.
5. Sept/Oct 1993. Still relevant.

Darrach, Brad. “After a Child Dies.” *Life* Oct. 1995: 42–50.

1. Darrach, Brad a contributing editor.
2. Interviewed the parents of Nicholas Green (Reg and Maggie) a child killed in Italy.
3. 7 Italians received Nicholas’ heart, liver, kidneys, islet cells, and corneas. (From parents)
4. Time Inc. New York. Actual publisher listed as Edward R. McCarrick. No slant identified
5. 1995. Personal story, still relevant.

Fields-Meyer, Thomas, et al. “Gift of Hope” *People Weekly* 9 Dec. 1996: 111–112.

1. Thomas Fields-Meyer. Unable to find information about the author.
2. Interviewed Alex VanCleave’s parents.
Dr. Satoshi Teraoka of Japan Kidney Transplant Network
Kikio Nomoto, a leading transplant advocate.
3. After Alex’s kidney donation, 4000 Japanese doctors want to start legislation on brain-dead donation.
4. Time Inc. New York. No slant identified
5. 1996. Figures and story still relevant

Fentiman, Linda C. “Organ Donations: The Failure of Altruism.” *Issues in Science and Technology* 11 (Fall 1994): 43–48.

1. Linda C. Fentiman, a professor of law at Suffolk University Law School. Authority on law and the drafted “presumed consent law”
2. General Accounting Office (1993 report)
Roger Evans (in JAMA)
Arthur Caplan, a medical ethicist
UNOS
Department of Health and Human Services (DHHS)
3. Dollars spent on dialysis vs transplant
State the six times given to refuse consent for donation
4. University of Texas at Dallas. No slant identified
5. 1994. Numbers may vary but ideas are still relevant

Koerner, Bob. “Understanding Brain Death.” http://www.transweb.../folder/b_death.html. (17 Mar. 1997).

1. Bob Koerner, a chaplain who did this research while doing a residency at Richland Memorial Hospital in Columbia SC. 1st hand experience explaining brain death and donation to families
2. Colorado Organ Recovery Systems Inc. They encourage donation and education of public.
3. No stats. A Q&A format for general public (especially grieving families)
4. No actual stats or authorities. Federal law stated.
Gives simple definition of brain death
5. Set for the general public especially those with loved ones in a position for possible donation
No grammar/spelling mistakes.
6. No published date given

National Attorney’s Committee for Transplant Awareness Inc. “Organ and Tissue Donation and Transplantation: A Legal Perspective.” http://www.transweb.../n_folder/nacta.html. (19 Mar. 1997).

1. Jack Fassnacht, President of NACTA (send questions to him)
2. NACTA—they support a change in the current law.
3. “Required request policy and provisions . . . ”
Advanced Medical Directives, POA etc for informing family.
4. UNOS, OPTN, Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1986 and others
5. Written for practicing attorneys

APPENDIX I

6. 1995 by NACTA.

Nelson, James Lindeman & Thomas Murray. "Should Organ Donation be Automatic Unless a Person has Expressly Forbidden It?" *Health* Oct. 1993: 30.

1. James Nelson, an ethicist at Hastings Center, writes the pro article
Thomas Murray, director of Center for Biomedical Ethics, writes for the con position
2. No authorities quoted. Opinions of these ethicists
3. No stats. Opinions seem to be unbiased by outside sources
4. Published by Hippocrates Partners (copyright) and Time Inc. Ventures New York. No slant identified
5. 1993. Ideas still relevant

Simbal, Stan. "Does My Religion Approve of Organ Donarion?" http://www.transweb...q/faq_religion.html. (17 Mar. 1997).

1. Stan Simbal. I have E-mailed him for his credentials.
2. Sponsored by Rocky Mountain Organ Recovery Systems. Encourage donation
3. No stats. Information from many different religions regarding donation/transplantation
4. Published by New York Regional Transplant Program, no authorities mentioned. Can find more information in "Medical School Curriculum" from UNOS.
5. General public."Feel good" tone to encourage donation
6. No date

Spital, Aaron MD. "Mandated Choice for Organ Donation: Time to Give it a Try." <http://www.acponlin...1jul96/inbalan1.htm>. (19 Mar. 1997).

1. Aaron Spital, MD
2. Himself and experiences?
3. Only 40% of potential cadaveric donors actually donate
More than 50% of families say no
4. Council on Ethical & Judicial Affairs of AMA.
Many other authorities cited in the paper
5. Professionally written argumentative essay but toned down for the general public
6. Published in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* July 1, 1996.

United Network for Organ Sharing. "Facts About Organ Donation and Transplantation." http://204.127.237.11/fct_fact.htm (17 Mar. 1997).

1. UNOS. They are the national organization for organ donation/transplantation
2. UNOS—they encourage donation
3. Many stats from their waiting lists and records. Credible and unbiased
4. Only the UNOS lists are quoted
5. Scientific in nature but geared to the general public. Not juvenile. Correct grammar etc.
6. No date

United Network for Organ Sharing. "Numbers of U.S. Transplants: 1988 Oct. 31, 1996." http://204.127.237.11/sta_tran.htm (17 Mar. 1997).

1. UNOS. They are the national organization for organ donation/transplantation
2. UNOS—they encourage donation
3. Numbers from 1988 through October 31, 1996.
4. Themselves as authorities
5. Scientific in nature but geared to the general public. Not juvenile. Correct grammar etc.
6. As of December 31, 1996.

United Network for Organ Sharing. "Reported Deaths on the OPTN Waiting List 1988–1996." http://204.127.237.11/sta_dol.htm (17 Mar. 1997).

1. UNOS. They are the national organization for organ donation/transplantation
2. UNOS—they encourage donation
3. Numbers from 1988–1996 As on OPTN waiting lists.

OPTN = Organ Procurement & Transplantation Network.

4. Themselves as authorities
5. Scientific in nature but geared to the general public. Not juvenile. Correct grammar etc.
6. As of January 13, 1997.

United Network for Organ Sharing. "United Network for Organ Sharing U.S. Waiting List Statistics."
http://204.127.237.11/usd3_05_97.htm (17 Mar. 1997).

1. UNOS. They are the national organization for organ donation/transplantation
2. UNOS—they encourage donation
3. As of March 5, 1997 the numbers of persons waiting on the UNOS national waiting list
The number of transplants performed Jan-Dec 1995. (As of Dec 12, 1996)
4. Themselves as authorities. The waiting list and Scientific Registry data
5. Scientific in nature but geared to the general public. Not juvenile. Correct grammar etc.
6. As of March 5, 1997 for the waiting list and November 1996 for # of transplants.

7. After formulating a thesis, working on a pro/con list, and finding good sources, students were guided through the outlining process:

Assignment: Outlines, Final Paper
Instructor: Kris Bigalk
Due date: In Class, Wednesday, April 2

Go back to assignment 38 and copy your pros and cons. Chances are that you have some new ideas about your pros and cons, and you have found more evidence to support these pros and cons. Write an outline in the screen below, based on this "formula" outline. *The Outline should be posted before class on Friday, April 4. There will be a workshop on the outlines on Friday.*

A strong outline should be organized like this (roughly):

- I. Sparkling introduction, complete with narrowed, clear thesis statement
- II. First con—the opposition's strongest point should come first
Explanation of the opposition's point, with evidence
Refutation of the first con, using evidence as necessary
- III. Second con—the opposition's next strongest point should come next
Explanation of the opposition's point, with evidence
Refutation of the second con, using evidence as necessary
- IV. Third con—the opposition's weakest point should come last
Explanation of the opposition's point, with evidence
Refutation of the third con, using evidence as necessary
- V. First pro—your second strongest point should come first
Explanation of your point, with supporting evidence
- VI. Second pro—your weakest point should be sandwiched in the middle
Explanation of your point, with supporting evidence
- VII. Third pro—end on your strongest point
Explanation of your point, with supporting evidence
- VIII. Strong conclusion which synthesizes your argument and draws conclusions based on the evidence in the essay; the thesis statement should be restated here (in different language than in the introduction).

Activity 1:

Post your current outline to the group. Look at the other outlines, and answer the following questions:

1. How can the outline be changed so that the points appear to be in the order suggested above?
2. What is the strongest pro? The weakest con?
3. Are the pros and cons in complete sentences that will serve as topic sentences for the paragraphs? Are the cons specific, avoiding pronouns like “they” “he” and “she”? If not, help each other revise the sentence fragments or run-ons into complete, specific sentences.

Talk it over and help each other make revisions to your outlines. While you are completing this activity, I will be looking over your outlines and including recommendations for revision.

Activity 2:

When you have finished discussing possible changes in your outlines, make revisions you deem necessary. Then go over your sources and think about what kinds of evidence you have found to support both your own points and explain the opposition’s points (review the types of evidence on pages 158–159; you should use more than one type of evidence in your paper). Start filling out your outline, incorporating notes as to what *quotes, summaries, and paraphrases* you will use (hint: it’s easier to write your paper later if you do this in MLA style—see example below). *If you don’t know how to paraphrase, review the quotes, summaries, and paraphrases assignment. You will be expected to use paraphrase in your final paper, and if you do not, the paper will not pass.*

II. First con: Tobacco companies claim that cigarettes do not cause cancer.

facts, examples: Marlboro tobacco study results (Roberts 10–12)

informed opinion: Tobacco company president’s quote (qtd in Brewer 26)

Refutation:

inference: six independent studies found cigarettes cause cancer (Wright 34–37), (Peters 87)

personal testimony: quote from lung cancer specialist, Mayo clinic (qtd in Trotsky 100)

By incorporating your MLA citations right in your outline, you just have to type them into the body of your paper as you use them, eliminating the need to look them up repeatedly to make sure you’re doing it right. If your Works Cited page is done correctly, this should be a snap.

Bobi’s response to the assignment:***I. Introduction***

Spread out across the backseat of his parents’ rental car, Nicholas Green lay helpless in a pool of his own blood. Just minutes earlier he had been peacefully sleeping beside his four year old sister Eleanor. Then, in a blink of an eye, tragedy struck. Enjoying their family vacation, the Greens were touring the Italian countryside. Then, out of nowhere, a rusty old car pulled along side them. A man whose face was draped in a handkerchief motioned for Reg Green to pull the car over. In a split second decision Reg decided to flee. Shots rang out from the other car and shattered the Green’s windows. Reg and Maggie were riddled with flying glass but miraculously, the children slept through the whole ordeal. However, when Reg stopped the car and opened the back door he noticed blood seeping from a wound in his son’s head. Seven year old Nicholas never woke up. While dealing with their devastating loss, the Green’s displayed an act of true generosity, they decided to donate Nicholas’ organs. As his father later said, “Someone should have the future he lost” (Darrach 42–50). Unfortunately this decision is not as easy for the countless other families who are thrust into this position. Distraught by grief, over half of these families will refuse the option of organ

donation (Spital 1). Because of this fact, and to ease the burden on the grieving families, there should be a presumed consent law that mandates organ donation.

II. Presumed consent takes away the right for each individual to choose.

A. Organ donation is an act of personal preference and presumed consent takes this choice away. (Nelson & Murray 30.)

1. Most people that donate do so out of finding some good in their suffering. For example as William Van Cleave said about the decision to donate his son's [Alex] kidneys, "It was the right decision for us." The subject of donation was never brought up, they decided for themselves. No one forced them to donate Alex's organs, they did so out the kindness of their hearts and with the hopes of helping others (Fields-Meyer 112).
2. There is already a fear that doctors will not work as hard to save the life of a donor, this will fuel that fire.

B. Give opportunities to refuse the donation of organs if you don't agree. (Refutation)

Ref: 1. This list will reach all socioeconomic levels (Fentiman 46).

- a) applying for or renewing a drivers license
- b) filing an income tax return
- c) applying for public benefits (food stamps etc)
- d) routine visits to doctor's office or hospital
- e) writing a living will or document such as an advanced health care directive
- f) responding to a request by a health care professional

Ref: 2) Individual should have final say over what happens to their body, not the family (Spital 2)

III. Families that refuse to donate the organs of their loved ones often cite many personal reasons. (Center for Organ Recovery & Education 1)

A. Many families that refuse to donate the organs of their loved ones cite religious and/or cultural reasons (CORE)

- 1) In Japan, where the religious as well as the cultural beliefs oppose the "desecration of bodies", organ donation almost never occurs. (Fields-Meyer 111-112)

Ref: 2) This is a fallacy using "an appeal to ignorance" actually a way to side step the issue of death of a loved one

- 3) In the webpage titled "Does My Religion Approve of Organ Donation" the views of many major religions are discussed. (Simbal 1-4) only Gypsies and Shintos actively discourage donation.

Ref: 4) Alex Van Cleave case is changing attitudes among Japanese (Fields-Meyer 111-112)

B. Many families believe that their loved one will be denied life saving medical treatment if they consent to requests for donation.

- 1) Concept of organ snatching (Nelson & Murray 30.)

Ref: 2) Family not approached with possibility of donation until declaration of brain death (Koerner)

C. Many people believe that because they have signed a donor card, their wishes will be honored at the time of their death.

Ref: 1) required request law (Spital 1-6)

D. Another myth that hinders the donation process is the belief that a loved one's body will not be suitable for viewing at the funeral services, or that the services will be delayed.

- 1) Incision made is like any other surgical procedure. (Trever Mart)

IV. We should pursue xenotransplantation for additional organs for donation

A. New technological advancements of immunosuppressant drugs will increase the success rate of cross species transplants (Creedon 18)

B. 100% failure rate of these transplants. Transfer of diseases between species (Berger)

V. A presumed consent law would relieve the stress placed on grieving families and on the health care worker.

A. Doctors and nurses uncomfortable confronting families in this situation about donation (Nelson & Murray 30) don't want to "overburden them" (Fentiman 44)

B. Most cases involve young members involved in accident: MVA, other means of Closed Head Injury. Not routinely talked about with family because of our fear of death and procrastination (Fentiman 44)

APPENDIX I

- C. Bereaving family members could be spared of this decision and still know that they are honoring their loved one's wishes. Because of shock, they might not be thinking clearly.

VI. Increased organ availability will save many lives

- A. State the numbers of persons on the UNOS waiting lists and the number of these people who die while waiting. "estimated that 8 of these [patients on the waiting lists] will die every day while waiting for transplantation." (Spital 1)
- B. Majority of people in U.S. are willing donors but only 1 in 5 sign donor cards (Fentiman)
- C. As of 1994 AIDS had reduced potential organ donors by 10% (Fentiman 44)
- D. Change in attitude/awareness of seat belts, driving while intoxicated, and high speed has reduced MVA's and therefore donors (Fentiman 44)
- E. Presumed consent will tap into the 80% of persons who don't sign a donor card

VII. Presumed consent will give choice back to individual where it belongs

- A. All competent adults would be required to record their wishes, either for or against (Spital 2).
- B. According to Carl Cohen PhD, the system we have now protects the minority (qtd in Berger 2)
- C. Council on Ethical and Judicial Affairs of the AMA say that the individual should be able to control the "disposition of his/her body" If this means organ donation, the family should not be able to go against these wishes (Spital 2).
- D. Allows the individual to make decision in a relaxed atmosphere

VIII. Conclusion

Organ donation is clearly a matter of personal preference, and it should remain that way; a decision to be made by the individual, not the family. Our current system has many problems, namely the shortage of cadaveric organ donors. A presumed consent law would not result in unwarranted harvesting of organs. It could however, provide our society with the resources to save many lives. The decision to donate one's organs is truly an altruistic act, but it's an act that we often "forget" to make time for in our busy worlds. A presumed consent law, written to replace the current required request legislation, would force every competent adult to consider his opinion on donation, and to express it. If all families were able to be as giving as the Green's in a time of crisis we wouldn't need to consider this radical change in the current system. But until our society becomes more educated and less selfish, a presumed consent law should be enacted to empower the individual and to protect his family.

Excerpts from class discussion on the assignment:

FROM: Jill Kaslon

TO: Group 2 04/04/97, 10:58:45

Bobi

I like your topic. It is something I have not heard much about. Also I do not know much about it, but I know I say no when the people at the drivers license place ask if I want to be an organ donor. I guess I have probably not thought hard about it. Anyway I like the story at the beginning, it is a good example of what you are talking about. One question though is, his parents made the decision for him because he cannot drive yet, right? Well I think it is a good idea to let someone else have your organs if you have no use for them, but what if your parents do not like the idea, maybe because they do not know much about it or have not even thought much about it. I guess what I am trying to say is I remember my mom saying no when they asked the question when I was 16. I think you have a good paper here. I just have questions because I do not know much about it.

FROM: Bobi Mart

TO: Group 2 04/04/97, 11:02:28

Jill, this mainly applies to adults. For anyone under 18 or those adults incompetent of making their own decisions would be made by their parents or guardians. In this paper, I am trying also to inform people of the benefits of donation. Does this answer any of your questions. Also, the current system nails you at the DMV. Who really gives it thought there? (Your point exactly!) This would force all adults to at least think about it and make a decision

8. After completing outlines, students wrote rough drafts of the paper.

Assignment: Rough Draft Workshop, 4/9/97

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

Rough Draft Checksheet

Paper 2, Comp 2

1. Read your paper aloud to the group and discuss the following:
2. While listening to the “con” points, or the beginning of the draft, in each paragraph make sure the writer has identified the opposition as the opposition, explained its point of view using various types of evidence, and then refuted or compromised with the opposition’s point. If any of these steps are missing, discuss how the writer could improve the paragraph.
3. While listening to the “pro” points, in each paragraph make sure the writer has identified the point and how it relates to the thesis statement, explained the point and supported it using various types of evidence, and ended on a strong, reinforcing statement. Discuss how the writer could strengthen his/her supporting points.
4. Finally, notice the organization of the essay. Has the writer begun with the weakest con and ended with the strongest pro? Discuss how the order of the essay could be changed to make it stronger.

Trade papers with someone in the group, and complete the following on their draft:

1. Find the topic sentence of each paragraph and underline it. Now look in the paragraph for definitions, descriptions, and explanations of the topic sentence, and more importantly, how the topic sentence relates to the thesis statement. If either of these descriptions, definitions, or explanations is missing, note this fact in the margin.
2. For each con paragraph, there should be evidence given that explains the opposition’s viewpoint, and evidence given to prove the refutation of the opposition’s viewpoint. If evidence is scanty, unsupported, or absent, mark this in the margin.
3. For each pro paragraph, there should be evidence supporting the writer’s topic sentence. If the evidence is scanty, unsupported, or absent, mark this in the margin.
4. Help the writer with the introduction. Think of an introductory strategy that might work well with this topic: a story, a question, a joke, a statistic, or some other innovative opener. Write your ideas on the draft.
5. The first time a source is used, there should be a running acknowledgment which contains the source’s author’s name and qualifications. If the writer has left out this information, mark it in the margin.
6. Check over the draft for proofing errors and MLA style errors.
7. Cross out all instances of these wishy-washy words: society; I feel; I believe; I think; you; yours; It seems to me; In my opinion; seem; probably; and kind of.

Here is Bobi's Rough Draft:

Name:

Course/Sec.:

Instructor:

Assignment: Rough Draft Workshop, 4/9/97

Bobi Mart

Comp II

Professor Bigalk

April 9, 1997

Presumed Consent: Avoiding Future Suffering

Spread out across the backseat of his parents' rental car, Nicholas Green lay helpless in a pool of his own blood. Just minutes earlier he had been peacefully sleeping beside his four year old sister Eleanor. Then, in a blink of an eye, tragedy struck. Enjoying their family vacation, the Greens were touring the Italian countryside. Then, out of nowhere, a rusty old car pulled up beside them. A man whose face was draped in a handkerchief motioned for Reg Green to pull the car over. In a split second decision, Reg decided to flee. Shots rang out from the other car and shattered the Green's windows. Reg and Maggie were riddled with flying glass but miraculously, the children slept through the whole ordeal. However, when Reg stopped the car and opened the back door he noticed blood seeping from a wound in his son's head. Seven year old Nicholas never woke up. While dealing with their devastating loss, the Green's displayed an act of true generosity, they decided to donate Nicholas' organs. As his father later said, "Someone should have the future he lost" (Darrach 42-50). Unfortunately this decision is not as easy for the countless other families who are thrust into this position. Distracted by grief, over half of these families will refuse the option of organ donation (Spital 1).

The statistics alone prove that our current system is inadequate. The required request law is the present model being followed by hospitals wishing to remove the organs of a potential donor. In order to surgically remove the organs, the next of kin must first consent to the procedure. In order to ease the burden on the grieving families, there should be a presumed consent law that mandates organ donation, unless otherwise specified by the victim.

Those that oppose the proposed presumed consent laws contend that this law denies the individual the right to choose what happens to his/her organs at the time of death. They believe that organ donation is an act of personal preference (Nelson & Murray 30). It is true that most people will donate the organs of their loved ones as an act of altruism, but for every 5500 families that say yes to donation, there is another that says no (Baker 153). Even if a person carries an organ donor card, his/her wishes can be overridden at the time of death (Abbott 1). By forcing the surviving family to make this decision, the current system actually takes the choice away from the individual and places it in the hands of their loved ones.

Many of those who are against the presumed consent law cite cultural and religious reasons. In an appeal to ignorance, these people use religion as their tool. This allows them to side step the real issue, which is the death of a loved one. The thinking seems to be "If we don't agree to donation, he/she may have a chance." They are convinced that the doctors have made a mistake. In the webpage titled "Does My Religion Approve of Organ Donation" the views of many major religions are discussed. The only faiths that discourage donation are the Gypsies (Romanys) and Shintos. With these two exceptions, all other denominations encourage donation as an act of charity, or at the very least, leave the decision up to the individual (Simbal 1-4).

The Shintos, who are Japanese, are part of a culture that views the dead body as "impure and dangerous," and the "desecration of bodies" is a serious crime (Fields-Meyer 112). Because of these beliefs, organ donation almost never occurs. However, after the death of Alex Van Cleave, a first grade student on the U.S. naval base in Yokosuka, these attitudes are changing. After Alex was pronounced brain dead, his parents decided to donate his kidneys to two Japanese youngsters. This act of kindness has prompted four thousand Japanese doctors to start a campaign to encourage organ donation of brain dead patients. These physicians feel so strongly about the benefits of donation that they have announced that with or without a law, they will continue this endorsement (Fields-Meyer 111-112).

Many families are resisting the presumed consent proposition because they have been lured into believing the popular misconceptions that surround organ donation (Center for Organ Recovery and Education 1). Many families believe that their loved one will be denied life saving medical treatment if they consent to requests for donation. Unfortunately, many people have the idea that doctors are “snatching” organs and the transplant team is scrubbed and ready for action (Nelson & Murray 30). In reality, the request follows the determination of brain death. There are legally regulated guidelines that must be followed before the patient can be diagnosed as having no cerebral activity. The pamphlet “Understanding Brain Death” lists the conditions required for this indication. The patient must not have any drugs in their system that could depress the nervous system or slow the muscular responses. When the system is clear of these medications, the patient is declared clinically brain dead if: they cannot breath without assistance from a respirator for at least three minutes, the pupils have no response to light and finally, there is no deep pain reflex. After the criteria has been met, two physicians must agree on the diagnosis (Koerner 1). The public needs to be educated so that this incorrect vision can be changed.

Another myth that hinders the donation process is the belief that a loved one’s body will not be suitable for viewing at the funeral services, or that the services will be delayed. According to Trever Mart, a surgical nurse on the transplant team at Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, the incision made when removing the organs is similar to that used when removing an appendix. It is possible that the patient may need to be sustained by life support systems to keep the organs supplied with oxygen filled blood until suitable recipients are found. However, this is a fairly quick procedure because the sickest patients, those who are most apt to receive the organs, are confined to the hospital. The task of finding matches and removing the organs is usually accomplished in 12–24 hours. This process will not delay the services in any way.

The opposition argues that we should explore the possibilities of xenotransplantation before we mandate donation of all human organs. Xenotransplantation, the transplanting of organs between species offers many new possibilities. Research regarding the transfer of organs from primates to humans is a booming industry. New technological advancements of immune-suppressant drugs will increase the success rate of cross species transplants (Creedon 18). The supporters attempt to paint a rosy picture. Further research into the facts behind cross-species transplants reveals a 100% failure rate. This is a grim future when one considers the 3 year survival rate of traditional heart transplant is 69 to 84 percent. Not only is the procedure unsuccessful, it also introduces the possibility of the transfer of diseases between species (Berger 1).

Some activists propose a radical change in our failing system; mandated choice law coupled with compensated donation (Fentiman 46). This approach is patterned after those in third world countries. In order to persuade the families to donate their loved ones organs and tissues (such as corneas), the families are offered a cash value for the parts they choose to give to others. This is pushing the limit. In a matter of time the United States will resemble India, the poor people will be selling a kidney for grocery money (Creedon 18). Presumed consent, which won’t ease the pain of a family suffering the loss of a minor, will help many other families cope with the concept of organ donation.

A presumed consent, or mandated choice, law would relieve the stress placed on grieving families, and on the health care worker. Doctors and nurses often are uncomfortable confronting families in this situation about the possibility of donation (Nelson & Murray 30). They don’t want to “overburden them” during this difficult time. Most potential organ donors are young people that have been involved in a motor vehicle accident. The unexpected loss throws the survivors into shock. This is amplified because our societal fear of death, as well as simple procrastination, makes the issue of donation (and therefore death) a rarely discussed issue (Fentiman 44). Ms. Fentiman’s presumed consent proposition would require every adult to sit down and think about his/her wishes. It states six times that denial to consent can be expressed. These opportunities are specifically drafted to include every socioeconomic levels. They are: when visiting the DMV for a driver’s license; filing an income tax return; filing applications for public assistance (such as food stamps); visiting the doctor; executing a living will; and when responding to a request from a health care professional (46). This knowledge would allow the bereaving family members to be spared of the decision and still be comforted by the fact that they are honoring their loved one’s wishes.

Because health care workers won’t be wary of confronting grieving families, there will be an increase in organ availability. This increase has the potential to save many lives. UNOS, the United Network for Organ Sharing, regularly releases statistics about the number of people on their waiting lists. The current numbers estimate about 50,000 persons were waiting as of March 5, 1997. (UNOS “. . . waiting list” 1) Another service they provide is a statistic on the total patients who died while waiting for an organ. In 1996, this figure topped 3900 (UNOS “Reported . . . ” 1). Aaron Spital MD, says it is “estimated that 8 of these [patients on the waiting lists] will die every day while waiting for

APPENDIX I

transplantation.” (1). The fact that a majority of people in U.S. are willing donors but only 1 in 5 sign donor cards has vastly diminished the pool of possible donors (Fentiman 44). Another possibility for the drop in transplantable organs is the AIDS epidemic. As of 1994 AIDS had reduced potential organ donors by 10% (Fentiman 44). Other reasons include a nationwide change in the attitude and awareness of seat belts and airbags, the stricter laws regarding driving while intoxicated, and less travel involving high rates of speed. These changes have reduced the number of car accidents, and therefore the number of potential donors (Fentiman 44).

Presumed consent will give choice back to individual; where it belongs. Unlike the current system, a person's wishes upon death would be honored regardless of what the family wants (Berger 2). Instead of the concept of organ donation being fielded as a quick question from the clerk at the motor vehicle division, all competent adults would be required to record their wishes, either for or against removal of their organs (Spital 2). According to Carl Cohen Ph.D., the “presumed absence of consent” system we have now is unlike any other law in our country. He contends that this policy is unfair because it protects the minority while forcing the majority to register their views (Berger 2). A mandated choice law would protect the thirty percent who choose not to donate, while allowing the other seventy percent all by registering their wishes with a special organization.

Organ donation is clearly a matter of personal preference, and it should remain that way; a decision to be made by the individual, not the family. Our current system has many problems, namely the shortage of human organ donors. Contrary to popular belief, a presumed consent law would not result in unwarranted harvesting of organs. It could however, provide our society with the resources to save many lives. The decision to donate one's organs is truly an altruistic act, but it's an act that we often “forget” to make time for in our busy worlds. A mandated choice law, written to replace the current required request legislation, would force every competent adult to consider his/her opinion on donation, and to register it. If all families were able to be as giving as the Green's in a time of crisis, we wouldn't need to consider this radical change in the current system. But until our society becomes more educated and less selfish, a presumed consent law should be enacted to empower the individual and to protect his family.

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9. After workshopping the first draft, students made revisions based on the workshop and wrote a second draft.

Assignment: Second Draft Workshop, 4/11/97

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

Post your draft under this assignment. Then answer the following questions about each person's paper, and discuss (you probably will all want to start with the same person, so that you are all "talking" about the same things at the same time).

1. Read the whole paper through so you have a sense of how the whole thing is organized. Is the thread of the argument always clear to the reader? An argument should build on itself to come to a solid conclusion. If this isn't happening, often it is because of one of the following:

- The cons aren't identified as cons; cons should be prefaced with "Those opposing _____ believe" or "Supporters of _____ allege" or a similar indication that someone else, not the writer, believes the con points.

- There are no refutations for the cons

- There is no transition paragraph from cons/refutations to pros

- There are inadequate pros, or pros which repeat or parrot refutations

- Transitions that hold the essay together are absent; there is a "choppy" feeling to the writing

Point out any problems with the above in the person's essay.

2. Analyze the topic sentences for each paragraph: cons, refutations, and pros. Each should outline a specific, provable point that is supported with evidence gleaned from sources. If the points are vague or unsupported, indicate how the writer could improve them.

3. How the writer supports his/her points is just as important as making good, specific, supportable points. Most source material should be paraphrased, not quoted—the writer should quote only when material is short, well-written, and to the point. If the writer is overquoting, or not using running acknowledgments to introduce his/her sources, point out where he/she should make changes.

*A running acknowledgment is when the writer introduces a quote with the name and credentials of the author, i.e. "John Smith, a prominent Des Moines heart surgeon, states that . . ."

Goals for Revision:

Papers will be workshopped again next Wednesday, April 16. At that time, your papers should have been revised to correct for the above. Additionally, you should *write an introduction that sparks interest* (preferably using an introductory strategy outlined in your on-line handbook) and *a conclusion that pulls the essay together and concludes your argument* (hints for this are in the on-line handbook, in handouts I gave you earlier this year, and in your textbook).

Here is Bobi's Second Draft:

Bobi Mart

Comp II

Professor Bigalk

April 11, 1997

Presumed Consent: Avoiding Future Suffering

Spread out across the backseat of his parents' rental car, Nicholas Green lay helpless in a pool of his own blood. Just minutes earlier he had been peacefully sleeping beside his four year old sister Eleanor. Then, in a blink of an eye,

tragedy struck. Enjoying their family vacation, the Greens were touring the Italian countryside. Then, out of nowhere, a rusty old car pulled up beside them. A man whose face was draped in a handkerchief motioned for Reg Green to pull the car over. In a split second decision, Reg decided to flee. Shots rang out from the other car and shattered the Green's windows. Reg and Maggie were riddled with flying glass but miraculously, the children slept through the whole ordeal. However, when Reg stopped the car and opened the back door he noticed blood seeping from a wound in his son's head. Seven year old Nicholas never woke up. While dealing with their devastating loss, the Green's displayed an act of true generosity, they decided to donate Nicholas' organs. As his father later said, "Someone should have the future he lost" (Darrach 42–50). Unfortunately this decision is not as easy for the countless other families who are thrust into this position. Distraught by grief, over half of these families will refuse the option of organ donation (Spital 1).

The statistics alone prove that our current system is inadequate. The required request law is the present model being followed by hospitals wishing to remove the organs of a potential donor. In order to surgically remove the organs, the next of kin must first consent to the procedure. In order to ease the burden on the grieving families, there should be a presumed consent law that mandates organ donation, unless otherwise specified by the victim.

Those that oppose the proposed presumed consent laws contend that this law denies the individual the right to choose what happens to his/her organs at the time of death. Thomas Murray, a medical ethicist, believes that organ donation is, and should remain, an act of personal preference (Nelson & Murray 30). It is true that most people will donate the organs of their loved ones as an act of altruism, but for every 5500 families that say yes to donation, there is another that says no (Baker 153). Even if a person carries an organ donor card, his/her wishes can be overridden at the time of death (Abbott 1). By forcing the surviving family to make this decision, the current system actually takes the choice away from the individual and places it in the hands of their loved ones.

Many of those who are against the presumed consent law (also called the mandated choice law) cite cultural and religious reasons. In an appeal to ignorance, these people use religion as their tool. This allows them to side step the real issue, which is the death of a loved one. The thinking seems to be, "If we don't agree to donation, he/she may have a chance." The families are convinced that the doctors have made a mistake. In the webpage titled "Does My Religion Approve of Organ Donation" the views of many major religions are discussed. The only faiths that discourage donation are the Gypsies (Romanys) and Shintos. With these two exceptions, all other denominations encourage donation as an act of charity, or at the very least, leave the decision up to the individual (Simbal 1–4).

The Shintos, who are Japanese, are part of a culture that views the dead body as "impure and dangerous," and the "desecration of bodies" is a serious crime (Fields-Meyer 112). Because of these beliefs, organ donation almost never occurs. However, after the death of Alex Van Cleave, a first grade student on the U.S. naval base in Yokosuka, these attitudes are changing. After Alex was pronounced brain dead, his parents decided to donate his kidneys to two Japanese youngsters. This act of kindness has prompted four thousand Japanese doctors to start a campaign to encourage organ donation of brain dead patients. These physicians feel so strongly about the benefits of donation that they have announced that with or without a law, they will continue this endorsement (Fields-Meyer 111–112).

Many families are resisting the presumed consent proposition because they have been lured into believing the popular misconceptions that surround organ donation (Center for Organ Recovery and Education 1). Many families believe that their loved one will be denied life saving medical treatment if they consent to requests for donation. Unfortunately, many people have the idea that doctors are "snatching" organs, and that the transplant team is scrubbed and always ready for action (Nelson & Murray 30). In reality, the request follows the determination of brain death. There are legally regulated guidelines that must be followed before the patient can be diagnosed as having no cerebral activity. The pamphlet "Understanding Brain Death" lists the conditions required for this indication. The patient must not have any drugs in their system that could depress the nervous system or slow the muscular responses. When the system is clear of these medications, the patient is declared clinically brain dead if: they cannot breath without assistance from a respirator for at least three minutes, the pupils have no response to light and finally, there is no deep pain reflex. After the criteria has been met, two physicians must agree on the diagnosis (Koerner 1). The public needs to be educated so that this incorrect vision can be changed.

Another myth that hinders the donation process is the belief that a loved one's body will not be suitable for viewing at the funeral services, or that the services will be delayed. According to Trever Mart, a surgical nurse on the transplant team at Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, the incision made when removing the organs is similar to that used when removing an appendix. It is possible that the patient may need to be sustained by life support systems to keep

the organs supplied with oxygen filled blood until suitable recipients are found. However, this is a fairly quick procedure because the sickest patients, those who are most apt to receive the organs, are confined to the hospital. The task of finding matches and removing the organs is usually accomplished in 12–24 hours. This process will not delay the services in any way.

The opposition argues that we should explore the possibilities of xenotransplantation before we mandate donation of all human organs. Xenotransplantation, the transplanting of organs between species offers many new possibilities. Research regarding the transfer of organs from primates, and more recently pigs, to humans is a booming industry. New technological advancements of immune-suppressant drugs will increase the success rate of cross species transplants (Creedon 18). The supporters attempt to paint a rosy picture. Further research into the facts behind cross-species transplants reveals a 100 percent failure rate. This is a grim future when one considers the three year survival rate of traditional heart transplant is 69 to 84 percent. Not only is the procedure unsuccessful, it also introduces the possibility of the transfer of diseases between species (Berger 1).

Some activists propose a radical change in our failing system; a mandated choice law coupled with compensated donation (Fentiman 46). This approach is patterned after those in third world countries. In order to persuade the families to donate their loved ones organs and tissues (such as corneas), the families are offered a cash value for the parts they choose to give to others. This is pushing the limit. In a matter of time the United States would resemble India; the poor people will be selling a kidney for grocery money (Creedon 18). Presumed consent, which won't ease the pain of a family suffering the loss of a minor, will help many other families cope with the concept of organ donation.

A presumed consent, or mandated choice, law would relieve the stress placed on grieving families, and on the health care worker. Doctors and nurses often are uncomfortable confronting families in this situation about the possibility of donation (Nelson & Murray 30). They don't want to "overburden them" during this difficult time. Many potential organ donors are lost because the health care profession avoids discussing this issue with the family. Usually the victims are young people that have been involved in a motor vehicle accident. The unexpected loss throws the survivors into shock. This is amplified because our societal fear of death, as well as simple procrastination, makes the issue of donation (and therefore death) a rarely discussed issue (Fentiman 44). Linda Fentiman, a professor of law, has drafted a presumed consent proposition that would require every adult to actively think about his/her wishes and to record them. For those deciding against donation, she states six times that denial to consent can be expressed. These opportunities are specifically drafted to include every socioeconomic level. They are: when visiting the DMV for a driver's license; filing an income tax return; filing applications for public assistance (such as food stamps); visiting the doctor; executing a living will; and when responding to a request from a health care professional (46). This knowledge would allow the bereaving family members to be spared of the decision and still be comforted by the fact that they are honoring their loved one's wishes.

Because health care workers won't be wary of confronting grieving families, there will be an increase in organ availability. This increase has the potential to save many lives. UNOS, the United Network for Organ Sharing, regularly releases statistics about the number of people on their waiting lists. The current numbers estimate that approximately 50,000 persons were waiting for an organ as of March 5, 1997. (UNOS " . . . waiting list" 1) Another service they provide is a statistic on the total patients who died while waiting for an organ. In 1996, this figure topped 3900 (UNOS "Reported . . ." 1). Aaron Spital, MD, says it is "estimated that 8 of these [patients on the waiting lists] will die every day while waiting for transplantation." (1). The fact that a majority of people in U.S. are willing donors but only 1 in 5 sign donor cards has vastly diminished the pool of possible donors (Fentiman 44). Another possibility for the drop in transplantable organs is the AIDS epidemic. As of 1994 AIDS had reduced potential organ donors by 10 percent (Fentiman 44). Other reasons include a nationwide change in the attitude and awareness of seat belts and airbags, the stricter laws regarding driving while intoxicated, and less travel involving high rates of speed. These changes have reduced the number of car accidents, and therefore the number of potential donors (Fentiman 44).

Presumed consent will give choice back to individual; where it belongs. Unlike the current system, a person's wishes upon death would be honored regardless of what the family wants (Berger 2). Instead of the concept of organ donation being fielded as a quick question from the clerk at the motor vehicle division, all competent adults would be required to record their wishes, either for or against removal of their organs (Spital 2). According to Carl Cohen Ph.D., the "presumed absence of consent" system we have now is unlike any other law in our country. He contends that this policy is unfair because it protects the minority while forcing the majority to register their views (qtd. in Berger 2). A mandated choice law would protect the thirty percent who choose not to donate from being included,

APPENDIX I

while still allowing the other seventy percent to be free of discrimination. All by simply registering their wishes with a special organization, much like donors do now.

Organ donation is clearly a matter of personal preference, and it should remain that way; a decision to be made by the individual, not the family. Our current system has many problems, namely the shortage of human organ donors. Contrary to popular belief, a presumed consent law would not result in unwarranted harvesting of organs. It could however, provide our society with the resources to save many lives. The decision to donate one's organs is truly an altruistic act, but it's an act that we often "forget" to make time for in our busy worlds. A mandated choice law, written to replace the current required request legislation, would force every competent adult to consider his/her opinion on donation, and to register it. If all families were able to be as giving as the Greens in a time of crisis, we wouldn't need to consider this radical change in the current system. But until our society becomes more educated and less selfish, a presumed consent law should be enacted to empower the individual and to protect his family.

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10. After workshopping the second draft, students revised their papers and met with the instructor for a conference; they made revisions again, and brought a fourth draft to the Final Workshop.

Assignment: Workshop 4/16/97

Instructor: Kris Bigalk

Due date:

Checksheet

English 118

1. Read over your partner's paper for logic and sense. Mark any problem areas.
2. Proofread for slang words and phrases, cross out all instances of "you" and "yours," and cross out the wishy-washy phrases ("I believe," "It seems to me," "I think," and "I feel"). Notice if the writer is varying his/her running acknowledgments for sources (is the writer always using "John Smith states," or "John Smith writes,")
3. Look for transitions between paragraphs. Has the writer indicated (through transition words or phrases) how each paragraph is related to the paragraph that came before it? If not, mark, "need transitions," on the paper.
4. Pay particular attention to the point in the paper where the cons end and the pros begin. What could be added to the transitional paragraph to make it clearer, or to indicate a major shift is about to occur?
5. Read the introduction. If it contains entirely general knowledge or bland background material, suggest an introductory strategy to the writer (story, shocking statistic, history, questions, etc.—use your handbook for ideas).
6. Read the conclusion. If it simply parrots the exact words of the main points or refutations, the wording needs to be changed. Are there transitions between ideas in the conclusion, or is it choppy and hard to understand?
7. Check the MLA style. Are paraphrases, quotes and statistics being cited correctly? *Remember, in MLA style a parenthetical citation looks like this: (Bigalk 12). The period comes after the citation. Also check the Works Cited. Are they in alphabetical order? Are they written correctly in MLA style?
8. Finally, proofread for grammatical, punctuation, spelling and other errors.

Revising Hints:

Don't take for granted that your partner has found every error in your paper. Look it over yourself, using the above questions as a guide, and/or go to the Writing Lab/Academic Achievement Center and let someone there help you look it over. *Remember that neglecting to cite a paraphrased source correctly is plagiarism; proofread carefully to make sure it is clear which ideas were originally from source material. It's not just the words that belong to an author, it's his/her ideas as well.*

11. After the Final Workshop, students edit their essays and make final changes, then turn in the Final Draft of the essay.

Here is Bobi's Final Draft:

Bobi Mart
Comp II
Professor Bigalk
April 11, 1997

Presumed Consent: Avoiding Future Suffering

Spread out across the back seat of his parents' rental car, Nicholas Green lay helpless in a pool of his own blood. Just minutes earlier he had been peacefully sleeping beside his four year old sister Eleanor. Then, in a blink of an eye, tragedy struck. Enjoying their family vacation, the Greens were touring the Italian countryside. Then, out of nowhere, a rusty old car pulled up beside them. A man whose face was draped in a handkerchief motioned for Reg Green to pull the car over. In a split second decision, Reg decided to flee. Shots rang out from the other car and shattered the Green's windows. Reg and Maggie were riddled with flying glass, but miraculously, the children slept through the whole ordeal. However, when Reg stopped the car and opened the back door he noticed blood seeping from a wound in his son's head. Seven-year-old Nicholas never woke up. While dealing with their devastating loss, the Green's displayed an act of true generosity; they decided to donate Nicholas' organs. As his father later said, "Someone should have the future he lost" (qtd in Darrach 42-50). Unfortunately, this decision is not as easy for the countless other families who are thrust into this position. Distraught by grief, over half of these families will refuse the option of organ donation (Spital 1).

The statistics alone prove that our current system is inadequate. The required request law is the present model being followed by hospitals wishing to remove the organs of a potential donor. In order to surgically remove the organs, the next of kin must first consent to the procedure. To ease the burden on the grieving families, there should be a presumed consent law that mandates organ donation, unless otherwise specified by the victim.

Those who oppose the proposed presumed consent laws contend that this law denies the individual the right to choose what happens to his/her organs at the time of death. Thomas Murray, a medical ethicist, believes that organ donation is, and should remain, an act of personal preference (Nelson & Murray 30). It is true that most people will donate the organs of their loved ones as an act of altruism, but for every 5500 families that say yes to donation, there is another that says no (Baker 153). Even if a person carries an organ donor card, his/her wishes can be overridden at the time of death (Abbott 1). By forcing the surviving family to make this decision, the current system actually takes the choice away from the individual and places it in the hands of their loved ones.

Many of those who are against the presumed consent law (also called the mandated choice law) cite cultural and religious reasons. In an appeal to ignorance, these people use religion as their tool. This allows them to side step the real issue, which is the death of a loved one. The thinking seems to be, "If we don't agree to donation, he/she may have a chance." The families are convinced that the doctors have made a mistake. In the web page titled "Does My Religion Approve of Organ Donation" the views of many major religions are discussed. The only faiths that discourage donation are the Gypsies (Romanys) and Shintos. With these two exceptions, all other denominations encourage donation as an act of charity, or at the very least, leave the decision up to the individual (Simbal 1-4).

The Shintos, who are Japanese, are part of a culture that views the dead body as "impure and dangerous", and the "desecration of bodies" is a serious crime (Fields-Meyer 112). Because of these beliefs, organ donation almost never occurs. However, after the death of Alex Van Cleave, a first grade student on the U.S. naval base in Yokosuka, these attitudes are changing. After Alex was pronounced brain dead, his parents decided to donate his kidneys to two Japanese youngsters. This act of kindness has prompted four thousand Japanese doctors to start a campaign to

encourage organ donation of brain dead patients. These physicians feel so strongly about the benefits of donation that they have announced that with or without a law, they will continue this endorsement (Fields-Meyer 111–112).

Many families are resisting the presumed consent proposition because they have been lured into believing the popular misconceptions that surround organ donation (Center for Organ Recovery and Education 1). Many families believe that their loved one will be denied life-saving medical treatment if they consent to requests for donation. Unfortunately, many people have the idea that doctors are “snatching” organs, and that the transplant team is scrubbed and always ready for action (Nelson & Murray 30). In reality, the request follows the determination of brain death. There are legally regulated guidelines that must be followed before the patient can be diagnosed as having no cerebral activity. The pamphlet “Understanding Brain Death” lists the conditions required for this indication. The patient must not have any drugs in their system that could depress the nervous system or slow the muscular responses. When the system is clear of these medications, the patient is declared clinically brain dead if: they cannot breath without assistance from a respirator for at least three minutes, the pupils have no response to light and finally, there is no deep pain reflex. After the criteria has been met, two physicians must agree on the diagnosis (Koerner 1). The public needs to be educated so that this incorrect vision can be changed.

Another myth that hinders the donation process is the belief that a loved one’s body will not be suitable for viewing at the funeral services, or that the services will be delayed. According to Trever Mart, a surgical nurse on the transplant team at Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, the incision made when removing the organs is similar to that used when removing an appendix. It is possible that the patient may need to be sustained by life support systems to keep the organs supplied with oxygen filled blood until suitable recipients are found. However, this is a fairly quick procedure because the sickest patients, those who are most apt to receive the organs, are confined to the hospital. The task of finding matches and removing the organs is usually accomplished in 12-24 hours. This process will not delay the services in any way.

The opposition argues that we should explore the possibilities of xenotransplantation before we mandate donation of all human organs. Xenotransplantation, the transplanting of organs between species, offers many new possibilities. Research regarding the transfer of organs from primates, and more recently pigs, to humans is a booming industry. New technological advancements of immune-suppressant drugs will increase the success rate of cross species transplants (Creedon 18). The supporters attempt to paint a rosy picture. Further research into the facts behind cross-species transplants reveals a 100 percent failure rate. This is a grim future when one considers the three year survival rate of traditional heart transplant is 69 to 84 percent. Not only is the procedure unsuccessful, it also introduces the possibility of the transfer of diseases between species (Berger 1).

Some activists propose a radical change in our failing system; a mandated choice law coupled with compensated donation (Fentiman 46). This approach is patterned after those in third world countries. In order to persuade the families to donate their loved ones’ organs and tissues (such as corneas), the families are offered a cash value for the parts they choose to give to others. This is pushing the limit. In a matter of time the United States would resemble India; the poor people will be selling a kidney for grocery money (Creedon 18). Presumed consent, which won’t ease the pain of a family suffering the loss of a minor, will help many other families cope with the concept of organ donation.

A presumed consent, or mandated choice law would relieve the stress placed on grieving families, and on the health care worker. Doctors and nurses often are uncomfortable confronting families in this situation about the possibility of donation (Nelson & Murray 30). They don’t want to “overburden them” during this difficult time. Many potential organ donors are lost because the health care profession avoids discussing this issue with the family. Usually the victims are young people that have been involved in a motor vehicle accident. The unexpected loss throws the survivors into shock. This is amplified because our societal fear of death, as well as simple procrastination, makes the issue of donation (and therefore death) a rarely discussed issue (Fentiman 44). Linda Fentiman, a professor of law, has drafted a presumed consent proposition that would require every adult to actively think about his/her wishes and to record them. For those deciding against donation, she states six times that denial to consent can be expressed. These opportunities are specifically drafted to include every socioeconomic level. They are: when visiting the DMV for a driver’s license; filing an income tax return; filing applications for public assistance (such as food stamps); visiting the doctor; executing a living will; and when responding to a request from a health care professional (46). This knowledge would allow the bereaving family members to be spared of the decision and still be comforted by the fact that they are honoring their loved one’s wishes.

APPENDIX I

Because health care workers won't be wary of confronting grieving families, there will be an increase in organ availability. This increase has the potential to save many lives. UNOS, the United Network for Organ Sharing, regularly releases statistics about the number of people on their waiting lists. The current numbers estimate that approximately 50,000 persons were waiting for an organ as of March 5, 1997. (UNOS " . . . waiting list" 1) Another service they provide is a statistic on the total patients who died while waiting for an organ. In 1996, this figure topped 3900 (UNOS "Reported . . ." 1). Aaron Spital MD, says it is "estimated that 8 of these [patients on the waiting lists] will die every day while waiting for transplantation." (1). The fact that a majority of people in US are willing donors but only 1 in 5 sign donor cards has vastly diminished the pool of possible donors (Fentiman 44). Another possibility for the drop in transplantable organs is the AIDS epidemic. As of 1994 AIDS had reduced potential organ donors by 10 percent (Fentiman 44). Other reasons include a nationwide change in the attitude and awareness of seat belts and airbags, the stricter laws regarding driving while intoxicated, and less travel involving high rates of speed. These changes have reduced the number of car accidents, and therefore the number of potential donors (Fentiman 44).

Presumed consent will give choice back to individual; where it belongs. Unlike the current system, a person's wishes upon death would be honored regardless of what the family wants (Berger 2). Instead of the concept of organ donation being fielded as a quick question from the clerk at the motor vehicle division, all competent adults would be required to record their wishes, either for or against removal of their organs (Spital 2). According to Carl Cohen Ph.D., the "presumed absence of consent" system we have now is unlike any other law in our country. He contends that this policy is unfair because it protects the minority while forcing the majority to register their views (qtd in Berger 2). A mandated choice law would protect the thirty percent who choose not to donate from being included, while still allowing the other seventy percent to be free of discrimination, all by simply registering their wishes with a special organization, much like donors do now.

Organ donation is clearly a matter of personal preference, and it should remain that way—a decision made by the individual, not the family. Our current system has many problems, namely the shortage of human organ donors. Contrary to popular belief, a presumed consent law would not result in unwarranted harvesting of organs. It could however, provide our society with the resources to save many lives. The decision to donate one's organs is truly an altruistic act, but it's an act that we often "forget" to make time for in our busy worlds. A mandated choice law, written to replace the current required request legislation, would force every competent adult to consider his/her opinion on donation, and to register it. If all families were able to be as giving as the Green's in a time of crisis, we wouldn't need to consider this radical change in the current system. But until our society becomes more educated and less selfish, a presumed consent law should be enacted to empower the individual and to protect his family.

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APPENDIX II

MLA Works Cited & Parenthetical Documentation for DMACC Writers

Although there is no universally agreed-upon system for acknowledging sources, there is agreement on both the need for documentation and the items that should be included. Writers should acknowledge sources for two reasons: to give credit to those sources and to enable readers to consult the sources for further information. The new MLA style adopted a simpler parenthetical citation method rather than using footnotes or endnotes.

GENERAL BOOKS

1. A book with one author

Works Cited Form:

Norris, William. *The Unsafe Sky: The Unvarnished Truth about Air Safety*. New York: Norton, 1901.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Norris 54).

2. Two books with the same author

Works Cited Form:

Lanham, Richard A. *Literacy and the Survival of Humanities*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1983.

—. *Style: An Anti-Textbook*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1974.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Lanham, Literacy 24).

(Lanham, Style 70).

3. A book with two or three authors

Works Cited Form:

Boeck, Wilhelm, William Cran and Robert McNeil. *The Story of English*. New York: Viking, 1986.

Parenthetical Documentation: (McCrum, Cran and McNeil 61).

4. A book with more than three authors

Works Cited Form:

Young, Ralph A., et al. *Personal Finance Companies*. New York: Viking, 1941.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Young et al. 12).

5. A book with an editor

Works Cited Form:

Newhall, Beaumont, ed. *Photography*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1989.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Newhall 114).

6. A book with an author and editor

Works Cited Form:

Whitman, Walt. *Leaves of Grass*. Ed. Emory Holloway. New York: Doubleday, 1926.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Whitman 22).

7. An anonymous book

Works Cited Form:

A Times Atlas of the World. 7th ed. New York: New York Times, 1985.

Parenthetical Documentation: (*A Times Atlas* 25).

PERIODICALS

8. An unsigned article in a magazine

Works Cited Form:

"Dubious Venture." *Time* 3 Jan. 1994: 64–5.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Dubious" 65).

9. A signed article in a magazine

Works Cited Form:

Cunningham, Kim. "US Davis Cuppers Set to Conquer." *World Tennis* Oct. 1988: 68–9.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Cunningham 68).

10. An unsigned newspaper article

Works Cited Form:

"Air Travel Less Safe Now." *The Orange County Register* 11 Aug. 1988: A10.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Air Travel" 10).

11. A signed newspaper article

Works Cited Form:

Malnic, Eric. "Jet Engine Wing Flaps Under Study." *Los Angeles Times* 2 Sept. 1988, B1+.

(The plus sign is used here to indicate that the article continues on other, not necessarily continuous, pages.)

Parenthetical Documentation: (Malnic 18).

12. A letter to the editor

Works Cited Form:

Masters, Mark. Letter. *The Futurist* Sept. 1988: 2.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Masters 2).

13. An unsigned editorial

Works Cited Form:

"Magic Words for College." Editorial. *Los Angeles Times* 3 May 1985, sec. 2: 6.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Magic Words" 6).

14. A signed editorial

Works Cited Form:

Birnbaum, Norman. "The Center Holds." Editorial. *Nation* 1 June 1985: 660–61.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Birnbaum 661).

ENCYCLOPEDIAS

15. An unsigned article from an encyclopedia

Works Cited Form:

"Cancer." *Encyclopedia Britannica: Micropaedia*. 1988 ed.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Cancer").

(Volume and page numbers are not required for an article appearing alphabetically in an encyclopedia.)

16. A signed article from an encyclopedia

Works Cited Form:

Pepper, Eleanor. "Interior Design." *Encyclopedia Americana*. 1987 ed.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Pepper 218).

OTHER SOURCES

17. An unsigned pamphlet

Works Cited Form:

Herbert Hoover: The Uncommon Man. Washington: Hoover Presidential Library Assn., 1974.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Herbert Hoover 16).

18. A signed pamphlet

Works Cited Form:

Lobsenz, Norman M. *Grandparents Today*. New York: Public Affairs Committee, 1987.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Lobsenz 10).

19. Television or Radio program

Works Cited Form:

Good Morning America. ABC. KABC, Los Angeles. 4 Oct. 1985.

Parenthetical Documentation: (*Good Morning America*).

20. An interview

Works Cited Form:

Seymour, Carolyn. Personal Interview. 7 Aug. 1988.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Seymour).

ELECTRONIC SOURCES

21. SIRS

Works Cited Form:

Clark, Matt. "Medicine: A Brave New World." *Newsweek* 5 Mar. 1992: 64–70. *SIRS CD-ROM*. SIRS Inc., Winter 1996.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Clark).

22. InfoTrac (Full text of article)

Works Cited Form:

Russo, Michelle Cash. "Recovering from Bibliographic Instruction Blahs." *RQ: Reference Quarterly* 32 (1992): 178–83. *Infotrac: Magazine Index Select ASAP II*. CD-ROM. Information Access. Dec. 1995.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Russo).

23. InfoTrac (Abstract of article)

Works Cited Form:

"Santa's Little Helper (Diary of an Elf at Macy's Department Store)" by David Sedaris. *Harper's Magazine* Dec. 1993: 13. Abstract. *Infotrac: Magazine Index Select ASAP II*. CD-ROM. Information Access. Dec 1995.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Santa's").

24. Des Moines Register

Works Cited Form:

Binnie, Ian. "Criticizing Vision 2005 Isn't Condemnation." *Des Moines Register* Oct. 31, 1995: 9. *CD News Des Moines Register*. CD-ROM. NewsBank, Inc. 1995.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Binnie).

25. CINAHL (Abstract of article)

Works Cited Form:

"Corneal Vascularization" by B. E. Caffery and J. E. Josephson. *Optometry-Clinics* 4.3 (1995): 19–29. Abstract. *Nursing & Allied Health (CINAHL)-CD*. CD-ROM. Silver Platter International N.V. Oct. 1995.

Parenthetical Documentation: ("Corneal").

26. Encyclopedia

Works Cited Form:

Klots, Alexander B. "Butterflies and Moths." *Grolier Multimedia*. Vers. 7.01. CD-ROM. Grolier. 1995.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Klots). 27. Internet

27. Internet

a. WWW (Original)

Works Cited Form:

Smith, James. "What Fun This Is." Online. Internet. Available HTTP: <http://www.fun.com> Accessed January 31, 1996.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Smith).

b. WWW (Electronic source with printed analogue)

Works Cited Form:

Loeb, Paul Rogat. "Greeks and Granolas and Steeps and Slackers." *Mother Jones*. Sept/Oct 1994. Online. Internet. Available HTTP:

http://www.mojones.com/mother_jones/SO94/loeb.html Accessed February 1, 1996.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Loeb).

c. Gopher

Works Cited Form:

Howe, Neil and William Strauss. "The New Generation Gap." *The Atlantic*. Dec. 1992. Online. Internet. Available Gopher: <gopher.eneews.com/Atlantic.Dec92> Accessed February 1, 1996.

Parenthetical Documentation: (Howe and Strauss)

APPENDIX III

World Wide Web Sites Useful to Writing Students:

Textra Connect User Support (computer-integrated classes only)

<http://web.wwnorton.com/connect.htm>

General Information for All Writers, Amateur and Professional

<http://www.inkspot.com/>

Evaluating the Worth of a WWW Site (whether or not to use it in a paper)

<http://www.delta.edu/~anburke/credible.html>

<http://www.delta.edu/~anburke/research2.html>

<http://devry-phx.edu/lrnresrc/dowsc/integrty.htm>

<http://alexia.lis.uiuc.edu/~janicke/Eval.html>

<http://www.lme.mankato.msus.edu/ded/tt/19eval.html>

Roget's Thesaurus

<http://www.thesaurus.com/>

Webster's Dictionary

<http://c.gp.cs.cmu.edu:5103/prog/webster?>

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations

<http://www.columbia.edu/acis/bartleby/bartlett/index.html>

Online Writing Labs:

Online Directory of Writers Guides and Writing Labs

<http://www.humberc.on.ca/~coleman/cw-ref.html>

Grammar help:

<http://www.interlog.com/~ohi/inkspot/style.html#grammar>

On-line MLA-Style Sheet for Internet Sources:

<http://www.cas.usf.edu/english/walker/mla.html>

Help with Research Papers:

<http://www.researchpaper.com>

Molly Miller captured
this image of two young
American Bald Eagles in their
nest high above the river in a
giant cottonwood tree.

Woven with dexterity and
skill these enormous nests
(up to 2,000 lbs.) are the
largest built by a single pair
of birds. The North and
South Skunk Rivers serve as
excellent home locations as
they meander across the state
of Iowa to join with the
Mississippi River, just south
of Burlington.

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