2010-2011 HONORS JOURNAL
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A Note From the Editors

Each academic year, the Honors Program embraces so many different and talented students. While those in the program get to see and hear a little bit of what the others are creating and working on, there is so much more behind an Honors student than what their Honors peers and faculty can see. That’s why we wanted this year’s journal to showcase a wide variety of artistic and academic pursuits that would really reflect what a unique and talented group we have.

Because the Honors Program thrives on cultivating a life-long love of learning in its students both in and out of the classroom, we asked the students for the work they are most proud of, whether or not it was for an Honors class . . . or any class at all. Once we saw how diverse the students’ submissions were, we set out to design a multi-dimensional journal that would grasp its readers by the eyes, ears, and hearts. You will see everything from paintings to formal essays to song lyrics to a few words from a couple of our esteemed Honors faculty members.

We hope you find this journal both challenging and enjoyable. May it fill you with a new desire to explore and learn more about this world that is full of so much knowledge and beauty just waiting for those curious enough to go looking for it.

Wishing you a rich and rewarding future,

Rebecca Woolston and Lauren Coppage

2010-2011 CSUS Honors Program Journal Editors

We would like to add a special thanks to Keith Leggett for his exquisite front cover artwork and to Whitney Clark for her invaluable help in designing this journal.
The Honors Tree – by Kevin Pham

First off, I would like to thank the Honors Program. The professors, advisors, students, and everyone involved in this organization has changed my perspective on life. Words cannot express what I have learned, so I decided to illustrate my knowledge through drawing.

Overview of Drawing

Initially, I felt overwhelmed by Honors 103 and what Professor Arnaud was asking me to do. My service learning partner was Harvest Sacramento, a nonprofit organization dedicated to collecting oranges, apples and other types of fruit from fruit trees in the Sacramento region. This organization is primarily funded through grants and its workers are mostly volunteers. I did not have very much experience in collecting fruit and community organizing, and because of this I did not think that I could contribute in assisting this organization.

After a couple meetings with my supervisor, Randy, I realized that I can contribute in different ways for my community partner. For example, I found useful articles and websites that Randy needed in order to make a brochure. I attended gleaning events and helped pick the fruit from the trees. Finally I created a video to showcase the goals of Harvest Sacramento, the people the organization serves, and the future of my community partner. Overall, I feel that I have assisted Harvest Sacramento greatly.

For my E-Portfolio, I wanted to showcase my community partner and the Honors Program at the same time. The roots of the tree illustrate the Honors Program’s core values: cognition, communication, participation, and lifelong sustained learning. Under each core value, I drew what I felt best described a academic course that I have taken in the Honors Program. From there, the roots ascend up into an orange tree. I call this tree The Honors Tree. The Honors Tree represents my organization and the individuals collecting the fruit represent the volunteers of Harvest Sacramento. The main focus of my drawing is that everyone strives to have a strong foundation, whether it is morals or principles they abide by. Like the roots of a tree, the Honors Program has made my foundations stronger, clearer, and more definite.

However, my journey of learning has just begun. I included the quote by Voltaire, “we must cultivate our garden,” because throughout life we must constantly work to improve ourselves and the community. We should never settle because there is always more to learn and more people to help out in this world.
I'm sorry that Prospect Park isn't long enough a street for me to shake off my naivety
And all this heat between my shoulders will pass with this evening air
And my friends near, I'll take my pride by surprise and flip my conscience on its side
I'll take the long way home and find out all that's wrong in my head
and drive out the demons in the words that I said

These sleepless nights aren't worth it anymore so I won't waste my time
Holding walls up and breaking them down again
You're the air that I can't breathe in
Give me oxygen

I've learned a few things from love to find that I know nothing at all, I gave my all
But when you give yourself you never get it all back again
(A burning house think fast of what to take away;
your sense of pride or the heart that you gave away)
I'm tired of yelling these five dollar lines into the sky with no reply
Just monitored disappointment, heavy handed cynicism
We'll be in luck to wake up

These sleepless nights aren't worth it anymore so I won't waste my time
Holding walls up and breaking them down again
You're the air that I can't breathe in
Give me oxygen

I can't feel anything from you

I found my weaknesses hiding behind my self-preserved defensiveness;
I'm burning from the promises
I never ever plan to keep; my self-control is losing me
I need to soak myself in hope and drain out all the things that kept me low

Listen to more music by Joshua Cosico and Streetlight Fire at http://streetlightfire.bandcamp.com/
I was sober for about a month.

Practical Recovery, a website helping those with addictions, defines addiction as, “the repeated involvement with any substance or activity, despite the excessive costs of this involvement because of craving.”

Addictions range from drugs, alcohol, even chocolate. My addiction was much more common, the result of a combination of two things. The addiction affects multiple demographics, including sufferers of all ages, genders, and ethnicities. In fact, I’m pretty sure some of you suffer from an addiction to Facebook and YouTube.

Don’t deny it. These sites are addicting. In fact, substitute “any substance or activity” with Facebook or YouTube and it paints an accurate description of these time-suckers.

This is my story.

I came to Sac State as an Honors student, part of Cohort Five. Even though it was my first semester, I already had a 10-page paper for my history class. It was due in November and my first day of class was August, so I was in no hurry to work on it. The weeks went by and it was already the middle of October. So I made a plan to sit down and do some research, maybe start forming my introductory paragraph. That never happened. Why? Because I was scrolling through Facebook, or watching the same videos over and over again on YouTube.

Most people can relate to the situation I had. When I’m bored or don’t feel like doing homework, I open my laptop with the usual attitude of, “I just need five minutes on Facebook” or, “I just need to watch KeyJumba’s new video”. Those “five minutes” turn into “five hours” and “just KeyJumba” becomes “just KeyJumba and WongFu Productions and RhettAndLink and the Nuna Nuna Guy and Rebecca Black’s “Friday” and...

The addiction grows:

I log onto Facebook, in hopes of seeing little red boxes at the top left corner. I search through the News Feed. A comment here, a reply there. There’s really nothing else you can do. And yet, I’m logged on for three more hours, staring at the screen, perhaps looking through the
News Feed again, or Facebook-stalking friends. Then I go to YouTube because I have to watch that video of the sneezing panda—but just the panda, because I have homework. Before you know it, it’s 11:30 at night and that homework is still waiting.

Anyway.

The due date for the paper was coming up fast and I was wasting precious time. I heard it takes 21 days to form a habit. So, I used this idea to break a habit. This way, I could control how much time I spent on social networking websites. For 21 days, I was on a Facebook/YouTube fast. I did this to focus on the history paper, but by the end, I also learnt some lessons.

The first few days of my fast were difficult. I’d heard horror stories of breaking addiction and I felt like a drug going through withdrawal. I was restless and I didn’t know what to do with myself. I texted some of my friends to distract myself, but still felt too restless to type up simple messages. I bit my nails to the nub to take some of the edge off. It was then I realized how addicted I was and saw how unproductive and distracted I became with these sites around. I was a mess.

After a few days of restlessness, I sat down and told myself I was going to be productive. It was the most productive weekend I had all semester. I opened Internet Explorer to find research, not log on to Facebook. When I grew tired of writing, I picked up my guitar instead of losing time on YouTube. After writing five pages, I watched the new episodes of “How I Met Your Mother” and “Glee” to reward myself. A page or two later, I decided to stop and do other homework. I did other homework. I usually do my homework the day of class (thereby defeating the purpose of homework), but because of my fast, a lot more work was getting finished. Not just done, but finished.

Just like that, the last half of that weekend was free. I didn’t go to sleep worrying about what I needed to do the next day because I had NOTHING to do. I went out with friends and didn’t need to go home early because I had an essay to write. I went to bed early Sunday night because I wasn’t staying up late watching videos of baby monkeys riding on pigs. It was like this for the rest of my fast, up to the day I turned in my paper.
This experience was such an awakening for me. Did you know more people spend their time on Facebook than on Yahoo, Wikipedia, Microsoft, Amazon, Google, and YouTube combined? Did you know that when the Vlogbrothers of YouTube multiplied the number of views all their videos have received with the average length of each video, it totaled to 427,000,000 minutes? This means that viewers of the Vlogbrothers have spent 812 years watching videos. And that’s only one channel.

I complain all the time about never having enough time to do homework because I’m, “so busy,” or I have, “more important things to do.” The reality is that I have all the time in the world. I just waste it all on Facebook and YouTube. Whenever Lent rolled around, I gave up one of them and compensated with the other. Giving up both at the same time made me realize how attached I was to the websites. Social networking has become such an integral part of our lives because of how technology affects us. Think about it, though: are they really that important? Do you really talk to all of your Facebook friends? What will you gain from watching all of communitychannel’s videos?

I realized the purpose of these sites was to give us leisure time, allow us to relax. We want to forget about hectic schedules and look through vacation pictures our friends just posted. We don’t want to feel stressed, but instead experience uncontrollable laughter that comes with watching a video of a skateboarder falling on his face. We forget that we have more options for leisure: go outside, fly a kite, hang out with friends, read a book. So what’s the need for these social networking sites if you have all this other stuff you can do?

Why watch other people live when you could be living yourself?

With these revelations, I became stronger through my fast and am proud to say I was Facebook/YouTube sober for about a month. I’m not going to lie and tell you I’ve been in control since then. In fact, a few days after I turned in my paper, I relapsed. As I write this, I have my Facebook tab open when I know that it’s better to log off. Even though I’m back to my old ways, I still check myself. I watch how much time I spend on Facebook and YouTube. I try to get all my work done before I go online (because let’s face it, it’s addicting). As difficult as it is, it’s possible to completely cut yourself off. I was able to do it, even if it was for only a month. In this case, a little relapsing is okay. Social media has become part of my generation’s way of life. You just have to understand the power of these time-suckers and know your willpower is stronger than the lure.

I’m April and I was sober for a month. I relapsed, but I’m doing okay because now I’m in control.

Well... I’m working on it.
Bibliography


Vlogbrothers, “WE ARE 812 YEARS OLD“. Video, 3 minutes and 27 seconds. 2011 February 2011. [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fbWFo2tTxPM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fbWFo2tTxPM)
Government is meant as a tool to serve the people, to not only protect private of justice and fairness. Isaiah Berlin emphasizes the importance that negative freedom plays in the equality of individuals. Lastly, Robert Nozick theorizes that
Government is meant as a tool to serve the people, to not only protect private property, but also to effectively make choices that best promote the welfare and equality of all its citizens. John Rawls proposes *A Theory of Justice* to best explain how equality can be achieved in society built on foundations of justice and fairness. Isaiah Berlin emphasizes the importance that negative freedom plays in the equality of individuals. Lastly, Robert Nozick theorizes that equality can best be promoted through distribution. Nozick’s *entitlement theory on holdings*, Berlin’s theory of *negative freedom* and Rawls’s theory of *justice as fairness* all emphasize the importance that morality and justice play in the equality of individuals within society. Government cannot ensure that everyone has equal opportunity, but it can ensure that citizens have similar access to certain primary goods, which according to Rawls are “the things that every rational man is presumed to want” ([Rawls 1999] 2008: 279). Government should promote the equality of all by ensuring homogeneous civil rights and liberties through justice and fairness.

John Rawls proposes in *A Theory of Justice* that the most efficient way to promote equality is through fairness, and more specifically, *justice as fairness*. When Rawls promoted his theory of justice as fairness, he most accurately meant “rightness as fairness” ([Rawls 1999] 2008: 271). Rawls major theory disputes the difference between what is right and what is good, drawing special attention to how often these words can be interpreted as synonymous. What is good is usually referred to in a utilitarian sense as to what can provide the most for society, but this “good” runs the risk of ignoring basic human rights. What is right however is based on moral code, on what is just. From this criterion, Rawls bases his theory on principles of what is just to all. His critique comes largely in response to general forms of utilitarian thinking in which the good can often be looked at as the most important. “In the absence of strong and lasting benevolent impulses, a rational man would not accept a basic structure merely because it maximized the algebraic sum of advantages irrespective of its permanent effects on his own basic rights and interests” ([Rawls 1999] 2008: 269). Rawls proposes to best promote justice as fairness; in response, society must first examine the methods of distribution.

To best promote equality and fairness, Rawls suggests that society should choose its principles and methods of justice from the *original position* while behind a *veil of ignorance*. “This ensures that no one is advantaged or disadvantaged in the choice of principles by the outcomes of natural chance or the contingency of social circumstance” ([Rawls 1999] 2008: 268). The original position partly removes the chance of bias from the individual while the veil of ignorance forces individuals to make decisions that ideally would not only benefit them in positions of benevolence, but also in positions of squalor. By forcing individuals to think in egalitarian terms, they bypass many notions of selfishness allowing them to make decisions that can benefit all rather than just some, thus improving equality.
Rawls’s two principles of justice are the foundation for which society and government can promote equality. His first principle emphasizes the importance that “each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive scheme of equal basic liberties…” (Rawls [1999] 2008: 278). The second principle, which is vital to Rawls’s conception of justice says, “Social and economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are…reasonably expected to be to everyone’s advantage…” (Rawls [1999] 2008: 279). By ensuring that any inequality felt between groups of citizens was advantageous, Rawls allows some inequality because it proves to be a positive benefit to society. Berlin’s conception of negative freedom conflicts with this because he sees the root of inequality starting with individuals in relation to each other.

Isaiah Berlin’s Two Concepts of Liberty promotes a dichotomy of two concepts of liberty: positive and negative liberty. Positive liberty is the freedom one possesses to express given liberty, “the freedom to”. Negative liberty on the other hand is freedom from coercion and other impediments or “the freedom from”. Freedom from impediments leads to equality because without barriers separating citizens based on social, biological, religious, or ethnic differences, they are ideally on a level playing field. During the Civil Rights Era, citizens fought inequality that grew from an intrusion into their negative freedom.

. Berlin describes the restrictions on negative freedom as a result of individual and group relationships in society. “You lack political liberty or freedom only if you are prevented from attaining a goal by human beings” (Berlin [1958] 2008: 346). The best way for the government to promote negative freedom, which in itself promotes equality, is to ensure that all members of society are given equal protection under the law and that all citizens enjoy basic civil rights and liberties. Robert Nozick similarly believes that it is the relationship that individuals hold between themselves that influences their equality.

Nozick theorizes in his entitlement theory of justice in holdings that “If each person’s holdings are just, then the total set (distribution) of holdings is just” (Nozick [1974] 2008: 315). Holdings in this case can represent something as complex as civil rights or even something as minimal as a slice of pie (resources). His theory proposes three criteria in order to meet this justification: legitimate acquisition of holdings, legitimate transfer of holdings, and legitimate entitlement to holdings based on the “applications of 1 and 2” (Nozick [1974] 2008: 314). Nozick points out that his entitlement theory is the most effective because measurements such as morality or I.Q. (examples that Nozick uses) are “patterned principle[s] that look to information not contained in distributional matrices” (Nozick [1974] 2008: 317). As Nozick says, the reason these patterned principles do not work in determining justice and equality is that they are not measureable amounts. Who can fairly and justly determine if someone has more morality than another or even that
Equality and How Best to Promote It - by Troy Jurach

someone is more intelligent than another? Someone can appear to possess morality while something as complex as intelligence can be hard to measure. “The principle of entitlement we have sketched is not patterned. There is no one natural dimension or weighted sum or combination of a small number or natural dimensions that yields the distributions generated in accordance with the principle of entitlement” (Nozick [1974] 2008: 317). Nozick’s theory legitimizes the poor distribution of holdings, but emphasizes the importance of acquiring them through honest and moral means. In the case of Nozick, the best role government could play in the promotion of equality is to ensure that all transfers and acquisitions of holdings are done within the limits of the law and with justice. Though it is important for society and government to promote equality, it is irrational to believe that government’s promotion of equality is the same as equal opportunity.

Even when government can universally apply human rights and liberties, it does not ensure that individuals will be given equal opportunity. When Jefferson wrote of humanity, “that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness” (Jefferson [1776]) he carefully chose his rhetoric. By using the word pursuit, he emphasizes the importance that equal opportunity does not equate to equality; it simply allows choice and possibility. In reference to decisions, Berlin says, “The mere existence of alternatives is not, therefore, enough to make my action free (although it may be voluntary) in the normal sense of the word” (Berlin [1958] 2008: 350).

Though equal freedoms and restriction best equate to equality in society, Berlin argues that the freedom of choice alone does not equate to freedom. Nozick promotes that the legitimacy of acquisition and transfer of holdings promotes equality. Rawls emphasizes that something as complex as equality is impossible and promotes that any inequality is authorized as long as it benefits the most disadvantaged in society. Equality’s complexity makes it difficult to promote as an advantage to all, but through promoting what is right first, followed by what is good, government can improve society and allow for its exponential growth.


The Gates of Versailles – by Erica Brown
Green Plant Strings – by Erica Brown
La Tour Eiffel – by Erica Brown
Parody of “A Late Aubade” by Richard Wilbur – by Saugher Nojan

**A Late Aubade**

By Richard Wilbur

You could be sitting now in a carrel
Turning some liver-spotted page,
Or rising in an elevator-cage
Toward Ladies’ Apparel.

You could be planting a raucous bed
Of salvia, in rubber gloves,
Or lunching through a screed of someone’s loves
With pitying head.

Or making some unhappy setter
Heel, or listening to a bleak
Lecture on Schoenberg’s serial technique.
Isn’t this better?

Think of all the time you are not
Wasting, and would not care to waste,
Such things, thank God, not being to your taste.
Think what a lot

Of time, by woman’s reckoning,
You’ve saved, and so may spend on this,
You who had rather lie in bed and kiss
Than anything.

It’s almost noon, you say? If so,
Time flies, and I need not rehearse
The rosebuds-theme of centuries of verse.
If you must go,

Wait for a while, then slip downstairs
And bring us up some chilled white wine,
And some blue cheese, and crackers, and some fine
Ruddy-skinned pears.

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**Parody of “A Late Aubade” by Richard Wilbur**

By: Saugher Nojan

You could be at the factory
pressing some breathtaking
button, or watching any class of
people play ball in a barren stadium.

You could be playing poker
with friends, drinking beer all the same in
your green-tinted visor. Or how about calling
your mother for a change? She’d love to see your smile.

Or building a house for the poor
pooch, or fixing that jeep of yours
making that cacophonous clamor.
Aren’t those things better?

Think of all the time you’re wasting!
And care to waste, Oh God, you
should check upon your tastes!
Think of all

The time you’re spending! Valuable
time ticking to an end. I know
you’d rather stay and lay, but
having wasted so much time today
with hardly any labor pains
you ought to seize the day!

It’s almost night, you say? If so,
times-a-wasting you ought
to go! Seize the night! Why
do tomorrow what you can do tonight?
But if you must stay,

Then do us both a favor and
slip downstairs and give that
most handsome, cozy couch
company along with those copious
covers in the hall closet.
Wont you, my love?
Bubble Girl – by Amy Bush
“That for which [a tulip] is beautiful is not something that might one day be known, such that progress in knowledge might later permit us to find it beautiful and to know why.” - Derrida (Beech 87)

Why must we shut ourselves off from the possibility of knowing why a tulip is beautiful? It could happen. An apple seed has to die in order for us to see what it can truly do. There is life in the death of an apple seed as it grows into a tree. What if we can know why a tulip is beautiful only once we have died? Are we much different from an apple seed?

We carry life around in our bodies, but they deteriorate. Does the body control the spirit or does the spirit control the body? Is time stronger than Beauty that it should conceal it forever?

Yet, there is something about the unknown that is beautiful. It is the hope of finding out that is beautiful. Who wants to go on a treasure hunt when he knows there is no treasure? There is a purpose to Kant’s tulip. They say we only use a small portion of our brains. Maybe somewhere in the unused portions is a way to understand Beauty. Maybe not. The possibility is beautiful – there is potential there, there is hope. Derrida said that Beauty is always striving toward an end, but what happens to it when the striving ends? Our senses leave us, and where does our journey toward Beauty end?
Steiner comments that, “beauty is an unstable property because it is not a property at all. It is the name of a particular interaction between two beings, a ‘Self’ and an ‘Other’” (Beech 46). Scientific language such as “unstable” and “property” when used to discuss Beauty poses a problem in itself. Beauty cannot be contained or accurately expressed in a line graph; it is made of different material, or non-material. The nature of this interaction between the “Self” and the “Other” is outside the scientific method. We are now in the world of “good vibes,” feelings, auras, relational “chemistry,” and awkwardness. What is the nature of this interaction between these two beings, and how can it come to be called Beauty? How do babies grow and learn to learn? How does anyone learn? Some call it a miracle, just as they call birth a miracle. It is life that fuels the learning and growing. Miracles exist apart from science because once they are explained, they are no longer miraculous. Miracles come from the realm of the supersensible.

What is the nature of these “two beings” of which Steiner writes? Must they be human? Must at least one of them be human? Must they be observed by a human in order to be beautiful? Can non-human beings recognize Beauty between themselves? Science cannot answer this question. Can a human thinking about the Beauty that could exist between two plants he has never seen before and doesn’t know exist in fact find Beauty in these unseen and hypothetical plants? To what extent does Beauty rely upon human declaration or observation in order to exist? Helene Cixous says, “To say something always betrays something” (Lispector xi). Do we give away Beauty’s secrets when we speak of it? “When I use [words], I’ll be destroying a little of what I felt – but it’s inescapable . . . “ (Lispector 73-4). Or do we betray something other than Beauty when we speak of Beauty? Are Cixous’ “something”s the same thing? Do we even have the power to betray something as powerful as Beauty with our speech? Steiner would say that Beauty only exists when we speak of it, whether that is vocal speech or body language. The interaction is where Beauty thrives. But what if Beauty is not an interaction but an entire entity in itself? What if the interactions that Steiner calls Beauty are just signals pointing to true Beauty?

It could be true; Beauty could exist apart from human knowledge. Again, the supersensible. If Beauty is an entire entity in itself, it might or might not depend upon anything or “non-thing” to exist. It could be autonomous or dependent. It could exist apart from human knowledge, but then how am I writing about it right now? Where did the word “Beauty” come from if Beauty is hiding from humans?

Ignorance does not change the law in court. “I didn’t know I was speeding, officer,” is not going to get you a reprieve from your speeding ticket. The law exists whether or not you are aware of it. And so do the consequences. The world is round no matter what scientists thought hundreds of years ago. Beauty comes from the world of terra incongnita (Solnit). The nature of Beauty lies in the unknown, the maybe. Beauty is potential. There are possibilities. Could. Might. Maybe. Finding new things suggests that there are more new things to find. Inspiration. Motivation. Hope. Keep looking. The world is bigger than any one human. No one person will ever know everything there is to know. Defeating? Only if you want it to be. Beauty is bigger than us.

Then how does Beauty come to us? Through intention? Accident? Revelation? Instinct? At least we know humans didn’t create Beauty. Beauty is not material, and humans cannot create (bring into being) something that consists of non-material because we only have material to work with. Man cannot make something out of nothing. Did man create calculus or arithmetic or rhetoric or design? No. They pieced together formulas and theories to explain these things, but they created nothing. What is art then? “It sometimes even seems as if the greatest artists borrow most . . . each, great as he was, understood that creations out of nothing are possible only for God. We seem in the end to be left with a series of revivals” (Adams 81). What is human creativity, if there is such a thing? It’s just rearranging. What about the readymades? The artist didn’t make them, they were already made. Wouldn’t it be more accurate to say that man discovered these things? In what way did they discover them? We guess at the details of Beauty, try and err, and then find something that glimmers and we say, “There! That’s beautiful. If I could see Beauty, I would guess it might look like this.” What if we didn’t discover Beauty, but it was revealed to us? Then who revealed it to us? How? When?
On Beauty – by Lauren Coppage

How can we sense (taste, touch, smell, hear, see) The Beautiful but not Beauty from which The Beautiful derives its essence? The Beautiful is like Beauty but is not Beauty itself.

Beauty revives The Beautiful. Sunsets die as the earth moves away from the sun, but Beauty revives them tomorrow. The lungs revive breath from the death of exhalation.

“There is nothing new under the sun” King Solomon (Ecclesiastes 1:9)

What if Beauty has the power to reveal itself to us?

What if Beauty and pain are autonomous?

Then Beauty would move away from pain and ugliness or any threatening force, but it would leave a trace of itself there. Essentially, Beauty would move itself away from the world altogether. That’s why we can’t find it; we only find The Beautiful, which is the trace of Beauty.

When night comes, it doesn’t wound the sunshine; the earth just moves away from it. Darkness doesn’t wound light, but light moves and makes way for it.

When I am sick, where does my health go?

Does it disappear and then reappear later, or can health be destroyed?

Where did life go when Christ died?

It wasn’t destroyed because he got it back in his body when he came back to life.

What if Beauty and pain don’t have agency but are just pawns being moved by a larger force or forces. This Beauty/pain war could be like a supernatural game of chess where Beauty and pain are the opposing pieces, and there is a different “player” for Beauty than for pain. Two different players are necessary because each side must possess some kind of conviction in order to engage in “battle.” What is the point in fighting if you are indifferent about the subjects? And each player must be bigger than Beauty or pain in order to wield them. Anyone bigger than Beauty or pain must be God or god-like, surely a supernatural being. Then we humans are the squares on the chessboard. Beauty and Pain move on and off (in and out) of us, leaving a trace of their essence in our lives. If Beauty and pain are just pawns, then what are their masters battling for? FORM. Physical form – human, animal, vegetable. To inhabit these things. Beauty inhabits a flower when it blooms and pain inhabits a flower when it dies. (Can a flower know pain?) Maybe the battle isn’t just between Beauty and pain. Maybe there are many more supernatural pieces in the battle. That’s beyond the scope of this paper.

What is the nature of these traces that the Beauty and pain pieces leave behind in the “Chess squares” of human life?
On Beauty – by Lauren Coppage

Works Cited


Milano Bella – by Whitney Clark
It Girl – by Amy Bush
“Oh blues!” is a refrain that can be heard in both the poetry of Langston Hughes and the blues music contemporary to his 1920s writing. While Hughes exclaims “Oh blues!” in his poem, “The Weary Blues” (11, 16), Ma Rainey sings it in her song entitled “Blues Oh Blues.” Hughes’ subject in his poem sings the words, “I ain’t got nobody” (19), the very title of a Bessie Smith song. The blues runs through Hughes’ poetry like lifeblood and heartbeat, both as an emotional state and as a unique style of expressing that state. Along with blues musicians, Hughes developed a poetic style that could authentically be considered African-American. His poem “The Weary Blues” embodies the blues as thoroughly as any song because it uses the same kind of language and rhythmic patterns to meet the same purpose: expressing honestly the emotions that come with real life for common, often beaten-down people.

“The Weary Blues” uses the African-American vernacular also sung in blues music, imbuing the poem with the strength of a real voice. Paul Garon explains, “The blues is a musical and poetic expression of working-class black Americans,” (2). To make this expression truthful, blues songs and poetry are full of the “ain’ts” and “I’s gonnas” and “no mo’s” of the contemporary African American
Blues Oh Blues! – by Cortney Copeland

vernacular. For instance, the subject in Hughes’ poem sings, “I’s gwine to quit ma frownin’” (21), while Ma Rainey sings “he don’t care a thing for me” (“Deep Moaning Blues”). Using the style of everyday speech creates a sense of immediacy and realness, and most importantly, sincerity. Hearing a blues song or reading “The Weary Blues” is like hearing the words in a normal conversation with somebody, and this somebody could be a neighbor down the street. The statements are believable and easy to identify with. When coupled with their emotionally intense content, this nearness creates a stark reality of the suffering behind and poignancy of the lyrics in the lives of regular people. It is nearly impossible to hear or read the blues and not feel empathy, because the speaker is so familiar and earnest.

The readily accessible emotional power of the blues also comes through in the use of concrete visual imagery. “The Weary Blues” describes a setting that is “rickety” (12), “raggy” (13), and “old” (5,18), illuminated “by the pale dull pallor of an old gas light” (5). The words conjure a detailed image of a place that is barely holding together. Years of poverty manifest themselves quietly, but unavoidably, in the worn-out furniture in forlornly dim light. The rickety legs of the stool and weak light of the lamp embody the truths of being used up, worn out, and poor. Emotions are expressed physically rather than abstractly; tiredness and loneliness are seen in the setting and heard in the imagined creaking of the furniture. Visual descriptions of the subject’s actions also manifest the emotions of the blues, as Hughes’ musician sways and rocks and sings and thumps his feet, making “that poor piano moan with melody” (10). The poem does not have to describe the man’s emotions; instead it describes their physical expression so they can be felt in the reader’s body rather than contemplated in the mind. The lyrics in Ma Rainey’s song “Deep Moaning Blues” function the same way. She utters, “I had the blues so bad / I set right down on the floor.”¹ She never has to say what the blues are, or use complex language to explain her feelings. The simple action of just sitting down on the floor, too heavy with anguish or despair to even walk over to a chair, is vividly seen and felt. Ma Rainey communicates a range of profound emotions directly through the senses by describing a physical action that can explain what words do not, and Langston Hughes employs this concrete style in his poetry.

¹ These lyrics are taken from listening to a recording of the song, and due to the poor sound quality may not be written the same way as they are officially recorded. Also, no line numbers can be given.
With its characteristic vernacular and simple visual imagery, blues style is unreservedly honest and aboveboard, and all the more meaningful because of it. As Mary Ellison says, “Speaking truth is also what the blues do best” (121). Blues songs and poems get to the point; they are profound without being esoteric. In both “The Weary Blues” and blues songs of its time, profundity comes through the seemingly unfiltered medium of experience. Both music and poetry directly express emotions rather than describing them. The blues cannot be separated from the people who feel them, and are therefore conveyed in their words, actions, and physical realities.

One of the physical realities of the blues is tiredness, which manifests itself in a slow tempo. This tiredness and its typical slow tempo are clearly described and manifested in the title and text of “The Weary Blues.” The narrator observes a man playing “a drowsy syncopated tune” (1). The phrase is a suitting description for both “Oh Blues” and “Deep Moaning Blues” by Ma Rainey. The long slow notes of the melody and lazy way the instruments and vocals slide toward a pitch rather than hitting it right at the start give the songs an almost drunken, sleepy, swinging quality. This slow swinging of the music shows itself in the body of Hughes’ subject: “He did a lazy sway… / He did a lazy sway…” (6-7). Here concrete visual imagery demonstrates the lazy swinging of the music through the slow swaying of a musician. He moves to match his “drowsy” music. Furthermore, the lines themselves are slowed in tempo by the ellipses that draw out their endings, and they slow down the rhythm of the rest of the poem because they are shorter than the lines before them. A line of the same length and rhythm as these lines ends the first stanza, while these end the second stanza. Their brevity slows the progress of the poem by creating a natural pause before the next stanza, much like the pause a singer uses to take a breath. Through these subtle techniques, “Many of Hughes’s poems exhibit a slow tempo and rhythm which is a common trait in most styles of blues. What is more, there exists some degree of internal variation in breath rhythm that contributes to the blues effect” (Lionel Davidas 1). Within the established slow blues tempo come many rhythmic variations which create emphasis to add emotional expression. Two of the most noticeable aspects of blues rhythm and poetry are syncopation and use of rhythmic variations.
Syncopation, which Hughes refers to in describing a “syncopated tune,” is part of what gives jazz and blues music its characteristic “swing.” The notes are not rhythmically symmetrical or always evenly on the beat. They are sometimes lengthened or shortened or sounded in between beats, to create different and unexpected accents. Almost all blues music has syncopated rhythms, including the previously mentioned songs by Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith. Hughes imitates this in the rhythms of his poetry. According to Davidas, “Hughes’s poems have a great sense of musicality, of lilt, of “swing” about them” (2). This lilt gives music and poems a rich and moving quality, and in the case of the blues also creates a slow, deliberate heaviness while keeping the listener’s attention with variations and heavily accented beats. In both blues songs and Hughes’ poem, particular phrases are accented with different syncopated rhythms so they stand out. In the midst of a phrase in which every other syllable is accented there may come a series of syllables that are all punched with the same force, whether or not they are on the main beat. These accents often come in the middle of a line, which in music is frequently accentuated by the rise in pitch at that point. In “Deep Moaning Blues” such heavy rhythmic accents fall in phrases like “I had the blues so bad / I set right down on my floor.” The words “blues so bad” are all heavily and evenly accented, and they are sustained longer than the other words in the phrase. Immediately after, the words “set right down” form a rhythmic triplet, also evenly accented but only briefly sustained. This phrase mirrors less intensely the focus on “blues so bad” so that these two three-syllable phrases are rhythmically the focus of the line. Rhythmic emphasis happens similarly in Hughes’ line, “He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool” (13). “Sad raggy tune” and “musical fool” have the same rhythmic structure. Each syllable in these two four-syllable phrases is given the same beat and nearly the same stress (in each phrase the first, second, and fourth syllables naturally receive equal stress while the third syllable is slightly less stressed. The stressed syllables therefore create a syncopated rhythm.) These two phrases stand out from the rest of the line because they are unexpectedly accented and they mirror each other, just like “blues so bad” and “set right down” in Ma Rainey’s song.
A common form of this type of rhythmic emphasis is the triplet. A triplet consists of three sounds made in the time taken up by one beat. If the beat is one strike of a drum per second, a triplet is striking the drum evenly three times in that second. Triplets make many appearances in the instrumental lines of both “Blues Oh Blues” and “Deep Moaning Blues,” and create an interesting emphasis in the following passage from “The Weary Blues.”

He did a lazy sway…

To the tune o’ those weary blues

(6-8)

The first two lines have an accent falling on every other syllable, creating an evenly alternating emphasis and a natural tendency to read the line with a syncopated rhythm that sustains the stressed syllables longer than the unstressed ones. If that syncopated beat and alternating accent are kept into the next line, “To the” puts two beats in the time of one while “tune o’ those” is a triplet and “weary blues” returns to the original pattern, mirroring “lazy sway.” The repetition of the first rhythmic pattern creates a sense of expectation, especially coming after the much longer lines that begin the poem. As Yusef Komunyakaa says, “The short lines of the blues poems create a syncopated insistence and urgency” (1). This urgency is vented and then relieved by the rhythmic variation of the third line, which emphasizes the extra beats and concludes the phrase by rhythmically returning to the original pattern. The rhythmic sense of anticipation and conclusion matches the grammatical structure of the phrase, with its first two lines trailing off in ellipses and the third line finally ending with some definitiveness. As previously mentioned, the ellipses create a pregnant pause much like the one during which a singer takes a big breath before starting the next line of a song. Blues songs noticeably have long periods between vocals, during which the expectation to hear something grows. When pauses and slow notes are followed by faster rhythmic variations like triplets, whatever is sung (or said) receives an intense amount of emphasis. It is for this reason that Ellison says, “The emptiness and the anticipation of some blues are both present in this opening poem [“The Weary Blues”]” (114).
The significance of blues style, whether in poetry or in music, is in what it does. The blues makes art from the experiences of everyday life, even and especially the painful or mundane. In singing about loneliness, as Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith and the unnamed musician in Hughes’ poem all do, a person can pour his or her feelings into song and have at least the relief of expression. From the universal experiences of human emotion and the particular experiences of African Americans, blues musicians make something uniquely their own yet applicable to all. Their subject matter is real life, which Langston Hughes captures in his poetry. With his sincere and authentic language, plain subject matter, and rhythmic subtleties, Langston Hughes puts the blues on paper just as artists sing it. “Oh blues!” may be both written and sung, but it is the same refrain.
Blues Oh Blues! – by Cortney Copeland

Works Cited


The Observer – by Quynn Meyers-Keller

Just a man
Who wants to know love
Just a man
Who's gone above all we know
All we know

Just a man

Just a man
Who doesn't know time
Just a man
His faith is blind, sacrifice
Sacrifice

Don't know why it's she he adores
He's never had these feelings before
But fate came and shot him down, now he's gone
But she lives on
She lives on

For this song and more music by Quynn, see his music page at http://www.facebook.com/pages/Quynn/14505540222564.
"We're dead. Our only true life is in the future. How far away the future may be, there's no knowing. At present nothing is possible except to extend the area of sanity little by little. We cannot act collectively. We can only spread our knowledge outwards from individual to individual, generation to generation. There is no other way."
~ 1984, George Orwell
Copper Wiring or Fiber Optics – by Caleb Fountain

Abstract:

This research paper was put together in order to determine whether copper wiring or fiber optics is better in terms of telecommunicating, economics, and the environment. I read a couple of articles and books containing research on copper wiring. I continued in reading several articles and books about fiber optics. I found that copper wiring was the initial standard of telecommunicating between phones, computers, and various kinds of technologies. I also found that as copper wiring was the stepping-stone for telecommunication, fiber optics is the new and improved way of connecting houses with houses and countries with countries. Fiber optics surpasses copper wiring in many different ways. There might be a few challenges economically for now, but in the future, fiber optics is going to be the means of communicating. The United States needs to invest in fiber optics, and in doing so, will save lives and the environment from continual destruction.
Introduction:

Our world is changing dramatically every day. Cars are being improved, new cell phones are coming out frequently, household appliances are being upgraded, forms of communication are improving drastically. The list could continue with many advancements that have impacted everyday life. Despite all these improvements, technology and the networks that telecommunication needs in order to function properly need to be up to date and able to handle the amount of users that increase every day. Copper wires that were installed when television and internet became a “must” in homes are not very adequate in handling the amount of traffic that occurs these days, especially with the amount of High Definition and High Resolution photos and videos being uploaded and downloaded constantly (Wilson 2011). That is where fiber optics comes in. Fiber Optics currently has a capacity of data transfer “at around 1 terabyte per second” (Allen 2008). One terabyte is the equivalent of 1,000 gigabytes. This is a tremendous improvement from the 1-gigabyte per second a copper wire allows (Allen 2008). Clearly, copper wiring is a thing of the past, fiber optics is the means of the future, and the United States needs to invest in this technological advancement in order to save as much of the environment as it can.

Copper Wiring:

“Virtually every electrical appliance in the home or office uses copper” (Notarianni 2010). There is no getting away from the use of copper in building structures. Copper plays a significant role in the industrial, economic, and social life of many places in this world (Notarianni 2010). If we would get rid of copper mining as Brower suggests in the book, Encounters with the Archdruid, some economies would be utterly destroyed and the lives of people living in copper mining areas would be devastated. At the same time, the environment would be less affected by human intervention. This kind of decision is very difficult to make.
The decision of whether to use copper or not is made a little simpler by inventions of newer and better performing technologies. As was mentioned, copper has a limited amount of information that can be transferred at one time (1-gigabyte per second). Copper wiring also has a distance limitation; it can only travel a maximum of 5 kilometers without needing regeneration (Allen 2008). Additionally, the signal that is received is a big test of whether or not copper is the most reliable material that exists.

Unfortunately, electromagnetic fields can disrupt the signal in a copper wire and alter the result. The copper wiring itself causes reduction in quality of whatever is being transferred through it. Although it can travel up to 5 kilometers, “if a camera is located 1,000 feet from the head end, without any active signal conditioning at some cost, about 37 percent of the information will be lost in transmission” (Wilson 2011). If someone was sending an image through this wire, more than one-third of the image would be lost. Scientists and manufacturers are trying to improve these defects and downfalls in copper wiring, but in the end, they will need to look to some other form of wiring.

**Fiber Optics:**

To some, fiber optics may seem like a new type of technology, but in reality, fiber optics has been around since the late 1500s (Hecht 2004). Only recently has fiber optics been fully appreciated for its capabilities in the electric realm of life. Fiber optics is “the use of thin flexible fibers of glass or other transparent solids to transmit light signals, chiefly for telecommunications” (Apple Dictionary 2005). These fibers, after being coated with a plastic covering, are a little thicker and stiffer than a human hair. Fiber optics has “revolutionized the telecommunication industry by providing higher performance, more reliable telecommunication links with ever decreasing bandwidth cost” (Udd 2005). Optical fibers are tremendously lighter than copper wiring, resist electromagnetic interference, have higher bandwidth speeds (meaning faster internet and transferring of data), and use low amounts of power (Udd 2005). The cost of optical fibers has decreased dramatically as well since the 1970s with prices per meter dropping from $20 to $0.50.
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With all these improvements, compared to copper wires, one may ask, why has copper not been completely substituted with optical fibers? Why are people wasting their money in testing and experimenting to try to find better ways of utilizing copper (Hayes 2011)? The cost of fiber optics increases when adapters and electronics are added into the mix in order for the optical fibers to function correctly and at high capacities. This is a reason for the continual research and improvements of copper wiring. The leaders of the copper industry are hoping for some breakthrough in order for telecommunications to stay copper dependent.

Copper Wiring or Optical Fibers as the backbone?

Regardless of the setback by the copper industry, once fiber optics become more readily available, the costs will decrease and fiber optics will take over the industry. Developed countries such as Japan, England, Canada, and the United States have already begun using fiber optics in their own networks, but they have not committed to switching completely to fiber optics just yet (Hecht 2004). In the little that they have changed, these countries have “leapfrogged whole generations of technology, saving money and improving phone service” (Hecht 2004). When the Fiber-To-The-Home (FTTH) statistic increases to 80% or more, conclusions that the United States has gone fiber optic will be nearly true. As of April 2010, according to an RVA Market Research and Consulting update, FTTH has now reached nearly 16% of U.S. households in terms of homes approved and 5% in terms of homes connected, as is shown in this graph.
This means that about 16% of homes in the United States are capable of being connected completely through optical fibers, but only 5% are currently connected. These numbers have increased dramatically in the past few years, as this graph shows.

Since so much wiring is still copper, it is going to be very difficult to switch over to fiber optics. According to a recent RVA 2010-2014 North American FTTH forecast (www.rvallc.com), growth will slow somewhat in the next couple of years before turning upwards again. The cost in installation of fiber optic networks is going to be the key in switching over. Once this occurs, the United States needs to invest in this improved form of telecommunication. As Jeff Hecht writes in his book, *City of Light: the story of fiber optics* (2004), “today’s overbuilt fiber-optic networks will be the backbone of twenty-first century telecommunications.” Alec Reeves, a British scientist best known for his invention of pulse-code modulation, said, “I am almost certain that it is in an all-optical version that the real future lies.” As telephone companies will be a big part of the change in wiring, RVA Market Research and Consulting has produced two graphs showing how likely certain phone companies are to add FTTH lines. The first graph shows the likelihood of those companies that have already deployed some FTTH.
The second graph shows those companies that have not deployed any FTTH.

In the future, fiber optics are going to be key in improving communication technology and saving the environment from copper mining. Fiber optics might not do away with all copper wiring, but it is a step in the right direction.
Copper Wiring or Fiber Optics – by Caleb Fountain

Works Cited


Icicles – by Erica Brown
I’d like to start from the beginning, when mom was pregnant: this is where the dialogue began.

My uncomfortability with pregnancy, the words involving, it frustrates me. Perhaps I lack the dialogue for motherhood because I’ve yet to experience it. I lack the language of breath in womb between mother and daughter, because I have no memory reaching that far back. Maybe if I lapse into a dream state in my bath I can find memories, my body can remember. Fingers and toes can tell me how it felt to develop, organs can tell me what it was like before it got so crowded. Simply, a language of movement, just to let each other know we were there.

Now our relationship, our language is an eternal life, because I will teach this language to my daughter, just like my mother has taught it to me, and her mother taught it to her. Men give their sons their names. A literate language. Women give their daughters dialogue. Remaining in the oral traditions, telling stories and drawing pictures on our bedroom walls.

My mother taught me about beauty but she never told me what was beautiful. I realize I think about things differently than her, and laugh because I used to want to be just like her. Not to ignore the fact that in some ways I still do, but I must make sure I am not her. Luce Irigary writes about the transition into motherhood, what I take to be the loss of woman, what I believe happened to my mother.

“What’s missing here is the singular image of one woman who is also a mother. Hence the menacing fantasies attached to the maternal function...the woman-mother finds herself assimilated to a dark continent where reproduction and the afterlife occur. Yet again, a role deprived of any distinctive identity.”

Why Different? Pg. 18

Motherhood signals the death of womanhood by allowing the forgetting of what it is to be a daughter, to have the ability to maintain a level of selfishness. A woman therefore, must first be a daughter, and always to remain one.
Here, she can reject the masculine, the imposing identity that turns her into a son and a man. When Mom had children, she took a higher paying job, moved to the desk, made more money to support her family. A sacrifice to be thankful for, but a question remains of who she was when she was simply a daughter. In photographs of her before motherhood, I wonder who she was. I ask the images, but they stare back, a mystery of a woman I imitate.

~ ~ ~

In the water of the mirror: this is me. Perhaps drowning, in the replica I am of my mother. Perhaps swimming in the image of the replica. In the image of the model. A daughter playing with her baby dolls, a mother training her daughter. I am alternately suffocated, resuscitated. When I stop searching for beauty in places my mother did not teach me, the art, the beauty, the language, dies. When I stop passing on the beauty my mother taught me, we die. The image, the model, the daughter and her baby dolls.

“For a daughter, the only way to relate to her mother would be to have children, to come to the same place, to take her place. Freud says that the little girl turns away from her mother, ‘hates’ her.”- Luce Irigary, Why Different?

From the beginning, we daughters take our mothers’ place. Forced to live in roles imposed on us, “women’s” roles in a “man’s world.” Yet, we readily accept. Occasional rebellions occur, because of another social movement. Be some kind of feminist once in your life.

Still,

We mother our baby dolls, play house. Imagine what it would be like to be a mother, not the object of one. We grow jealous.
Griselda Pollock discusses in her essay, “Woman as Sign: Psychoanalytic Readings,” all of these signify a right of passage for a female. A right of passage into what Pollock refers to as, “the ideological construction of an absolute category... this regime of representation has naturalized woman as image, beautiful to look at, defined by her ‘looks’” (89). By wearing makeup, women have allowed themselves to be subject to standards of beauty, no longer defined as woman, but as image. “Woman” now means “beautiful image.” This is redefinition of woman by cosmetology, Pollock refers to as the “mask of beauty.”

Wendy Steiner writes in her essay, “Venus in Exile,” that in order to shift from expectations of women’s physical appearances standardized by society, “we must stop treating beauty as a thing or quality, and see it instead as a kind of communication.” What my mother was trying to teach me about beauty began as an enforcement of what society expects, but turned into a “kind of communication” between my mother and myself (46). She started with telling me to not wear a lot of makeup, if any. This, of course, is something that rebelled against my peers, who were just discovering eye shadow colors and experimenting with eyeliner. Mom said she was caught, it was too late for her to not wear makeup, the standards have already affected her self image. Pollock writes, “artifice has been employed to ensure bodily or facial conformity with the ideal” (89). As I watched mom apply her “mask of beauty,” I watched her feed the artifice of facial conformity. I stood witness to what mothers were doing everywhere, buying their daughters play makeup and plastic vanities. In those conversations, occurring as I stood in the doorway of her bathroom, watching as she applied her makeup, the dialogue broke from the containment of masculine words, emerged in the fragile effects of our thoughts. A silent language only we could feel, understand, and see, floating around our heads, clinging to the mirror, reflecting in the vanity lights.

I liked the way it made me feel to cuss, my verbal rebellion. By accepting men’s language I used it as a way to rebel against standards enforced by men, by women, by my own mother. When Irigary says, “we daughters should be challenging our mothers to be women,” this challenge comes from we daughters rebelling against what our mothers try
to teach us about what ‘woman’ is. We daughters remember, through our genealogy of language unforgotten by ignorance of motherhood, we remain in a state of the feminine. Rebellion against our mothers is an effort of memory.

Clarice Lispector writes in her book, *The Stream of Life*, “I hardly exist and if I do exists, it’s with delicate care... I’m alive. But I feel I’ve not yet reached my limits... Without limits, the adventure of a dangerous freedom. But I take the risk, I live taking it” (11). I hardly exist, as a daughter to my mother, as a daughter to the earth. And this, I find beautiful, the minuscule detail of my breath, the risk of taking another one, the freedom to do so, the question of how many I have taken, how many are left.
Mom’s body is wearing away. Breast cancer hit her first, though she quickly overcame it. All other problems, kept quiet, she didn’t think they were too serious, she thought that they were taken care of. We have discussions about my maternal grandmother, how her body is deteriorating so suddenly. Before it was gradual, slow like water from a leaky faucet. In the last years, her bones have broken, her circulation slowed, her memory cloudy like her eyes, her patience thin like her skin. Beneath, large bright blue veins emerge from sunken hands, jaded rivers of experience.

Mom, her body breaks with Grandma’s. The stress pulls at her face instead of staying hidden beneath blond streaks. Medications spill out of her purse, when they used to sit huddled and collecting dust on the microwave. And I have dreams, dreams where she sits me down, like when I was twelve, and tells me that she got her test results back, that she has cancer. But this time I am older, this time I understand I wouldn’t have survived if she didn’t. This time, I know cancer. I wake up, my pillow wet beneath my soggy face. The next day, I see Mom. I am afraid to ask if she is ok, but I can feel it. We say nothing. We don’t need to. We can’t. There are no words to discuss what is happening. It’s a female thing.

A FEMALE THING:

“repeindre sa grille en rouge- between language and meaning- To repaint one’s grill red- that is- to have one’s period, to menstruate” -Carole Maso Aureole pg. 10

To menstruate is to remain between language and meaning, to be between child’s speech and a woman’s. A silence that grows, remains vulnerable, in shadows. A woman, lovely. A quiet definition of past into future, using language from before to create the meaning of a woman, of menstruation. It is these things all at once:

vulnerability, open, tender, changing silence, dark, uncertain. They all come back to the center, the heart, the organ, the lovely, the gap, the silence. Between women who have menstruated and those who have not or can no longer.
My body feels the generational decay. My muscles ache like they haven’t before. I strain muscles, sprain ligaments, like I haven’t before. Grinding cartilage and off-set shoulders appear. Mom says it’s because I abuse my body, I put it through too much, I should take a day off. But I can’t. I can’t stop looking, can’t stop asking. I nod my head, say, “ya, probably.” I say, “at least I’m abusing my body in a healthy way.”

But I know. I know my bones feel Grandma’s osteoporosis, I know my muscles feel Mom’s stress and ache with dreams of how things could have been, how she thought they would be. I know my ankles, the ligaments that sprain themselves because Dad can’t support himself. I know all these things, and still, I say it’s because I ran too far with the wrong shoes, I say it’s because I didn’t row right for too long, I say the dog dislocated my shoulder and tore cartilage. But my shoulders show the unbalance, sitting awkwardly, one higher than the other, too much weight to carry, but I still lift. It bears down, but if I could make Grandma smile for the rest of her time, if I could give mom the strength to make the changes she wants, I would carry the weight for them, to show them, “daughter,” to show them, “woman,” to show them, “me.” That’s what it means to be called daughter, to know my mother. To understand beauty as a genealogy of women, of daughters reminding their mothers through the senses, of silence and light, maintaining the oral tradition of a mother-daughter language for sacrifice and uninterrupted desires, loves, and gratitude.
A Dialogue of Daughter and Mother – by Rebecca Woolston

Works Cited


Irigary, Luce. Why Different? Print.


Here we are, we finally made it
After all those years we dreamed of this day.
Now we’re done and a little
Scared to fly, but we’re ready.
Here it comes a new stage of life,
And the spotlight’s on us, steady and bright.
The future is now, and it’s calling
For us to part but it’s only
  Goodbye for now
  Farewell in your future.
I wish you well in everything
You do with the life that’s been given to you.
Years from now I hope we see
That wisdom has grown where youth used to be.
We’re moving on with heads full of dreams
  And hearts full of hope
  And eyes full of life,
Into a future full of possibility.
Honestly, we never could have made it
Without our dear Dr. Pomo and Rheena
By our sides from the beginning
And here again at the ending, and it’s
  Goodbye for now
  Farewell in your future.
I wish you well in everything
You do with the life that’s been given to you.
Years from now I hope we see
That wisdom has grown where youth used to be.
We’re moving on with so much to give
  And so much to live for
  And so much to learn,
Into a future full of possibility.
We learned together,
We laughed together,
We struggled together,
We grew together, and now it’s
  Goodbye for now
  Farewell in your future.
I wish you well in everything
You do with the life that’s been given to you.
Years from now I hope we see
The wisdom has grown where youth used to be.
We’re moving on with so much to give
  And so much to live for
  And so much to learn,
Into a future full of possibility
Insight From Honors Professors

1. What do you hope your Honors students will take away from your class?

**Dr. Greg Wheeler (Honors 101 Science and the Public Good) said:**

I hope that they all achieve the learning objectives of my science class which are to:

A) Demonstrate knowledge of the scientific method and its usage,
B) Use statistics in complete and accurate presentations,
C) Show a clear understanding of multiple approaches to public policy and the use and misuse of science, and
D) Demonstrate a significant grasp of specific science/public policy issues.

**Dr. Roberto Pomo (Honors 102, Pursuing the Public Good Through Film) said:**

I hope they take away an appreciation of the film medium as the most important artistic and intellectual accomplishment of modern and (thus far) postmodern aesthetics rooted in moving images within the landscape of cultural expression through the lens of history, visual theory, and critical frameworks.

2. How or do you change your teaching approach to an Honors class compared to your other classes?

**Dr. Wheeler said:**

The subject matter is more integrative. That is, I try to tie it to subjects they have had in the Honors Program and that they should be aware of in the news. The class has more time for student input and discussion.

**Dr. Pomo said:**

I have a different pedagogical approach when teaching Honors students. To begin with, I do not lecture as much, and my discussion points are geared towards extracting their subjective (given the subject matter of film where subjectivity is of the essence) reactions to the work being examined. Honors students often understand the historical and socio-political subtext more clearly, and quite often, the writing skills of Honors students are far superior to, and often rival, those papers written by the best of our film majors.

3. What is your favorite aspect of teaching Honors?

**Dr. Wheeler said:**

In general, the students are more informed and more engaged in their studies than the average Sac State student.

**Dr. Pomo said:**

My favorite aspect of teaching Honors is being surrounded by Honors students who contribute, so very much, towards my own education on a daily basis.

4. What, if any, are some differences you notice between your Honors students and your non-Honors students?

**Dr. Wheeler said:**

In addition to what I said in question 3, I feel like I am teaching students who are more likely to make a difference in their world because they want to be educated and are taking part in the overall Honors curriculum which emphasizes involvement in the world.
Dr. Pomo said:

Film and theatre majors have a different mind-set. Their work is centered on artistic choices, deadlines, and constant creative energy—one that comes with many layers. The time spent in production planning and rehearsals is all encompassing and time-consuming. Honors students panic before exams and paper deadlines, film and theatre majors panic about time deadlines (every second is very costly if one is a filmmaker), opening nights, rehearsals, pre-production planning process, etc.

5. How much does your field of study influence how you build a class for the Honors program?

Dr. Wheeler said:

My specialty is metallic ore deposits. My published work involves many of the issues we talk about in class. I have taught environmental geology and the philosophy of science. Both of these courses relate to material in Honors 101.

Dr. Pomo said:

Very much so. Case in point, for the fall of 2011, the Film Writing Intensive course (102) will be team-taught with an Honors Program student who is an English and Film Studies Major. The opportunity to be able to collaborate with an undergraduate student who is meritorious in the area of writing and film would not be possible outside of the Honors foundation.
Faith – by Whitney Clark