

INKWELL 2012



Inkwell
2012

I THANK YOU

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I NON-SEXIST LANGUAGE

The expressions presented in this publication reflect the views and artistic sentiments of the authors. The Evergreen State College Writing Center does not take responsibility for any negative effect this writing has on anybody.

Regarding non-sexist language: Sometime in the 20th century the habit of using the masculine signifier was challenged. As an alternative has yet to be agreed upon, the *Inkwell* Editorial Board has chosen to let each writer decide for ____self how to address this issue.

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The Evergreen State College
Writing Center Presents

INKWELL 2012

A Student Guide to Writing

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DAVID IMHOFF &
MADELEINE STEPHENS

EDITORS' NOTE

*T*utors at the Evergreen Writing Center covet reflection as essential to their work with peer writers. We see reflection as both personal and interpersonal, individual and social, and always political. As a small community, we risk insularity if our conversations are quarantined, limited to the small space we occupy on the main floor of the Library.

In an effort to open a dialogue with students, faculty, and future tutors around writing and education, we tutors have convened annually since 2006 to create an iteration of the publication you now hold. Dubbed A Student Guide to Writing, Inkwell began by representing the philosophy of the Writing Center, while simultaneously recording its history. As the project has evolved, however, tutors increasingly have understood Inkwell as a resource for their own reflection and have come to see its creation in a different light.

An organism committed to print, rooted in the written word, *Inkwell* is easy to misconstrue as an unassuming tombstone marking the Writing Center's history. Still and stagnant, words lie flat on its pages. But a closer look into its canopies

reveals that its pages' inhabitants are mutually dependent, seasonal, bending. Stories limber themselves with the ebb and flow of failures and successes, be they collective or individual. Words don't go stale. We consider those embedded in *Inkwell* to be sensitive creatures, afflicted by bone-sicknesses, photosynthesis, ecstasies, raindrops, seminar papers, and sunshine—just like the rest of us.

In a forest, disturbance is slow, hardly tangible to our meager and lowly human perception, shifting growth patterns and the noodly spiral of population increase or decrease in one exaggerated and lethargic exhale. *Inkwell* is a collective, center-wide heave, a thrust arching us more quickly and less subtly and achingly towards a climax forest of mutual support. Disturbance in a forest can take the form of fire, drought, insect epidemics, or real-estate development. The disturbance of *Inkwell* is deliberate, though the traumas and inspirations which pestered its authors into writing arrived impulsively and uninvited. The disturbance of *Inkwell's* voices, we think, will lure us to a destination unimagined by city planners and logging companies; there will be no lone wolves in this forest.

The forest compels us, as writers, as humans, to find growth in disturbance, light in darkness, life in death, and, in decay, composition. In all of its stillness, the forest moves to speak its truth, its processes revealed in the intricacies of composition, but not yet resolved. Published, yet incomplete, *Inkwell* is both the end and the beginning of collaboration. The fruits of our collective reflection live here, accommodated by hours and weeks of conversation and writing. But only through your indulgence in the bitter, rotten bits of flesh that are these pages will our project finally reach fruition. Fruits exist to be eaten. Unless devoured, they rot. Their unspread seeds falter and refuse to root. Such is writing.

Read. Prod our conversations back into movement. Along with your convictions and experience, plant the seeds that remain of what you've consumed here. They may seem at first unremarkable, at once beautiful and common, but you are likely to be surprised by what grows from them. Read.



Disturbance:

It begins with disturbance, sometimes natural (fire, flooding, wind), sometimes not (pollution, development, over harvest). Disturbance wipes the slate clean, dramatically changing the landscape.

ALEX EISENBERG

CULTIVATING VOICE

There is only one way to tell that a seed is alive, and that is to grow it.

~~~

A seed shows no sign that it is alive. Even under a microscope and through dissection there is no evidence that it will become anything living, anything beyond the small, still entity sitting in my hand. But somehow, someone somewhere knew that if they planted it, and fed it, it would grow.

I suppose then that the seed is just a bundle of hidden potential energy. Like an idea. The idea for this article began with a metaphor. And not even an original metaphor: Ideas starting out as seeds and growing with time and energy? We've heard it all before. And yet, there is potential.

Trust me. Being clichéd or predictable is one of my worst fears about writing, and speaking, and even thinking. I find myself constantly asking: *"How do I say something that has never been said?"* In seminar I would sometimes refuse to speak my

mind because I thought, *What I want to say is too obvious: that's why no one else has said it.* I didn't consider that I might have something meaningful or important or unique to share, or that I could express myself in a way that would reach people.

“My idea doesn't feel unique,  
and so, like the seed, it doesn't  
seem alive.”

Sometimes I feel there is nothing left. I have a brilliant, incredible, earth-shattering idea—and then I find whole books already written on it. I find a beautiful, colorful seed—and a thousand others that look just the same. I plant mine—while seven billion other people are planting theirs. So how can mine be special? My idea doesn't feel unique, and so, like the seed, it doesn't seem alive.

Then why am I pursuing it? I suppose because after years of rejecting ideas, I just can't anymore. I want to say something. I *need* to say something. And I have something to say. It is small and still and maybe doesn't seem vibrant or alive. But that's the risk of writing, and speaking, and even having ideas. Maybe my idea has already been written, thought, felt, said, tried, and the wonder of it may seem to have died. But there is only one way to know that the seed is alive.

Some days, when I actually remember this, I decide to try. On those days, like today, I scramble with excitement to collect the things I need: water, soil, sun, seed, pen, paper, hands, music, shovel, and I just go. I dig my hole. I drop the seed in dirt. I cover it in darkness. And then I pour my love into it. Pour my words, my brain, my heart, my soul into the soil. I expose the surface to light. Feed, water. Day after day I work on it. Some days are better than others. Some days I think it will never grow.

Through this process, in all my tending and loving, I become seed *and* gardener; page, words, idea *and* writer. I become maybe too close, too connected, too invested in what I am growing. I am simultaneously in the dark trying to grow, and on the outside watering, writing, waiting.

~~~

I find it symbolic that we don't plant a seed in the light. We put it in the darkness to sit in isolation, in time, in mind, in the damp soil alone, to struggle to grow. This is fitting for my own process. I go through intense darkness with my writing. I almost always hit a point where I am not sure anything with breath or life will emerge. I check every day to see if a bud has broken through the thick dirt that covers it; I look up eager in the dark, searching for the light.

But day by day, I remain in the darkness, in the struggle, in the wait. It is the only way I know.

~~~

This isn't what you want to hear, I realize, about writing or life. Though I suppose all of this may be different for you—no darkness, no long days waiting for a breakthrough. Maybe you just plant and reap, plant and reap. Maybe. But that isn't my process. I am constantly dropped in dirt, covered in darkness, and struggling to reach the light.

“How else could I expect something complex or beautiful to emerge? I have to take care of the seed. Hold it through the darkness.”

Struggling, trying every day! How else could I expect something complex or beautiful to emerge? I have to take care of the seed. Hold it through the darkness. Tend to it. Encourage it. Love it again and again. If I do this, eventually it will crack open, and life will start spilling out. Sometimes this is happening before I can even see, while the seed is still hidden under the soil, shaking scared in the dark.

Either way, it *will* crack.

It will start to grow roots, limbs in all sorts of directions. It may be chaotic. I might not totally understand, even though it is coming from me.

Still, I have to trust the process. Keep tending. Keep writing. Keep envisioning what this now-living entity could become; where the internal logic lies; where the connections are; what needs arise. More light? More water? Does it need new soil? Pay attention. Wait.

Something is starting to take shape, and the shape has meaning as though the seed always knew what it was going to become, and how, and why, even if I didn't. Sometimes it's not until that moment when life and beauty and color burst forth that I remember, or truly understand. Sometimes, I never do. And sometimes...

Walking down the street, on a rainy day, someone sees what I have grown, and in recognition, in comfort, in empathy, in appreciation, they smile.

~~~

So I took the chance. I planted a seed. If I didn't, then it would have stayed lifeless for sure. If I had worried too much about growing something everyone has already seen, I would never have discovered that the grown seed is a whole different tree when it is grown by me. And I wouldn't be sitting here in awe, crying at the beauty of my own truth out in the world for you to see as you walk the cracked sidewalk or flip through the pages of a book.

Common flower or rare blossom, here it is, here I am: blooming and alive.



First sere: Red Alder
(*Alnus rubra*)

Typically, after environmental disturbances red alder (*Alnus rubra*) move in as the pioneer species. Their life cycle includes a beautiful symbiotic relationship with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which greatly benefits the entire forest. *Alnus rubra* live for a short amount of time relative to the legacy of nitrogen they leave in the soil.

EVELYN PASILLAS

HOW I SWIM

Class begins in one hour. I have been brainstorming in the shower, as usual, but procrastinated until now. Clearly, I am a last-minute writer and enjoy creating under pressure.

My writing begins with a free-for-all and quickly scribbling my ideas onto scraps of paper before the thoughts evaporate. Sometimes the perfect sentence suddenly will appear—as if there is a play button in my head that has been pressed, something like whispering a secret in my own ear. This can be a problem when I am shampooing my hair.

Placing my words on paper is a strenuous task, because I have spent thirty years composing under the artificial rain in my bathtub. Thirty years of poetry and letters. My secret thoughts disappeared unrecorded and unspoken. The words were quietly forgotten as the soapy water carried them down the drain.

~~~

On my twelfth birthday my mother sent me a gift in the mail from 3,000 miles away. I admired her

florid script and sniffed the brown paper, hoping to catch her scent. I savored the opportunity to feel an object her hands had recently touched. Barely able to contain my excitement, I gently unfolded the wrapping to reveal a journal. The small book had delicate cherry blossoms drawn on its cover and was held firmly closed by a deep pink satin ribbon tied into a neat bow. I filled the pages easily. Writing in my journal allowed me to release emotions and languish over my pubescent poetry. I wrote to my journal with complete freedom. It held all of my secrets, without judgment.

When my mother came to visit later that year, she read the journal. One afternoon I came home from school and discovered her sitting on the edge of my bed with the defenseless little book in her hand. She told me I was a slut. In a harsh whisper, more piercing than shouting, she demanded to know if I was becoming a “godless les-bi-an!” I said nothing. I tore out the offensive and traitorous pages, shredded them into small bits, and threw them into Lake Washington. The ducks tried to nibble at the pieces before they sank into the cold darkness. As a teenager I would return to that beach to drink beer with boys and in my twenties to skinny dip with friends, but I never wrote down another intimate thought again.

“In a harsh whisper, more  
piercing than shouting, she  
demanded to know if I was  
becoming a ‘godless les-bi-an!’”

So much time has passed. I need to write. Writing captures my jumbled feelings and shapes them into meaningful insights. Writing forces me to collect the tangled perceptions and clots of emotion hiding just beneath the surface.

I write, “Collaboration is always helpful and would make writing a richer experience.” That sentence is a load of rubbish disguised by a floweret of pink frosting. I am afraid to leave the safety of the shower.

I muster up the courage to approach the lake’s



edge. I am confronted by my vulnerability and eager to have someone hold my hand as we plunge into the murky waters. Reluctant to expose my inner workings, academic writing has been a safe, predictable, and dull hiding place. I cannot afford to be tenuous.

“I’ve never had a firm grip on reality, but I am an excellent swimmer.”

I plop my soggy paper down on the table in front of my tutor for editing. I want to hide. I am both ashamed and proud of what I have written, but will she interpret my words as meaningful? Will she savor my story like a ripe plum and suck on the pit for a while, or have I just secreted a cancerous tumor and indulgently smeared it around on the page like a toddler? I close my eyes and hold my breath as the tutor reads my words out loud. They are no longer a secret.

With each draft, I inch closer to submersion. I need help. I am coming up for air before the next wave hits. Divorce, bedbugs, foreclosure, and death. Crash, crash, crash! Spinning head over heels, I find it impossible to tell which way is up. No longer writing to get a good grade or to impress my teacher, it is time to be real. I open my eyes.

The tutor reads on, and it is as if my twelve-year-old self has sent me a message in a bottle. I am embarrassed by her loneliness. She is here with me, drowning, just beneath my skin. Loss has a powerful undercurrent, and I can barely see the shore now. My silence has become a vast ocean. I have to use my voice. I am grasping for dignity, grace, and humor before hypothermia sets in. Today I am writing to save my life.

~~~

I almost died before my fourth birthday. Convinced that I could breathe water, I was quite happy walking around in our backyard pool. The water was about a foot taller than me, and my big sister noticed my long reddish-brown locks floating on the surface. She pulled me out by my mermaid hair and bent my legs to pump the

water out of my stomach like in old cartoons. I was furious. Breathing air was quite painful, and my sister rudely interrupted my conversation with Jesus. My father dismantled the pool that evening. For years I believed that Jesus must be hiding in someone's swimming pool or at the bottom of a lake. I've never had a firm grip on reality, but I am an excellent swimmer.

Memories wash over me as the words flow from my body and splash onto the page. I get out the big girl scissors and slice my paper into ribbons. The meaning is becoming clear to me as I puzzle the pieces back together. The sentences begin to have a natural ebb and flow. I let out a deep breath. I can forgive my imperfections and admire the writer I am becoming. Being naked feels right sometimes, and it is too laborious to swim with clothes on.

Gaining strength as I arrange the paragraphs, I lose my modesty and discover my own narrative. A sense of urgency propels me forward, but the words come fast and easy now. Their effervescence delights me, like sea spray tickling my skin with a thousand tiny kisses.

You are here with me. Shamelessly. We are explorers. I want you to know my mind. I need you to walk around in my rooms and inhale the essence of my illusions. We take a breath and dip under the surface with eyes wide open. Let's interrogate our reality together. If I find the right words, you will fall in without resistance. Come on in. The water is fine.

SANDRA YANNONE

BACKDRAFT, SLEEPING LADY

In the summer of 2003, I steeled myself to attend a math-across-the-curriculum conference at Sleeping Lady, a retreat center named after a range of voluptuous mountains resembling a woman in lush repose. She rests above Leavenworth, Washington.

As a poet and the Director of Evergreen's Writing Center, I was out of my league. Math and science professors from across the state had convened to discuss inspired ways they could teach material that fascinated them in the same way I find wonder in words. I marveled at their passion and knowledge, understanding all but the latter.

It wasn't always like this, my distance from math. When my family moved to the Connecticut shoreline the summer before eighth grade, I landed in the honors track for math, science, and English. I sat in the back row of Mr. Russell's Honors Algebra that entire year, holding my own against the figures flying at me from the chalkboard in increasingly complex combinations. I often assuaged my loneliness by dreaming of the girl in the front row to my left, five seats ahead.

During ninth grade that girl and I would become best friends when fate assigned us seats next to each other in Honors English. We'd gather in different combinations with the other girls after school to practice proofs and theorems with our geometry teacher, Mrs. Brockway. I loved learning how numerical sentences revealed the secrets of shapes and their dimensions and angles. Our collaborative space elevated my Bs to As.

In tenth grade, ten girls and ten boys enrolled in Honors Algebra II, easy math to do if you like to combine Xs and Ys. In class, Mr. Robbins humiliated anyone who could not master the problems he explained on the board and didn't believe in extra help. I struggled to do my homework, the figures in my book now looking like the twisted steel of train wrecks. I failed many units and cried almost the entire Memorial Day weekend in front of my next-door neighbor, an electrical engineer whom my mother begged to help me so I could pass my final in June.

I did pass, barely, while Mr. Robbins watched from the sidelines as the possibility of taking physics, which all of us girls had dreamed of taking together since Honors Biology, plummeted like the women who leapt from the blazing stories of the Triangle shirtwaist factory in New York, March 1911. Of the original ten girls, only Karen Kozma and Mary Kelly would survive the entire honors math and science curriculum with the ten boys through graduation in Connecticut, June 1982.

In the opening lines of "One Art," poet Elizabeth Bishop writes: "The art of losing isn't hard to master;/so many things seem filled with the intent/to be lost that their loss is no disaster." For years, that's how I lived, avoiding math and my interest in women, hiding behind my comfort with words, then convincing myself to attend law school and find a boyfriend. I took years to acknowledge the man-made disasters set in motion since high school, leaving law school, my boyfriend, then New England to pursue a PhD in poetry and finally relationships with women in Lincoln, Nebraska.

As I sat by the pool at Sleeping Lady in August 2003, I was out as a lesbian faculty member, but still passing. The Director of Evergreen's Quantitative and Symbolic Reasoning Center said that she noticed how I would gloss over numbers in the text we were discussing as if the words alone could complete the picture. That day while fires blazed on the other side of Sleeping Lady, I realized a whole world was lost to me, and like in the last line of Bishop's "One Art," "this was (Write it!) like disaster."

I now vow to myself that I will retake algebra before I retire, the agony of those high school years having dissipated enough that I can attempt to revise my academic shame. And it isn't shame, of course—it just feels like shame. There's no shame in struggling to learn, no shame in seeking out support, no shame in not being able to do everything as well as the thing you do best. The shame comes from being shamed, from being told you are less-than before you've been able to succeed with many stumbles along the way.

Nearing the end of the conference, when asked to prove what I'd learned, I fell back to what I knew: writing poetry. While others created pie charts, parabolas, proofs, and theorems to reflect on their experiences, I wrote "Revision, Sleeping Lady" to quantify mine, used words to put out my grief that burned around Sleeping Lady for days and within me for years.

REVISION, SLEEPING LADY

News of the fire spreads, revising the original paint-by-number scenes. I have more questions than answers, and I'm learning that language alone can't fuel my curiosity. In the pool, I tread water among mathematicians, fabricate equations for my awe. The fire spreads.

I don't know the rate of speed
or how many firefighters will lose sleep
or life. To keep my mind off the news
I tread water in the timeless creek,
begin to allow figures to wash over me
like my comfort with words. What poet hasn't counted
syllables, beats, or lines in order to create
order? In the valley of the Sleeping Lady, smoke
rises around me. Everywhere fires are spreading.

~~~

Bishop, Elizabeth. "One Art." *The Complete Poems of Elizabeth Bishop: 1927-1979*. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1983. 178. Print.

## WRITING SEMINAR PAPERS

What struck me most from the article we read this week, “Making Friends with the Seminar Response Paper,” is the claim that “sem papers” can be seen as empowering examples of Evergreen’s educational philosophy, offering an informal space to process and digest personally meaningful and relevant ideas without the need to refine them into pristine essays.

OK, fine—that article doesn’t exist. But if such an article did, here are some claims that I would highlight:

- Expectations and requirements for seminar responses differ widely between faculty and programs; some are open-ended, while others have particular prompts.
- Faculty usually expect a response that goes beyond a reaction (such as “I liked” or “didn’t like” something) and thoughtfully engages with the assigned text (book, film, guest lecture, etc.); the response often explores the text in relation to the guiding questions and themes of the program.
- Responding to the text as a whole in a short paper is meant to be challenging. Consider starting by exploring a specific idea or a sentence that stood out to you. Often starting with what interests you will lead you to the broader themes.
- Seminar responses invite personal reflection. What is significant to me about this text? What connections are there between the text, the program themes, and my interests and values?

For more ideas, check out Calen Swift’s “Seminar Papers: Conversations with your Mind” in *Inkwell*, Vol. 3 (2008), which is available in the Writing Center.

—Cameron Withey

## CAMILLE BOULTS

### AFTER THE CLEAR-CUTTING

Even when I was very young, writing was always one of my favorite things to do. I remember writing books between the ages of four and seven, just for the pleasure of writing them. My young eyes saw beauty everywhere they looked, especially in the mundane things—necklaces were amulets full of secret power and meaning; ordinary keys unlocked doors that didn't exist on the physical plane; empty cardboard boxes opened to reveal Narnia-esque lands out of time. I reveled in the worlds my words could create.

At some point in my education, though, writing stopped being fun. It stopped being an outlet. It stopped being a passion and started being an assignment. I developed a new style of writing. It had five paragraphs, no "I," and was only about the assigned reading. My opinions and thoughts were encouraged less and less: I learned how to summarize effectively and neglected my own questions to answer questions from a textbook.

All the same, I never actively disliked writing—I was lucky enough to be what my teachers deemed a "good writer." As a generally inarticulate person, I actually took comfort in my writing growing up.

It was my chance to communicate in a voice that sounded polished and intelligent, rather than one full of likes, ums, questionable word choices, and obsolete references. I could tweak and edit what I wanted to say, even as I was saying it. But as I developed my new voice, I saw a growing struggle in my peers. As we got older, the same people who had co-written some of my early masterpieces started feeling less and less secure in their ability to write. They lived in fear of having “See me” scrawled across the bottom of their papers, which were returned with harsh, red-penned criticisms.

“It’s hard not to take criticism to heart, especially when it’s about something as personal as writing. When someone attacks your writing, they’re attacking your voice and what you have to say.”

Maybe that seems a bit overdramatic to some. But really, few who progress through our educational system escape the trauma of having their writing torn to shreds. The dominant paradigm in our English/Language Arts classrooms is that only criticism can improve writing, and any criticism helps. While many teachers may grade ruthlessly with the best of intentions and the highest of hopes, those criticisms don’t foster any kind of pleasure in writing.

*In fact, it’s just the opposite—where once a forest of creativity thrived, lush greenery of thoughts and emotions pouring out onto a page, only stumps now remain. So many teachers see these forests not as the complex ecosystems that they are, but as something to be clear-cut—mined for productivity.*

It’s hard not to take criticism to heart, especially when it’s about something as personal as writing. When someone attacks your writing, they’re attacking your voice and what you have to say. And for many, the cuts from a red pen don’t heal quickly.



In my work as a tutor, I see the aftermath of this often. People come into the Writing Center, sit down across the Formica table, slide their paper over to me, and proceed to claim that they're "really not good at writing." Whatever the quality of their work, this state of mind is incredibly harmful. It can both prevent a writer from writing, and prevent what they've written from ever seeming good to them.

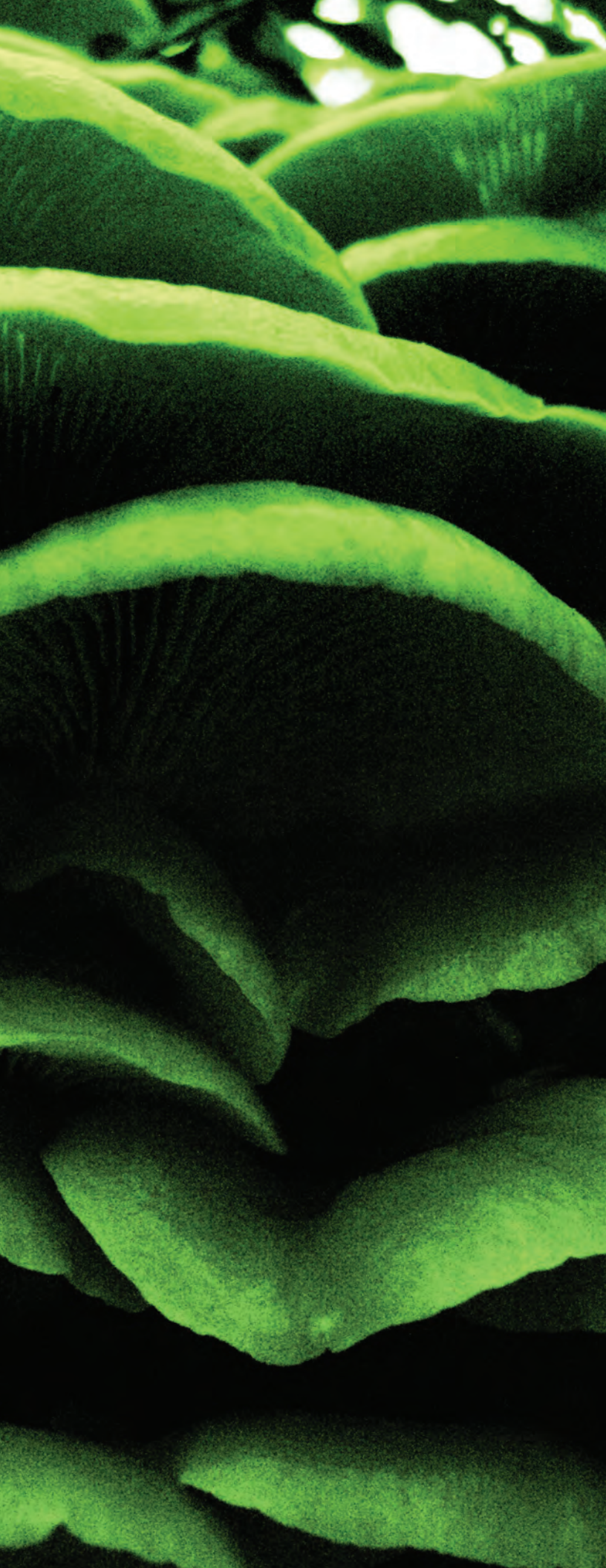
Actually, some of the best work I've seen has been from people who don't see themselves as good writers. "Good" is a problematic word because so much of the narrative when we're learning to write isn't about what "good" *is*, but rather about what it *isn't*. "Good" fails to take voice and originality into account. Our teachers spend so much time telling us what we *shouldn't* do that by the time we sit down to write, all we can think of is what *not* to do.

*A clear-cut forest is a stark and painful sight. Clear-cutting stamps out the most obvious signs of forest life: the trees. But if you look deep down, among the stumps of your clear-cut creative forest, you'll find green things: little shoots of burgeoning life growing from the ground. The green things and the crawlies of your imagination can feed on the sparse remains of your educational trauma—you just have to let them.*

The person who writes a perfect first draft doesn't exist. Nor does the person who has never struggled with organization, spelling, punctuation, or really any other aspect of writing. It took me a long time to figure that out, but all I had to do was start talking to people about their writing. For me, tutoring has meant a return to the way I saw writing as a child: an act of communication and creativity. Nowadays, an empty cardboard box usually opens to reveal—well, the inside of a cardboard box. But instead of feeling obligated to write about the inside of a box, my writing has become my chance to fill it with whatever I want.









## CHRIS WUKASCH

WRITING FROM LIFE:  
A NON-TRADITIONAL CONUNDRUM

Imagine if you will, commodifying your own life. How many credits do you think it would be worth? More importantly, what would you discover about yourself? These are questions that many students returning to Evergreen—often considered non-traditional by a system that likes to qualify such things—confront on a daily basis. These are questions that I ask myself. But what does it mean to be considered non-traditional? The label implies a sense of otherness that, for me, is a bit of a conundrum.

Let me explain.

I have never really considered myself a non-traditional student, but I suppose, by Evergreen standards, I fit the description. I am in my forties, after all, and before enrolling at Evergreen it had been nearly twenty years since I had last attended college. It is just that the designation non-traditional seems so... *not me*. In fact, the very nature of the epithet “*non-traditional student*” points to the fact, in a way that makes me feel uncomfortable, that I am older than most of the students you typically find at Evergreen—and that is the last thing I feel most of the time.

I would like to think I look thirty and act twenty, but really, who wants to be that guy?

Fortunately, I am not alone, mostly because Evergreen is a friendly institution when it comes to accepting students with diverse educational experiences. As a result, there are quite a few non-traditional students on campus, which for the purpose of this article refers to (*ahem!*) older students like myself.

In fact, you have probably seen us—that is to say, you have probably seen me—in every lecture, every seminar, nervous as hell, and usually sitting in the front row. Maybe I talk too much, or maybe not at all. Sometimes I have a lot to say, but I am afraid to say it for fear of looking or sounding foolish. Even now I am the oldest “young scholar” in class—and this can feel a little lonely sometimes.

But for many students like myself, college is not viewed as a rite of passage in the traditional sense that it is for someone leaving home for the first time. My reason for being here at Evergreen is not to discover who I am in the fundamental way that is a privilege of youth. Rather, my goal has always been to finish my education, obtaining a degree that will allow me to move forward professionally.

To be fair, I was not such a good student when I was eighteen: I was always late to class; I never did the reading; and I failed an exam or two (I am looking at you, Organic Chemistry!). Plus, I was just coming out during a time when being gay was either kept well-hidden or simply not discussed, at least not at school. Suffice it to say that college the first time around was nothing short of an unmitigated disaster.

So, for me, attending Evergreen has been a breath of fresh air. My experience here has shown me a new view of education that is hands-on and place-based and *in-your-face*. Like I said, Evergreen has given me the opportunity to go back in time and finally finish what I started.

I guess time travel can be considered non-traditional, but I digress...

Now, I often find myself trying to reconcile twenty years of lived experience with my current experience as a college undergrad—at times the two experiences do not feel concomitant. As a tutor in the Writing Center, I see this all the time. Many writers of all ages come into the Writing Center not sure of themselves, not sure of their experiences, and in fact, they do not even see themselves as writers.

“I mean, really, who on Earth (besides my mother) would possibly be interested in what I was doing in the *mid-nineties*?”

Non-traditional students, especially the older ones, often lack self-confidence in their writing; the reason, I am guessing, is that it has been years since they have had to write anything considered even remotely academic. Perhaps somewhere along the way someone has even told them that their writing is lousy. What I find surprising is that so many of my peers lack confidence in their own life stories.

Yet when I take a moment and consider my own journey at Evergreen, I understand the fear of committing your history to paper. There are times when I feel exactly the same way. I mean, really, who on Earth (besides my mother) would possibly be interested in what I was doing in the *mid-nineties*? And I have certainly agonized over being told that my own writing was not up to par (by grad students no less!). Although, perhaps this is only what I was focused on hearing at the time. Either way, it feels the same: *Shitty*.

But just ask any writer about their writing and you will probably begin to see that the writing process is complicated. Good writing takes practice, and confidence must be cultivated. What I mean to say is this: over time I have gained a sense of perspective and self-confidence, mostly through trial and error, that I did not always feel as a young adult. The thing is, being grounded in my point of view, my voice, has allowed me to take a step back from the pressure that often accompanies writing.

I do not have to prove anything to anyone. Now I can just enjoy the writing process, knowing that one piece of writing does not define who I am.

And the perspective I have now *feels* different than it did when I was eighteen. After plenty of successes and an equal number of failures, I am not the writer I was twenty years ago. When I work with older students I often remind myself that their writing does not define who they are either, but rather should be seen as an opportunity for them to share their stories—and for me this sharing is a privilege.

The Evergreen State College is distinct because its student population is so diverse. Not every college offers programs like *Prior Learning from Experience (PLE)* or *Writing From Life*. As these program titles suggest, students are given the opportunity (and I do not use this phrase lightly) to write documents detailing their life experience in order to receive academic credit. This is no easy task for even the most gifted writer, so these folks deserve nothing but admiration for conquering this massive undertaking.

“After plenty of successes and  
an equal number of failures,  
I am not the writer I was  
twenty years ago.”

Many of these students are returning to college life after a long absence or are attending college for the first time (in fact, I am the first person in my family to do so). Many students I work with are in their fifties or sixties. Some are even ex-Marines or super-athletes. Many of them already have full-time jobs and families. The point is these are all students with amazing stories that need to be told.

So, what have I discovered about myself? I will tell you this: The answer is not found in the number of credits I have received, but in the stories I can tell.



JIM AYERS

## PUNCTUATION POWER

If you are feeling unsure about punctuation rules and uses, you are in the majority. Even grammar nerds feel intimidated by the National Punctuation Day contest.<sup>1</sup> Still, punctuation skills are vital to clearly communicating the context and structure of our ideas. To see how important punctuation is, let's look at an unpunctuated text that Morgan sent to Tracy.

What Morgan sent:

dear tracy there is no love without you i have all  
that i want when you are near i am sad after you  
go joy fills my life morgan

How Tracy read it:

Dear Tracy,

There is no love without you. I have all that I want  
when you are near. I am sad after you go. Joy fills  
my life.

Morgan

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<sup>1</sup> National Punctuation Day was founded by Jeff Rubin. It is celebrated on September 24th. Further information is available at <http://www.nationalpunctuationday.com/>

What Morgan meant:

Dear Tracy,

There is no love. Without you, I have all that I want. When you are near, I am sad. After you go, joy fills my life.

Morgan

If punctuation is so important, why is it so confusing? According to M. B. Parkes, part of the confusion is caused by the two philosophies involved; each interprets punctuation's purpose differently. The first (and original) punctuation philosophy contends that the purpose of punctuation is to record speech patterns and to evoke emotional responses in the reader. We encounter this philosophy most often in passages replicating dialogue and in creative writing. The other philosophy asserts that writing is intended to transfer information directly into the reader's mind. We see this philosophy, primarily, in academic writing. Academic writing is usually intended to be read silently and is less reliant on emotional appeal.<sup>2</sup> We can eliminate some of the punctuation confusion by recognizing the audience's expectations for the type of work we are producing and punctuating with those expectations in mind.

Another major source of confusion is found in the names for punctuation marks. These symbols perform the function indicated by their Greek or Latin name, but most of us do not speak Greek or Latin. This problem may be addressed by employing a benefit of our living language; we can (and do) change the names we use to describe things. As example, the capitulum became the pilcrow (¶)<sup>3</sup> and is now becoming the paragraph marker. Computer language calls periods "dots" and virgules (/) "forward slashes." Changing the marks' names made their physical descriptions and/or functions clearer to us and easier to remember.

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<sup>2</sup> Parkes, M. B. *Pause and Effect: An Introduction to the History of Punctuation in the West*. Berkeley: University of California, 1993. Print.

<sup>3</sup> Hoefler & Frere-Jones. *H&FJ News*. 12 Mar. 2008. Web. 20 Mar. 2012. <http://www.typography.com/ask/showBlog.php?blogID=84>.

Let's apply this logic to some commonly used punctuation marks by renaming them according to their most frequent uses.<sup>4</sup> I have proposed new names that works for me. There is plenty of space for you to add names of your choosing.<sup>5</sup> Can we really assign new names to words? Yes, gentle reader. Yes, we can.

Punctuation is a power tool that shapes our writing and hones the way our ideas are received. Knowing the punctuation philosophies associated with academic and creative writing helps us to discern which punctuation will be most useful in communicating our ideas. Whether we are writing a stream-of-consciousness novel (like James Joyce's *Ulysses*) or a scientific case study, punctuation allows our meaning to be understood by the reader. If remembering how to use punctuation is made easier by renaming the marks, rename them. The goal is to enjoy the benefits of clearly communicating our ideas by mastering punctuation's power.

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<sup>4</sup> Other uses are described in books on punctuation. These books are available through your local library and often display only minimal signs of use.

<sup>5</sup> Use any name that makes the mark's purpose clear to you. This is your tool. Make it work for you.

## Name

## New Name

### Apostrophe'

### Possessor

Use when showing a noun's possession of something, to indicate a contraction (as in: we don't use an apostrophe in *its* unless we mean *it is*) or to show where letters are missing from a word.

### [Brackets]

### Clarifier

Use when making the meaning of quotations clearer by inserting [clarifying] words and explanations (or when including a parenthetical inside another parenthetical [like this]).

### Colon:

### Namely

Use to focus the reader's attention on the importance of the idea or item that follows. There is an easy way to decide where to place a colon: by placing namely or thus in the sentence where the colon should go. Also...

Q: Can it be used in place of quotation marks in dialogue/Q & A?

A: Yes!

### Comma,

### Plus

Use to separate items in a list. Also use to separate two complete sentences when used with a conjunction. Think  $x + y + z = x, y, z$ . If a sentence starts with a subordinating clause (like this one), a plus (a.k.a. a comma) is used.

### Ellipsis...

### Omit

Use an ellipsis when... omitting some words does not alter the meaning of the statement.

### Exclamation!

### Cry Out

Use after an exclamation (Duh!) to denote a command or to identify a strong emotion.

## **Name**

## **New Name**

### **Hyphen-**

### **Joiner**

Use when connecting last names and words that form clarifying terms. By using a hyphen, we make clear that the Smith-Jones wedding was attended by small-business owners, and not by business owners who are small.

### **(Parentheses)**

### **Also**

Use parentheses to add material that wouldn't normally fit into the flow of your text (in a de-emphasized way); to indicate plural or singular: rabbit(s); add a personal comment (I did that here); or when creating an acronym: International Liver Extractors (ILE).

### **Semicolon;**

### **Super-plus**

Use when emphasizing the close connection between two complete sentences or to create order in a list with many pluses (a.k.a. commas [see listing above]), e.g., I travelled by train this summer; I visited several cities: New York, New York; Jersey City, New Jersey; and Walla Walla, Washington.

### **Period.**

### **Stop**

Use to indicate the end of a complete thought. The shortest complete thought in English: I am. It is also used to abbrev. a word.

### **Question mark?**

### **Ask**

Use when asking for or about something. Who doesn't know how to ask for or about things?

### **“Quotation marks”**

### **Said**

She said, “They indicate where dialogue begins and ends.” They are also used to note a title like “Punctuation Power” in *Inkwell*.

## WRITING RESUMES

Writing a resume is like writing very practical poetry. In only one page (or longer if you have more than ten years of experience) you want to make a possible employer feel interested in you.

Here are five reminders for writing a resume that sings:

1. **Read the job description.** Write your resume to fit the position you're applying for. How do you meet their desired qualifications?
2. **Sift through all the experiences you've had (jobs, volunteer positions, internships, and school projects) and match them to the job description.** If you're applying for a summer job at a national park, include the native plant restoration projects you've volunteered for. If you're applying for an internship at a publishing house, highlight the final research paper you wrote on the evolution of fonts.
3. **Write! Now that you've selected your most relevant experiences, choose descriptive phrasing to elaborate on each.** What skills did you learn? What helped you to be successful in your work? Remember that you'll have a chance to discuss your experiences more fully in your cover letter. Keep your language clear, short, and simple.
4. **Choose a format that makes your resume easy to read.** Often employers have no time to hunt through your resume to find out what you've done. Try bolding the job titles so it is easy to see what you've done. Pick an attractive, easy-to-read font.
5. **Finally, make your resume stand out!** A beautiful, clean resume, printed on off-white heavy paper, will catch the employer's eye and could help land you the position!

Cover letters give you a chance to show possible employers a bit of your spirit. Explain how you heard about the position, what your qualifications and relevant experiences are, and most importantly, why you want the job. In this letter, you can show off your most desirable qualities, like enthusiasm, dedication, responsibility, or creativity. Don't forget to thank the employer for the opportunity to apply!

You're not alone! If you're struggling with writing your resume or cover letter, there are people on campus to lend a hand. The Career Development Center (near Academic Advising) and the Writing Center (located on the second floor of the Library) offer one-on-one support for students and alumni.

—Chloe Brown



Third sere: Douglas Fir  
(*Pseudotsuga menziesu*)

Bigleaf maple foliage allows some sunlight to penetrate to the forest floor, and in these coins of direct light Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga menziesu*) germinate. A Douglas fir canopy is dense, so dense that the air temperature drops. Douglas fir saplings are not able to survive under their parents' shade.



## SHANDA ZIMMERMAN

### SHOW ME, DON'T TELL ME

As writers, we often hear the dictum, “Show, don’t tell.” But what does this phrase mean exactly? In a nutshell, *telling* is when the author informs the reader, and *showing* is when the writer involves the reader. Compare: “*She hung up the phone angrily*” with “*She slammed the phone against the wall with such force that it clattered against its cradle.*” In the first example, the audience is given no description as to what the action looks like, yet somehow we know that it was performed “angrily.” In the second, the writer describes the scene so thoroughly that we understand that the character is angry without needing to be told.

When a writer does not include enough detail in their writing, the audience may feel disconnected and lose interest. On the other hand, when the writer clouds their writing with too much detail, the meaning they were hoping to emphasize is lost. The trick is determining when *showing* is appropriate.

#### Why *Showing* Is Effective

According to Janet Burroway and Elizabeth Stuckey-French, authors of *Writing Fiction: A Guide to Narrative Craft*, effective fiction reaches

its readers by reproducing “the emotional impact of an experience” (25). In order to re-create an experience, a storyteller must provide adequate details that allow the reader to feel what the characters in the story are feeling. A writer could simply *tell* the reader what emotions the character is going through, and this would keep the audience informed. However, as any employer will say to you, knowledge is not the same as experience.

“Allowing readers to experience what is happening to your characters includes them in the story instead of just informing them.”

Consider this: it is one thing for a friend to *tell* you that the cake she bought is delicious. It is quite another for you to taste the cake yourself. When you experience a sensation, you are in the position to make a judgment. Is the cake truly delicious, or is your friend lying? Allowing readers to experience what is happening to your characters includes them in the story instead of just informing them.

### **Appeal to the Senses**

In order to create an experience for your audience, you will need to supply them with concrete details. Burroway and Stuckey-French describe a detail as concrete when it “appeals to the senses” (27). That is to say, describing what your character sees, hears, smells, tastes, and touches. Think back to elementary school, when you were asked to share an item with your class for “Show and Tell.” This was an exercise in describing objects using your senses. What does the object look like? Does it make a sound? Pass it around so everyone can feel it in their hands.

Think about what your characters might see, hear, smell, or touch in their day-to-day lives. They might not notice every little thing. The creaking floorboards of his mother’s front porch might be significant to Adam in that he listens for the squealing sounds while lying in bed at night—they signify his mother’s arrival

home from her second job. But there is also the possibility that Adam is not the type of person who notices creaking floorboards, no matter how long he has lived in an old, weathered house, and so mentioning them has little impact. On the other hand, maybe the floorboards do ache, but Adam is so numb he no longer notices. Each example says something about the setting and the character.

## **Show Through Action**

Sensory detail is not the only way to *show* your reader. An action itself can also be used to describe the feelings, thoughts, or behavior of a character.

Let's take a look at the following example:

*Brittany was a flake who never listened to her parents and always left the house a mess.*

The above passage lacks detail. The author is *telling* the audience what Brittany is like, rather than allowing the audience to decide for themselves.

What would happen if the author added a bit more detail?

*Brittany was a flake who never listened to her parents and always left the house a mess. After an hour of scrubbing the bay windows, with a bucket over her shoulder and a stained washcloth in her hand, Brittany called her mother into the room. "I'm finished!" she said. Her mother wrinkled her nose at the faint streaks in the glass. "Didn't I tell you not to use the dust rags?"*

The passage is longer, but the audience now has more evidence to support their judgment. As it happens, Brittany might not be such a flake after all—the narrator might be a tad biased!

## **Significance of Showing**

When writing descriptions, consider the significance behind the detail and what impact it has on your story. Just like how an artist does not need to use all of their paints to create a picture,

a writer does not need to describe everything—only the details that “matter.”

“So if you wanted to imply that Jeff is definitely the villain of your story, consider including significant details such as cat-kicking.”

Important details are those that provide sufficient evidence for the reader to make an accurate judgment about the character, setting, or situation. Your audience cannot determine that Jeff is a jerk just because he’s blond, blue-eyed and approximately six-feet tall. But describing how Jeff kicks stray cats on his way home from school might steer your reader towards that judgment. So if you wanted to imply that Jeff is definitely the villain of your story, consider including significant details such as cat-kicking.

What if you don’t want Jeff to be portrayed as a hero or a villain, but just a guy occupying a gray area? You must still provide adequate detail. Even if you don’t want to define your characters by an archetype, you still want your audience to care about them. That’s what keeps your readers involved. You, the writer, are the lawyer, and your audience is the jury. You must make a convincing argument for your characters using sufficient evidence to persuade your reader that your character is truly “good,” or “clumsy,” or “boring.”

### **When to *Show*, When to *Tell***

What happens when our writing is nothing but description? Then our audience is in danger of a sensory overload. When every action in the story is awash in detail, the significance of any one scene is lost. At some point in the story, the author is going to need to *tell*.

Remember the first example with the phone? Well, what if the character was not angry, or what if her feelings about the phone call were not necessary to note? If that were the case, then it would not make much sense to waste words describing the simple act of hanging up a telephone. This is an instance when an author would want to *tell* what happened rather than *show*.

Some authors recommend *showing* only the important or exciting parts in the story, and *telling* the rest. This way, your reader is involved in all the crucial moments without having to drag through the descriptions of dull or transitional chapters. Another method is *showing* when you want to evoke a certain thought or feeling in your audience. You may not want your reader to be an emotional mess throughout the entire story, but there may be parts where you hope they'll shed a few tears. Emphasize these parts of your writing by appealing to your reader's empathy.

Never forget that as a writer, the impact your story has on a reader is largely up to you. Different readers may interpret the same text differently. *Show* them what you mean.

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Burroway, Janet and Elizabeth Stuckey-French. *Writing Fiction: A Guide to Narrative Craft*. 7th Edition. Pearson Longman, 2007. 25-27. Print.

WRITING SELF-EVALUATIONS

Four Easy Steps to Writing a Self-Evaluation

First, guess what?! The *final* draft of your evaluation isn't due until you need official copies of your transcript, which translates into: *this is just a draft*. Focus on process and less on product.

Second, explore different brainstorming methods that work best for you. Start by reflecting: Why did you want to take this class? What did you want to learn? Free write as if you are writing to your best friend; go through the syllabus and make notes of key achievements and struggles each week; write about what you learned from class activities and books. Think big themes and key shifts that you experienced in your process.

Third, reflect on what you are interested in learning next and why. Based on this quarter, what are you passionate and curious about now?

Fourth, come into the Writing Center to talk out your ideas. A tutor can help take notes and point out themes. We can show you sample evaluations and the various ways of structuring them.

Just remember that the self-evaluation is a tool to help facilitate reflection.

You can save drafts of your self-evaluations in your "my.evergreen" account. Sign in and click on "Evaluations" on the lower left-hand corner. Click on your current program and save what you have written for easy access in case you decide to revise.

—Elissa Goss

MICHAEL RADELICH

ON-CITE CONSTRUCTION: PROPERLY USING CITATION TO BUILD A SOUND, CRITICAL ESSAY

Are you a writer who sees the world concretely but thinks in metaphor? Well, I am. For example, I'll declare that writing a critical essay is a lot like building a house. The process of imagining your ideas, organizing an argument, and then putting pen to paper has much in common with envisioning a structure, designing a building, and then hammering nail into beam.

A house needs a strong foundation to stand fast and not shudder during storms, or not tremble during an earthquake; similarly, your essay needs sturdy and scholarly textual support to shore up your assertions and reinforce your ideas, or not buckle under the weight of a critical reader's opposing viewpoint or your faculty's devil's advocacy. Decorate your structure with all the *bon mot* bay windows and *parfaite idée* parquet floors you like, but trust me: If a house's foundation is creaky, the walls will fold and the roof may cave in, and if your essay's main thesis points are insufficiently reinforced, your line of reasoning will weaken and your carefully thought-through and earnestly argued hypothesis may fall flat.

Now let's build your house.

So how can you, an aspiring scholarly writer, construct an essay with a strong and resolute foundation? It's easy: Find persuasive primary and secondary material to support your assertions and give credit where it's due. In other words, say some really compelling things and defend them by telling us who else champions your claims. A home buyer will want to inspect the foundation, walk on the floors, and tap on the walls to ensure that the house is solid and habitable, so don't just *suggest* to the reader that your ideas are sound—*prove* it.

“But first let's take a small but necessary stroll out into the garden of misappropriation.”

There are three cases for which you'll need to tell the reader from where your supportive information is taken, or whose words you've borrowed, so that you do not inadvertently plagiarize another's words: when you *summarize*, when you *paraphrase*, and when you *quote directly*. But first let's take a small but necessary stroll out into the garden of misappropriation.

What is plagiarism? First, if you use a writer's exact words and do not set them aside in your paragraph with quotation marks and explain whose words they are, that's plagiarism. And for someone attempting to be scholarly, it's not cool. Second, if you borrow their ideas and rewrite them in language that closely resembles the original syntactical construction but fail to let the reader know, *that's* plagiarism, too. Still not cool. Last, even if you borrow a writer's idea but completely recast it in your own language—enough so that the germ of the original idea remains, but the syntactical structure is all your own—*that's* plagiarism, too! And *triple* uncool!

So take care with what textual support you choose and how you use it. As a construction consultant, I offer this advice: If you think your writing contains the idea of another writer, cite the source! Although textual support is very important to the sturdiness of your essay, your faculty most likely will care more about your original ideas and method of argument. You're the architect of your essay, so it's *your* original

blueprint and solid framing that should more impress the reader. Follow me as we step back inside the door.

Now the three varied shades of citation.

Summarizing can reduce the meaning of an original paragraph to perhaps one concise sentence; what you omit and exactly how you condense is up to you and your good sense. *Paraphrasing* keeps the original meaning and approximate length of the original text but alters some of the language for the purposes of brevity and clarity, or perhaps to better fit your argument and style. *Quoting directly* entails repeating the original author's words precisely as they appear, placing them within quotation marks, and inserting them within a grammatically correct sentence of your own. As when you're manually fitting doors and windows into walls, precision is everything.

“Much in the way a county's building codes will dictate the requisite building materials, your particular field of study will determine which citation style you employ.”

Both APA and MLA methods of citation primarily use *in-text citation*, in which the information about the source or quoted material is placed within the sentence or at its end (APA), or after the quotation and always at the end of the sentence (MLA). Chicago style uses either one of two forms of citation: *footnotes*, in which the information about the cited material is placed at the bottom of a page containing the source; or *endnotes*, in which the information is collected at the end of a chapter or in a *Notes* section after the entire work. Much in the way a county's building codes will dictate the requisite building materials, your particular field of study will determine which citation style you employ.

A direct quote can never stand alone, but must be led into with an introductory phrase that usually identifies the author, their status or significance or affiliation, the source, sometimes the publication year, and the general essence of the cited material. Typically, after your lead-in phrases and before the quoted lines, you'll use a variation of the word "says" ("claims," "notes," "posits," "explains the following," etc.), and then the word "that," or the punctuation of a comma or a colon. After the quotation, do not forget to discuss the quotation, tying its relevance into your essay's larger argument or that paragraph's smaller claim. Building a house is hard work and may make you ravenously hungry. Aptly, in some academic circles, this technique of framing the quotation is known as preparing the "quote sandwich."

See this simple example from an essay I am currently writing about French cooking that uses MLA citation:

When the timid, budding cook-cum-chef decides to attempt *Le Cassoulet de Castelnaudary* on his own, he cannot go wrong in heeding the words of Elizabeth David. This culinary master of French cooking, and renowned author of the 1951 culinary classic *French Country Cooking*, clearly explains the process for beginning the goose-and-pork stock: "Slice the onions and cut the bacon into squares and melt them together in a pan, add the crushed garlic, the tomatoes, seasoning and herbs, and pour over the stock and let it simmer for 20 minutes" (94). Such clear, direct, and orderly instruction is necessary for the up-and-coming chef to feel confident and in control of his ingredients and technique. You'll feel the *joie de vivre* of being French in no time!

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A few things to note about the above paragraph: First comes the introductory material: the reason for the citation, the author from which the writer is citing, her status and accomplishment, and the essence of what follows between the quotation marks. Note the "says" word—"explains" in this case—and then some discussion of the quotation and how it elucidates your paragraph's mini-thesis. (In MLA style, the present tense of the

“says” word is used; when following APA or Chicago style, the past tense of the “said” word is used.)

How much citation is enough? The length of your paper is an important consideration. Often, a few quotations per page is adequate—too few and your thesis will feel unconfirmed; too many and there won’t be any room for you to set up and argue your thesis. Remember, your house’s foundation is usually not visible when you step back and admire the finished home, but once you walk in and take a tour, you’ll know it’s there.

“A properly framed house is held together by both screws *and* nails, and a first-rate carpenter knows precisely when to use each.”

From what types of sources should you draw your textual support or quotations? Ask your faculty (or consult your main reader or audience). Often, your faculty will want you to include a healthy amount of primary sources, typically material from print books and original documents. You can supplement that support with secondary-source selections from popular magazines, online sites, and other less formally evaluated sources. Articles from peer-reviewed scholarly journals and sociological studies also provide immense corroboration for the main arguments of your critical essay. A properly framed house is held together by both screws *and* nails, and a first-rate carpenter knows precisely when to use each.

Which sources are the most compelling and provide the best support? Of most scholarly weight are primary sources, those that are most like jurisprudential “evidence”: original documents such as fiction, poetry, films, personal essays or memoirs, letters, legal documents, newspaper events, recorded conversations, speeches, or works of art. Next in credibility are secondary sources, those that are in some way dependent upon or comment upon a variety of primary sources: encyclopedia entries, magazine articles, art or film critiques, newspaper articles,

critical essays, or peer-reviewed scholarly studies. (Sometimes the same source can function as a primary source in one essay and as a secondary source in another, depending on the context in which you use it. If you are ever in doubt, you can ask one of Evergreen's reference librarians.) None of your textual "evidence" really offers irrefutable *proof* of your thesis; what you'll have is more akin to an abundance of circumstantial evidence. But taken as a whole, the pieces of cited testimony you offer the reader will help you build a case that will favor your argument. And the better *your* sources are, and the more persuasively you can argue your interpretation of the evidence, the stronger your case will be.

Beware the pitfalls of hiring outside contractors to work on your house! Online citation engines such as *Son of Citation*, *KnightCite*, or *Citation Monkey* will claim that they will do your work for you, but be wary: they may throw most of the textual information into the right spaces, but these crutches for the weak academic cannot match the sharp eyes and heightened acumen of the careful research writer. Good craftspeople know their tools intimately and take pride in them. And good scholars, through repetition and due diligence, will commit to memory the basic templates for the most commonly used citations, and they'll use a basic set of five to ten citation types so often that they cannot help but absorb the correct formats through a sort of intellectual osmosis.

“Beware the pitfalls of hiring  
outside contractors to work  
on your house!”

Thinking intently in a house with this many rooms can be stifling—let's step outside again for some fresh air.

Remember the reason that scholars carefully cite their sources: The academic community values the importance of acknowledging the art, studies, and experiences of those who came before them. Referencing the works of others is a way for the present scholar to engage with the past in order to create sound ideas for the future. In this way,

the act of citation is at its heart a valuable and collaborative art. My best advice to you is this: When you're conducting research, transcribe with care. Honor those thinkers and writers who provide you with your source material. Pay close attention to its origins. Practice using their ideas and words as support for your original ideas. Cite respectfully with honesty and precision. Be all the scholar you can be.

*Voila!* How exciting! Your house now stands deftly built, its foundation strong and its walls exact. You're now ready to welcome readers into your home, invite them into your living room, and sit down with them and share your ideas.

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David, Elizabeth. *French Country Cooking*. (1951): 94. Rpt. in *Elizabeth David Classics*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1980. Print.

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For further design ideas and humorous musings on citation, please see the following: Michael Radelich and Bridget Flanagan, "Why We Cite." *Inkwell*, Volume 3 (2008): pp. 71-83; and Bridget Flanagan, "What My Teacher Never Told Me About Citation." *Inkwell*, Volume 4 (2009): pp. 32-35.

## GRAMMAR, PUNCTUATION, & CITATION

For a comprehensive print guide to grammar, punctuation, and citation styles, get a copy of Diana Hacker's much-beloved and easy-to-use *A Writer's Reference*, Seventh Edition (2010). For you tablet-lovers, see Hacker's online "Definitive Quick Reference Guide to Citation" at [www.dianahacker.com/rules.html](http://www.dianahacker.com/rules.html). For model APA-, MLA-, and Chicago-style papers, click on "Research and Documentation Online." And, if you must, see (but use with care) KnightCite Citation Service at <http://www.calvin.edu/library/knightcite/>.

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MLA-, APA-, & CHICAGO-STYLE CITATION

For the most accurate and precise information on the three main citation styles, go to the horse's mouth: For APA citations in the natural and physical sciences (astronomy, chemistry, earth science, biology, physics) or the social sciences (anthropology, economics, education, psychology, history, political science, sociology, law), see the *Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association*, Sixth Edition (2009). For MLA citations in the humanities (literature, classics, performing arts, religion, philosophy, visual arts, languages, history, cultural studies), see the *MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers*, Seventh Edition (2009). For Chicago style in a few of the humanities (history, art, and literature) and certain physical, natural, and social sciences, see *The Chicago Manual of Style*, 16th Edition (2010).

—Michael Radelich

Editors' Note: In April, Nathan Schurr wrote the winning essay chosen by a group of faculty and staff in what the College hopes will be an annual writing contest. We are honored to publish Nathan's essay in its entirety as he wrote it, and we congratulate him on his graduation.

Beginning with students entering in Fall 2013, the minimum requirement for the Bachelor of Arts or the Bachelor of Science degree is 180 credits and an academic statement of up to 750 words. In the statement, students summarize and reflect carefully on their liberal arts education. Students begin work on the statement when they first enroll, then develop and revise it annually under the guidance of faculty. The final version becomes an important part of each student's transcript.

NATHAN SCHUUR

ACADEMIC STATEMENT

I chose the first program I took at Evergreen without even reading the course description. The program I wanted to take was full, I did not have a plan B, and my lunch break was about to end, so I took the suggestion of an academic advisor and signed up for Political Economy and Social Movements. Like many of the decisions I made at that time in my life, making a choice about what I would do for the next two quarters without even looking at the catalog was not a responsible one, but it may be the luckiest irresponsible choice I ever made.

During those two quarters, we focused on topics I had hardly even thought about. Learning about racism and imperialism and the ways they interact with economics changed the way I look

at the world and both directed the other classes I would select at Evergreen and the choice I ended up making about what to do after college. After taking Political Economy and Social Movements, I see power dynamics everywhere I look. I understand that “free” choices are often far from free and I know how important it is to work actively against inequality. I know how crucial it is to have an understanding of power and discrimination if I expect to learn anything about the rest of the world.

Next, I took Democracy and Free Speech, where I learned a great deal about the ways the First Amendment has been applied (or misapplied) to various situations and how important effective and vigorous legal advocacy is to effecting change in this country. We live in a country where the laws are often unfairly applied and in Democracy and Free Speech I saw how people working within the justice system can still have a huge impact in ameliorating that unfairness. I had been toying with the idea of law school for some time, but by the end of the class, I was sure that becoming a lawyer would be the right decision for me.

“The skills I gained at Evergreen will be valuable both in my professional life and in my personal life. I learned plenty of facts, but what I learned more is a sense of empathy.”

Once I knew what my goal was, choosing classes became much easier. I took classes that would help me develop a better understanding of power, economics, and history. I took a program studying the history of capitalism, studied economics in depth, wrote a contract examining the histories of underrepresented groups, and wrote a contract to do research on foreign relations using mapping software. Throughout, I learned more about the ways various groups have experienced colonization and globalization and began to develop an understanding of how to reform the world for the better to help right

these wrongs. I tried to understand how the ways in which certain countries, classes, or races of people were treated in the past influences the way they interact with the world today.

The skills I gained at Evergreen will be valuable both in my professional life and in my personal life. I learned plenty of facts, but what I learned more is a sense of empathy. When I enter law school next year, I will be prepared both to see the law and to see the human accused of breaking it. I will be equipped to help people and to do so with appreciation of their struggles. In my personal life as well, I will not be stagnant. The same compassion for others that will make me a good lawyer will help (and has already helped) me develop close personal relationships based on understanding and respect.

My education is far more than the sum of its parts. Most of my classes have centered on political economy, but I have stepped outside of that discipline and also studied history, philosophy, computer science, geography, law, and art. I am happy to have learned to weave together what I have learned in various classes to gain a fuller understanding of the world around me and my place in it. At its core, the study of liberal arts is the study of how to be alive. In all my classes, I learned specific skills that were often only narrowly applicable to specific types of problems—I learned how to *do*. But I also learned to bring together threads from different courses, to guide my own studies, to work across gaps of race, class, and gender, and to identify power dynamics, which taught me something much more important—how to *be*.

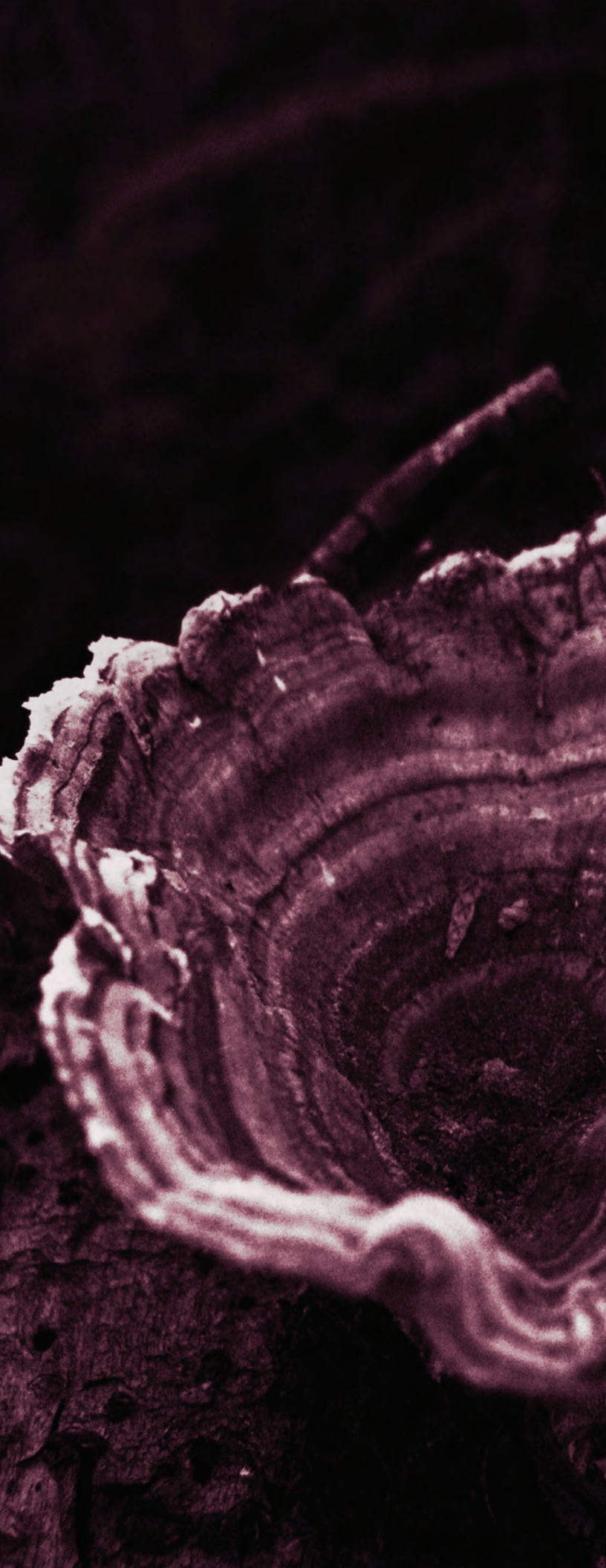
WRITING ACADEMIC STATEMENTS

Several years ago, Evergreen began to regularly review and assess student transcripts for evidence of breadth and depth of learning in the liberal arts. Those reviews yielded the insight that students would benefit from more regular, focused academic advising, led by faculty and grounded in academic structures already in place at the college. The faculty voted to institute a new graduation requirement that will begin for incoming students in fall 2013. Students will be required to include in their final transcripts an Academic Statement about their college educations.

Because the most prominent academic structure at the college is the full-time or half-time interdisciplinary program, the faculty decided to create an ongoing process of advising and mentorship in programs, and introduce a new way to support reflection, self-evaluation, and decision-making throughout students' academic careers at Evergreen, culminating in the final Academic Statement.

Beginning with a campus-wide pilot program in fall of 2012, many Evergreen programs will offer more structured and regular advising opportunities throughout the school year. These opportunities include several activities during Orientation Week led by faculty, program time devoted to developing Academic Statements, two all-campus events in winter and spring during which all faculty are available on campus for student advising, and substantial review of Academic Statements for graduating seniors. This initiative will become a campus-wide effort in fall 2013.

—Nancy Koppelman



Fourth sere: Western Hemlock
(*Tsuga heterophylla*)

The final transition from the sun-loving Douglas fir sere to the shade-tolerant Western Hemlock (*Tsuga heterophylla*) sere shows us something captivating.

— Lily Hynson

PAUL WHITNEY

THROUGH THE GATE:
A REFLECTION ON SUCCESS,
FAILURE, AND BEING

The session began the same as most Writing Center appointments: a nervous and perhaps intimidated writer joined me, a peer tutor, at a Formica table. He plopped down a paper seeking to have it fixed, and therefore worthy to be turned in to his faculty. I began the way I usually do: I attempted to disrupt the writer's fix-it goal by turning the paper face-down and asking him to tell me about it. After his initial shock from being questioned about the paper by someone who could easily *read* it, he proceeded to present a history of something.

Whatever that something was, I'm sure I found it interesting. Or maybe I didn't. But as always, I enjoyed the process of hearing this writer articulate his ideas in his own words before tackling his project in academic language. So when he finished explaining what he was trying to chronicle, there didn't seem to be a point beyond a general timeline of the events. What was this writer trying to tell me?

I asked a common question, and thus began the breakdown of my tutoring process that day: "So, what's your thesis?"

“I don’t have a thesis. I’m just presenting a history.”
And he clearly didn’t want to develop one.

When I blurted out, “Well, you’re going to have to,” asserting myself as the authority over his work, we ceased to be peers.

The session never recovered.

His eyes went straight down and never made contact with mine again. His hands rested on his knees, and his smile disappeared. His answers to my subsequent questions were of the one-word variety. And when he ended the session ahead of schedule, any hopes of rescuing my tutoring process that day were lost.

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I’ve had years to examine why that session ended so catastrophically, and I often wonder why that one stands out among so many others that have faded from my memory.

I wouldn’t have much time to dwell on it, however. Amid the turmoil of a failed love interest and difficulty finding a decent job, I decided I needed a change of scenery in my life. Perhaps my parents had grown tired of hearing me complain about one fruitless job interview after another when they called me one weekend morning in mid-2006, waking me up.

“Paul,” my father said, “why don’t you try joining the Air Force as an officer?”

Both my parents had been Airmen, so it shouldn’t have surprised me when they suggested I consider a military career. After meeting with recruiters from different branches of the military, I chose to serve in the U.S. Army, not the Air Force. I chose an enlisted career, not the officer path my parents had envisioned. I supported the liberation of the Middle East from dictatorships, but wasn’t sure how I felt about American involvement there. Despite misgivings about U.S. foreign policy, not to mention whether my personality suited me for military life, I raised my right hand and took my oath of enlistment.

I missed my own college graduation ceremony. Three weeks later, I sat on a plane bound for Basic Training and wondered what I had done.

After nine weeks of rigorous exercise and twenty-two of vocational instruction, I arrived at my permanent unit at Fort Stewart, Georgia. Exhausted, but excited to experience post-training military life, I reported for duty as the low guy on the totem pole. Soon after, eager to please, I accepted a mission to retrieve a few necessary items.

“I missed my own college graduation ceremony. Three weeks later, I sat on a plane bound for Basic Training and wondered what I had done.”

“I’m here for the grid squares and glow-stick batteries!” I proclaimed. I wanted to show some enthusiasm for my work. But the supply technician looked at me as if I were from another planet.

“Can you get grid squares off a map?” she asked. (You can’t.)

“Do glow sticks have batteries?” she continued. (They don’t.)

This classic new-guy prank shouldn’t have bugged me, but it did. Sensing my frustration, Staff Sergeant Jeffries called me into his office and asked, “What’s bothering you?”

“I didn’t spend four years in college to sweep floors,” I blurted out, forgetting military decorum.

Once again, I’d spoken too quickly and harshly, and I knew I would always struggle to fit in, no matter what my walk of life.

I was too embarrassed to describe the prank to him, but my answer was honest. The comment could have gotten me in serious trouble.



Instead, the sergeant smiled and reminded me that I had signed up for a reason, and he advised me to focus on what that reason was. I still wasn't sure why I'd enlisted, but I knew I would need to figure it out if I were to attain some measure of happiness in the Army. Again, I wouldn't have much time to dwell on the mounting questions in my life because, thirty days after arriving at my station, I deployed to Iraq.

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I spent most of my time in Baghdad escorting locals around Camp Victory so that they could perform construction and janitorial tasks. One day, I escorted a generator maintenance specialist to various sites. The pleasant mechanic made small talk in broken but earnest English. He checked the fuel level and function of the generators while I sat, bored out of my skull, in the pickup truck.

The daily briefing was always clear: soldiers were not to leave the post with Iraqi civilians, and if we did, we were to consider ourselves kidnapped. The sergeant gave the same speech every morning at six: "If he takes you off post, point your weapon directly at his head, and kindly inform him that if he doesn't return you to Victory, you will pull the trigger."

I'd hardly even noticed the lurch of the pick-up when I briefly saw a warning sign flash by: "Prepare to Leave Camp Victory." My earlier tedium now gave way to anxiety as we quickly approached the outer gate and passed other signs warning us that we would soon leave the post and enter Baghdad.

I tapped the mechanic's shoulder with my left hand, while my right hand first pointed out the window at the signs and then gripped the handle of my rifle.

He kept his eyes on the road and told me, "No worry, Sir, there's a generator soon."

I told him that we should not get any closer to the gate. He just took another drag on his cigarette.

“No, really, the gate’s coming. We need to stop.”
My hand tightened on the pistol grip.

He hardly paid any attention to me as he flicked the cigarette out the window. “It’s okay. You will see,” he assured me.

We neared the final warning sign—“LOCK AND LOAD” in gigantic red letters—on the concrete wall next to the metal swing gate, Baghdad just beyond.

I wondered if I would soon get eviscerated in the town square, with the video of my demise on YouTube.

I loaded a round into the chamber of my M-16 rifle and raised it to his head, warning him, “Look, *motherfucker*, we are not leaving this base!”

He slammed on the brakes, and the pickup screamed to a halt—right next to a dusty generator.

“Oh,” I muttered. I lowered my weapon.

For the rest of the day, both of us remained silent. We made no eye contact. My duty to escort locals continued for many months. I never saw that mechanic again. Before I knew it, my tour ended, and I found myself back on American soil.

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I made mistakes leading up to my military service, not to mention a few grave errors during my three-year enlistment. I participated in a war I later decided I disagreed with, yet I retain immense pride in my service to the country.

Where does this leave me? Today, still, I consider the history writer and his lack of a thesis. At the time, I thought his strategy quite flawed; in fact, I felt he had made a colossal mistake. But as I consider a few of the mistakes I’ve made, I must also reflect on my achievements and experiences: I lost thirty pounds in nine weeks of Basic Training. I learned to stand up for myself. I ate dates straight from a tree in Baghdad. I washed my face in an irrigation ditch that the locals told

me flowed from the Tigris. I saw camels in the deserts of Kuwait and stared into Iraqi sunrises I'll never be able to describe. My bond with many of the soldiers I worked with, including the sergeant who treated me kindly—as I should have treated that writer—continues to this day. I have stories to tell, of success and catastrophe, of triumph and failure, which I accept into the core of my being. I can't do anything about that session except have faith in that writer to make his own mistakes, and to learn from those mistakes, as I pass through the gates of mine.

Who was I to say that such a silly little thing as a history paper without a thesis wouldn't one day become a part of that student's essence as a human being? I now feel no shame, only acceptance, of the error of my ways, and I can only hope that the writer has arrived at such a place in his existence. Such is life that I didn't understand the importance of the writer expressing himself in his own way, and such is life that I had to go to war to find peace within myself.

ELISSA GOSS

## WRITING AS ACTIVISM

*When we speak, we are afraid our words will not be heard or welcomed. But when we are silent, we are still afraid. So it is better to speak.*  
— Audre Lorde

I volunteered in New Orleans, one year after Hurricane Katrina, in the summer of 2006. At sixteen, the experience was the most powerful of my time in high school, as we witnessed the destruction and carelessness of government employees, elected officials, and businesses. This shook me violently awake to the world, while the struggle, compassion, and integrity of everyday people opened my eyes to the necessity of action.

I came back to my high school after that summer with a fire and a confusion burning, as if the world cracked open inside of me. Wide-eyed and fiercely focused, I ran around like a chicken with its head cut off trying to do *something*, joining every group I could, trying to understand how to “fix” the world. My time became eaten up with hope, guilt, shame, and determination as my heart became raw. Basic social interactions became difficult with people that I had known for years, and sometimes things would collapse in.

I would cry in class—heavy, hot tears rolling down my face as I stared disillusioned at my classmates. I had no foundation, no analytical understanding of systems or historical processes of power. I didn't even understand the word “capitalism” as anything other than reality. All I knew was that I wanted everyone to wake up and get *angry*.

Everything became debatable, and I was relentless in the classroom. I can't tell you how many times teachers told me to “calm down” so that the class could “move on.”

Feeling as if I were speaking through glass, I came to understand that getting angry wasn't changing my conversations with people. In fact, it was isolating me more and more. I realized that I would have to stop wasting energy and just wait until I could leave the suburbia of Houston. Feeling as if there wasn't anyone I could talk to, I turned to books.

The relationship started innocently enough after a lifetime of going to the library with my mom, a librarian. We kept our television covered with a cloth and potted plant, and refusing to buy me new clothes at the mall, my mom would happily drop 50-80 a month on books from our local bookstore.

I read ferociously. I would read books in class, in the car on the way to school, put them in textbooks when the teacher wasn't looking, and read until I fell asleep on the couch as the clock hours passed into the morning. There, in those sacred moments, I conversed with Jennifer Baumgardner about feminism, sexuality, and grassroots activism; Thoreau and Annie Dillard about relentless environmentalism; Mary Oliver about faith; Charles Fraizer about the myth of the new frontier; Barbara Kingsolver about food politics; youth poets about racism; political prisoners about unjust governments and a larger system at play; and I began to truly see my city through reading *Houston Press*, the alternative newspaper.

In these moments, as my eyes rested on their words, I could feel the cells in my body rearranging. And the most beautiful thing began to happen... I began to shift. Away from anger.

Away from confusion. It was and is in those moments that the sharp power of clarity settles into my bones. I don't just feel different I *know* I am different because of what I just read. Their words sink into my bloodstream, and I get high. I get high off the conviction of purpose and the security of knowing that *something* is true. That tingling sensation of soul recognition, the kind that makes our experience feel more valued and legitimate because of the risk this other person, whom we may never speak with, took by believing in themselves enough to share with the world their deepest convictions. In a sense, it is them offering their soul up to the world, for us to hold in our hands until we are ready to carve our own.

“The beauty is that their writing gave me more than information—their writing gave me a voice I could connect to.”

Understanding and truth aren't just logic... they are experience. The most powerful writings are those from experience, and when I heard their voices, I began to find a refuge, an escape, and a dialogue that I could be a part of anywhere. It didn't matter that I was seventeen. It didn't matter that I lived in the cheapest apartments with my mom in one of the wealthiest school districts. It didn't matter that I was struggling with being the weird, “hyper-hippie chick” who “knew everyone.” None of the labels put on me, or that I put on myself, mattered. All that mattered was that I was partaking in the lives and processes of a few, who were a part of millions. Through them, I could be a part of something so much larger than my own binding fear.

The beauty is that their writing gave me more than information—their writing gave me a voice I could connect to. These weren't laws, or “neutral” newspaper articles... these were raw and impassioned opinions, lived realities, and collective theories and dreams. I would never have met these people if it wasn't for them taking the risk of writing those words, shaping those realities onto paper. I would never have realized

how big the world was, or that there were other people who thought like me, challenging me in ways that stretched my understanding of justice. I would never have known that there were alternatives. That the history I was taught was wrong. That something else was possible. That I could be a part of a community as my whole self. So when I am afraid to write, which is a lot of the time when it comes to activist work, I find myself repeating the criticisms I heard when I was younger: *That's just one author, so that's not the truth... writing doesn't do anything... it doesn't change anything... I don't have a solution, so why bring up the issue?*

These doubts rush into my thoughts full force, like a charging dust storm, clouding my ability to re-connect with my foundation, with my own hope and vision. I have to remember and *you* have to remember, that you never know who will read what you wrote. You will never know that someone read it on the bus on their way to a meeting and it shifted their whole group's strategy. You'll never know that old curmudgeon who, when researching articles online late at night when he can't sleep, comes across yours about trans-identity and calls his kid for the first time the next morning. You'll never know of the seventeen-year-old, wanting to run away from all the ignorance, hiding your book in their algebra textbook in class. You might even have forgotten yourself, reading the words that shifted your own life, making you feel for the first time like you belonged.

But don't let those fears stop you from speaking your voice. By writing, we invite others to act and live in conviction. To open up to possibilities of action and to the safety of knowing that they are not alone. We can be catalysts for change by introducing and supporting radical ideas, and we strengthen the possibility of equity in human rights for all when we exercise the privilege to speak out. To speak up. You are part of a collective vision. You are not alone. By reaching out, you can reach someone. Just as others have reached out to you, become part of the dissemination system. Become one of the many in this horizontal movement for justice and community. A movement can't grow, deepen,



and become more dynamic without every voice giving it shape.

Remember that just as the lives you are fighting for count, yours does too. We are not just bodies. We are voices. So look for those things that sing in your bones. The ideas that ring full in your body. These are worth fighting for. If we stay silent, we take away the chance for someone else to feel empowered to speak out. If we stay silent, injustice continues.

So when you think about activism, remember to write. Remember the power of words being read by anyone, anywhere, at any time. Reclaim this sacred space of soul and structure and use it to tear down the walls and give shape to what is being built in its place. By writing, we speak for the future just as much as we speak for the present. We strengthen the ability to practice our capacity for change.

“So when you think about activism, remember to write. Remember the power of words being read by anyone, anywhere, at any time.”

You have the ability to restructure history, and to give voice to reason, shape to dreams, and hope to cynics. People want to be a part of this; no one should be hopeless, left out, forgotten. So write to re-write history. Write to stand up and shape action. Write for those who have lost hope. Write for those who stay silent. Write for those who can't speak. Write to liberate all of our voices. Write to liberate.

Write.

**witness**

she took me  
by my wrist, scrambling  
up the root-worn *rocas*  
towards the pine tree  
with low-hanging branches

as we neared  
she put a solitary finger  
up to her *labios*

I followed her lead  
creeping, cautiously  
towards a *maravilla*  
I did not know of

she looked *adentro*  
her eyes twinkling with  
the small upward curve  
of a knowing smile  
and pointed

there, rested the smallest nest  
of twigs, dogs' hair  
and other indiscriminates  
wound and woven into a home  
*para tres huevos pequeños*

I listened—  
my foggy understanding *de español*  
unveiling that she  
has watched this nest  
*todo el tiempo* being built  
*poco a poco*

a witness to their testimony  
*de acciones pequeñas*

her excitement mounting  
as the promise *de vida*  
took more shape  
with every tiny twig

as I smiled back  
her excitement met my wonder  
*y caminamos juntas a nuestro grupo*

and I thought to myself

*es cómico*, how birds  
and a woman's patience  
teach us *revolución*

elissa goss

## COURTNEY KINDELL

## MIND IN MOTION

Not by pen, but by charcoal I discovered How I Write. By visually representing the writing process, I saw connections to the elements. To investigate, I reviewed my past writings, organizing the pages by their stage. I found what defined each stage: not the content or quality of the writing, but the *movement of the mind*.

In brainstorming, the wind-mind **wanders** until it gathers enough energy, as lightning, to take new form. The drafting stage progresses wherever **fueled** by the fire-mind. As these embers settle, the mineral earth-mind **molds** and revises the scaffolding. Here, the piece takes root like the bonsai, as the plant earth-mind edits each sentence branch, **pruning** where it fruits and flowers. Lastly, as water sustains life, the reader gives life to writing. Through a reader's lens, the water-mind can **absorb** and experience the flow of the piece, filtering obstructions to the current, the message.

The pinwheel on the following page was crafted to translate to all learners: words for the linguistic, pictures for the visual, haiku for the auditory, geometric shape for the mathematical, element

connections for the naturalists, and pinwheel feature for the kinesthetic. *Mind in Motion* captures the cyclic and interconnected relation of the stages and their movement within and among each other.

### **Mind in Motion**

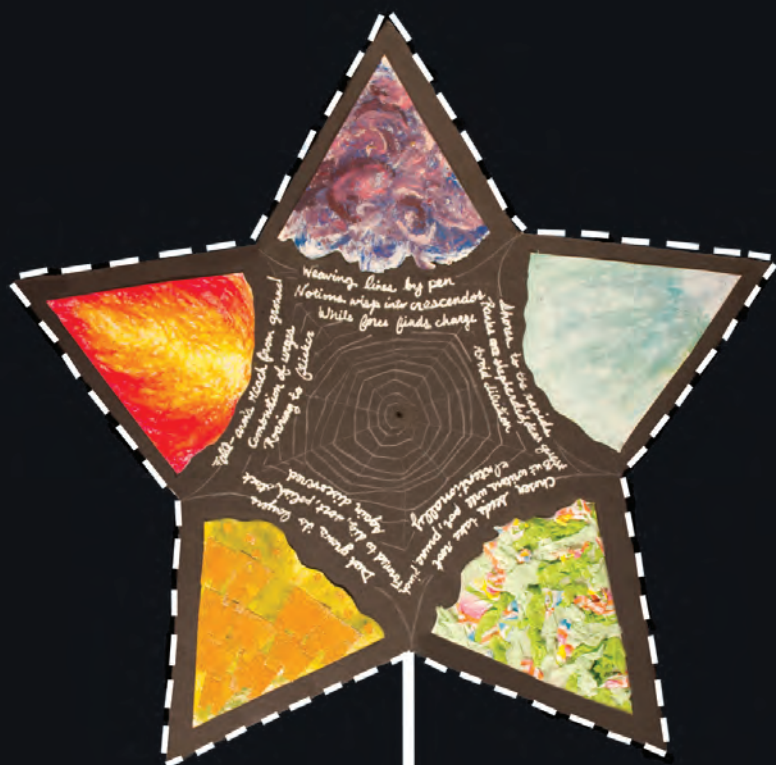
Weaving lines by pen  
Notions wisp into crescendo  
While force finds charge

Flickers, blazes, ash  
Combustion of ideas  
Which flame will you feed

Growing dust layers  
Thoughts dug through time and pressure  
Again discovered

Chosen seeds take root  
The writer will pick, prune, pinch  
Intentionally

Shallows to rapids  
Margin banks are shepherded  
Avoid dilution



## MIND IN MOTION:

Step 1: Cut along the dashed lines.

Step 2: Punch brad pin through center.

Step 3: Spin and begin brainstorming.

by Courtney Kindell





## **Handy Websites for Writers:**

**<http://grammar.quickanddirtytips.com>**

Grammar Girl gives you easy-to-understand rules and guidelines for punctuation, grammar, and usage.

**<http://owl.english.purdue.edu/owl>**

Purdue provides everything you ever wanted to know – and didn't know you wanted to know – about grammar, styles of writing, citations, and other resources.

**<http://www.everywritersresource.com>**

Every Writer's Resources is exactly what it says: an extensive resource on all things writing-related.

**<http://thequietplaceproject.com/thethoughtsroom>**

Feeling stuck? This lovely little page could help you overcome writer's block.

**<http://hugohouse.org/blog>**

The Richard Hugo House is a fabulous writer's resource just a hop, skip, and a jump away in Seattle. Their blog features tips, info, and upcoming events.

**<http://home.comcast.net/~garbl/writing/style.htm#bias>**

Consult this site for resources for avoiding bias in your writing, including strategies for using language that is ability- and gender-inclusive.

**<http://www.evergreen.edu/writingcenter>**

Whatever level of experience or confidence you have with writing, we invite you to come to the Center to explore and strengthen your writing process. Our tutors are here to work with you on your writing and to support you in navigating the different types of writing you encounter at Evergreen.

—Erin Doherty

INKWELL 2012

