

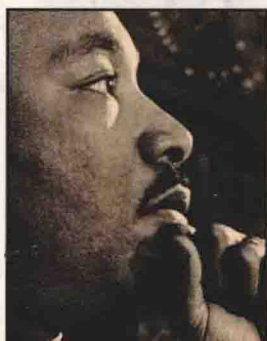
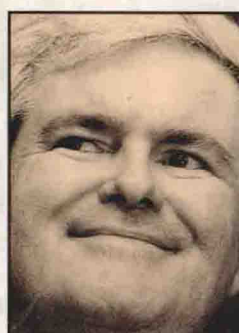
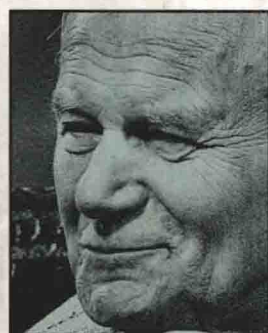
Second Edition



# THE PRESENCE *of* OTHERS



*Voices That Call  
for Response*



ANDREA A. LUNSFORD  
JOHN J. RUSZKIEWICZ



SECOND EDITION

# *The Presence of Others*

Voices That Call for Response

ANDREA A. LUNSFORD

The Ohio State University


JOHN J. RUSZKIEWICZ

The University of Texas at Austin



ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

New York



**Key to Cover Photographs:**

(From left to right, top to bottom) Mike Rose, Zora Neale Hurston, Douglas Coupland, Lynne V. Cheney, Maxine Hong Kingston, Pope John Paul II, Joan Didion, Newt Gingrich, Martin Luther King Jr.

*Publisher:* Marilyn Moller

*Development editor:* Kristin Bowen

*Editorial assistant:* Griff Hansbury

*Manager, Publishing services:* Emily Berleth

*Publishing services associate:* Meryl Gross

*Project management:* Books By Design, Inc.

*Production supervisor:* Scott Lavelle

*Text design:* Anna George

*Cover design:* Lucy Krikorian

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 95-73167

Copyright © 1997 by St. Martin's Press, Inc.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted by any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, except as may be expressly permitted by the applicable copyright statutes or in writing by the Publisher.

Manufactured in the United States of America.

1 0 9 8 7

f e d c b a

*For information, write:*

St. Martin's Press, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue

New York, NY 10010

ISBN: 0-312-13295-6

**Acknowledgments**

Maya Angelou, "Champion of the World" from *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. Copyright © 1969 by Maya Angelou. Reprinted with the permission of Random House, Inc.

Dave Barry, "Guys vs. Men" from *Dave Barry's Complete Guide to Guys*. Copyright © 1995 by Dave Barry. Reprinted with the permission of Random House, Inc.

Richard Bernstein, "Déravage" from *Dictatorship of Virtue: Multiculturalism and the Battle for America's Future*. Copyright © 1994 by Richard Bernstein. Reprinted with the permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

*(Acknowledgments and copyrights are continued at the back of the book on pages 610–14, which constitute an extension of the copyright page. It is a violation of the law to reproduce these selections by any means whatsoever without the written permission of the copyright holder.)*



## Preface

“For excellence,” writes philosopher Hannah Arendt, “the presence of others is always required.” Not genius, she tells us, not divine inspiration, not even good old-fashioned hard work, but *others*. In choosing a title for this text, we thought of Arendt’s statement, because this book aims to lead composition students toward excellence in reading and writing, toward excellence in thinking through difficult ideas and topics, toward excellence in articulating their own positions on issues and providing good reasons for supporting those positions—always in relation to other people’s thoughts and words.

Given these aims, we have been delighted at the response from those using the first edition of *The Presence of Others*: teachers and students report that they have indeed been moved to respond to the many perspectives presented in the text, saying yes to some, and no or even maybe to others. Most important, they note, they have been moved to think hard about these perspectives—and about their own positions. In preparing a second edition of *The Presence of Others*, we have therefore changed the subtitle to *Voices That Call for Response* for this is a book that offers multiple (and sometimes competing) voices and views, ones that call for and even provoke response.

Two of those voices belong to us, the editors, John Ruszkiewicz and Andrea Lunsford. Like the co-anchors in the cartoon on the next page, we take very different views on most issues, and we make many of those views and opinions known in *The Presence of Others*. But disagreement, conflict, and agonism are *not* guiding principles of this book. It is not a tennis match of ideas, one that will yield winners and losers. Rather, we are interested in how we all come to know and to take positions on various issues, how to nurture open and realistic exchanges of ideas.

Equally important, we invite readers to join the conversation, to question and challenge the many points of view—including our own. For this second edition, we’ve tried our best to select a balanced set of readings that represent widely varying points of view on a range of topics, from education to cultural legends, from science to the world of work. Many of these readings are likely to surprise anyone who believes that attitudes can be predicted by labels as equivocal as “liberal” or “conservative.”

*The Presence of Others* aims to open and sustain animated conversation among the 75 readings, the editors and students whose commentary accompanies the readings, and all the teachers and students we hope will enter the conversation. To encourage active and informed response, we offer a variety of pedagogical features.



*"Now here's my co-anchor, Nancy, with a conflicting account of that very same story."*

(Drawing by Ziegler; © 1995 by The New Yorker Magazine.)

## NOTABLE FEATURES

- A *balance of viewpoints* gives every student ideas to support and to argue against. Readings represent many genres—stories, speeches, sermons, prayers, poems, personal memoirs, interviews, as well as essays and articles—and they take a wide range of varying and often competing perspectives. In chapter 3, for instance, on education, John Henry Newman rubs conversational shoulders with bell hooks, Mike Rose, and Gwendolyn Brooks. Cross-references throughout lead readers back and forth among the readings, drawing them into the conversation.
- *Explicit editorial apparatus* draws students into the conversation. Each readings chapter opens with a page of *brief quotations* from the readings and a *visual text*, giving a glimpse of what's to come. *Headnotes* to each reading provide background information and offer some explanation for our editorial choices. Because these introductions also offer our own strong opinions about the selection, each one is signed. Each selection is followed by a sequence of *questions* that ask students to question

the text (and sometimes the headnote), to make connections with other readings, and to join the conversation by articulating their own response in writing. Each reading includes one or more questions designed for group work, which we hope will encourage further conversation and make concrete the presence of others. *A list of other readings* (including some from the Internet) concludes each chapter.

- *An annotated reading in each chapter* includes commentary by the editors and one student commentator, demonstrating what it is to ask critical questions and to read with a critical eye.
- Chapters 1 and 2 provide strategies on *reading and thinking critically* and on *moving from reading to writing*.

## NEW TO THIS EDITION

- *Fifty-three new readings* offer more pragmatic, broader-based views than the ones they replace. Among the authors newly represented are Stephen Carter, Andrea Lee, Stanley Crouch, Terry Tempest Williams, John Paul II, Ayn Rand, and Douglas Coupland.
- *A new chapter on work* addresses the understandable concerns college students have about the professional worlds they may soon be entering, with readings on downsizing, finding first jobs, and the impact of technology on the workplace.
- Each chapter now opens with a *visual text*—a photo, an advertisement, a Web page, or a cartoon—along with questions and guidelines (in chapter 1) to help students read visual texts.
- *Guidelines for writing a critical response essay* and an annotated student example have been added to chapter 2, showing students how to respond in writing to what they read.

The accompanying instructor's notes by Melissa Goldthwaite provide detailed advice for teaching this book, including commentary on each selection, sequenced reading and writing assignments, and a selection of essays and articles regarding current controversies over the college curriculum.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This anthology has changed considerably in the six years since we first began exploring its possibilities, primarily because of the presence of many, many others whose perspectives and voices echo in these pages. Of great importance have been the extensive support and ongoing spirited conversation we have received from the St. Martin's staff, and particularly from Kristin Bowen,

who has cheerfully and carefully guided the development of this second edition. We also thank Emily Berleth for her efficient management, turning manuscript into bound book. And we have once again enjoyed the extraordinary energy of Marilyn Moller's editorial acumen during the entire project.

In addition to these friends at St. Martin's, we are indebted to many colleagues at our home institutions—especially Melissa Goldthwaite at The Ohio State University. Melissa assisted in the hunt for the best possible readings and prepared the instructor's manual. This manual we believe to be thoroughly informed by contemporary reading theory as well as by Melissa's practical experience from having taught the materials in this book. We owe sincere thanks as well to Jean Williams, Chris DeVinne, Jennifer Cognard-Black, and Matthew Taylor for helping us run down many obscure items.

We are particularly grateful to the students who agreed to add their voices to this text: Teresa Essman and Carrie Ann Laposki from The Ohio State University and Joshua G. Rushing from the University of Texas. For this edition, we are also indebted to the members of Andrea's 1995 first-year writing seminar, who provided insightful readings of and responses to the first edition of this text: Lindsay Anderson, Benjamin Basil, Steve Buckshaw, Suzanne Harris, Mark Holtman, Kimberly Johnson, Aimee Keck, Eugene Khasilev, Michelle Knox, Amanda Linder, Alexander Marcus, John McMillin, Matt Orr, Charlene Roehl, Sean Shipley, Julie Tarrant, Niki Tolani, and Anne Will. And we salute as well the many other students who have taught us over the years how to be better classroom colleagues. In many subtle ways, their voices are everywhere present in this text.

Finally, we have been instructed and guided by extraordinarily astute reviewers, with whom we have been in conversation throughout this project. We thank Linda Adler-Kassner, University of Minnesota; Janice Albert, Las Positas College; Marilyn L. Allison, Vanderbilt University; Kit Andrews, Western Oregon State College; Leslie Babcox, Lehigh University; Beulah P. Baker, Taylor University; Janet D. Ball, University of Southern California; James E. Barcus, Baylor University; Jeanette Struble Blair, Gannon University; Joanna Brooks, University of California at Los Angeles; Addison Bross, Lehigh University; Tiem Brown, Las Positas College; Jane L. Burgstaler, Rochester Community College; Audrey Caldwell, Alvernia College; Andrew Conrad, Mercer County Community College; Sandra Creech, Palomar College; L. L. Dickson, Northern Kentucky University; Michael G. Ditmore, Pepperdine University; Donna Dunbar-Odom, East Texas State University; Kaye Foster, Pitzer College; Gregory W. Fowler, Pennsylvania State University at Erie-Behrend College; Judith G. Gardner, University of Texas at San Antonio; Bruce Gatenby, Idaho State University; Karen Gersten, Roosevelt University; Carol Golliher, Victor Valley College; Margaret Baker Graham, Iowa State University; Paul Hanstedt, Ohio State University; Paul Heilker, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University; Will Hochman, University of Southern Colorado; Maurice Hunt, Baylor University; Susan Hunter,

Kennesaw State College; Darryl Johnson, St. Cloud State University; Michael Keller, South Dakota State University; Katy Koenen, Seattle University; Miriamne Krummel, Lehigh University; Lita Kurth, Santa Clara University; Carla La Greca, Marist College; Barbara M. Langheim, University of Cincinnati; Anne Lawday, Manhattanville College; Ed Lotto, Lehigh University; Paul D. Mahaffey, University of Montevallo; Sandra Mahoney, University of the Pacific; Darrin McGraw, University of California at Los Angeles; Patrick McKercher, Las Positas College; Holly Mickelson, Purdue University; Cynthia Moore, University of Louisville; Rolf Norgaard, University of Colorado at Boulder; Elizabeth Pittenger, Florida International University; Judith Remmes, Las Positas College; Cynthia Scheinberg, Mills College; Juanita M. Smart, Washington State University; Penny L. Smith, Gannon University; Helen Strait, University of Texas at San Antonio; Mark Vogel, Appalachian State University; Michele S. Ware, Wake Forest University; Jerri Lynn Williams, West Texas A & M University; Kenneth Wolfskill, Chowan College; Lorna Wood, Auburn University; John Woznicki, Lehigh University; and Joseph Zepetello, Ulster County Community College. They have consistently joined in and talked back to us, providing a richly textured dialogue we hope these pages reflect.

Andrea A. Lunsford  
John J. Ruszkiewicz



## Profiles of the Editors and Student Commentators

Throughout *The Presence of Others*, you will read the comments of the editors who chose the selections and wrote the introductions. You will also meet two student editors—one from The Ohio State University, the other from The University of Texas at Austin—and learn their opinions. To give perspective to their sometimes strong, sometimes controversial remarks, we include the following brief self-portraits of Andrea A. Lunsford (A.L.), John J. Ruszkiewicz (J.R.), Teresa Essman (T.E.), and Joshua G. Rushing (J.G.R.). Use these biographies to help you read particular introductions, commentaries, or afterwords with more awareness of the editors' experiences, sensitivities, and blind spots. Think, too, about how your own ideas and beliefs have been shaped by your upbringing, communities, and education.

**ANDREA A. LUNSFORD** I was born in Oklahoma and have lived in Maryland, Florida, Texas, Washington, Ohio, and British Columbia, yet when I think of “home” I think of the soft rolling foothills of the Smoky Mountains in eastern Tennessee. The hills there are full of Cunninghams, and my granny, Rosa Mae Iowa Brewer Cunningham, and her husband, William Franklin, seemed to know all of them. Like many people in this region, my mother’s folks claimed Scottish descent. Indeed, when I later traveled to Scotland, I discovered that many of the songs we sang on my grandparents’ big porch were Scottish.

The only one of her large family to enjoy postsecondary education, my Mom graduated with training in teaching and in French from Maryville College in Tennessee. An uncle helped pay her way to school, and it was on a visit to see him that she met my father, another Scottish descendant, Gordon Grady Abernethy. His college education cut short by World War II, Dad gave up his goal of following his father into dentistry and instead took examinations to become a certified public accountant. In hard times, he and my mother left Oklahoma and settled near her family, where Dad got a job with a defense contractor at Oak Ridge. Mama taught briefly and then stayed home with me and, later, with my two sisters and brother. I played in a special playhouse I built in the woods, spent weekends with my grandparents and dozens of Cunningham cousins, and alternated attending my grandparents’ Baptist Church (where they baptized my cousins by plunging them into a

river) and my parents' Presbyterian Church, where baptisms seemed like a snap. On occasional Sundays, I got to visit a sister church whose congregation was black, where the music was mesmerizing, and where I first began to recognize this country's legacy of segregation and racism. My family, I learned, was proud to have fought for the North, although supporting the Union's cause did not exempt them—or me—from that legacy.

We read a lot in Sunday School and at Summer Bible School, and at home as well. There I had the luxury of receiving books as gifts, especially from my father's sister, and of being read to often: *Gulliver's Travels* as it appeared in *The Book of Knowledge* (our family's one encyclopedia), Joseph and His Coat of Many Colors from Hurlbut's *Stories of the Bible*, Tigger and Roo and Christopher Robin from A. A. Milne, and poems from *A Child's Garden of Verses* are among my earliest memories of texts that grew, over the years, into an animated chorus of voices I still carry with me. Later, I read all of the Nancy Drew, Hardy Boys, and Cherry Ames Senior Nurse series, to be regularly punished for reading in school when I should have been doing something else. Like many young women, I was often "lost in a book," living in a world of heroines and heroes and happy endings. Only slowly and painfully did I come to question the master plot most of these stories reproduced, to realize that endings are never altogether happy and that the roles I play in my own story have been in some important senses scripted by systems beyond my control.

My father wanted me to begin secretarial work after high school, but when I won a small scholarship and got a student job, he and my mother agreed to help me attend our state school, the University of Florida. I graduated with honors but was encouraged by my (male) advisor not to pursue graduate school but rather to "go home and have babies." Instead, I became a teacher, a reasonable job for a woman to aspire to in 1965. Only seven years later did I gather my courage to apply to graduate school after all—and to pursue a Ph.D. Teaching in high school, at a two-year college (Hillsborough Community College in Tampa), and as a graduate assistant helped me reaffirm my commitment to a career in education and introduced me to the concerns that have occupied my professional life ever since: What can I know and learn through my relationships with others? How do people develop as readers and writers? What is the connection between teaching and learning? What does it mean, as the twentieth century draws to a close, to be fully literate?

I pursued these questions in graduate school at Ohio State and beyond, all the while trying to live through two marriages and the loss of my granny, of both my parents, of my younger brother, and, most recently, of a much-loved aunt, Elizabeth McKinsey. Such experiences have led me to think hard not only about the burdens every human life entails but also about the privileges my status as a white, relatively middle class woman has afforded me. These privileges are considerable, and I do not wish to forget them. In addition, I have enjoyed the support of a vital network of women friends and col-

leagues. Thanks in large measure to them, I am now a professor in a large research university, and I savor the time I can spend with those I love (especially Lisa Ede, my sisters, their children, and my friend and partner William), and I am somewhat able to indulge my desire to experience as much of the world as possible. I even have season tickets to Ohio State basketball and football games (no mean feat in the state of Ohio), which I attend regularly with my colleague and friend Beverly Moss. These relationships—and my very special relationship with my students—have added to the chorus of animated voices I carry with me always.

These and other formative relationships and experiences have helped me learn a lesson that informs my teaching, my life, and my work on this book: that where you stand influences in great measure what you can see. My college advisor, standing as he did in an all-white male professoriate, couldn't quite "see" a young woman joining this elite group, even as a student. My parents, standing as they did in a lower middle class, single-income family with vivid memories of the depression, couldn't easily "see" beyond the desire for their oldest daughter to get a good, steady job as soon as possible. And I, standing where *I* do now, am not able to "see" through my students' eyes, to experience the world as they experience it.

Keeping this point in mind leads me to two acts that are by now habitual with me: examining where I stand, with all that implies about inevitably partial vision and perspective; and asking myself where others stand as well. So I came to this textbook project with John, my friend of almost 25 years now, with at least one specific agenda item: to look as carefully and respectfully as I could at his perspective, at where he stands, and to do the same thing for myself and for every voice included in this text. Such acts are necessary, I believe, before I can say that my opinions are fully considered. My view will always be heavily informed by where I stand. But insofar as I am able to entertain other points of view, I have a chance to understand my own better and to broaden my point of view as well.

**JOHN J. RUSZKIEWICZ** My grandparents never spoke much about their reasons for emigrating from eastern Europe earlier this century; their grounds for starting new lives in the United States must have seemed self-evident. Moreover, like the immigrants Crèvecoeur describes in this anthology, they did willingly abandon those "old countries." Only rarely would I hear them talk nostalgically about the lands they left behind. So I'm a second-generation American with roots in, but no strong ties to, Slovakia, Poland, and Ukraine.

My father and mother were both born in rural Pennsylvania, my dad with five brothers and sisters, my mom with seven—eight if you count the infant boy who died of measles. Both my grandfathers mined coal in western Pennsylvania, as did several uncles—a dangerous and difficult living. After World War II, my parents moved to Cleveland, where jobs were more plentiful, and my Dad began a thirty-year stretch at Carling's Brewery. I did my

share of manual labor, too, for a short time working in a tool-and-die factory, even paying dues to the Teamsters.

But my blue-collar stints were merely summer jobs between college semesters. Education would be my generation's ticket to the American dream. My parents never allowed my brother (who became a physician) or me to think we had any choice but college. We attended parochial schools, where headstrong nuns and priests introduced us to learning, moral responsibility, and culture. (By eighth grade, students at Saint Benedict's elementary school could sing three High Masses and two Requiems, one of those services in Gregorian chant. We knew what most of the Latin words meant, too.) As grade-schoolers, we had homework—hours of it—every night. High school was the same, only tougher. I didn't have a free period in high school until the semester I graduated, and I'm still thankful for that rigor.

The ethnic neighborhood in Cleveland where I grew up in the 1950s is now considered inner city. It was very much *in the city* when I lived there, too, but a nine- or ten-year-old could safely trudge to church alone at 6:00 A.M. to serve Mass or ride the rapid transit downtown to see a baseball game. I did so, often. In the long, hot summer of 1966, however, Cleveland erupted in racial riots. From my front porch, I could watch the fires.

I come from a family of Democrats—my gregarious mother, far more interested in people than issues, a party worker in Cleveland's Twenty-ninth Ward. One of my first political memories is that of watching John F. Kennedy parade down Euclid Avenue in 1960 during his presidential campaign. But frankly, I was more interested in the new Chrysler convertible ferrying the portly governor of Ohio. I have retained my fondness for old Chryslers—and just about anything else with four wheels.

The first presidential candidate I voted for was George McGovern, in 1972, but what could you expect from a kid who spent high school listening to Bob Dylan and who went to college in the 1960s? In fact, it was during an antiwar rally at St. Vincent College in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, that my drift to the political right began. I had read enough about the history of Vietnam to know that the communist Viet Cong were no angels, but the people at that demonstration believed they were. A professor of physics delivered an impassioned anti-American speech filled with what I knew to be falsehoods, but no one seemed to care. That moment still resonates, after all these years.

Despite the activist times, my college days remained focused on academic subjects—philosophy, history, literature, and cinema. St. Vincent's was small enough to nurture easy commerce among disciplines. I knew faculty from every field, and my roommates were all science majors with views of the world different from my own. Debate was intense, frequent, and good-natured. Emotionally I leaned left, but intellectually I found, time and again, that conservative writers described the world more accurately for me. They still do.

Politics didn't matter much in graduate school at Ohio State in the mid-1970s—although I was the only Ph.D. candidate in English who would admit

to voting for Gerald Ford. My interests then were *Beowulf*, Shakespeare, and rhetoric. I met my coauthor, Andrea Lunsford, during my first term at Ohio State in an Old English class; we graduated on the same day five years later.

Today I consider myself an academic and political conservative. Where I work, that makes me a member of the counterculture, a role I now frankly enjoy. There aren't many conservatives among humanities professors in American universities, and that's a shame because the academy would be a richer place were it more genuinely diverse. Politically and intellectually, I find myself in much greater sympathy with Jefferson, Madison, and Burke (Edmund, not Kenneth) than with Rousseau, Marx, Freud, or Foucault. I voted twice for Ronald Reagan, and in my office hangs a poster of Margaret Thatcher given to me by a student. It scares the daylight out of some colleagues. My professional friends are mainly Democrats or worse, but I respect them. They sometimes tell me that they are surprised to find me so reasonable, being a Republican and all. I tell them they need to meet—and hire—more Republicans.

Like any good conservative, I prefer to keep my life simple; I could be content with a good truck, a sensible dog, and a capable racquetball partner. But for the past twenty years, I've been teaching at the University of Texas at Austin, where life is rarely dull or simple. In the past I've been embroiled in controversies over political correctness; today my campus concerns are chiefly technological, as the new Division of Rhetoric and Composition where I work moves toward offering a majority of its courses in networked electronic environments. Never have I seen more rapid or exciting change in the classroom for both students and faculty.

And it's on classroom matters that my coeditor Andrea and I are most likely to agree, even if, from abortion to higher taxes on productive people, our politics differ. So when I proposed an anthology for writing classes that would broaden the range of readings available to students and make the political persuasion of the editors a part of the package, Andrea agreed to the project. She said it embodied the feminist concept of "situated knowledge." Well, sure, if that makes her happy. I'm no theorist. I was just glad to have the privilege and pleasure of working with my good friend and political other.

**TERESA ESSMAN** Someone once said, "Curiosity killed the cat." That makes me very glad I'm not a cat, for as long as I can remember, I have possessed an innate curiosity about the things around me. As a child, I plagued my Mom with questions like "Why are skillets black?" She would laugh and reply, "To make little girls ask questions." Now, as I finish my first year at Ohio State University, I realize my curiosity has yet to fade.

This curiosity is the driving force behind my desire to learn about the people around me, especially about what they value most. One of my pet peeves is people who believe in something simply because they think they

should or because their parents believed it. My parents encouraged me to think for myself and form my own opinions, and hardly ever pushed their own viewpoints on me. Perhaps it is because of this upbringing that I have little patience with people who cling self-righteously to an idea but are unable to back it up with evidence.

When I arrived at college, I was eager to learn the thoughts and beliefs of people around me. In my dormitory, my friends and I often get into some very interesting debates about anything and everything from abortion to women's roles in the church. I come from a town in central Ohio that, at the risk of making an understatement, is not a very diverse place. There was one African American in the district while I was in high school, and the rest of the population consisted primarily of white, middle-class farmers. Beginning my college education was a wonderful experience; suddenly I encountered people from many backgrounds who held many different perspectives on issues I had previously considered cut and dried. For instance, I had thought it was commonly accepted that women becoming Catholic priests was a step in the right direction. Personally, if I wanted to become a priest, I would be rather annoyed with anyone who told me I wasn't competent for the position simply because I was a woman. However, a friend I met in college completely disagrees with the concept, declaring that it goes against tradition. In any case, these and other debates have helped reinforce or led me to revise my own views and better understand the views of others.

Now, as a college student, I am working toward a career I have been curious about since I was a child. Through numerous early-life encounters with hospital emergency rooms, I earned great respect for the medical profession. And at age nine, I spent a few weeks in the hospital recovering from an emergency appendectomy. While there I met a wonderful intern; he did song and dance and magic shows, and even brought me a toy pinball game. Nothing is more wonderful to a kid in a hospital than someone who cares enough to make his or her day a little brighter. Ever curious, I asked him on one visit what made him want to be a doctor. He said he had always wanted to help people out, and medicine was where he could be the best at making a difference. Looking back, I think his answer had a profound effect on me. I have always wanted to help people, and I find medicine intriguing. Once again, my curiosity about the world around me changed the course of my life. However, the same hospital stay bred a gripping fear of needles, so I decided to find a career that did not involve such instruments.

My curiosity about medicine prompted me to become a volunteer at Children's Hospital in Columbus. There I had the opportunity to watch a physical therapist work with a five-year-old burn patient who suffered from severe muscle damage. The therapist was painstakingly gentle with the girl, and watching her in action sparked an interest in me. Since then, my goal has been to become a physical therapist, ultimately to work with children.

In my desire to try everything imaginable, I have found a few other loves. I absolutely adore my alto saxophone, affectionately named Bertha. She has been with me for years, and I plan to play her for many more to come. I also sing with the Symphonic Choir at Ohio State and enjoy acting in small theater plays and musicals. I would like to continue the family tradition and try out for the Ohio State marching band; unfortunately, the all-brass organization refuses to recognize the wonderful qualities of woodwinds. Another dream is to one day own and operate my own llama ranch. When I mention this, most people graciously inform me that llamas spit (as if I didn't already know). I would rather look on the bright side and remember that llamas hum when happy and are very affectionate animals. I once read an article about a llama rancher who owned a llama that could hum a perfect B-flat when content. I would also love to marry a wonderful person and have two or three children. How I will ever find time to do it all, I don't know yet.

One of my favorite pastimes is to curl up with a good book. When I was a child, stories helped pass the time on long trips to Grandma's house. Not surprisingly, the *Curious George* books were some of my favorites. I also loved the whimsical poems of Shel Silverstein, and the world lost a wonderful storyteller when Dr. Seuss left us. Since then, my horizons have expanded to mysteries, most likely because of my ongoing desire to figure things out. I love trying to uncover the culprit before the hero or heroine does. Books will always be my old friends, and I know I will love to read as long as I am capable of doing so.

I have no idea exactly what the future holds. But as I have grown older, my curiosity has led me in several different directions, and that trend will undoubtedly continue.

**JOSHUA G. RUSHING** Although I was made in Japan (conceived on a parental vacation), I cannot claim to be anything other than a pure Texan—as well as a father, husband, marine, and full-time college student. That may sound like a great deal for a twenty-four-year-old to bear, but the truth is I don't bear the load at all—they, my family and corps, carry me. During my short time in the corps, six years, I have been fortunate to be granted extended visits to exotic locations such as Europe, the Middle East, and the Arctic Circle. In addition to getting to see the world, I have enjoyed long stays in coastal North Carolina, where I was stationed for almost four years, and New Orleans, my last duty station before I moved to Austin. But no matter where I am, in my soul a neon Lone Star perpetually flashes to the rhythm of a Willie Nelson tune.

That I refer to my "soul" seems strange, considering my pragmatic agnosticism. Having previously staked claims on both sides of the divine fence (for which I wish there were a saddle), I have been forced between a rock (the lack of empirical evidence for the existence of God, hence the need for

faith) and a hard place (the same void of conclusive proof that there is not a God, hence the same need for faith).

Although I do not necessarily believe in a God, I do believe that I have been blessed with a fabulous family. My wife makes me look forward to waking up in the morning next to her, and my four-year-old son is a well-spring of new ideas and perspectives (for example: "What kind of animal is Gumby?"). Speaking of animals, our family also includes a yellow Labrador puppy named Cuervo.

I tend to be no more polar in politics than I am in religion. My centrist beliefs might make it seem as though I lead a fairly dull life when it comes to opinions, but, on the contrary, I have found that practicing the fine and delicate art of fence-riding allows me to take sides in more arguments than William F. Buckley Jr. My niche affords me the freedom to play the incessant devil's advocate. One would be hard pressed to find an issue on which I could not disagree with people—no matter what side of the argument they're on. Much to my wife's frustration, daily debating has become my mental aerobics. Having said that, I must admit that the inevitable responsibilities of life have been swaying me from my well-worn tracks down the middle. As I grow older, my political views are starting to lean to the right—a predictable trend that, in my experience, affects most people.

Glancing to the future, I still wonder what I will be when I grow up. I have no clue and, truthfully, not even a desire for a particular profession. I have always been envious of peers who have known since they were four that they wanted to be doctors and at my age are now graduating from medical school. My strongest hopes are to be a good father and husband; besides that I think I will abide by the old Scottish proverb: "Be happy while you're living for you're a long while dead."





# Contents

**Preface**     *xvii*

**Profiles of the Editors and Student Commentators**     *xxiii*

---

## **PART ONE HOW WE LEARN**

### **1. On Reading and Thinking Critically**     **1**

What Is Critical Reading?	1
<i>Saying Yes, No, and Maybe</i>	2
Why Become a Critical Reader?	2
Are You a Critical Reader?	3
How Can You Become a More Critical Reader?	4
<i>Previewing</i>	4
<i>Annotating</i>	5
<i>Summarizing</i>	5
<i>Analyzing</i>	5
<i>Rereading</i>	6
<i>Responding</i>	6
Reading Visual Texts	6
What Does Reading Have to Do with Writing?	8

### **2. From Reading to Writing**     **9**

Writing to Learn	9
Learning to Write Effectively	10
<i>Considering the Assignment</i>	10
<i>Considering Purpose and Audience</i>	10
<i>Generating Ideas and Making Plans</i>	11
<i>Drafting</i>	12
<i>Getting—and Giving—Feedback</i>	12
<i>Revising</i>	13