

**LOYOLA STUDENTS**

**DO LEARN TO WRITE**

**EFFECTIVE WRITING, CA113**

**JANUARY, 1977**

THERE IS PROBABLY NO ONE WHOSE EXPERIENCE,  
WHOSE BELIEFS WOULD NOT BE INTENSELY INTERESTING  
IF HE COULD FIND THE VERBAL SYMBOLS WHICH GIVE  
THEM EXTERNAL FORM.

FRANCIS G. TOWNSEND

To all students in Effective Writing, CA113, last semester;

Simply because you successfully completed the Effective Writing course last semester—achieving skills in writing to various degrees, to be sure, but all of them adequate—you may have thought that you had heard the last of us. But the importance of your writing course, we think, is really as great as we stressed when you were in our classes, so great that even now we are moved to talk with all of you just once more, by means of this booklet. There are three reasons for our doing so. First, we thought you would be interested in seeing several papers that reflect the general quality of writing achieved by the majority of students last semester. Second, we want to remind you as your second semester begins of the essential elements in the written composition of thought. Finally, we want to encourage you to adapt and apply those same elements as you continue taking other courses—whether you are attending to a class lecture, studying a textbook, supplementing course study with outside reading, or, more obviously, writing an academic paper.

Before we get to those three matters, let us now make one general observation that we could not afford to make during the course. As you well know, there is no other single academic subject that receives more attention in newspapers, magazines, and journals than writing. And you are familiar with the general lament: students today cannot write, be they high school, undergraduate, or graduate students. Although we do not know firsthand what the situation is on other campuses in the country (we could make a good guess), we do know that here at Loyola our students can and do learn to write—and write well. In that regard, we think Loyola students are not typical. If that is true, and we offer support in this booklet to show that it is, we think that what makes you different is your willingness to apply yourselves to the very arduous kind of work that writing demands, despite all the understandable excuses you could have used to avoid it. We offer this generality in all sincerity, not to flatter but to reassure you (as we said so many times in class) that as discouraging and as frustrating and as threatening as a writing course may be, you can learn to think logically, support your thinking concretely, and express your thought in literate language if you will simply persevere. Let the proof of that important generality rest on these few—but typical—sample papers that we send back to you in this booklet.

But let these sample papers do more than that, too. True, there are only five papers shown here, and so we could be accused of selecting papers that are not representative of the quality of your writing as a result of the course. But if space had allowed, we could have presented not just five but fifty-five or 105—or more—and each paper would have contained those elements essential to the composition of thought that are so familiar to you now: thesis, subtheses, proof. Only one of these five papers received a straight A; none was written by a student with a 700 or even a 600 SAT score. We carefully avoided that kind of selecting. If you will read these papers in comfort so that you can enjoy them, you will increase your awareness of the quality of writing gained by other students in the course, and that increased awareness will reinforce what you learned and so should add to your conviction that the structure of writing that was imparted to you is not only serviceable but valuable.

Of course we think that every single matter of thought and language we brought to you last semester was important, but the most important matter of all was what we called the structure of thought-full composition. Some of us used the three terms thesis, subtheses, and proof to capture that structure; others of us used an abbreviated version from the Kerrigan text—Step 1 (thesis), Step 2 (subtheses), and Step 4 (proof). Whatever code words we used, though, the meaning is the same. The written composition of thought must be controlled by a single thought (thesis); it can be unfolded coherently only by pursuing the important implications of that controlling thought (subtheses); and it can be supported and made clear only by the logical use of specific, concrete detail (proof). Not because you need it but because others who have not yet taken the writing course will read this booklet, we have labeled each of the five papers with those structure terms. Let us remind you, then, that the three structural elements plus your own intelligence almost guarantee a coherently, concretely developed paper of meaning. The structure follows the nature of thought; your intelligence brings meaning to it.

Mentioning the nature of thought brings us to the last point of this letter. We hope that you will do yourselves a favor and apply the skills that you have learned in our writing course to all your other Loyola courses. No, we do not accept the view that Effective Writing is a service course for the rest of the curriculum; yes, it does have its own value to you as a thinking person. Yet, the structure elements that you now understand can easily be adapted to other study situations. For example, during a class lecture, the business of taking copious notes on details really cannot make a great deal of sense to you unless and until you understand the general point of that lecture—its thesis. And you can be sure that all of your lectures on this campus do pursue a point. Then, the reason for those details, their relationship to one another, their implications of meaning can become clear—and then the lecture can become real learning for you and not just another momentarily swollen area in your memory. The same kind of adaptation can be made as you study your textbooks and do your outside reading. As for your academic papers, no adaptation is needed; simply follow the structure as you learned it in the course.

Thinking is difficult; study is difficult. So why not make both thought and study more fruitful and more enjoyable too—not to mention the over-used "relevant"—by making them more efficient. That is what applying the elements of thought can do for you. Applying the skills of the writing course to other subjects was not one of our stated course objectives, but it would be a sad waste not to take advantage of those skills by failing to apply them.

Now you have heard the last word from us—at least in a formal way. But you have not heard the last word about writing at Loyola, for your ability to write well is important to every Loyola teacher.

For the entire writing staff,

Francis X. Trainor

## Learning French Is Not Just ....

Suzanne Leclerc, a French I dialogue character, would have no trouble reading Brown's French textbook, but I, a first year French student, find it to be an arduous undertaking. You see, there's more to learning French than studying the meaning of its words and if anyone tells you otherwise, then you are being deceived. Ask me how my French course is and I'll reply with a nice thesis statement. Learning French is not as easy as un, deux, trois.

Mastering the pronunciation of all French words, from un to quelquefois, is a difficult task because what you see is not always what you hear. Take the French word "o-u-i," which means "yes." How would an American who was unfamiliar with the French language, pronounce this three vowel word? Perhaps oi as in boy or maybe oo like in the word shoe. If you agree with either pronunciation, then you, like myself, have failed the first French pronunciation lesson. The French pronounce their word for "yes", wē. We? Yes, wē; we means "yes" in French. But then how do the French say "we," the plural of the first person singular? The French word for "we" is "n-o-u-s," which is pronounced just like our English word "new." As you can see, French pronunciation can be quite confusing and difficult for those that speak English—like me. As of September 10, 1976, the date of my first French class, I have learned from my many mistakes that the French language gives me much more than I bargained for. What I see is not always what I hear and what I hear is definitely not always what I write down in a dictation exercise.

French nouns and their definite and indefinite articles are tricky little sex objects. Unlike English, where most nouns have no gender, all French nouns are either masculine or feminine. In conjunction with these French sex-oriented nouns, are the definite and indefinite articles which must agree with the noun in gender and number. These articles do not get along with nouns of the opposite sex. They are "homosexual" articles that are always seen leading their noun friends around through sentences and phrases. "Maison", the feminine French word for "house," will follow La (feminine definite article), but never Le (masculine definite article). "Une" can pick up "maison," but "un" had better not try to or it'll receive a big X over itself from the French professor. How does an introductory French student know which nouns are of which sex? He memorizes all of the nouns. Not easy—I never said it was, did I?

The French language includes extra added surprises in the form of cedillas, accent marks, and hyphens. The French believe in decorating their language with these little marks: ç, ç, ç. Sometimes a cedilla accompanies the letter C in French words such as "garçon" and "français". A cedilla is a mark placed under the letter C, thus Ç to show that it is to have the sound of an S. Ç and S are often mistaken for each other, but on a French exam "commençons" is not the same as commensons.

The French language stresses accent marks in the same way that accent marks stress sounds. Just like memorization is needed to be able to remember the gender of nouns, the only way to remember which words have accents and which do not is to put the old memory to work again. After you recognize which words have accents, then you must remember which way the accent marks go. The accent mark in "café" is obviously different than the accent mark in "à" and certainly different than the accent marks in "préfère". Not so simple, right?

The French word for "afternoon", "après-midi" is hyphenated as is the word for "what", "qu'est-ce que". What constitutes a hyphenated French word? Nothing. Mr. Clark, our French teacher, told us that words which are hyphenated are done so just because the early Frenchmen decided to hyphenate them. We must rely on our own memorization processes to remember which words are "dressed up" by hyphens and which words aren't.

Learning French can be a challenging and rewarding experience, but it is certainly not an easy one.

Con Art

"No one ever went broke underestimating the tastes of the American public."

—H.L. Mencken

The current exhibition at the Baltimore Museum of Art, "Mel Bochner, Number and Shape," is a worthless collection of shapes and figures representing a public fraud on the part of a crafty mountebank. To date, the Bochner show has wasted precious viewer time and taxdollars as well. "Number and Shape" is not worth the free price of admission.

Certainly "free" is too much to pay when one sees "art" that is so simplistic in style and relies on the self-evident. The almost barren gallery provides seventy-five examples of this simplicity. "Mental Exercise: Estimating the Center," is nothing more than a red dot situated in the center of a blank canvas. "Mental Exercise: Estimating a Circle" consists of a large circle no more complex than anything coming out of a fourth grade geometry class. Then there is "Eight Inches Measurement." The artist intrigues the public mentality by taking a black magic marker and drawing an eight inch line on a sheet of common engineering graph paper. Bochner, however, is

(t = thesis s = subthesis p = proof)

not a man who conquers and savors his triumph—he must proceed and conquer new heights. A ladder had to be used by the master when he extended his eight inch line to eight feet, nine inches, to measure the gallery wall from floor to ceiling. Bochner was still not satisfied and went on to measure and draw lines of the dimensions of half the gallery. Rather than an artist, he should consider himself a good surveyor. In the following examples, Bochner fashions himself a teacher. A brilliant idea strikes the artist in 1969 and the result is the drawing "Counting (Rocks)." On a piece of white canvas are the drawings of eleven rocks numbered from one to eleven. Bochner then groups the rocks and the result of this brainstorm is "Counting (Rocks) #2." The viewer observes one rock in the first group, two rocks in the second group, three rocks in the third, four in the fourth, and five rocks in the fifth. Above these rocks are the symbols I, II, III, IV, and V respectively. The final result of this great effort is Mel Bochner's masterpiece "Counting by Fives." On a small canvas are two hundred seventy-three V's drawn in black ink. It takes no great effort to draw a V and when one looks at two rocks, he only sees two rocks and two poorly sketched rocks at that. Bochner's drawings are obviously simple and the thought behind them is obviously small.

An exhibition using simple forms such as Bochner's can be produced by anyone able to hold a pencil. In his Sunday News American column, Arts Editor R.P. Harriss cites the case of one Lula Klunk. Lula, a six-year old girl, was so impressed with Bochner's drawing that she started imitating his work with great success. Though her black lines slant a few degrees farther left than the master's, her "So Can I" (similar to "Counting by Fives") is every bit as good as Mel Bochner's. She is even more ambitious than her paragon. She wants to extend her counting to a length of six miles. The secretary at Loyola College's Athletic Department, took up a clerical career after receiving only a "B" grade in her high school art class. Yet she too could copy Bochner's style. Her "One Inch," similar to another Bochner measurement drawing is just as straight and even more colorful than the exhibited artist's, since, it was done in green rather than black ink. She, however, is modest about her abilities and wishes to keep her job at Loyola "for as long as possible."

The public, knowing full well it can duplicate any one of Mel Bochner's "masterpieces," is conned by the artist, the museum, and the press into thinking this work shows great insight into "esoteric realms challenging the viewers' sensibilities." Bochner tries to show his drawings having meaning by quoting philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. An "X" made up of black and red numbers is explained by this Wittgenstein quotation: "The utterance I know can only have meaning in connection with other evidence of my knowing." This Wittgenstein thought is found directly beneath the "X". A similar drawing, an "X" with a "+" shape inserted is explained by Bochner and the philosopher: "Is it that rule and empirical proposition merge into one another?"

The museum booklet that sells for \$8.50 also does a good job of making something out of Bochner's nothing. The following quotation from the booklet explains the meaning in "Counting (Rocks)":

The pair of drawings, "Counting (Rocks)" from 1969, shows the artist trying to articulate the discovery of uncertainty of numerals assumed consistency representing the fifth in a sequence of eleven rocks lined in a row is juxtaposed with the shorthand notation V representing the fifth in a sequence of objects (five rocks) in the fifth unit.

Bochner's other masterpiece, the wall measurements, is explained by the booklet in the same lucid and free flowing style:

There is yet to be written any definite history of modern works executed directly on the wall—we don't know—an intermediary support might be superfluous and that a drawing or painting could go to the wall itself as a field or ground. The significance of the alternative to traditional supports (canvas, wood, paper, metal, etc.) lies outside the history of mural commissions, light projections, environmental installations, support materials attached or adhered directly to the wall, or utilization of the wall as a sculptural element—though such non-traditional forms developing out of Minimalism certainly informed the ambience which permitted the bolder step. All of Bochner's measurement installations incorporated drawing directly on the wall, and indeed, their essential imperative (that is, their substance as measurement) demanded execution directly on the wall, in whole or combination with paper and/or tape also applied directly to the wall.

Along with the con job done by the artist and the museum, the press also has a hand in promoting Bochner. Baltimore Sun art critic Barbara Gold praised the exhibition:

All Bochner's shows have had a similar experimental quality, have seemed to be steps in progression toward some larger idea that always seemed on the verge of full articulation. Each of his many gallery shows was a demonstration of the part of that larger idea, and no single show, therefore, forced a consideration of how good his work as a whole happened to be. The only important consideration was the work at hand, the skewed hexagons drawn on walls, the masking tapes with written numbers, the seemingly arithmetic drawings of numbers in boxes and sequences. Each was to be taken seriously since each was unproven and new and the creator was essentially untested.

Lincoln Johnson another Sun art critic was less than enthusiastic, but found something intriguing about the exhibit:

The counting is essentially a mindless method of passing time, though it may remind the spectator of the quantitative emphasis in our society, the measured ingredients of a salad, the number of sex partners enjoyed or not enjoyed, the number of cars in a driveway or MIRV's in the arsenal.

The selling job complete, geometry was worth an exhibition.

No matter what the media says, however, Mel Bochner's "Number and Shape" does nothing but occupy space. It is sold to museums like soap or Perdu chickens by the artist and his PR agents. Its shapes and numbers can be copied by anyone and those shapes and numbers are essentially worthless. The press glorifies the exhibitions and finds "innermeaning," while the museum sells an expensive booklet to allow the public to find what that innermeaning is. Yet, not all are blind. When asked in a telephone interview his opinion of the Bochner show, News American editor R.P. Harriss replied, "My feeling is there is a great deal of foolishness in contemporary art."

### Moving Day

Moving can be quite a dreary and sad experience. Having lived in five different houses since being born, I believe I know most of the ins and outs of moving. The process is not just a matter of buying a new house, gathering all worldly possessions and transferring the furniture, clothes, and silverware. It is a bit more complicated and disheartening matter.

Even though we can't take it with us, everyone hates to give up certain things. For this reason, sorting through years of accumulated objects can be a weary and melancholy job. When moving, I always know there are a lot of things that must be given or thrown away. It is a very depressing experience to get rid of an old, one armed Barbie doll or a half stuffed teddy bear, and I don't think I know anyone who would not feel a bit remorseful about throwing away a perfectly good, ten year old transistor radio that has no knobs left on it and two leaky batteries that were being saved for posterity. Going through boxes filled with books from Puff, the Kitten or Baby Elephant to advanced geometry require the extra time, of course, of re-reading all the books. The hardest boxes to go through, though, are the ones containing old baby clothes. Everything including my old Polly Flinder's dresses, play clothes, diapers, and Fisher-Price toys have been shipped through at least four moves. There are then the rattles, spoons, and tiny forks to complete the collection. In some ways it is sad to go through these boxes. I feel as though I'm going through my life and many of the things I have to throw away are like pieces of it. A little piece of the puzzle is taken away to make room for a new one. Yet one can get weary of going through twenty boxes of pieces. There is, after all, only a certain amount of time that can be spent on memoirs. Once the wanted has been sorted from the unwanted, it would appear that the next step would be easy, but the work is just beginning.

Packing seems to be the most boring job of all. It is somewhat like a second sorting." Packing sorts things into categories: all silverware goes with silver trays; china is packed with good glasses; and everyday dishes with everyday silverware. Stuffing things into boxes is dull to begin with, but we have a code of marking that makes it even worse. I admit, however, that this code does enable us to avoid throwing just anything into any box. Each room and floor has a different number. The living room might be, for example, "1-1" meaning "first floor, first room", the dining room "1-2" "first floor, second room", and so on. It is absolutely dull to sit down, try to remember all rooms, make up little cards for each room (which for this last move was about twenty cards), and then go around the house with a box of thumb tacks tacking each card over every doorway. The card job is not, however, the worst of the lot. The next thing we must do is mark every single box following the code. It definitely becomes a bit of a drag to mark what seems to be at least a hundred boxes. This process has, however, prevented us from packing sheets with glasses and sending them to the basement. Once the packing is through and the last of many cartons sealed, the actual move is ready to begin.

Moving day can prove to be a drain and a somewhat sad event. The move always seems to start at 7:30 a.m. after an unexpected late evening with friends the night before. It is an all-day event starting with dragging all the cartons, rugs, curtains, furniture, and the moving men from the old house to the new. Of course it's always sad to leave an old house and one more look around finds such things as growth marks drawn on the pantry door in pencil or the spot on the wood floor where the plastic from the "Creepy Crawler" set leaked. Then there are always the memories of all those great parties--surprise birthday and the New Year's Eve party where everyone almost got snowed in--but slowly as everything empties out, the old house becomes a shell and the new fills with life. While it's filling, however, we notice that we may have a nice, neat code that doesn't mean the movers do. The most frequent question asked when they are placing a carton is usually, "Third floor again?" Of course, all the heaviest pieces go to the top floor.

Moving day is also the day when everyone worries the most. Not many people are calm when watching tired moving men carry that expensive Biggs bureau up to the third floor or when one hears the thud of that beautiful, antique gold gilt mirror that one of the movers set by the window. Sometimes it becomes quite upsetting to see other people handling your possessions, but when the afternoon rolls around, nobody cares anymore. So by six o'clock when all the ice tea is gone, the moving truck is pulling out into the remains of five o'clock traffic, and everyone is fatigued and sweaty with none of the showers working properly, someone is bound to ask the ultimate of all questions, "So when do we start unpacking all this stuff?!"

### Meine Vater

For two years during World War II my father lived in Austria. While there he fell in love with the culture and people of the Tyrol. After the war, he returned to the States and settled down in Howard County. However, sometimes I get the impression that my father thinks he still lives on a hill in Austria. Although in fact he is an American of Italian decent, in my father's heart and mind he is an Austrian.

When you envision a hill in Austria, what animals do you see on that hill? If your answer is sheep or goats, you are one-hundred percent correct. And so in order to develop the proper setting, my father has both sheep and goats grazing in our field. Not just ordinary sheep, mind you; each of the members of his herd of seventeen is a pedigree Rambouillet. (We even have papers to prove it—it's worse than poodles!) On each of their papers their family tree is traced back for countless generations just to demonstrate that the blood in their veins runs bluer than the Danube River.

Not only are the sheep pedigree, but the goats are prize winners. All of Father's animals must have stature and character like those in Austria. When I was five Dad bought two little brown Toggenberg goats, Aisa (what a typical Austrian name) and Debbie. Father had always been impressed with the livestock judgings in Austria. Consequently, one year he entered Aisa and Debbie in the State fair. He wasn't too impressed with the type of competition (I guess it didn't have the Tyrolian flair to which he was accustomed), but between them they won one champion ribbon and numerous firsts and seconds. Though they were prize winners, they weren't too mannerly, for Aisa and Debbie ate their ribbons, and all we have left to prove their great quality is a fragment of the violet champion ribbon which Dad salvaged from Aisa's mouth.

Father's sheep couldn't be kept in a regular flat pasture as all the other animals of Howard County are—that wouldn't be Austrian. His sheep and goats graze on a beautiful, lush green hill which rolls itself down to a tiny babbling brook. Past the brook is a forest of old gnarled trees of every kind. The scene of the sheep and goats running up and down their hill, each with a brass bell twinkling around his neck, is quite picturesque and very Austrian.

Now that Father's surroundings are quite Tyrolian, he settles down to business. My father's hobby could quite easily be the most Austrian in the state: he has cultivated a six acre vineyard. His vineyard consists of row upon row of European hybrid wine grapes—not one vine is a variety of table grape (Concord is a dirty word in our house). From the grapes he makes wine—a favorite Austrian beverage. Sylvaner, Gewürztraminer, and Johannesburg Riesling, all native Austrian grapes, are a few of his varieties. The Johannesburg Riesling grape is his pride and joy because the wine from this grape has twice won second place in the American Wine Society competition held each summer.

Like the Austrian, he has a great affection for the soil, and so nine chances out of ten if he is not in the house, he is out in the field piddling with his grape vines. When he is in his vineyard he looks so quaint and European. He wears his brown hiking boots (custom made in Innsbruck), tattered pants, an ancient threadbare brown tweed jacket, and he tops the whole thing off with his black beret. And when in his vineyard he is no longer an American, a father, and a doctor; he is an Austrian gardener. Three times people have mistaken him for a farm hand. They were driving, hopelessly lost, down our country roads and stopped and asked Dad where our house was. Since Father was engulfed in his vineyard, not wanting to be taken out of his Tyrolian thoughts, he simply shrugged his short chubby European body and replied, "Got me!"

He walks down from his hill and into his barn, half of which has been converted into a winery. It, too, is as European as the rest of his dream. Upon entering, the scent of the dirt floor, centuries of animals, and fermenting, grapes rushes up your nose; you become transfixed as if you had entered another world. It is here where he practices the timeless Western art of wine making. The grape press and crusher have both come from Germany (only because Austria doesn't export them, I'm sure). The sign in his winery does not say simply, "No smoking." His is an European sign; engraved on it is, "Defence de fumer, No smoking, Non fumare," and of course in huge letters, "Rauchen Verboten." All of these small aspects of wine making joined together add up to one thing—a very Austrian pasttime for an extremely Austrian man.

No matter what else one does, one cannot be Austrian unless he skis. Like every other true Austrian, my father can parallel down the steepest of inclines. Long before the new skiing craze, which started in the late sixties, his skiing abilities were well



developed. Father began skiing when ski boots still laced up and skis were wooden and about the length of one's height plus an extended arm (his were about 240 centimetres long). At that point the only skiers were either natives of Vermont or European, and there were virtually no commercial ski slopes in our area. At the sight of new fallen snow, Dad's Austrian blood would start to rush through his veins. He would grab his skis and literally dash out to the hill in the sheep pasture where for hours upon end he would side-step up the hill and slalom down; side-step up the hill and slalom down.... The smile on his red cheeked face was from ear to ear—a hill and snow—the answer to an Austrian's prayer.

Now that skiing has become popular, he takes off to the slopes at least every other week. He has invested countless dollars in new buckle boots and fiberglass skis which are only half the length of his old ones. Though his skis have changed, his Austrianness hasn't. Now that he's skiing in public he doesn't utter a word until he falls, and then he curses in German.

The cursing in German is embarrassing enough for me, but to it he adds his Austrian skiing outfit. Over his layers of thermal underwear he is clothed in a pair of suede knickers, red knee socks, a huge ski sweater, (no jacket of course), and a long stocking cap. What a sight he is streaming down the slopes in his Tyrolian glory, speaking German all the way.

The animals, wine, and skiing are just three of his countless Austrian characteristics. More descriptive, maybe, would be the little European mannerisms he has. He always eats with his fork backwards in his left hand; when counting he uses his thumb as "one" rather than his index finger, like all other Americans; and he is constantly humming Tyrolian folk songs all day and night. This list could go on for pages. Yet, all of these things I have mentioned are only the outward signs of his love of Austria—God only knows what thoughts lurk in his Tyrolian head. The only thing that worries me is that maybe someday his brain won't be able to sort out the American and Austrian sides of his personality and that he'll be found wandering around Route #70 in his lederhosen (yes, he has a pair of them, too) yodeling. But until that day, I'm quite content to live with my very Austrian father.

#### Another Thing That's Not New

Most European farmers understand the meaning of the word "recycle" better than Americans for the word is more than (as Webster's says) "the passing again through a cycle of changes." It is also the rebirth of the object that is "passing." Unfortunately for too many Americans, "recycle" is a term which can be applied only to Alcola cans and United States Steel products. But for most European farmers (who are not familiar with the word), it is a way of life.

The European farmer shows his understanding of the term "recycle" through his attitude towards his family. He sees his life as a cycle and this belief is reflected by his family structure. For example, on the plain of Andalucia, Spain, there is the farm of Angel Camacho. Angel is an olive farmer who has few connections with the nearby city of Sevilla. He grew up on this farm and had been taught by his father that the family is of the most importance. He later married the girl whom his father suggested. Angel has four children of whom the oldest son is twenty. He has taught this son his values concerning the family. Now, his main concern for the son (as well as the family) is that he marry and have children. Marriage is of the most importance if the family cycle is to be continued. When the son is married, Angel will give him the farm (as did Angel's father when he married). The family must "pass again through a cycle of changes." It must be recycled. Although the Spanish farmer is not concerned with the word itself, the process is an integral part of his life.

Surrounding the European farmer is other evidence of his understanding of the word "recycle"—the farm, itself, has a cycle of activities which fits the definition. Nature, through its seasons, provides the farmer with the understanding. Angel Camacho has the prime example of the farm and its "cycle of changes." In early spring, all of the weeds which have grown in the olive orchard must be eliminated. The family will remove them by fire. As the olive tree blossoms appear, the orchard must be watered and fertilized regularly. Throughout the summer, daily care is required for the trees. They must be watered and checked for disease. As fall approaches, the family will prepare to harvest the crop. In September, the cycle is completed with the harvesting. The following month is spent in preparation for the new cycle. The orchard must be trimmed and the weeds are again burned. Then, the winter provides a period of rest for the orchard and the family before each must "pass again through the cycle." The farmer is constantly aware of the changing seasons. It is this awareness which produces the cycles of activity on the farm.

In his life, the European farmer understands that the word "recycle" can surpass the physical world. It is a term which can be applied to his spiritual life; for it can connote rebirth. Attached to spiritual or religious cycles which date from the time of Christ, the Spanish farmer is a good example. On the farm of Angel Camacho, the spiritual cycles of a person are of great importance. Coming from a strong Catholic ancestry, the Camachos perform all of the Sacraments with the understanding that the soul will go through many cycles and changes. The Sacrament of Baptism is the

first spiritual cycle in the life of a Camacho. The Sacrament cleanses the soul. It is recycled. In the Sacrament of Confession, Angel Camacho is "again passed through a cycle" which has removed his sins. It brings about the rebirth of Angel Camacho. It is his recycling. For Angel, however, the greatest of all cycles is completed at death. He understands that death will bring to him a new spiritual life. The transition between death and his "new life" will be his last "cycle of change."

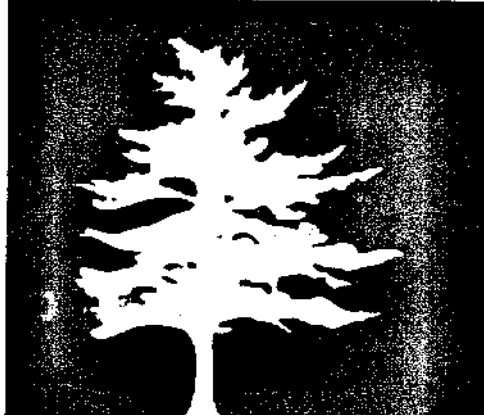
The idea of "recycling" is more than understood by the European farmer—it is his optimistic philosophy. For him, it creates continuity in life. It is an integral part of his family, farm, and spiritual life. Although he may never encounter the word, all the meaning in his life is drawn from its definition.

••• and so you see that our students do indeed have thoughts that are "intensely interesting." (One of the real difficulties is getting them to believe that.) And they can learn to "find the verbal symbols [to] give them external form."

Those students who have or think they have more than the usual share of interest or talent in written language are encouraged to take courses in Loyola's Creative Writing Workshop, directed by Dr. Philip McCaffrey. The Workshop offers a spread of seven courses in fiction, poetry, prose, and journalism; it sponsors student publications, readings by well known writers, and other literary activities.

The Staff for Effective Writing, CA113

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Francis X. Trainor



**LOYOLA  
COLLEGE  
IN MARYLAND  
125 YEARS**