Welcome to this year's edition of *Hoi Polloi*, Gainesville State College's anthology of the best student essays of the past year. Herein you will find featured a diverse collection of personal and academic essays culled from classes at both campuses and edited by an ambitious group of students whose goal has been to make this the finest edition of *Hoi Polloi* yet. As a student-run project, under the direction this year of our faculty-advisor Alex Johns, *Hoi Polloi* holds a unique place in the GSC curriculum in that it gives a voice to high quality non-fiction student writing that otherwise might never be read outside of the classroom.

It has been a great privilege for me to take part in this ongoing tradition of presenting the finest papers from the most creative minds of our student body. One of the many advantages of attending a smaller college is the closeness and kinship one feels with his fellow students. Seeing them in the hallways day after day, discovering that he shares classes with them semester after semester, fosters a camaraderie that is difficult to duplicate in a large university. Editing *Hoi Polloi* has given me a unique opportunity to experience an even closer connection with not only some of GSC's best writers, but also the student body at large. It is my hope that, after reading these essays, you will realize as I have how incredibly lucky we are to be attending a school that fosters an environment of creative and critical thinking on par with some of the best schools in the state and yet manages to inspire a solidarity in its student body that's just not possible in a larger university setting.

I want to thank everyone who has come together to make this year's issue unique: first, to the writers themselves for contributing their essays to this anthology; second, to the passionate and dedicated faculty of GSC who inspire their students to not only write, but to write well. Extra thanks to them also for the final edits they gave these papers. Thirdly, I'd like to thank the student editorial board, who put their hearts into making this the best-looking and best-edited issue of *Hoi Polloi* yet. And last, but certainly not least, thanks to our faculty
advisor Alex Johns for setting us straight and keeping us on deadline. His first year as advisor to the *Hoi Polloi* has been a learning experience for him as well as us, and he has weathered every trial with humor and grace.

And of course, thanks to all of you for helping us carry on this wonderful publication.

Enjoy!

Jason Garland
Editor
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Growing up, I had a very long neck and a giant head, with a weak jaw and a forehead I could advertise on. There was no explanation for these dimensions; I had no strange disease, and everyone else in my family was if not muscular then well proportioned. I was self-conscious, and because children are by nature wicked and observant animals, I was mocked regularly. I was a wretched victim of chance, and in an attempt to remedy my situation, I decided I would grow my hair out. With my hair down to my shoulders, my head looked just like everyone else's. I kept it like that long for years, through junior high and into high school, and it became my trademark. Strangers knew me by my hair, girls I didn't know (sometimes very pretty ones) would ask to touch it, and friends envied my ability to sleep in class by clutching a pencil in one fist, resting my head on the other, and shrouding my eyes with hair. I was enjoying unknown heights of popularity, and after long enough, I took it for granted. Feeling like a change, I got my hair cut short and discovered that with its loss came the loss of my distinction. Shocked at my own need to impress, I learned after I cut my hair just how conceited I really was.

To say that I was ostracized as a youth solely because of the shape and size of my head would be dishonest. I was also a vocal comic book enthusiast, a Star Wars fan, and an avid reader. I was a good student, and with the exception of math class, I made very good grades. I had jacked up teeth, and some days I smelled. I had no friends and tried countless methods of acquiring them, always with paltry success. I wasn’t willing to change the way I acted or dressed; rather, I felt that
my individuality should serve as a beacon to attract like-minded people. One evening, I mentioned briefly to my twenty-something sister that some kids at school had made fun of my head’s sizeable mass. Her boyfriend, Chezy (a nickname, as he had once tried to paint “cheesy” on the bottom of a skateboard and misspelled it), had come over for dinner, and after hearing my woeful tale, he suggested that I grow my hair out. He said he had seen other people with cone heads and misshapen heads disguise these faults by this method with great success and that I should give it a whirl. Figuring I had nothing to lose, and half wanting to impress my sister’s cool boyfriend with my open-mindedness, I agreed. Over the next few months, I let my hair go until by Christmas I had it at the length I wanted. My confidence immediately went up, as I now felt good looking for the first time. Soon this new-found sense of self-worth spilled over into other aspects of my life. I made sure that I wore deodorant every single day. I stopped wearing t-shirts depicting famous space battles from the Star Wars trilogy. I became more talkative and tried each day to start a conversation with someone I didn’t know. By the end of the year, the situation had gone into a turn-around. One day at lunch, I sat at a very crowded table with people goofing around and talking with me. I enjoyed it, but something felt amiss. I kept thinking I had forgotten or dropped something. It came to me later; not only had I not eaten by myself that day, but for the first time in years, I hadn’t brought a book to lunch with me.

School soon became not only bearable but enjoyable for me, almost too enjoyable. I spent so much of my 8th grade year goofing off and hanging out with friends that I shirked my school work almost completely; as a result, I was held back. I was upset, sure, but I was even more troubled by the cruel irony of it all. I now had friends, confidence, and a good reputation, all at the price of my once
respective academic standing. Was it not possible for me to manage both? Or was my popularity something unnatural, my failure serving as a sign that I wasn't supposed to have it? I endured the 8th grade once more, this time with passing grades, and the following year entered high school. I enjoyed my freshman year almost solely on the basis that for the first time, girls took an active interest in me. I would listen in utter amazement as friends told me that strange girls thought that I was cute. I had never had anything even remotely similar to a girlfriend in my life, and I was now being presented with the fact that there existed girls in this world, in this country, that wanted to go to the movies with me. I went through several girlfriends, none of whom I really cared much for, and I began hanging out with older girls. To me it seemed that the true measure of my popularity wasn't the number of friends I had or how many parties I went to, but how many girls were interested in me. The female population at school controlled all aspects of social status; if guys saw that a highly regarded cheerleader had the hots for Johnny CoolGuy, then Johnny would earn the respect of the men for his ability to manipulate such a notable member of the opposite sex. If other girls noticed that the same cheerleader was interested in Johnny SomeGuy, then their interest would be piqued as well, but more out of a sense of curiosity, trying to see for themselves what the popular cheerleader saw in Johnny. Overall, the consensus on me seemed to be good, and needless to say, I let this go to my head. To most people, myself included, it was almost as if the strange loner I once was had never even existed.

When it comes to long hair, patience is a requirement. Daily efforts must be made to use conditioner, it has to be brushed, and when it gets wet, it takes hours to dry completely. I consider myself a patient person, but a man can only take so much. I got my haircut one afternoon without telling anybody. It seemed like it would be funnier
that way, coming out of nowhere like a stray water balloon. My mom loved it, all clean shaven and close cropped, and that approval made me feel confident in my decision. However, when I arrived at school, I learned that my mother’s fashion sense was not at all validating. People didn’t recognize me, and when they did they either laughed or told me flat out that they thought it didn’t look good. Girls I had been sweet on would approach me in the hallway or in class and say, “Oh, you cut your hair...” as if they were consoling me on the loss of a loved one. I was both irritated and dumbfounded. These people didn’t have enough common courtesy or respect for my feelings to be polite or, for that matter, to even lie to me and pretend that they liked my hair. How could I be surrounded by such selfish, ill-bred people? Not until later when I got home did it hit me hard, like a blow to the gut. I realized just how self-absorbed I was. I realized that for years the most important thing in my life had been me. One 4th of July I remember blowing off dinner with my girlfriend and her family at the last minute because I was at a friend’s house and I didn’t want to stop playing video games. I owned two golden orandas, expensive Japanese ornamental fish that had been a gift from my retired grandparents, and as a result of my neglected home life, the two of them starved to death. Countless other shortcomings cropped up in my mind, all equally terrible. If one of my friends had come to school with such a drastic appearance change, would I have been kind and supportive? No, probably not, because after all, I chose to associate myself with these rude people, and if there’s one thing that serves as an indication of my true character, isn’t it my friends? A haircut I got for myself failed to please others, and I allowed it to ruin my day. A year’s old attempt to find acceptance had started me down on a steep path of narcissism and boorishness that I never even suspected I was on. The feeling of going from cold shoulder to warm reception is intoxicating, and I let myself
get caught up in that. The disappointment I felt earlier had now become embarrassment, and even shame.

As it stands, my interests now are not all that different from my interests as a 7th grader. I still read comic books. I saw The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy three times. I have a sizeable collection of old time radio shows formatted into MP3 and burned onto CD-R's. But am I still as vain? No, because I make it a point not to be. After my realization, I stopped associating with many of my former friends. After I ignored enough phone calls and made up enough excuses to stay in on Friday nights, they started to get the picture. I did not become completely anti-social; I'm still in contact with many of the more true friends I made during those years and consider them to be almost family. I think a lot of people lead selfish lives in which they place themselves at the center of their own universe. They don't truly care about anything if it doesn't affect them; they don't seek out anything if it will not in some way bring them pleasure. To ignore the fact that there is so much more in this world to think about and do and enjoy than the concept of self is something most people will never understand. I'm glad I finally got it, however, and I count myself fortunate that all it took to bring me back down to earth was a haircut.
People view the world from their own perspectives, with their own eyes. It is not often that we have a chance to see the world through someone else's eyes and share a different perspective. In Flannery O'Connor's "Revelation," we have the unique opportunity to view the world through the eyes of the main character, Mrs. Ruby Turpin. Through the descriptions of Mrs. Turpin and Mary Grace, Flannery O'Connor emphasizes the theme of her story: a woman's revelation that things are not always as they seem.

Mary Grace's and Mrs. Turpin's eyes change in different and important ways throughout the story. In the beginning of the story, Mary Grace's eyes seem to "smolder and to blaze" and Mrs. Turpin's eyes are described as "black and bright." Described here, their eyes are somewhat similar. As Mrs. Turpin continues to mentally belittle and judge many of those around her, Mary Grace's eyes begin to change. They are no longer fixed on the book she has been reading but on Mrs. Turpin: "The girl's eyes seemed lit all of a sudden with a peculiar light, an unnatural light like night road signs give." As the narrator describes Mary Grace's eyes as unnatural, it appears that Mary Grace has the unnatural ability to see into the inner thoughts of Mrs. Turpin. Mrs. Turpin is continually eyeing the people in the room and classifying them on the basis of physical characteristics, with herself near the top of her social ladder. With every derogatory thought Mrs. Turpin inwardly expresses, Mary Grace's stare becomes more intense until her eyes become like "drills" on Mrs. Turpin, as though she is drilling into her soul.
When Mrs. Turpin's thoughts become words and she outwardly thanks Jesus for who she is and what she has, Mary Grace attacks her. During the attack, we are told that Mrs. Turpin's vision narrows, in the same way she sees people: with a narrow view. After the attack, Mary Grace's eyes change again. They are light blue like the color of the sky after a storm has passed. It is in the eyes of Mary Grace that Mrs. Turpin's revelation begins. She realizes that Mary Grace "did know her, knew her in some intense and personal way, beyond time and place and condition." Mary Grace as a mere person is not able to know Mrs. Turpin "beyond time and place and condition," but "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, keeping watch on the evil and the good" (Holy Bible, Proverbs 15:3). Mary Grace, with "fierce brilliant eyes," delivers her message, "Go back to hell where you came from, you old wart hog," and then closes her eyes as though her work is finished.

As Mrs. Turpin contemplates the message Mary Grace has spoken to her, her eyes "begin to burn . . . with wrath," and she begins to question God about the message and why it was given to her. In Mrs. Turpin's eyes, there were many others available in the room that such a "real ugly" message could have been delivered to, and she is angry that the message was given to her: "'Why me?' she rumbled, 'It's no trash around here . . .''' Then, while in the presence of the pigs in their parlor, "visionary light settled in her eyes." As Mrs. Turpin's eyes become "small" and "fixed" on the vision being given to her, she realizes that in God's eyes she is not where she thinks she is. Her eyes open to the truth that things are not what they seem to be, and she discovers that her social standing or place on earth will not carry over to her place in heaven.
In "Revelation," the descriptive way Flannery O'Connor writes of Mrs. Turpin's and Mary Grace's eyes helps to emphasize the theme. Mary Grace speaks openly only two times during the story, but her eyes speak for her. Her eyes are described as blue, which is often described as the color of depth and referred to in western art as "color of all heavenly gods... the divine" ("Pigments"). It often takes a knock in the head, although that knock isn't always from a book, to remind us of the grace we are given and that this grace is for everyone, including Mrs. Turpin's "white trash" and "niggers." As Jesus says, "For judgment I have come into this world, so that the blind will see" (Holy Bible, John 9:39). Mrs. Turpin is blinded by the way she perceives people around her and to the fact that God's grace is given to everyone regardless of social standing. Her eyes are opened because of her revelation, and she sees that those who are last in her social order will be first and those in her social order who are first will be last. It is interesting that throughout the story, Mrs. Turpin uses her eyes to judge and reveal how she feels about other people, but in the end, her eyes reveal to her the truth that she has been blinded to.
Works Cited


In the wide world of entertainment, talk shows have undoubtedly dominated and bombarded every inch of space on daytime television. Many have seen and heard the often repeated and overused topics found on such shows as *The Oprah Winfrey Show* and *The Jerry Springer Show*. Anyone who watches talk shows regularly knows each one varies in format and style. While one person might enjoy watching trashy and sometimes repulsive subject matter found almost regularly on Springer's show, another might prefer the more lighthearted feel of Oprah's show. Although *The Oprah Winfrey Show* and *The Jerry Spring Show* have some surprising similarities, no two shows are more profoundly opposite in content.

Of all the talk shows existing today, *The Oprah Winfrey Show* is the most immaculate yet. Oprah's talk show targets mostly the working middle-class woman. These women who make up Oprah's audience usually have the time, money, and stability to deal with life's tougher problems. Obviously, it's highly unlikely Oprah's audience will consist of a racist hate group or a person who has sold his or her wretched soul to the devil. Some of the problems and topics range from abuse, obesity and anorexia, and personal hardship to teaching children responsibility, proper etiquette, and getting to know one's neighbor. Oprah's show focuses on the improvement of society and an individual's quality of life; not many talk shows are interested in taking time to suggest techniques to get along with people better or teach a child right from wrong. Oprah Winfrey has broken away from the mold and created a very unique and highly successful talk show. Rather than exploit one's
flaws and weaknesses, *The Oprah Winfrey Show'*s top priority is to educate and then entertain.

On the other end of the talk show spectrum, one finds a show of exploitation, embarrassment, and shocking topics displayed purely for entertainment purposes—*The Jerry Springer Show*. As opposed to Oprah's pristine angelic audiences, Jerry Springer's show has more of an association with the young adults in society; this audience's main troubles in life stem mostly from relationships gone bad, raunchy sexual love triangles, pregnancy, cheating, and immorality on an entirely different level. The topics in this show range from teenage prostitution, adult film stars, and homosexuality, to devil worshipers and Ku Klux Klan racists. While the topics are shocking indeed, fans are eager and willing to soak up the intriguing predicaments of others' lives. The main focus of *The Jerry Springer Show* is to display and exploit society's moral catastrophes, easily making Springer look like the king of trash talk. Every single show is taped for pure entertainment value. Compared to Oprah's show, Springer's show is like radioactive waste being poured into an already corrupted American society. While Jerry Springer's rude, crude and vulgar topics may be looked down upon by a vast majority, no other talk show even compares to the raw exposure of the exploited guests.

While *The Oprah Winfrey Show* and *The Jerry Springer Show* may seem as different as black and white, both have ruled and completely dominated the talk show circuit for many years now. Although Springer's show is produced solely for entertainment purposes, as opposed to Oprah's emphasis on educational value, Springer ends every show on a note of good moral finality; even though this segment of Springer's show is very short, the morals addressed can be related to
those on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. Both shows have been the subject of imitators for years and take television talk to maximum extremes, although they go in opposite directions. Each show caters to a totally different audience, but both have a strong following of millions and millions of fans everywhere; while one talk show caters to the "soccer moms" of America, the other caters to America's corrupted youth. Even though they are at opposite ends of the talk show bar, *The Oprah Winfrey Show* and *The Jerry Springer Show* have both managed to stand alone at maximum extremes and are considered the best at what they do.

*The Oprah Winfrey Show* and *The Jerry Springer Show* have both withstood the test of time and surpassed all imitators and have done so in strikingly different fashions. Even as both talk shows march to the beat of a different drummer, both have become legends of the talk show circuit and pioneers of the vast talk show world.
Paralysis in the Works of James Joyce
Cody Coleman

James Joyce was born in Ireland at a time when poverty and misery were the status quo. His writing reflects his frustration with the English oppression of Ireland and with his people's inability to escape their unfortunate position. James Joyce's *Dubliners* is a collection of stories that represent a bleak picture of Ireland in the early 20th century and capitalizes on that theme. His most popular work, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, is tied closely to his own life. Joyce's writing, as well as the history of his life, reflects a motif of paralysis within the Irish culture of the day. He uses his gloomy diction, allegory, and the naming of his characters to further this notion of paralysis in three somewhat autobiographical works: "Araby," "After the Race," and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

In order to understand the full scope of Joyce's message, it is important to understand the life he led. James Joyce was born in Ireland at a time of national poverty. His father was an alcoholic and spent most of his adult life drinking the family's fortune away. On account of the family's financial hardships, James was forced to withdraw from the Jesuit College of Clongowes and enroll in a less costly school named Belvedere. After attending the University College of Dublin and getting a degree, he left for Paris and seldom returned to his native land throughout the rest of his life (Scholes, Editor's Preface ix). Joyce's frustration with the people of his country and with the life he led in Ireland not only drove him away from his home but also gave him sufficient material to create a massive body of literary work that openly criticizes his countrymen.
In "Araby," the narrator's description of his childhood surroundings tells the reader right from the start that he is poor. He mentions being surrounded by rows of houses, typical of poor Irish neighborhoods, and living in a house where a priest "had died in the back drawing room" (Joyce, "Araby" 29). When he recalls playing with his friends, he reflects that they went "through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where [they] ran the gantlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the ... gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables" (Joyce, "Araby" 30). All of these things would be found in poor neighborhoods that bordered the true slums of Ireland. Further details—such as the fact that he lives with his aunt and uncle and that he is not even important enough to be a named character—show that his circumstances are less than favorable.

The narrator, driven by the need to feel that he matters, chooses to embark on what he believes will be a grand quest on behalf of the girl he believes he loves. His love comes across as more of an obsession, given that he follows her to school and "had never spoken a word to her" (Joyce, "Araby" 30). His love gives him the chance to become, in his own eyes, a knight who defends the "chalice" of his love against "a throng of foes" (Joyce, "Araby" 31). In keeping with such knightly duties, he vows to undertake a quest on her behalf. He vows to bring her something from "a splendid bazaar" called Araby (Joyce, "Araby" 31). His belief that the bazaar is something fantastic allows it to "cast an Eastern enchantment over [him]" (Joyce, "Araby" 32). His disappointment begins when he boards a "third-class carriage of a deserted train" and exits onto "an improvised wooden platform" (Joyce, "Araby" 34). He is further disappointed when he comes to realize that Araby is nothing more than a flea-market with "porcelain vases and
flowered teapots." At one of the stalls, he is approached by an English woman who speaks to him "out of a sense of duty" (Joyce, "Araby" 35). He ends up buying nothing; like the Irish, he has undertaken a quest and not accomplished anything. In closing, the narrator reflects, "Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; my eyes burned with anguish and anger" (Joyce, "Araby" 35). The narrator means that he realized then how little he really matters. The narrator is driven by vanity into thinking that he matters, feels anguish at the realization that he does not matter, and is angry that he can do nothing to change his station in life. Joyce chooses to end the story this way to underscore the hopelessness of the nameless character by having the character openly acknowledge the epiphany of his entrapment.

In addition to the use of epiphany to highlight the character's entrapment, James Joyce instills in his unnamed protagonist the idea of transcendence. The character's attempt to undertake a quest on behalf of Mangan's sister is ultimately an immature attempt to "indirect[ly] manifest . . . his feelings to the girl" (Brandabur 50). The unnamed protagonist's belief that he can somehow escape the dreary and loathsome conditions in which he lives by responding to what he believes to be amorous feelings is Joyce's way of criticizing the Irish people for their romantic and idealistic outlook, the very outlook that keeps them in their sorry state.

Many critics have speculated that "Araby" is a very close parallel to the life of young James Joyce. The unnamed protagonist is living with an aunt and uncle, which is representative of Joyce's detachment from his own family. The character's experience is essentially an allegory of Joyce's realization that he had to escape the
environment of his upbringing. Joyce realized, as the protagonist does, that he had to "forego the shimmering mirage of childhood, [and] begin to see things as they really are" (Stone 305). The close parallels between James Joyce and the unnamed protagonist of "Araby" show the semi-autobiographical nature that is found throughout Joyce's work.

In "After the Race," James Joyce uses characters with different nationalities allegorically to show the power struggle in early 20th-century Europe. Jimmy represents Ireland. His father "had begun life as an advanced Nationalist, [but] had modified his views early" and changed his mind about hating the English in order to make money (Joyce, "After the Race" 43). Jimmy is sent for schooling in England and has been taught to value companions with money. Charles Ségouin is French. He is the owner of the car and is about to "start a motor establishment in Paris" (Joyce, "After the Race 43). The fact that he owns the car shows that he, and France, are wealthy and in control. Andre Riviére is Ségouin's Canadian cousin. He is "to be appointed manager of [Ségouin's] establishment" (Joyce, "After the Race" 43). This shows that Riviére has become powerful through his association with Ségouin, which is what French Canadians often did with France. Later, readers are introduced to Routh, who is an Englishman. He is the most powerful, just as England was the most powerful country in the early 1900's. Farley is the American, so he is subservient to Routh. Villona is a Hungarian musician. He has no illusions of being powerful and ignores the power struggle; he is the model of the apolitical artist.

Having set up these representative characters, Joyce furthers the allegory with his representative plot. In this story, the title is a big key. All of the action takes place after the race, so the winners have already been decided. The race is in Ireland because Ireland is the
"channel of poverty and inaction [through which] the Continent [speeds] its wealth and industry" (Joyce, "After the Race" 42). Ireland does not even have a car in the race; she supplies only the track. The after-party is at Jimmy's house, where he is still not in control. The other men decide the course of the evening, which is to go on a drunken walk. During this stupor, they run into Farley, who invites them to his yacht, where the main action takes place in the form of a card game. As the men set up to play, Villona ignores the power struggle as he "return[s] quietly to his piano" while Jimmy, who is equally powerless, stays at the table (Joyce, "After the Race" 48). The game doesn't go well for Jimmy, as the narrator shows by saying, "Jimmy did not know exactly who was winning but he knew that he was losing" (Joyce, "After the Race" 48). It is later revealed that Jimmy is losing quite badly and "the other men [have] to calculate his I.O.U.'s for him" (Joyce, "After the Race" 48). In the end, the game comes down to Routh and Ségouin. Routh wins, and "Farley and Jimmy [are] the heaviest losers" (Joyce, "After the Race" 48). It turns out that the yacht is just another place for England and France to fight for power. Jimmy's epiphany of the hopelessness of his situation comes when Villona opens the door and shouts, "Daybreak, gentlemen!" (Joyce, "After the Race 48). This moment of clarity helps Jimmy realize that he had stayed up all night fighting for power that he can't have and losing unknown amounts in the process. Joyce's overall allegorical statement is that the nations of the Continent make Ireland feel like a player just so they can take what they want from it.

In "After the Race," James Joyce seeks to expand the notion of paralysis, as he does in "Araby." This time, rather than using the illusion of transcendence, he uses humiliation as a reinforcement of
Ireland's paralysis. Jimmy Doyle is, perhaps, most aptly described by Edward Brandabur as "devoid of self-respect" (Brandabur 83). Jimmy's lack of self-respect, as with Ireland's, serves as another impediment to his progress. Because he lacks self-respect, he allows himself to be treated unfairly by the more powerful characters of the story. This unfair treatment of Jimmy by the more powerful characters, and of Ireland by the more powerful countries, continues the downward spiral of both Jimmy and Ireland.

In James Joyce's widely read classic, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Joyce essentially uses the central character's life to create a gloomy combination of autobiography and artistic expression. The protagonist's early life is much like that of the author. The plot essentially starts at Clongowes, where Joyce's artistic life began, and progresses through the protagonist's attendance at the same schools Joyce attended. As the plot unfolds, the protagonist's disdain for the world around him, especially the rigid and unforgiving Catholic lifestyle, becomes more and more severe, as Joyce's ideology did up until the time he parted ways with his native land.

The primary significance of Portrait does not lie in its plot. Part of it lies in the name of the central character: Stephen Dedalus. This name is important for two reasons. The first reason is that it was under this name that James Joyce published the earliest stories of Dubliners, which furthers the notion of some form of autobiography in his work. The second reason lies in a classic tale of Icarus and Daedalus. The only section of this story that really concerns Portrait is the part where Daedalus makes two sets of wings so that he and his son may escape the island on which they are imprisoned. The significance of the name, therefore, lies in Stephen's feeling of imprisonment in the world that
surrounds him. As the novel progresses, Stephen becomes less attached to his actual father, who is a harsh drunk, and looks to Daedalus as a symbolic father-figure (Levenson 46). He finds this symbolic father-figure more inspirational and encouraging than his own, as the narrator shows by exclaiming,

Yes! . . . He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable. (Joyce, Portrait 212)

Stephen's adoration for his namesake is one of his few inspirations in a microcosm so completely devoid of real artistic expression. Stephen's thirst for aesthetic beauty in such a gloomy and rigid environment is shown in his repeated rants on the nature of the aesthetic. The final line of the novel is, perhaps, the most telling of all the Daedalus references. In closing, Stephen writes in his diary, "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead" (Joyce, Portrait 318). Stephen's plea to his symbolic father-figure for guidance and approval is quite significant at this juncture because, in the life of James Joyce, it corresponds to the time that he left for Paris and parted ways with his homeland. In the life of Daedalus, this moment would have been the flight from Crete and thus out of prison. Stephen's plea, in addition to giving a great deal of philosophical closure to a concept-rich novel, shows that he is ready after all of his studies and his struggle to cope with the ways of his home, to take flight to a place where he can express the previously persecuted artistic side of his own nature.

As a native son of Ireland, Joyce sought to express the dire situation and innumerable follies in early 20th century Ireland. His frustration with the situation caused him to leave his home, and it is
evident in his writing. The autobiographical connection between Joyce's life and his body of work, in addition to the use of gloomy diction, character names, and allegory allow him to make several strong statements about the unfortunate condition of the Ireland that he grew up in. Whether by use of transcendence, association, or flight, James Joyce shows how much all of his protagonists want to leave, but it seems none of them can permanently sever ties with their home, and perhaps (since nearly all of his work focuses on Ireland) he never could either.
Works Cited


To Kill a Mockingbird is more than images on the screen for our viewing pleasure. It is more than a Pulitzer winning novel carefully condensed and put to moving pictures. Peeling back the layers of award-winning acting and excellent storytelling, we find messages in the use of light, music, and set that reinforce the feelings attributed to the characters and events of the movie. Tom Robinson and Boo Radley’s stories are relayed through words and actions as well as cinematic technique. Maycomb and its citizens are the earth, a globe, and Tom and Boo are the poles. While different in their reasons for being outsiders, they both seek to fit into a place in society where they can feel accepted.

Boo Radley is kept away from us through the entire movie. We see the Radley house, and it is always veiled in shadows as if hiding something. It signifies something unknown and something that only the mind of a child can grasp. The rest of the neighborhood is bright and cheerful with well-manicured lawns and gardens. Instead of dainty, pretty flowers, we see a big, towering, dark oak tree, ominously guarding the Radley house and its secrets. Horror movie type squeaks and sounds enter the film each time the children go near the house or the house is shown from their perspective. The childlike sweetness of the score suddenly changes to something low and scary whenever Mr. Radley or the Radley house is on the screen. Mr. Radley, being Boo’s father, is a symbol of who Boo might be, the kind of man he has grown into. He is the only peek into the world of Boo Radley the children are given. “There goes the meanest man that ever took a breath of life,”
says Jem. Boo Radley is something sinister; he is a deep, dark, shameful secret, and his very existence is as dark as the night in which he hides himself from everyone. It is as dark as Tom Robinson’s skin.

We can’t help but notice Robert Mulligan’s decision to film this movie in black and white. We see in everyday stories how white stands for good and black for evil, and *To Kill a Mockingbird* is no different. Atticus, our crusader for justice, is always dressed in light colored or white suits. Many of the scenes that make us afraid, such as when the children are attacked by Bob Ewell, occur in the black of night. Not only does the use of black and white film represent the struggle between good and evil, but it also pushes the struggle between the races into the face of the viewer.

Interestingly, Foote’s decision to make the trial of Tom Robinson the central storyline coincides with the civil rights issues occurring in the 1960’s. Racial lines that were drawn in history are starting to become blurred as new legislation is being passed. In the setting of the 1930’s, Tom is an outsider because of his race, and Russell Harlan’s cinematography and great scenes show this. Atticus takes the car instead of walking each time he visits Tom’s home, giving the viewer a feeling that the house is outside of the central white society of Maycomb. In another scene, a crowd gathers outside the jail where Atticus is keeping watch over Tom. Although they are there to get this black man who raped a poor white girl, we do not see or hear him. He is kept separate from them by the wall of a jail cell. Even when he speaks after everyone leaves, we can barely hear him; however, we can hear Atticus clearly. In the courthouse scene, the use of lighting emphasizes Tom as an outside figure. The bright light makes everything whiter and brighter next to this big, dark-skinned black
man. All of the other black population is in the upper level, away from him. Everyone is dressed in nice clothes, while Tom is wearing overalls. One exception is Bob Ewell. Bob, with his false accusation, insures that Tom is kept separate from society. Ironically, he is dressed similarly to Tom, and he is also considered an outsider in Maycomb. Bob Ewell always arrives on foot at the Robinson property, showing that he lives near them. It is as though the Ewells are the border or barrier to society. Here in court, he is in control of Tom. The way the screenplay jumps from Tom’s trial, conviction, and death, to October and festive times, reminds us how Tom remains separate from the life of Maycomb.

Tom’s effort to become an insider is what causes him to be prosecuted, convicted, and killed. He crosses the fence into the Ewell’s property; he takes that first step towards society. The Ewell’s are at the bottom of this society and its starting place. His work for Mayella is symbolic of the hard work it takes to get into this white, patriarchal place. Even when he is killed, he seems to be trying to cross a fence. He is trying to leave the place that has him tied down and in shackles, and he is trying to get back to the civilized world. One of the only scenes in which Atticus’s emotions almost take control of him is when he is told by Heck Tate that Tom Robinson is dead. By being able to affect the very icon of civilization in Maycomb, Tom works his way into acceptance even after death.

Boo Radley, glowing white and pure, saves the lives of the children that belong to the man everyone loves and respects. His heroic efforts shine through, even when cast with shadows from behind a door. He defeats the evil, and as he carries this offering (Jem) to the Finch home, the house glows with light. This glowing is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and he has found it. His new found
acceptance into the children’s world and society leads him to sit in Atticus’s seat in the porch swing with Scout. Scout takes him by the hand and leads him back to his home. Now, when the Radley house is in view, Elmer Bernstein’s score changes. We hear a sweet, almost poignant melody welcoming Boo into the world. Without fear, Scout stands on his front porch for the first time. Now their worlds are intermingled, and they have equal footing. Boo Radley has been welcomed into society by the “royal family” of Maycomb.

The way this movie unfolds and tells us the story is only one way it shows the positions of Tom and Boo. While both characters are part of pivotal story lines, the way these stories are told keeps them on the outside. The children and their experiences are the center of the story, and they are introduced immediately. On one end they have Tom, and on the other end they have Boo. Tom is being kept from them in the adult world of crime and punishment. Only through learning about their father are they introduced to Tom. While Boo is kept from them by fences and fear, he is drawn into the world of children through their imagination. Tom and Boo are on a journey from the outskirts of civilization to meet in the middle. The middle is where society is, and it is represented by the children.

Tom Robinson’s dark skin and Boo Radley’s light skin may be opposites; however, they cover the same hero. Split into two different people, this hero teaches the children about their father, life in Maycomb, and most of all, acceptance. Tom, the dark one, stands guard on one side of their world while Boo, the light one, stands guard on the other side. They are the mockingbirds that do not eat out of anyone’s garden; they sing their hearts out to anyone who will listen.
In the "Gospel According to Mark," Jorge Luis Borges weaves elements into his narrative that lead the reader to conclude that the story is a reversal of the theme of European conquest and a commentary against that era in history. Among these elements, three are of central interest. One such element is the metamorphosis of the Guthries into the Gutres. Another is the contrast of Espinosa as an emblem of European ideals and attitudes and the Gutres as symbolic of indigenous cultures. Lastly, the conquest of the European world by the New World finds its ultimate conclusion in Espinosa's crucifixion at the hands of the neo-aboriginal Gutres.

During the narrative, the reader learns that the Gutres are not who they first appear to be. When first introduced, they are described as "tall, strong, and bony with reddish hair and Indian features." There is no initial indication that the Gutres are anything more than folk of Indian stock mingled with Spanish ancestry. Later, when Espinosa discovers the family bible with the Guthrie genealogy inside, the reader learns that the Guthries have been absorbed and transformed by their surroundings into the Gutres. Their transformation is so complete that they no longer speak English and "even Spanish gave them difficulty." A people of Scottish heritage with a well-developed theology have been, in a short period of time, completely altered to fit the indigenous mold. Captive Greece has conquered Rome, so to speak. This relatively rapid yet comprehensive change is significant within the reverse conquest theme. The Gutres become an archetype of the "conquered conquerors" and introduce the idea to the reader.
The second important element in Borges’ narrative is the contrast of Espinosa with the Gutres, and this distinction is presented throughout the narrative. It heightens the reader’s awareness of the characters’ later confusion and serves to foreshadow the resolution. Espinosa is regarded as educated and intelligent. The reader is given this information in the first paragraph of the story. While Espinosa is the urban sophisticate educated in the European tradition, the Gutres are illiterate, rural pastoralists. This class contrast is emphasized when Espinosa’s cousin Daniel leaves to conduct business. Note the following line: "With Daniel gone, he had taken the master's place and begun to give timid orders, which were immediately followed." Without any formal arrangement, Espinosa begins giving orders. The Gutres immediately obey Espinosa in the absence of their former master. Both parties are obedient to their social stations without any external instruction. The vast differences in education are highlighted by the Gutres' utter amazement at Espinosa’s cure of the pet lamb, which they assume to be miraculous. Their complete ignorance regarding contemporary medicine serves to facilitate their identification of Espinosa with Christ. What begins in the story as a rational contrast of Espinosa with the Gutres is magnified to an absurd degree as the Gutres begin to equate Espinosa with Christ. This emphasis further strengthens the significance of the theme, and Espinosa’s elevated status makes his fall more shocking to the reader.

The final element that emphasizes the reversal of conquest is the crucifixion of Espinosa by the Gutres. It may be argued that Christianity was the primary expression of the European culture introduced to the New World, as it is common to all nationalities that established colonies there. Because Christianity is of particular
significance in Latin American nations colonized by the Spanish, the crucifixion becomes an even more emotionally charged symbol. By crucifying the protagonist, whom the Guthries have identified as a Christ surrogate, the neo-aboriginal family is subordinating the most powerful symbol of the European conquest as a weapon against the would-be conquerors. What makes this commentary more stinging is that the Guthries are employing this weapon inadvertently. They are merely exercising an element of their syncretistic religion, which has merged Christianity and Indian beliefs. These "natives," through their own piety, fashion a weapon from the very tool that the conquerors would use to civilize them. In doing so, they demonstrate themselves to be uncivilized.

Borges uses many subtle elements throughout his narrative to emphasize the theme of reverse conquest. By revealing to the reader the transformation of the Guthries early in the story, the theme of conquering the conquerors is masterfully introduced. Espinosa and the Guthries are contrasted throughout the narrative, giving further emphasis to their differences, in spite of their common European origins. Lastly, the story's symbol for the continental ideal, Espinosa, is crucified by people who were themselves "conquered conquerors." Through the clever employment of these elements, Borges creates a subtle commentary on the idea of the New World conquering the Old and the old ways conquering the new.
When I was young, my grandmother was always sick. She couldn’t do much of anything. Even going to the bathroom on her own became a chore too hard for her to handle. One day, no one was there to clean her when she made a bowel movement, so my grandmother called on me. At first I didn’t want to, but looking at my grandma, I couldn’t just let her sit there in her own feces. I was only seven at the time, but I remember it like it was yesterday. Since that day, I have wanted to help the elderly and be a nurse. Through this experience and others, I have grown to believe that the elderly are wise and loving and deserve people to take care of and look after them.

My grandmother is not the only member of my family I have had to take care of. Three years ago, my Uncle Mark became very ill. One of his brothers found him in his house lying on the floor, not able to move. Mark refused to go the hospital; he said that he only had the gout and that in time it would heal. To heal himself, he lay on the couch in his living room, not even moving to use the bathroom. My family begged him to go to the doctor, but he refused. Weeks went by with him laying on the same couch, so my family members and I would take turns caring for him. However, after a while, everyone stopped but me. My family said that he should be better by then and that he was probably faking illness for attention because he was lonely. So I was the only one left to care for him. I knew that something more than the gout was wrong with him. A month went by from the initial day he fell ill. I begged my family to take him to the hospital; finally, they agreed and took him. Upon going to the hospital, my family found out Uncle Mark
had been a victim to several strokes. He spent several weeks in the hospital before being put in a nursing home.

When I was taking care of him because no one else would, I gained a sense of goodness about myself. I had to complete a number of tasks I had never seen myself doing for my own uncle. The task that was hardest was getting him to the bathroom. He didn’t actually go into the bathroom; instead, I would have to hold a basin under his bottom while he would do his business. Every day, I would go and see him and take care of him. My Uncle Mark and I were able to bond through this hard time. Even though his brain is not all there anymore, he still remembers what we went through. He still remembers that I was there for him. This fact makes me want to be a nurse; I want to make other people feel that they are loved and that not everyone has forgotten about them.

In high school, I was able to attain my certification as a nursing assistant by taking a nursing course through a technical school; after this course, I was able to work with the elderly at a nursing home. It was a rewarding, yet sobering, experience. If you have ever been to a nursing home, you can probably recall the smell that reeks throughout the halls. The smell takes some getting used to, but it passes. A part that was hard for me to get used to is the way the elderly are treated by the nurses. Some of the nurses at the home were not so friendly. The unfriendly nurses would even go as far as getting mad at the residents when they went to the bathroom. When they were changing diapers, they would just jerk the residents around, not heeding to the crying and yelling of the resident. Their main concern was their next cigarette break. These nurses saw their job as serving no purpose beyond the
tasks at hand. A true caring nurse should want to be a shoulder to lean on through the residents’ last years of life.

Working in a nursing home has also helped me to believe that the elderly deserve a comfortable place to live. While in a nursing home, the residents seem to be just a name in a room. Every two hours, a nurse will come in to see if the residents need water, to change their diapers, or to get anything else they might need. The nurses sometimes treat the residents as if they were incoherent or children. Most of the time, the residents know exactly what is going on around them. They know that they are being mistreated, but who will believe them? When I become a nurse, I will talk to the residents like they are real people even though someone has to care for them. I would want to make them feel like someone does love them and that they are not forgotten. Some of the residents that are in a nursing home are there because they have no family left to call on. If I were in that situation I would want a friend. A nurse could possibly provide a sense of comfort for someone who is lonely and has no one to talk to.

The elderly have been alive for a long time and deserve the best possible care. A nursing home should be a place where the nurses truly care, a place that doesn’t seem like a prison, a place that is comfortable to die in not a place that reeks of urine. Being put in a nursing home should not create a fear of aging. I believe that all people, especially the elderly, deserve the best care at the end of their lives.
CHILDREN IN A FIELD
They don't wade in so much as they are taken
Deep in the day, in the deep of the field.
Every current in the grasses whispers hurry
hurry hurry, every yellow spreads its perfume
like a rumor, impelling them further on.
It is the way of girls. It is the sway
of their dresses in the summer trance-
light, their bare calves already far-gone
in green. What songs will they follow?
Whatever the wood warbles, whatever storm
or harm the border promises, whatever
calm. Let them go. Let them go traceless
through the high grass and into the willow-
blur, traceless across the lean blue glint
of the river, to the long dark bodies
of the conifers, and over the welcoming
threshold of nightfall.

A Freak of Nature
Brenan Evans

According to Webster's Dictionary, the definition of "grow" is
"to increase in size. To develop and reach maturity. To become." In
the poem "Children in a Field," the author describes the acquirement of
maturity. Through use of natural imagery, the poet emphasizes the
inevitability of growing from a child to an adult. Also enhancing the
theme is the use of specific colors and values as metaphors and as
important, necessary adjectives. The poet portrays life as various forms
of nature and how "to become" is to experience those forms of nature as both a child and an adult.

In the poem, nature plays a major role in developing the theme, and the setting, a field, contains key aspects of nature: grasses, wind currents, flowers, woods, storms, rivers, and trees. Currents and flowers represent temptations faced throughout the process of development. The poem reads, "Every current in the grasses whispers hurry hurry, every yellow spreads its perfume like a rumor, impelling them further on." When we are young, it seems as though the world and happenings encountered in life are encouraging us to grow up faster. The grass mentioned throughout the poem is the world. It is referred to three times, first with "Every current in the grasses whispers," and again, we might infer that this phrase refers to the temptations, or currents in the world. Later, the author writes, "It is the sway of their dresses in the summer trance-light, their bare calves already far-gone in green." Green, here, is the grass, or the world, and the children are already moving out into it. In fact, they seem to be merging with the grass. "Let them go traceless through the high grass and into the willow," writes the poet. This excerpt reveals the importance of finally allowing a child to grow up, letting him become part of the world. One must let a child venture through the high grass and into the willow. A child must experience the world in order to succeed as an adult.

Other aspects of nature that emphasize the poem's theme are the wood and storms. The poet writes, "Whenever the wood warbles, whatever storm or harm the border promises, whatever calm. Let them go." The wood, like the grass, represents the world, though in this case, not a world feared by a parent for a child to undergo, but one of
potential and opportunity. A storm, here, is a probable challenge that will undoubtedly be faced in life. That life will present conflict is inevitable. This inevitability is emphasized through the author's use of the word "promises."

The river is an important form of imagery in "Children in a Field." The first lines of the poem read, "They don't wade in so much as they are taken. Deep in the day, in the deep of the field, every current in the grasses whispers." The words "wade," "deep," and "current" conjure associations with water. The field represents life, but here adjectives describing water are applied to the description of the field. They don't wade, or procrastinate, in the field; they are taken, or propelled, into life. The line "Deep in the day, in the deep of the field" reveals the eagerness of children. They want to go deep, to grasp at life's offerings. They start off with a passion for life that grows with age: "Every current whispers hurry hurry." Every current in the field, or form of motivation in life, encourages a child. By the last lines of the poem, one realizes that the terms describing water are actually foreshadowing the children in a river, not in a field. "Let them go... traceless across the lean blue glint of the river," reads the poem. The river is that monumental occurrence, whatever it may be, that is the final transformation from childhood to adulthood.

Color and value are important in the portrayal of the theme. Every "yellow" indicates the beginning stages of development, although not at all directly. Yellow is a bright, yet light color; it is fresh and vibrant. The children are being compelled further on. They are fresh and vulnerable. Later, the poet writes, "Light, their bare calves already far-gone in green." They are still young, innocent even, hence the writer's use of the words "light" and "bare." But their calves are already
"far-gone in green." The children, perhaps in a stage of adolescence now, are somewhat experienced in life; they have lived a little. Green is a heavier shade than yellow, deeper in value. The color blue is also used, and blue is deeper than yellow and green. "Blur, traceless across the lean blue glint of the river, to the long dark bodies of the conifers," writes the author. The subjects are no longer children; they are now adults. "Lean blue glint" refers to health. They are lean, and they shine. The prime of adulthood has been reached; the river has been crossed. The children eventually reach the "long dark bodies of the conifers." Now "conifers," they are old and set in their ways and values; they are finished changing and will remain green year after year. The poem ends with the children reaching "the welcoming threshold of nightfall." Nightfall is death. The children have been tempted and motivated, challenged, and have crossed the river. Now they are old, and death is nearing.

The exhibition of death, along with the other examples of natural imagery found throughout "Children in a Field," gives readers a vivid interpretation of growing older. The use of color and value defines the stages of life in a unique but accessible way, allowing readers to better sense the poet's purpose. With these devices, the author proves that growing up, losing innocence, and eventually dying are inevitable in life. Everyone will play in a field, be tempted by flowers, battle storms, and cross their own rivers. One must let oneself become a conifer, and one must let a child do so also. Humans, therefore, are a freak of nature.
Camera Movements and Film Speed

Nona Dowling

Despite their subtle usage, camera movements and manipulated film speeds are often key factors in the storytelling involved in a film. Because we as viewers have grown accustomed to film as a medium through which messages are conveyed, we often overlook what it takes to get a message across while avoiding blatancy. It is easy to pass a message verbally to an audience: a character states a fact, and the listeners accept it as truth. But not all messages are easy to put into words. Often a director can state his purpose in a scene simply by the way he shoots it. A scene filmed as a continuous, stationary, medium shot conveys an entirely different message than one with sweeping panoramas and lots of movement. A director who is proficient in his craft knows these things and is both purposeful and original in his techniques.

One such director is Richard Kelly, whose film Donnie Darko has become a cult indie hit. Kelly often uses his cameras to add to the unique confusion of the film. The hand-held look, tracking shots, and manipulated film speeds that he artfully employs add considerably to the film's rich themes. The opening sequence is a shining example of Kelly's imaginative work. The film opens with a slow pan across a mountainous skyline that leads into a forward moving tracking shot. The camera approaches a mysterious figure lying in the road and tracks around the figure, creating the shape of a backwards question mark. We see immediately that the figure in the road is a boy, but instead of clarifying something about this character, the camera movements only further add to the questions that arise at the beginning of a film. Who is
this boy? What is he doing in the road? A direct shot of him might add some valuable stock information, but the ambiguity of the camera movements answers none of these questions. Later in the film, we see Kelly's comments on the nature of time manifest themselves visually. He often uses short scenes with distorted film speeds as transitions to important events throughout the film. On the other hand, the longer scenes with similar film speed changes are often used to establish connections between characters. Kelly uses one such scene to introduce his cast of characters quite effectively. The scene begins with a candid shot on the back of a school bus where Donnie and his classmates exit. Following him into the school, the camera jumps from character to character as both the isolation of humanity is visually suggested and the connections within the community of characters are displayed. The theme of isolation is a strong one throughout the film, and this scene notes it with subtlety. While the movements of the characters throughout this sequence establish many connections, the actual movements of the camera seem to negate these connections by isolating characters within the sea of moving figures.

This sequence is also shot in a manipulated timeframe. It is shot mostly in slow motion, but occasionally the scene will speed up to real time and faster. This little time trick is effective when the soundtrack is taken into account (the last line of the song states, "it's funny how time flies"), but it also makes a point of the ambiguous nature of time, a very important theme throughout the film. At the end of the film, Kelly uses a series of panning shots edited together to create a montage of characters. After the tangential universe collapses and Donnie sacrifices himself for the lives of the other characters, this sequence displays the effect that his sacrifice has on the community
around him. Early on in the film, Kelly focuses on isolating characters in their environments, but this sequence creates an unsuspecting community out of the motley cast of characters.

Another directorial example of unique camera movements and film speeds is that of the Wachowski brothers, whose film *The Matrix* displays revolutionary techniques for its time. The first thing that comes to mind at the mention of this film is "bullet time." This technique mimics the speed at which bullets travel, allowing for exaggerated suspense during action sequences as well as a display of the reality-defying feats which are integral to the film. Neo, the film's hero, has the ability to manipulate the artificial reality which surrounds him while he is in the matrix. During a climactic action scene, while fighting an agent, he moves at bullet speed to dodge the bullets being fired at him. This odd effect creates the look of inhuman movements, which exemplifies the film's commentary on the unpredictable nature of reality. A central question posed by *The Matrix* is "How do you know what you are seeing is real?" The time manipulation in this scene acts as a visual representation of the ambiguity of reality. The computer program looks and acts exactly as the real world does, but inside the program, the normal rules of nature can be broken.

Another common technique used in this film is the push-in. This camera movement acts as another comment on the ambiguity of reality. The scene where the agents are questioning Neo about Morpheus begins with this technique. The scene starts with a TV screen framed in the shot. On the screen we see Neo alone in an interrogation room. The camera pushes in on the TV screen until it takes up the entire frame and it is difficult to distinguish whether we are actually seeing Neo in the room or a screen which shows him sitting in the
room. The camera pushes in further, and the moment of doubt passes as we establish that we must be seeing him directly. This effect is a humorous comment on the aforementioned question. Through camera movements, the Wachowski brothers make the audience themselves unsure as to what they are really seeing.

The last confrontation between Neo and the agents uses film speed in a way that has only been hinted at until this point. The agent Smith actually kills Neo, but Neo overrides the system and is brought back to life. This event cuts all constraints that the matrix has on Neo, and he is able to bend it fully to his own will. Neo reawakens inside the matrix, and Smith immediately attacks him. As bullets come toward him from the agents in the hallway, the world around Neo remains in real time, but the bullets are seen in bullet time. In a few seconds the time differences equalize, and the bullets simply stop in mid air due to the force of his will. This scene is used more to showcase the awesome power of Neo's abilities, but it too contains the same comments on the nature of reality. Overall, the film effectively uses camera movements and film speeds to press its rich themes. What is reality? How do we know what we are seeing is real? These questions arise throughout the film, and the Wachowski brothers' innovative techniques visually note the ambiguity of these questions and their endless implications.

Both the Wachowski brothers and Richard Kelly are innovative and creative in their camera techniques. The Wachowski brothers must be credited with their invention of bullet time and interesting use of camera movements, but Richard Kelly is more creative within his limitations. Kelly uses camera movements and time manipulations more deliberately than the Wachowski brothers do. Every movement in the film adds to the overall idea of the film itself, while the Wachowski
brothers have a tendency to fall back on bland "Hollywood" techniques when they are not showcasing their digital innovations.
I can still remember sitting with my homeroom class in my sixth grade math classroom one day after both the teachers had left the room. We sat there for what seemed like forever, and soon, as children are apt to do, we began to chatter. I managed to stay out of it until somebody mentioned Hanson, a popular boy band that I avidly disliked at the time; then the fight was on. As the debate continued, I remember our teachers coming in and pulling other students into the second room for our team (each team had two teachers and two rooms) one by one. I began to wonder what was going on. When the teachers came in to talk to us, the class fell silent. They announced that they were tired of always telling us to hush, that we had been too loud, and while we had been yelling and having a good time, the rest of our class was in the other room learning new math formulas. Our teachers left us with a hefty assignment, and I began to cry, not because I was in trouble or even because I didn’t want to do the work - I would still do it later that evening - but because I truly wanted to learn.

It was a sentiment instilled in me by all the great educators I had had at the time, and it’s one I still feel today, even after the rigorous torment of public high school. Through imagination and ingenuity, my teachers taught me to love the written word and to immerse myself not just in the when and where, but the why of history. In eighth grade language arts, Mr. Moore showed me that you could be fun and serious at the same time; he taught me how to utilize my budding vocabulary for my own jocularity, the tie between communism and farm life, and what the root of all evil really looks like. Then there was my sixth grade
teacher, Mrs. Turner, who taught me how to really write a good essay, how to take notes, and to treat my peers well and who introduced me to Shakespeare. She showed us how to "make a PB&J" and to throw a Renaissance banquet. Mrs. Turner and Mr. Moore made middle school worthwhile and, since, have had a profound influence on my life. I want to be a teacher so I can give the same joy and enthusiasm to my own students that my teachers gave me.

Unfortunately, the originality that really sets a great teacher apart is disappearing in public schools as requirements, deadlines, and tests are piled on by local and national school boards. My junior-year language arts teacher threatened that one day educators would be little more than supervisors, assigning the same work to every student across the country each day. It pains me to see her words coming true as more and more rules and quotas are placed on teachers, hindering their ability to inspire a hunger for learning in bored and tired students. Test scores and memorization of material are what matter to lawmakers, as opposed to participation, work ethic, or even actual knowledge. It is this style of "teaching for tests" that produces lazier, more dim-witted students. Granted, not all teachers are prodigies; many are far from it and need the guidelines, but these same rules will often hinder teachers and students alike.

As if that didn't make the challenge of teaching hard enough, today's public school teachers are also losing their power to discipline. One of the best physics teachers at my high school was fired for following his syllabus, which had stood without contest for more or less twelve years. What was his crime? Taking points off of a student's quiz grade because the boy fell asleep in class - something that should never happen to begin with. This incident might never have even come to
contest, but the student was a football player, so round one of “football coach vs. physics teacher” began. Without a proper system of classroom consequence for everyone, students can disrupt the lesson whenever they feel like, without threat of significant repercussion. Even if a teacher goes through the trouble of writing a student up, the worst he has to fear is a chat with an assistant principal and the little bonus of being a few minutes out of class.

Standardized testing and required AKS (Academic Knowledge and Skills) are a good way to make sure students learn required skills and knowledge, and that teachers can, well, teach, but there are limits to how long these measures remain effective without getting in the way. Too much, and the students will only learn memorization techniques, much in the way I did in high school math and science; I don’t remember any of my formulas or amino acids. Out of the classroom discipline, which keeps teachers from abusing power, there must also be control allotted to the teacher. Because my sixth grade teachers were able to punish the class by splitting us and giving each group a different assignment, I learned not to talk in the classroom, with or without a teacher present.

The reason that I want to be a teacher is to make a difference in students’ lives and to introduce them to the same vivacity I have found in literature and history. The limitations that are on my chosen profession give me just one more reason to strive to give students the best education I know how.
WarEve
(Mid March)

It seems far off
on a hazy, pale horizon,

the shimmering point
on the arid sandscape,

but through the hissing scopes
she sees that it is indeed fruit,

still hanging in the once Fertile Firstland
where the four rivers split and wound out.

Still "pleasing to the eye"
this "Knowledge of Good and Evil"

and the serpent in the sky
with his tongue

in her gardened home
flicking.

"WarEve" in the Garden of Good and Evil
Thompson Brock

In the poem "WarEve," the author uses the literary devices of imagery, allusion, and metaphor to implant the reader into the eyes and mind of an hypothetical American soldier on the evening of March 17, 2003. This soldier recognizes and realizes in the face of the battle that is about to happen that the outcome of this conflict has not yet been sealed
and that war is a choice and not an inevitable fate. Imagery is used to describe the setting. Allusion is used to let the reader know where the soldier is geographically and what historical events are going through the soldier’s mind while she contemplates the larger meaning behind the events that are happening in the present. Metaphor is used to connect the events of the present to the events and ancient legends of the past for the purpose of supporting the theme of the poem, and the poem itself is a metaphor built from the devices of imagery, allusion, and metaphor.

The author uses imagery to let us know where it is that the person who is the subject of this poem is at while having this visionary contemplation. Line 4 refers to an “arid” landscape, and line 9 states, “where the four rivers split and wound out.” From this, it can be assumed that the setting is in Iraq, an arid landscape where the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers meet and then fork into separate branches. Imagery is also used to let the reader know that this is a soldier, especially if the reader is a former or current soldier himself, in lines 5 and 6, which state, “but through the hissing scopes she sees.” Could this not be a reference to the night vision goggles that soldiers deployed on both sides of a conflict use to perpetually watch each other in the days, months, and sometimes years leading up to a battle?

Throughout the poem the author uses allusion to build on its theme. In addition to the physical description, the author lets the reader know she is referring to Iraq by using the term “once fertile firstland” in line 8. “Firstland” is an allusion to the fact that the oldest known written language and oldest known government of a stationary society in western civilization was in Sumeria/Mesopotamia, a nation-state that existed in the location of present-day Iraq. The words “once fertile”
refers to the fact that the success of Sumerian civilization was attributed to the fertile crescent created by the Tigris-Euphrates delta, a region which supplied soil so rich and crop yields so bountiful that this society was able to survive and be prosperous for nearly 2000 years. It was this prosperity that led to it being referred to as Paradise in the ancient story of Adam and Eve, which is alluded to many times throughout the poem, including the title.

The descriptive imagery and allusions of “WarEve” work together to create the metaphor that is the theme of the poem, found in an American Soldier seeing herself as part of a grander scheme, herself as a modern character of an ancient legend. The soldier sees that, although war seems inevitable, there is still the possibility of it not happening. This is expressed in metaphor when, on “the shimmering point” (line 3), there is “indeed fruit still hanging” (lines 7-8). Much like Eve of the ancient legend, who was pressured into choosing this “knowledge of good and evil” (line 11) by a serpent, this modern Eve is also tempted by a “serpent in the sky” (line 12), a metaphoric reference to the drone airplanes and satellites looking down upon her, transmitting information to the leaders and citizenry of her “gardened home” (line 14). Whereas the fruit is a metaphor for the choice of not going to war, the knowledge of good and evil is a metaphor for the choice of going to war, which in the original legend meant to obtain the power of God. This can be construed as man playing God, especially when the choice is being made by those who are in the “gardened home.” In the modern usage of the phrase, this is a metaphor for the paradise-like, rich, gasoline hoarding western world, namely the United States from which the soldier hails. The final line of the poem is the single word “flicking,” which stands alone, strongly comparing the
tongue of the serpent to the many things in modern western culture which flick, such as a pilot light, a power source turning on and off, or the television set that is being watched by those who ultimately make the decision whether or not to pursue the "knowledge of good and evil."

In addition to the written and obvious metaphoric theme of this poem there is also an unspoken yet implied theme of this poem supported by the comparison of the United States to the civilization of the Fertile Crescent. This society ended when the land became arid desert after the resources were exhausted and overproduced without being replenished due to a short-term desire for riches.
Shawn and I pulled up to West Augusta Pediatrics one day to fix a computer problem. As he put his beat-up, green minivan into park, there was a kind of awkward pause. After a few seconds, he turned to me and said that he wanted me to stop wearing my usual shorts and sandals to work and start dressing more professionally. This request says a lot about who I was at the time this happened. I was nothing more than a Lakeside High teenager with a little knowledge of computers. I hung out with my friends as much as possible and tried to fit schoolwork in sometimes, and as luck would have it, I got a great job tossed into my lap by a friend of my dad. Naturally, I took advantage of the opportunity to work on computers for pay. So I ended up at a computer consultant company called RAN Services under the guidance of the lead technician, Shawn Lewis. Shawn didn’t see me as a typical teenager wandering aimlessly around. He saw me as a young man with a lot of potential, but he could see that I needed a little direction. His asking me to wear pants and closed-toe shoes to work made me realize how much he really did respect me and my appearance. He knew that he would not have to say another word to me about it, but neither of us knew that I was about to change in a noticeable way.

Because Shawn told me to start wearing pants and shoes to work, I did, but more than that, he started a change in me on that day. He showed respect. He made it clear that he cared enough about me to care what other people, especially clients of ours, thought of me. Temporarily, I probably started wearing pants and closed-toe shoes simply because of my embarrassment and shock when Shawn asked me
to. A permanent change happened because he opened my eyes and made me realize that I needed to show more respect for my position. I didn’t wear those clothes just because I was told to anymore. I wore professional attire because it was respectful of my position and of my boss. This new respect for my position began growing and then started to infect other areas of my personality.

When I was given a job at RAN Services, I didn’t realize what I had been given. A little knowledge of computers got me a job, but I wasn’t mature enough at the time to have it. During middle school, I was a guy who spent my Friday nights breaking and fixing my computer. Being a computer nerd through middle school paid off towards the end of my sophomore year of high school. A friend of my dad who had seen me work on computers recommended me to the owner of RAN Services. I did not even have to apply or go looking for the job, so I know I took it for granted and did not try that hard or take it that seriously. I would sometimes come in late, or I would call Shawn minutes before I was supposed to be there and tell him I could not make it. I dressed like all of my friends from school but did not change for work, which made me stick out as a much underdressed employee, no doubt. All in all, I simply was not in the right state of mind for the position that was given to me. It is important, however, to understand exactly what I was like when I started in order to understand who I have become.

On the day, after about nine months of working for RSI, that Shawn turned to me and asked me to start wearing long pants and closed-toe shoes to work, I was a little bit surprised and caught off guard. Embarrassed, I said, “Sure, no problem.” Ashamed, the following days I obediently wore nothing but collared shirts, long khaki
pants, and nicer shoes. Then after a while of my new look, I realized what I had been doing. Before, I treated my job like I was hanging out with my friends, but I was working for a very prestigious computer support company. I needed to act like it. So the next day, I went to work in a collared shirt, long pants, and shoes as usual, but with a new reason. I had a whole new attitude towards work. Shawn did not say a word and neither did our clients, but I felt a change in the way they treated me. Doubtless, they did not even know they changed the way they acted towards me or that I had changed in appearance. I was given a good deal of respect and credibility. Before, Shawn would walk me into a client, introduce me, and then leave. Some of our clients would whisper to him, “Are you sure that kid can handle this?” Of course, his answer was “yes,” simply because he trusted and knew me, but the clients were still skeptical of my qualifications and age. When my attire changed, so did their confidence in my abilities. When my respect I received, I gave myself more respect, which could be seen in my actions. Shawn saw a change in me also, so he entrusted me with more and more responsibility, and I took it and impressed him with the way I handled myself. He ordered me to do something for the first time, which had an immediate effect of embarrassment on me. I knew I should have known to wear more appropriate clothes to work. At the same time, I felt that it wasn’t just my clothes that needed to change, but my whole attitude.

Before I knew it, the changes in my work life trickled on down into my social and home life. My parents noticed and gave me more and more freedom because they felt like I was growing up and could handle the responsibilities that came with adulthood. They showed me a new respect, and I saw them in a new light, more as allies than
enemies always trying to punish me. So as the responsibilities grew, I
grew in maturity to meet their requirements. Schoolwork became more
important to me. I began to pay more attention and did exactly what
my teachers asked. In return, my grades shot up. I felt like a new
person even. I cared about doing well in school and being the best I
could be at work. I had straight A’s and a new viewpoint on my life.
Shawn soon became my best friend. He taught me things that I had no
idea about and began expanding my knowledge of computers. Seeing
this and my new drive, Shawn began putting more and more
responsibility on me. I began to thrive off of the new responsibilities.
Feeling more like a man with every day, my self-confidence grew in a
very healthy way. I knew I was able to handle more than I could have
six months before then. I had changed and grown into a happy new
man.

I am probably one of very few people who can say that clothes
changed my life. I have heard people think they can tell a lot about a
man by the way he dresses. People do not wear extremely nice clothes
and jewelry to go buy a car. They know that if the seller does not think
they have a lot of money, it will be easier to negotiate. The way
someone looks has a great effect on the amount of credibility they get
on a first appearance. This concept played itself out in my life in at least
one very important instance, when I was asked to wear different clothes
to work. I went from being an average teenager, gifted with computers,
who was given more than I earned, to becoming a self-respecting,
grown man with aspirations and responsibilities. People gave me
respect, and I gave myself respect in return. One may ask why I
changed so fast and so willingly. I think that I subconsciously wanted
to change but had no drive to do so. Shawn put that drive within me by
simply asking me to cover the lower half of my legs and my toes. All of this tells me that appearances have a lot to do with the way we are treated and how much initial credibility and respect are given to us.