

### 1: Do You Speak American . Sea to Shining Sea . American Varieties . DARE . Profiling | PBS

*Jul 31, Â. As in other areas, an oblique approach is likely to work better: a democratic society will be the result of having educated people but it should not be the goal. Disposition as well as ability.*

This is me and a couple of my multiple personalities. I have been a flooring contractor for the past nineteen years and currently own my own flooring company in Northern Colorado. I started this site as a way to help people with projects they decide to tackle on their own and an information source for the currently accepted methods and proper practices of tile setting. It seems that anyone that has watched a television show feels they have the ability to install tile without proper research. While that may be the case to some small degree, I can nearly guarantee that it will not be installed correctly. And it will not last for a significant amount of time. I do not claim to be the know-it-all guru of tile and flooring, I most definitely am not. I am, however, much more educated about my field than most. As with any other profession, constant education is required. While it is absolutely possible to remain in this profession for a great deal of time using the same methods and techniques, it is, in my opinion, detrimental to the advancement of standards. As with any other profession, if methods and mindsets stagnate, progress will be non-existent. Now, that being said typed, I write in a style that may confuse some people. I sometimes use language that is not acceptable at parties that require a pinkie sticking out while swilling bourbon. I am sometimes not a welcome addition to mixed company. I have a warped sense of humor â€” I stare at floors all day. I also cart around a very healthy disdain for people that knowingly do things incorrectly or claim expertise in an area or profession they read about in a book or watched on the DIY Network. The people that do this do nothing but spread misinformation and, more often than not, make a bad situation worse. They do this rather than tell someone asking for help something they may not want to hear. The reality is that sometimes the situation requires the answer you may not want to hear. Would you rather get that answer now or several thousands of dollars in the future? I truly love this profession. Although what I do will probably never change the world, it can at least change small parts of it at a time. I hope that passion comes through in my writing and I hope I can help you with whatever questions you may have.

### 2: Who the Hell am I?

*Also note, I said "fairly" well educated. I guess one of the issues with theology is that, as many are divided on issues (even from seminary to seminary, and especially from church to church or sect to sect), saying "educated in theology" is a bit of a vague term.*

How educated is Ranma? When has anyone in the entire manga been shown to be knowledgeable in school stuff including the teachers? My point is that if Ranma was well-educated despite his obvious disregard for schooling, by studying on his own as you claim, the author probably would have taken the effort to show it. Ranma knows how to cook because he presumably did all the cooking when he and his father were on the road. Ranma learned about octopus behavior during a previous adventure, the one where Happosai was pretending to be an octopus in a jar. None of these things show that he has any kind of advanced education. Thus, it is not unreasonable to expect any decent student to be familiar with the play. Therefore, Ranma having never heard of it implies that he is not well-educated. In contrast, Tales of the Genji is not standard curriculum in the vast majority of American schools, so it is inaccurate to compare the two plays in this way. His later actions show that if his grade was generally terrible he would not have wanted the principal to show it. Or he might have been calm at first because he thought the principal was bluffing. It would certainly get virtually any other educator fired. I would have called his bluff in that situation too. Akane commented that his grade was "Just so so", and Genma seemed embarrassed by it. This only shows that Ranma has low standards. We do see him read quite often as to what he reads is unknown. When does he ever read anything other than martial arts scrolls and manga? What Ranma does most of the time is not shown. We are shown only brief glimpses of his life. And for all we know Kasumi could be working at a strip-joint on weekends or Nabiki could be selling drugs after school. Assuming something is true because it is never absolutely proven to be false is fallacy. Ranma is heavily implied to not care about school. He is never shown to pursue academic studies on his own time. Therefore, it is logical and reasonable to believe that he is not well-educated and does not care to improve his education. When do we ever see him do his homework? The only time I can recall him ever studying is when Hinako forced him too. When she threw him the text book he was shocked and angry that he had fallen for her "trap". And he quickly sabotaged her efforts by cutting off her energy source and blocking all her coins with stickers, and they ended up playing games and watching anime all afternoon. Those are not the actions of someone who likes to learn. He does take the opportunity to learn martial arts whenever the opportunity appears and he did pick up other things like first aid, cpr, cooking, making of spirit wards, etc How does his taking every opportunity to learn new martial arts techniques imply that he studies on his free time in any way, shape, or form? To him, any skills other than those related to martial arts or that are useful taking care of himself when travelling such as first-aid, sewing, and cooking is a waste of time, and that includes most school subjects. And when has he ever shown knowledge of how to make spirit wards? Teachers have to be certified, you know. They generally have to have a degree in the subject they teach. She may be childish, immature, easily distracted and have poor memory, but she knows her English. I just re-looked at volume one and in the anime Ranma complains about going to school he does not do so in the manga. Beyond the occasional skipping for a cure, fight, or Genma taking him on a training trip he appears to take school seriously except when Miss Hinako and the Principal are involved. Now that I look at it, it is possible Ranma does see the value in school just not things involving Miss Hinako and the Principal. During the arc where Gosunguki has those paper dolls and the arc where Happosai uses the Master-student pills he skips out in the middle of class. Last edited by Jupiah on Sun Feb 17, 2:

*It is misleading and even dangerous to justify our own pedagogical values by pretending they are grounded in some objective, transcendent Truth, as though the quality of being well-educated is a Platonic form waiting to be discovered.*

Email your question in complete confidence to questions midlifebachelor. I have been dating my midlife bachelor for the last couple of years. We are close and do most things together and work in the same field so there is very little time in our lives we do not share. He made it clear when we began dating that he has trust issues and I guess I did not suspect how deep-seated they were. He gets very upset if I do not call if I am running late, call him from the house phone when I get home, stand too close to other people, the whole jealous-insecure drama thing. To alleviate his concerns, I have taken him out several times to functions I attend, charity events, inform him of my whereabouts and who I am hanging out with. I have modified my schedule and have very limited time to myself so we can work on building his trust. I know it is a long road to hoe but he is worth it. However, here is the two-part clincher. He has several female friends that he maintains supposedly platonic relationships with. Nothing wrong with that. So here is Part One: They tease back and forth and call and email each other and sometimes that teasing becomes just ever so slightly inappropriate. I have brought this to his attention and he has said, "There is nothing going on, they are long-time friends, we are just teasing each other and he has been a bachelor many years and that is just they way things are until we decide to get married. I think, "OK, I am reasonable. If I just know his friends like he knows mine all will be a little easier to manage. He also insists that if I have him choose between his friends and me I will have to give up all my friends. Am I on crack? I am a very logical common-sense person and this is just making me bananas. Is this bachelor behavior or just plain bad behavior? I have looked all over and I think I am the only one with this bizarre issue. I extend the same courtesy toward my girlfriend that I expect her to extend toward me - concerning pretty much everything. In your case, it sounds like your midlife bachelor boyfriend is looking at things strictly from his own point-of-view and not necessarily considering your feelings. I mean he has trust issues which you are expending energy working through with him very nice of you, by the way. Now you would think that because he has trust issues that he would be sensitive toward the appearance of anything inappropriate with his female friends but that does not seem to be the case. In my mind, he is being a bit selfish and it does not sound like he realizes it. So what do I recommend you do? Well I can tell from your grammar that you are a very well-educated person and so I assume that he is, too. My suggestion is that you in a very nice way remind him how you are working through his trust issues and explain that trust is a two-way street that your hope is that he can work toward being more aware of your feelings about his behavior toward his female friends. You cannot insist he abandon his female friends nor can you force those friends to embrace you but you can simply ask that he take your feelings into account with respect to how he treats those female friends. Does that make sense? Tell him his karma is just slightly out of balance, and with some fine-tuning equilibrium can be achieved for all. Oh one more thing. I admit I had no idea what that meant and after a visit to dictionary. Wow that is outstanding! Please forward these photos to me at once. You might consider tossing this topic out on our Midlife Forum , too - just to get input from others. Use our commenting feature below to share your opinion on this question or answer, or to offer your own answer, or you can always choose to discuss this in the Midlife Forum

**4: Short Stories: The Moonlit Road by Ambrose Bierce**

*I consider myself fairly well-educated. I have my AA degree in busines and then took classes in women's studies, sociolgy, philosophy, etc. when I worked at a university. My mom was a stickler for grammar and spelling and passed it on to me, which I passed to DS.*

The Moonlit Road 1. Statement of Joel Hetman, Jr. I am the most unfortunate of men. Rich, respected, fairly well educated and of sound health -- with many other advantages usually valued by those having them and coveted by those who have them not -- I sometimes think that I should be less unhappy if they had been denied me, for then the contrast between my outer and my inner life would not be continually demanding a painful attention. In the stress of privation and the need of effort I might sometimes forget the sombre secret ever baffling the conjecture that it compels. I am the only child of Joel and Julia Hetman. The one was a well-to-do country gentleman, the other a beautiful and accomplished woman to whom he was passionately attached with what I now know to have been a jealous and exacting devotion. The family home was a few miles from Nashville, Tennessee, a large, irregularly built dwelling of no particular order of architecture, a little way off the road, in a park of trees and shrubbery. At the time of which I write I was nineteen years old, a student at Yale. One day I received a telegram from my father of such urgency that in compliance with its unexplained demand I left at once for home. At the railway station in Nashville a distant relative awaited me to apprise me of the reason for my recall: My father had gone to Nashville, intending to return the next afternoon. Something prevented his accomplishing the business in hand, so he returned on the same night, arriving just before the dawn. In his testimony before the coroner he explained that having no latchkey and not caring to disturb the sleeping servants, he had, with no clearly defined intention, gone round to the rear of the house. As he turned an angle of the building, he heard a sound as of a door gently closed, and saw in the darkness, indistinctly, the figure of a man, which instantly disappeared among the trees of the lawn. Its door was open, and stepping into black darkness he fell headlong over some heavy object on the floor. I may spare myself the details; it was my poor mother, dead of strangulation by human hands! I gave up my studies and remained with my father, who, naturally, was greatly changed. Always of a sedate, taciturn disposition, he now fell into so deep a dejection that nothing could hold his attention, yet anything -- a footfall, the sudden closing of a door -- aroused in him a fitful interest; one might have called it an apprehension. At any small surprise of the senses he would start visibly and sometimes turn pale, then relapse into a melancholy apathy deeper than before. Youth is Gilead, in which is balm for every wound. Ah, that I might again dwell in that enchanted land! Unacquainted with grief, I knew not how to appraise my bereavement; I could not rightly estimate the strength of the stroke. One night, a few months after the dreadful event, my father and I walked home from the city. The full moon was about three hours above the eastern horizon; the entire countryside had the solemn stillness of a summer night; our footfalls and the ceaseless song of the katydids were the only sound, aloof. Black shadows of bordering trees lay athwart the road, which, in the short reaches between, gleamed a ghostly white. As we approached the gate to our dwelling, whose front was in shadow, and in which no light shone, my father suddenly stopped and clutched my arm, saying, hardly above his breath: Come, father, let us go in -- you are ill. His face in the moonlight showed a pallor and fixity inexpressibly distressing. I pulled gently at his sleeve, but he had forgotten my existence. Presently he began to retire backward, step by step, never for an instant removing his eyes from what he saw, or thought he saw. I turned half round to follow, but stood irresolute. I do not recall any feeling of fear, unless a sudden chill was its physical manifestation. It seemed as if an icy wind had touched my face and enfolded my body from head to foot; I could feel the stir of it in my hair. At that moment my attention was drawn to a light that suddenly streamed from an upper window of the house: When I turned to look for my father he was gone, and in all the years that have passed no whisper of his fate has come across the borderland of conjecture from the realm of the unknown. Statement of Caspar Grattan To-day I am said to live, to-morrow, here in this room, will lie a senseless shape of clay that all too long was I. If anyone lift the cloth from the face of that unpleasant thing it will be in gratification of a mere morbid curiosity. Surely, that should be enough. The name has served my

small need for more than twenty years of a life of unknown length. True, I gave it to myself, but lacking another I had the right. In this world one must have a name; it prevents confusion, even when it does not establish identity. Some, though, are known by numbers, which also seem inadequate distinctions. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I sprang into a side street and ran until I fell exhausted in a country lane. I have never forgotten that number, and always it comes to memory attended by gibbering obscenity, peals of joyless laughter, the clang of iron doors. So I say a name, even if self-bestowed, is better than a number. Of him who shall find this paper I must beg a little consideration. It is not the history of my life; the knowledge to write that is denied me. This is only a record of broken and apparently unrelated memories, some of them as distinct and sequent as brilliant beads upon a thread, others remote and strange, having the character of crimson dreams with interspaces blank and black -- witch-fires glowing still and red in a great desolation. Standing upon the shore of eternity, I turn for a last look landward over the course by which I came. There are twenty years of footprints fairly distinct, the impressions of bleeding feet. They lead through poverty and pain, devious and unsure, as of one staggering beneath a burden -- Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. Backward beyond the beginning of this *via dolorosa* -- this epic of suffering with episodes of sin -- I see nothing clearly; it comes out of a cloud. I know that it spans only twenty years, yet I am an old man. But with me it was different; life came to me full-handed and dowered me with all my faculties and powers. Of a previous existence I know no more than others, for all have stammering intimations that may be memories and may be dreams. I know only that my first consciousness was of maturity in body and mind -- a consciousness accepted without surprise or conjecture. I merely found myself walking in a forest, half-clad, footsore, unutterably weary and hungry. Seeing a farmhouse, I approached and asked for food, which was given me by one who inquired my name. I did not know, yet knew that all had names. Greatly embarrassed, I retreated, and night coming on, lay down in the forest and slept. The next day I entered a large town which I shall not name. Nor shall I recount further incidents of the life that is now to end -- a life of wandering, always and everywhere haunted by an overmastering sense of crime in punishment of wrong and of terror in punishment of crime. Let me see if I can reduce it to narrative. I seem once to have lived near a great city, a prosperous planter, married to a woman whom I loved and distrusted. We had, it sometimes seems, one child, a youth of brilliant parts and promise. He is at all times a vague figure, never clearly drawn, frequently altogether out of the picture. I went to the city, telling my wife that I should be absent until the following afternoon. But I returned before daybreak and went to the rear of the house, purposing to enter by a door with which I had secretly so tampered that it would seem to lock, yet not actually fasten. As I approached it, I heard it gently open and close, and saw a man steal away into the darkness. With murder in my heart, I sprang after him, but he had vanished without even the bad luck of identification. Sometimes now I cannot even persuade myself that it was a human being. It was closed, but having tampered with its lock also, I easily entered, and despite the black darkness soon stood by the side of her bed. My groping hands told me that although disarranged it was unoccupied. My foot struck her, cowering in a corner of the room. Instantly my hands were at her throat, stifling a shriek, my knees were upon her struggling body; and there in the darkness, without a word of accusation or reproach, I strangled her till she died! There ends the dream. I have related it in the past tense, but the present would be the fitter form, for again and again the sombre tragedy re-enacts itself in my consciousness -- over and over I lay the plan, I suffer the confirmation, I redress the wrong. Then all is blank; and afterward the rains beat against the grimy windowpanes, or the snows fall upon my scant attire, the wheels rattle in the squalid streets where my life lies in poverty and mean employment. If there is ever sunshine I do not recall it; if there are birds they do not sing. There is another dream, another vision of the night. I stand among the shadows in a moonlit road. I am aware of another presence, but whose I cannot rightly determine. In the shadow of a great dwelling I catch the gleam of white garments; then the figure of a woman confronts me in the road -- my murdered wife! There is death in the face; there are marks upon the throat. The eyes are fixed on mine with an infinite gravity which is not reproach, nor hate, nor menace, nor anything less terrible than recognition. Before this awful apparition I retreat in terror -- a terror that is upon me as I write. I can no longer rightly shape the words. Yes, I am again in control of myself: My penance, constant in degree, is mutable in kind: After all, it is only a life-sentence. To-day my term expires. To each and all, the peace that

was not mine. Statement of the Late Julia Hetman, through the Medium Bayrolles I had retired early and fallen almost immediately into a peaceful sleep, from which I awoke with that indefinable sense of peril which is, I think, a common experience in that other, earlier life. Of its unmeaning character, too, I was entirely persuaded, yet that did not banish it. My husband, Joel Hetman, was away from home; the servants slept in another part of the house. But these were familiar conditions; they had never before distressed me. Nevertheless, the strange terror grew so insupportable that conquering my reluctance to move I sat up and lit the lamp at my bedside. Contrary to my expectation this gave me no relief; the light seemed rather an added danger, for I reflected that it would shine out under the door, disclosing my presence to whatever evil thing might lurk outside.

**5: Disagreeing in German | WordReference Forums**

*"Seems fairly straight forward to rederive such things, here in these softer, literate and reasonably well educated (pun intended) modern times.*

Nothing even approaching a consensus. For pages of toneless if plausible prose I waited in vain to be thrilled. Worst of all, there is no sex. His trickiest move, though, is making a legal thriller so smart and so silly at the same time. Just about everybody will be offended by something or other in *The Emperor of Ocean Park*. But the book will also make its readers think and laugh. Only the promised thrills are missing. Inevitably for a work of this length -- and one that relies for its effects on the forensic flourishes of the genre -- it is not without its extended water-jumps and patches of boggy ground. Taylor, *The Guardian* "Not that I disliked this book. But I was not as impressed with the book as it is with itself. It is long-winded, shoddily put together and riddled with repetitions and small inconsistencies" - Lorin Stein, *London Review of Books* "The Emperor is so rich in detail about a particular segment of American society that it only could have been written with unusual access to the subject and by someone with extraordinary powers of observation and expression. For Carter, the devil is certainly in the detail. He describes each character from heel to chin, and every scene in earnest, as if already directing the film. In his mastery of atmosphere and the intricacies of plot, Carter deserves comparison with such successful practitioners of the crime novel as Scott Turow, but what sets *The Emperor of Ocean Park* apart is the sense it provides of introducing us to a world within a world. The family drama is a closely observed, often affecting portrait of the Garland clan. The book is superb, both as a thriller and as a novel of social observation. Rather than drawing out their complexity, Carter presents the sum of their achievements. Imagine all these enormous egos trying to have a conversation; often the dialogue drags. This was, perhaps, the least thrilling book that I have read so far this year. The structure is clumsy, the dialogue is poor and the characters are flat and stereotypical. Here is the rub: This is a bad novel. The mystery aspects had me reading the book at stop signs while driving. And the politics, both of the capital and the law school, are funny, if depressing. But the novel is far, far deeper. *Wo das Buch Thriller ist, steht ihm sein Rest Detektivroman im Weg, und immer wenn Carter seinen Gesellschaftsroman auf den Weg gebracht hat, muss er umkehren, um den verlorenen Thriller aufzulesen.* Similarly the illustrative quotes chosen here are merely those the complete review subjectively believes represent the tenor and judgment of the review as a whole. We acknowledge and remind and warn you that they may, in fact, be entirely unrepresentative of the actual reviews by any other measure. Before the book, the hype: *The Emperor of Ocean Park* comes with some baggage and a great deal of pre-publication publicity. The publishers of this book paid a very large amount for it. A staggeringly large amount. And they have high expectations for it or are creating high expectations for it: Hardcover fiction book sales of that level are achieved by only a handful of titles annually. All this for a novel by an author who has never published a work of fiction. Carter is not an unknown entity: Carter is also -- and this is apparently significant -- black or African-American or whatever you prefer. Expectations are that *The Emperor of Ocean Park* will be a summer blockbuster for Very likely, in fact. *The Emperor of Ocean Park* is, above all, a long novel. It is over pages long; it has well over , words. And, it must be said, it is, in fact, far too long. Carter rambles very far afield: So what is *The Emperor of Ocean Park*? For want of a better description, one might call it a pseudo-Grisham: But Carter also tries to break out of this simple genre with his tome. *The Emperor of Ocean Park* is narrated by Talcott Garland also called Tal and, confusingly but, at at least one point, very significantly Misha -- a character bearing some resemblance to the author. And, yes, he is African-American. For another, his wife, "Kimmer" Kimberly -- a practicing lawyer -- finds out she is on the short-list of contenders for a vacancy on the federal court of appeals. Figuring out what exactly his father expects from him is one of the main plot-lines. Oliver Garland was a Supreme Court nominee -- but, as that description implies, he did not make it to the highest bench. He withdrew his name after the congressional hearings turned ugly, a blot and shame he never entirely recovered from. Garland was a Reagan nominee for the seat that Antonin Scalia then got , an unlikely minority candidate proposed by a very conservative ideologue. But Garland was a complicated fellow, and had himself become a poster-boy conservative and he continued to make a lot of

money addressing right-wing groups even after he was disgraced. One event above all others -- above even his disgraceful failed nomination for the highest court -- defined the judge as his son knew him: He is happy enough in his teaching position, and he is the doting father of a toddler, Bentley, but his wife Kimmer is a real piece of work. A high-powered attorney in a too-small town, she spends most of her time working, often away from home. And it sure seems to Talcott that she is having an affair. The judicial-appointment part of the novel is among its more entertaining aspects. It also offers, in its resolution, the one truly satisfying plot-twist in the novel. In his position, Carter has been privy to the actual behind the scenes goings-on that surround judicial nominations, confirmations, and appointments -- and the picture he paints is a disturbing one. Neither Kimmer nor Hadley seem particularly well-qualified for the position the federal court of appeals is the big times. Given that Griswold is familiar to every law student this is a particularly glaring mistake; oddly, in that scene Hadley is in the company of many other law professors and no one corrects him though Talcott notes: I do not believe I could have heard all this nonsense right. One of the most depressing lines in the book comes very early on, as Talcott writes about Kimmer: She learned some time yesterday that her years of subtle lobbying and careful political contributions had at last paid off, that she is among the finalists for a vacancy on the federal court of appeals. A record of outstanding legal work, talent, intelligence are apparently secondary considerations when it comes to the federal judiciary -- so Carter. Ultimately what sank the old judge was his association with the highly dubious Jack Ziegler: He wants something and he thinks Talcott is the man to get it for him. In return he ominously offers a guarantee that Talcott and his family will be well-protected and he really, really means it. A thriller-tale of sorts develops. A lot of people are interested in something the judge might have left behind, and Talcott is widely seen as the key to getting it. The thriller-tale is decent, most of the time, though littered with a fair amount of violence cropping up incongruously in the otherwise rather sedate narrative, and fairly easily forgotten again. However, the resolution seemed, to us, to be a dud. It will make for a good movie, though -- indeed, the scenes seem written with the movie-version in mind. Plausibility was certainly not a major concern for Carter. There is a lot of chess involved in the thriller-tale. It makes for the nice black-white contrast, allows for the idea of pawns, etc. Carter does perhaps go too far with his chapter and section titles: But they are vaguely appropriate, and chess enthusiasts will no doubt be thrilled by them. Beyond the chess, the thriller-tale is even more dizzyingly complicated. There are a lot of bad guys involved, and it is not always clear who is on which side. There are also lots of mysterious people involved. And Talcott, for example, gets followed a whole lot. Much of the thriller angle is overly simplistic -- movie stuff, really, with a good deal of over-the-top evil. The Emperor of Ocean Park is not a conventional whodunit: Carter withholds necessary clues and information until Talcott is ready to share them or act on them. Two-thirds of the way through the book, Carter begins a chapter: Instead, he moves ahead and then looks back, recounting whatever it was retrospectively. It is by far the greatest weakness in the book, making for a series of unnecessary hiccoughs that are about as enjoyable as actually having hiccoughs. Information is also often only revealed long after it first crops up. Chess fans will have guessed its origin, but confirmation only comes some two-thirds of the way into the novel. Often it seems all the explanations in the book are similarly needlessly delayed if not for quite so long. Beside the thriller-tale, there is a lot more to The Emperor of Ocean Park. Much of it touches on the thriller-aspect, but Carter goes into much more detail than one generally finds in such novels. Carter tries to paint a very broad canvas, especially in portraying the Garland family, focussing in -- at least for a while -- on many of the family-members. Talcott especially tries to come to understand the complex character that was his father -- and the events that shaped his life. The Emperor of Ocean Park is over-populated. There are far too many characters -- or rather:

## 6: The Moonlit Road by Ambrose Bierce

*A number of people tell me they think I am a polymath so they think I am at least fairly well educated and yes I do watch Fox News. Fox News is not my sole source of news but I consider it to be an important counter balance to the very liberal news I receive from the so called main line media.*

Science as a Social Construct R. Wyllys Introduction This lesson discusses some of the ideas associated with the question of whether science may be viewed as a social construct, or may even be, in fact, merely a social construct. Since some of the other lessons in LIS Still another implication, which is not necessarily obvious, is that you should always bring a skeptical attitude to what you read. I do not mean "skeptical" in the sense of denying anything and everything. That is not skepticism but cynicism, or even nihilism. I mean "skeptical" in the sense of questioning, of asking yourself what the author is trying to say, what reasons the author may have for saying it, and what point of view the author may be espousing. Before the 19th century, science—such as it was at the time—was generally regarded as one of the areas of knowledge, along with history, philosophy, and the arts, with which any well educated person was expected to be familiar. Unfortunately, it needs to be noted that in those days, with but rare exceptions, the only well educated persons were men, because of the then prevailing attitude that women needed no education beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic—and perhaps for women of the upper classes, a foreign language. During the 19th century scientific and technical knowledge became to develop at a notable, and ever faster, rate. One consequence was that it became increasingly difficult for a well educated person to acquire and maintain an acquaintance with these areas, where new knowledge was being added much faster than in the arts and humanities. Inevitably, people were forced into choosing between being educated in scientific and technical areas, and being educated in the more traditional areas. By the 20th century, this trend had produced the social divide to which Sir Charles Percy Snow gave the name "The Two Cultures," the schism in interests and knowledge between scientists and non-scientists. Not only, argued Snow, had this schism arisen between persons professionally engaged in the sciences vs. This schism Snow chose as his subject when he was selected to deliver, in , the celebrated annual Rede Lecture at Cambridge University. Already knighted, and to be raised to the peerage in , he was in a successful and well regarded novelist writing as C. Snow who had been a research physicist in the s, and in World War II a high administrator in British scientific research efforts. In short, he was undeniably a respectable member of both camps, scientists and non-scientists, and hence an ideal person to call attention to the division between the camps, a division he regarded as a dangerous schism in modern society, worst perhaps in Britain but also a problem in other countries. In opening his Rede Lecture, he said Snow, I believe the intellectual life of the whole of western society is increasingly being split into two polar groups. When I say the intellectual life, I mean to include also a large part of our practical life, because I should be the last person to suggest the two can at the deepest level be distinguished. Between the two a gulf of mutual incomprehension—sometimes particularly among the young hostility and dislike, but most of all lack of understanding. They have a curious distorted image of each other. Non-scientists tend to think of scientists as brash and boastful. They hear Mr T. Eliot, who just for these illustrations we can take as an archetypal figure, saying about his attempts to revive verse-drama that we can hope for very little, but that he would feel content if he and his co-workers could prepare the ground for a new Kyd or a new Greene. That is the tone, restricted and constrained, with which literary intellectuals are at home: Then they hear a much louder voice, that of another archetypal figure, Rutherford, trumpeting: This is the Elizabethan age! What is hard for the literary intellectuals to understand, imaginatively or intellectually, is that he was absolutely right. On the other hand, the scientists believe that the literary intellectuals are totally lacking in foresight, peculiarly unconcerned with their brother men, in a deep sense anti-intellectual, anxious to restrict both art and thought to the existential moment. Anyone with a mild talent for invective could produce plenty of this kind of subterranean back-chat. On each side there is some of it which is not entirely baseless. It is all destructive. Much of it rests on misinterpretations which are dangerous. At one pole, the scientific culture really is a culture, not only in an intellectual but also in an anthropological sense. That is, its members need not, and of course often do not,

always completely understand each other; biologists more often than not will have a pretty hazy idea of contemporary physics; but there are common attitudes, common standards and patterns of behaviour, common approaches and assumptions. This goes surprisingly wide and deep. It cuts across other mental patterns, such as those of religion or politics or class. At the other pole, the spread of attitudes is wider. It is obvious that between the two, as one moves through intellectual society from the physicists to the literary intellectuals, there are all kinds of tones of feeling on the way. But I believe the pole of total incomprehension of science radiates its influence on all the rest. The feelings of one pole become the anti-feelings of the other. If the scientists have the future in their bones, then the traditional culture responds by wishing the future did not exist. It is the traditional culture, to an extent remarkably little diminished by the emergence of the scientific one, which manages the western world. This polarisation is sheer loss to us all. To us as people, and to our society. It is at the same time practical and intellectual and creative loss, and I repeat that it is false to imagine that those three considerations are clearly separable. The degree of incomprehension on both sides is the kind of joke which has gone sour. As one would expect, some of the very best scientists had and have plenty of energy and interest to spare, and [in talking to many scientists, I and some colleagues] came across several who had read everything that literary people talk about. In fact that is exactly how they do regard him: But of course, in reading him, in reading almost any writer whom we should value, they are just touching their caps to the traditional culture. They have their own culture, intensive, rigorous, and constantly in action. But what about the other side? They are impoverished too—perhaps more seriously, because they are vainer about it. As though the exploration of the natural order was of no interest either in its own value or its consequences. As though the scientific edifice of the physical world was not, in its intellectual depth, complexity and articulation, the most beautiful and wonderful collective work of the mind of man. Yet most non-scientists have no conception of that edifice at all. It is rather as though, over an immense range of intellectual experience, a whole group was tone-deaf. They give a pitying chuckle at the news of scientists who have never read a major work of English literature. They dismiss them as ignorant specialists. Yet their own ignorance and their own specialisation is just as startling. A good many times I have been present at gatherings of people who, by the standards of the traditional culture, are thought highly educated and who have with considerable gusto been expressing their incredulity at the illiteracy of scientists. Once or twice I have been provoked and have asked the company how many of them could describe the Second Law of Thermodynamics. The response was cold: Yet I was asking something which is about the scientific equivalent of: I now believe that if I had asked an even simpler question—such as, What do you mean by mass, or acceleration, which is the scientific equivalent of saying, Can you read? So the great edifice of modern physics goes up, and the majority of the cleverest people in the western world have about as much insight into it as their neolithic ancestors would have had. The foregoing quotation is somewhat lengthy, but I think that the length is justified by the importance of what Snow was saying. At the very least, you should now be able to appreciate why "The Two Cultures" aroused ire within both camps, and why it has been cited thousands of times in the over four decades since it was published. A Second Look," which Snow published in Intellectual activity, including the meta-activity of reflection on the forms of knowledge, is, of course, shaped by different national traditions and anchored in a range of social practices. This appears to have become common in English only in the middle of the nineteenth century. The compilers of the Oxford English Dictionary, setting to work in the late-nineteenth century, recognised that this was a relatively recent development; the dictionary gives no example of this sense before the s, and it is revealing that its first illustrative quotation implicitly points to the way English usage had started to diverge from other European languages: In short, in a social phenomenon that began in the middle of the 19th century and had become widespread by the middle of the 20th century, well educated people—especially in the Anglophone countries—could be fairly said to have divided themselves into two somewhat hostile camps, separated according to whether they liked or disdained science. Needless to say, people in each camp possessed a view of what constituted "science" that was different from the view of "science" held by those in the opposite camp. The Two Cultures Today: Unfortunately, the schism celebrated by C. Snow seems to be stronger than ever. One example is an incident related by Edward W. Kolb in his book, *Blind Watchers of the Skies*. Just prior to the passage quoted below, Kolb has been discussing the many

uses in astronomy of the fact that each chemical element, when suitably energized e. This phenomenon was discovered in the 19th century by Gustav Kirchoff, Joseph von Fraunhofer, and others. By Kirchoff knew enough about the spectra of gases from laboratory studies to identify the chemical elements in the Sun responsible for the dark lines in the solar spectrum. Thus, on the basis of experiments done on Earth, he could discern that the Sun is not made of any heavenly substance like quintessence [as hypothesized by Aristotle] but of everyday earthly elements. The accomplishment is remarkable in many ways. About twenty-five years previously the French philosopher Auguste Comte, founder of Positivism, had confidently stated about the Sun and the stars that "we can never by any means investigate their chemical composition". The idea that we learned what the Sun and the stars are made of would have astonished the ancients—it still astonishes me. Some philosophers and historians are so alienated from science that the significance of the discovery is hardly mentioned. Although astronomy is a highly specialized profession, I am always amazed by the degree of specialization in other fields. She was an expert on European history of the year presumably the university has one hundred nineteenth-century European historians. In a clumsy attempt at polite dinner conversation, I asked why she happened to concentrate on that year. With a "surely you must know" tone, she replied that it was a very significant year because of the development of a remarkable idea. She stared at me so long, with such a curious expression on her face, that I thought surely I must have linguini stuck to my chin. Finally, she informed me that the significant event of the year was the publication of *A Critique of Political Economy*, by Karl Marx. I further compounded my errors by asking how a mere economic theory could be compared to the discovery of the composition of the stars. After another long stare, with a sigh of exasperation she turned to the person sitting on her other side, presumably searching for more enlightened conversation. Perhaps one day I will. I also wonder why the significance of scientific discoveries is so often dismissed by historians in favor of political, military, or economic developments.

7: Squeezed: Why Our Families Can't Afford America by Alissa Quart

*Well-rounded requires a common culture, and a common culture requires a stagnant population, not the continuous influx from other cultures we experience in the US. So the idea of a well-rounded education is just so inappropriate for the US that I can't believe we are still talking about it.*

By Alfie Kohn No one should offer pronouncements about what it means to be well-educated without meeting my ex-wife. When I met her, she was at Harvard, putting the finishing touches on her doctoral dissertation in anthropology. A year later, having spent her entire life in school, she decided to do the only logical thing. She subsequently became a successful practicing physician. However, she will freeze up if you ask her what 8 times 7 is, because she never learned the multiplication table. So what do you make of this paradox? Is she a walking indictment of the system that let her get so far “ 29 years of schooling, not counting medical residency” without acquiring the basics of English and math? Of course, if those features describe what it means to be well-educated, then there is no dilemma to be resolved. She fits the bill. The problem arises only if your definition includes a list of facts and skills that one must have but that she lacks. In that case, though, my ex-wife is not alone. Or what about me he suddenly inquired, relinquishing his comfortable perch from which issue all those judgments of other people? And I can multiply reasonably well, but everything mathematical I was taught after first-year algebra and even some of that is completely gone. How well-educated am I? The Point of Schooling: The latter formulation invites us to look beyond academic goals. Does it denote what you were taught, or what you learned and remember? If the term applies to what you now know and can do, you could be poorly educated despite having received a top-notch education. An Absence of Consensus: Is such a definition expected to remain invariant across cultures with a single standard for the U. How about across historical eras: To cast a skeptical eye on such claims is not necessarily to suggest that the term is purely relative: Some criteria are more defensible than others. Nevertheless, we have to acknowledge a striking absence of consensus about what the term ought to mean. Furthermore, any consensus that does develop is ineluctably rooted in time and place. It is misleading and even dangerous to justify our own pedagogical values by pretending they are grounded in some objective, transcendent Truth, as though the quality of being well-educated is a Platonic form waiting to be discovered. Let us therefore consider ruling out: It would be a mistake to reduce schooling to vocational preparation, if only because we can easily imagine graduates who are well-prepared for the workplace or at least for some workplaces but whom we would not regard as well-educated. In any case, pressure to redesign secondary education to suit the demands of employers reflects little more than the financial interests “ and the political power “ of these corporations. To a disconcerting extent, high scores on standardized tests signify a facility with taking standardized tests. Indeed, researchers have found a statistically significant correlation between high scores on a range of standardized tests and a shallow approach to learning. In any case, no single test is sufficiently valid, reliable, or meaningful that it can be treated as a marker for academic success. Familiarity with a list of words, names, books, and ideas is a uniquely poor way to judge who is well-educated. Do you have to be able to recite the basic plot? What if you read it once but barely remember it now? How much do you have to know about neutrinos, or the Boxer rebellion, or the side-angle-side theorem? If deep understanding is required, then a very few people could be considered well-educated which raises serious doubts about the reasonableness of such a definition , and b the number of items about which anyone could have that level of knowledge is sharply limited because time is finite. It is as poor a basis for designing curriculum as it is for judging the success of schooling. But there are also political implications to be considered here. To emphasize the importance of absorbing a pile of information is to support a larger worldview that sees the primary purpose of education as reproducing our current culture. To be sure, not every individual who favors this approach is a right-winger, but defining the notion of educational mastery in terms of the number of facts one can recall is well-suited to the task of preserving the status quo. Mandating a Single Definition: But that is not what has happened. This example of accountability gone haywire violates not only common sense but the consensus of educational measurement specialists. And the consequences are entirely predictable: Less obviously, the idea

of making diplomas contingent on passing an exam answers by default the question of what it means to be well- or sufficiently educated: Rather than grappling with the messy issues involved, we simply declare that standardized tests will tell us the answer. This is disturbing not merely because of the inherent limits of the tests, but also because teaching becomes distorted when passing those tests becomes the paramount goal. In effect, a Core Knowledge model, with its implication of students as interchangeable receptacles into which knowledge is poured, has become the law of the land in many places. As I see it, the best sort of schooling is organized around problems, projects, and questions “ as opposed to facts, skills, and disciplines. Knowledge is acquired, of course, but in a context and for a purpose. The emphasis is not only on depth rather than breadth, but also on discovering ideas rather than on covering a prescribed curriculum. Teachers are generalists first and specialists in a given subject matter second; they commonly collaborate to offer interdisciplinary courses that students play an active role in designing. All of this happens in small, democratic schools that are experienced as caring communities. Notwithstanding the claims of traditionalists eager to offer “ and then dismiss “ a touchy-feely caricature of progressive education, a substantial body of evidence exists to support the effectiveness of each of these components as well as the benefits of using them in combination. Low-quality instruction can be assessed with low-quality tests, including homegrown quizzes and standardized exams designed to measure with faux objectivity the number of facts and skills crammed into short-term memory. The effects of high-quality instruction are trickier, but not impossible, to assess. The assessments in such schools are based on meaningful standards of excellence, standards that may collectively offer the best answer to our original question simply because to meet those criteria is as good a way as any to show that one is well-educated. The Met School focuses on social reasoning, empirical reasoning, quantitative reasoning, communication, and personal qualities such as responsibility, capacity for leadership, and self-awareness. Dewey reminded us that the goal of education is more education. To be well-educated, then, is to have the desire as well as the means to make sure that learning never ends. You need facts to analyze, a storehouse of information on which to reflect. But this is a straw-man argument because no one argues that kids should be taught to think about nothing. Rather, disagreement exists regarding the extent to build a curriculum “ and, inevitably, assessments “ around knowledge as opposed to skills and intellectual dispositions. Are facts treated as ends in themselves or as illustrative cases by which to understand the world? But its purposes go well beyond the transmission of a long list of dates, definitions, and other details. This article may be downloaded, reproduced, and distributed without permission as long as each copy includes this notice along with citation information i. Permission must be obtained in order to reprint this article in a published work or in order to offer it for sale in any form.

**8: What Does It Mean to Be Well-Educated? (\*\*) - Alfie Kohn**

*Two or three Germans - let's say middle-aged men, well or fairly well educated, acquainted but not close friends - are having a conversation about this or that. Sometimes they disagree with each other.*

One of the distinctive features of British intellectual life is its dominance by just two universities: Most of the politicians and members of the establishment – the civil service, the media, and the people who control the media – are Oxford arts graduates. The fact that scientists are starting to be heard, capturing not only the minds but the hearts of the population – as evidenced by the phenomenal success of science books – is provoking what seems to be a territorial squeal from the literary side. The backlash has taken the form of hysterical ranting in newspapers and periodicals, and a spate of books denouncing scientists as arrogant and self-serving frauds. Some of the backlash seems to stem from a sense of helplessness in the face of this ignorance. Therefore it must be bunk! Another journalist who has made scientists a target is Brian Appleyard. In the Foreword of his best selling book *Understanding the Present*, he says he was moved to write it because of the outrage he felt after interviewing Hawking. He was upset by what he saw as the arrogance of scientists attempting to pronounce on deep issues of God, existence, and humanity. You get the impression that this kind of response – to important and exciting scientific discoveries that change the way that we look at the world – is a sort of knee-jerk territorial reaction. Steve Jones Biologist; Emeritus Professor of Genetics, University College London The best way of assessing the "third culture" idea is to ask, "Has there ever been more than one culture? Is learning divisible, or is it seamless? From to around the answer was obvious: Snow came up with a Christmas cracker motto describing a division that may or may not have been there. I applaud the idea that scientists, and scholars generally, can communicate their original ideas to one another in books that are read by people in other fields. I should like to see more people doing that. Medawar said that there are some fields that are genuinely difficult, where if you want to communicate you have to work really hard to make the language simple, and there are other fields that are fundamentally very easy, where if you want to impress people you have to make the language more difficult than it needs to be. Dennett Philosopher; Austin B. Fletcher Professor of Philosophy, Co-Director, Center for Cognitive Studies, Tufts University; Author, *From Bacteria to Bach and Back* The hallmark of the recent successes among science books is related to the interdisciplinary nature of many of the new scientific endeavors. Professors are writing for colleagues in other disciplines. Thus, they must write in plain English and avoid the jargon of their own field. If I were writing a book just for philosophers – my own field – I would write it that way, and for the same reason. A lot of the bad artifactual problems that arise in philosophy arise from experts talking to experts. The worst sin an expert can commit when talking to another expert is to overexplain, to talk down – this is insulting. So experts always err on the side of underexplaining. As a result, they tend to talk past each other. Then you get these tremendous edifices of conflict, which are based on rather simple fundamental misunderstandings on a low level. In Europe, professors profess. This is the way you make your reputation, by being obscure. But you can see it also influencing the nonscientific or semiscientific or philosophical writing of continental scientists. They aspired to be philosophers – which is fine, so do lots of Anglophone scientists – but they aspired to be continental philosophers, which led them into some deeper, darker waters than they knew how to swim in. Murray Gell-mann Theoretical Physicist Scientists used to write books for the interested public – those people who care about science and have a certain amount of scientific literacy. There was a time when that activity nearly died out, at least in this country. Some scientists have always been better than others at writing general material, and some are broader than others in their culture. Unfortunately, there are people in the arts and humanities – conceivably, even some in the social sciences – who are proud of knowing very little about science and technology, or about mathematics. The opposite phenomenon is very rare. You may occasionally find a scientist who is ignorant of Shakespeare, but you will never find a scientist who is proud of being ignorant of Shakespeare. Lee Smolin Physicist, Perimeter Institute; Author, *Time Reborn* In addition to having a theory of quantum gravity, I have the need to communicate it outside the physics community. When I listen to people in the humanities, I realize that they have similar problems with regard to communicating

difficult ideas. They have some romantic idea about being difficult, and this is wrong. I am not incomprehensible. Given an hour or so, I can make myself comprehensible. One of the differences between the traditions of science and the humanities is that the humanities have become traditions of reading and writing. Scientists speak to each other, first and foremost. Our culture is verbal, and we know how to talk to people. Go to a talk given by somebody in philosophy or literary theory. Very few scientists will ever do that. For me, the scientists grouped under the name of the third culture represent more than just a set of academics who write and speak to the general public. There are philosophical ideas that they share, to a greater or lesser extent. If I may be very optimistic, I see a kind of rebirth of the tradition of natural philosophy, but based on a new picture of the world — a picture different from the one that the original, seventeenth-century natural philosophers shared. This new spirit has several overarching themes, which are not hard to state. Of first importance is the idea that the world is not static or eternal, it evolves in time. The world was different in the past and it will be different in the future. Instead, we understand, in the biological context, that the living world has created itself — organized itself — because of the action of simple principles, primarily natural selection, that inevitably operate. I believe that the same will turn out to be true about the laws of physics and the structure of the cosmos. The third theme is complexity: Finally, in such a complex self-organized world, all properties of things are relational. I sometimes see these themes also in the work of artists, such as Saint Clair Cemin and Donna Moylin. Of course, there are many artists — and many "intellectuals" who write about art — who are still caught in the trap of Nietzsche, playing with death and violence and negativity, playing out the death of some old and obsolete notions of the world. And some of us are decent writers and express ourselves well enough. It may be that of the two hundred and eighty million people in America, not a very high percentage understands science well, but among people who buy books — which may not be a high percentage of the American population but is a high absolute number — interest is very strong. This problem is, incidentally, even worse in the U. This awareness is having a very good effect: This is a big problem for all of us who try to explain physical ideas to a general readership. Society is a very complex organism, and the need for increasing specialization has driven everyone to levels of specialization that have created enormous information barriers. They were natural philosophers. Increasingly in the twentieth century, science has become more and more separated. In a certain sense, this attitude arose with good reason. But things were very different for Einstein and Bohr and people in that generation. The physicists who made the big breakthroughs in the s were, by and large, well educated in philosophy. Einstein, for example, quotes Kant frequently, and viewed philosophical education as something that was important for a physicist to have. In fact, many physicists at the time wrote philosophical papers, and the connection was still there. If you wrote a paper in a philosophy journal — or worse, if you wrote a popular book — you were endangering your reputation. The board, who are all these literary types, decided it would let computer people in, because the world was getting to be computerized. Mortimer Adler, the head of the Britannica editorial board, says the same thing. And finding these things, written by many different authors, has been easy for me because of an index Adler has put together called The Syntopicon. Many of the scientists who write popular books do so because there are certain kinds of ideas that have absolutely no way of getting published within the scientific community. A hundred years ago, the intellectuals were the scientists — natural philosophers. For a while, people were content to let the scientists do science, and trusted them to understand that kind of stuff: People no longer have a view of the future stretching out even through their own lifetimes, much less through the lifetimes of their children. Anybody who is not brain dead wants to try to get ahold of things — is strongly motivated to do so — and one way to do it is to read books by scientists. A problem the third culture faces is that scientists often look down on other scientists when they explain their ideas clearly to nonscientists. A popularizer is somebody who explains what the issues are in ways that people can understand. They went to school, learned their classics, learned their English literature, thought of scientists as some kind of nerds. What went on in the chemistry or the biology labs was beneath contempt for these intellectuals who were in touch with Plato and Aristotle and Julius Caesar. Such people, who are used to being dominant in our culture, are suddenly scared. People are voting with their feet. Who listens to what nowadays? Who watches what on TV?

**9: The Emperor of Ocean Park - Stephen Carter**

*To test my theory that respect is equally critical for many women as for many men, in , I profiled a sizable group of well-educated females (The Lifestyle Poll). In my sample of women, 75%.*

The Moonlit Road 1. Statement of Joel Hetman, Jr. I am the most unfortunate of men. Rich, respected, fairly well educated and of sound health -- with many other advantages usually valued by those having them and coveted by those who have them not -- I sometimes think that I should be less unhappy if they had been denied me, for then the contrast between my outer and my inner life would not be continually demanding a painful attention. In the stress of privation and the need of effort I might sometimes forget the sombre secret ever baffling the conjecture that it compels. I am the only child of Joel and Julia Hetman. The one was a well-to-do country gentleman, the other a beautiful and accomplished woman to whom he was passionately attached with what I now know to have been a jealous and exacting devotion. The family home was a few miles from Nashville, Tennessee, a large, irregularly built dwelling of no particular order of architecture, a little way off the road, in a park of trees and shrubbery. At the time of which I write I was nineteen years old, a student at Yale. One day I received a telegram from my father of such urgency that in compliance with its unexplained demand I left at once for home. At the railway station in Nashville a distant relative awaited me to apprise me of the reason for my recall: My father had gone to Nashville, intending to return the next afternoon. Something prevented his accomplishing the business in hand, so he returned on the same night, arriving just before the dawn. In his testimony before the coroner he explained that having no latchkey and not caring to disturb the sleeping servants, he had, with no clearly defined intention, gone round to the rear of the house. As he turned an angle of the building, he heard a sound as of a door gently closed, and saw in the darkness, indistinctly, the figure of a man, which instantly disappeared among the trees of the lawn. Its door was open, and stepping into black darkness he fell headlong over some heavy object on the floor. I may spare myself the details; it was my poor mother, dead of strangulation by human hands! I gave up my studies and remained with my father, who, naturally, was greatly changed. Always of a sedate, taciturn disposition, he now fell into so deep a dejection that nothing could hold his attention, yet anything -- a footfall, the sudden closing of a door -- aroused in him a fitful interest; one might have called it an apprehension. At any small surprise of the senses he would start visibly and sometimes turn pale, then relapse into a melancholy apathy deeper than before. Youth is Gilead, in which is balm for every wound. Ah, that I might again dwell in that enchanted land! Unacquainted with grief, I knew not how to appraise my bereavement; I could not rightly estimate the strength of the stroke. One night, a few months after the dreadful event, my father and I walked home from the city. The full moon was about three hours above the eastern horizon; the entire countryside had the solemn stillness of a summer night; our footfalls and the ceaseless song of the katydids were the only sound, aloof. Black shadows of bordering trees lay athwart the road, which, in the short reaches between, gleamed a ghostly white. As we approached the gate to our dwelling, whose front was in shadow, and in which no light shone, my father suddenly stopped and clutched my arm, saying, hardly above his breath: Come, father, let us go in -- you are ill. His face in the moonlight showed a pallor and fixity inexpressibly distressing. I pulled gently at his sleeve, but he had forgotten my existence. Presently he began to retire backward, step by step, never for an instant removing his eyes from what he saw, or thought he saw. I turned half round to follow, but stood irresolute. I do not recall any feeling of fear, unless a sudden chill was its physical manifestation. It seemed as if an icy wind had touched my face and enfolded my body from head to foot; I could feel the stir of it in my hair. At that moment my attention was drawn to a light that suddenly streamed from an upper window of the house: When I turned to look for my father he was gone, and in all the years that have passed no whisper of his fate has come across the borderland of conjecture from the realm of the unknown. Statement of Caspar Grattan To-day I am said to live, to-morrow, here in this room, will lie a senseless shape of clay that all too long was I. If anyone lift the cloth from the face of that unpleasant thing it will be in gratification of a mere morbid curiosity. Surely, that should be enough. The name has served my small need for more than twenty years of a life of unknown length. True, I gave it to myself, but lacking

another I had the right. In this world one must have a name; it prevents confusion, even when it does not establish identity. Some, though, are known by numbers, which also seem inadequate distinctions. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I sprang into a side street and ran until I fell exhausted in a country lane. So I say a name, even if self-bestowed, is better than a number. Of him who shall find this paper I must beg a little consideration. It is not the history of my life; the knowledge to write that is denied me. This is only a record of broken and apparently unrelated memories, some of them as distinct and sequent as brilliant beads upon a thread, others remote and strange, having the character of crimson dreams with interspaces blank and black -- witch-fires glowing still and red in a great desolation. Standing upon the shore of eternity, I turn for a last look landward over the course by which I came. There are twenty years of footprints fairly distinct, the impressions of bleeding feet. They lead through poverty and pain, devious and unsure, as of one staggering beneath a burden -- Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. Backward beyond the beginning of this *via dolorosa* -- this epic of suffering with episodes of sin -- I see nothing clearly; it comes out of a cloud. I know that it spans only twenty years, yet I am an old man. But with me it was different; life came to me full-handed and dowered me with all my faculties and powers. Of a previous existence I know no more than others, for all have stammering intimations that may be memories and may be dreams. I know only that my first consciousness was of maturity in body and mind -- a consciousness accepted without surprise or conjecture. I merely found myself walking in a forest, half-clad, footsore, unutterably weary and hungry. Seeing a farmhouse, I approached and asked for food, which was given me by one who inquired my name. I did not know, yet knew that all had names. Greatly embarrassed, I retreated, and night coming on, lay down in the forest and slept. Nor shall I recount further incidents of the life that is now to end -- a life of wandering, always and everywhere haunted by an overmastering sense of crime in punishment of wrong and of terror in punishment of crime. Let me see if I can reduce it to narrative. I seem once to have lived near a great city, a prosperous planter, married to a woman whom I loved and distrusted. We had, it sometimes seems, one child, a youth of brilliant parts and promise. He is at all times a vague figure, never clearly drawn, frequently altogether out of the picture. I went to the city, telling my wife that I should be absent until the following afternoon. But I returned before daybreak and went to the rear of the house, purposing to enter by a door with which I had secretly so tampered that it would seem to lock, yet not actually fasten. As I approached it, I heard it gently open and close, and saw a man steal away into the darkness. With murder in my heart, I sprang after him, but he had vanished without even the bad luck of identification. Sometimes now I cannot even persuade myself that it was a human being. It was closed, but having tampered with its lock also, I easily entered, and despite the black darkness soon stood by the side of her bed. My groping hands told me that although disarranged it was unoccupied. My foot struck her, cowering in a corner of the room. Instantly my hands were at her throat, stifling a shriek, my knees were upon her struggling body; and there in the darkness, without a word of accusation or reproach, I strangled her till she died! There ends the dream. I have related it in the past tense, but the present would be the fitter form, for again and again the sombre tragedy re-enacts itself in my consciousness -- over and over I lay the plan, I suffer the confirmation, I redress the wrong. Then all is blank; and afterward the rains beat against the grimy windowpanes, or the snows fall upon my scant attire, the wheels rattle in the squalid streets where my life lies in poverty and mean employment. If there is ever sunshine I do not recall it; if there are birds they do not sing. I stand among the shadows in a moonlit road. I am aware of another presence, but whose I cannot rightly determine. In the shadow of a great dwelling I catch the gleam of white garments; then the figure of a woman confronts me in the road -- my murdered wife! There is death in the face; there are marks upon the throat. The eyes are fixed on mine with an infinite gravity which is not reproach, nor hate, nor menace, nor anything less terrible than recognition. Before this awful apparition I retreat in terror -- a terror that is upon me as I write. I can no longer rightly shape the words. Yes, I am again in control of myself: My penance, constant in degree, is mutable in kind: After all, it is only a life-sentence. To-day my term expires. To each and all, the peace that was not mine. Statement of the Late Julia Hetman, through the Medium Bayrolles I had retired early and fallen almost immediately into a peaceful sleep, from which I awoke with that indefinable sense of peril which is, I think, a common experience in that other, earlier life. Of its unmeaning character, too, I was entirely persuaded, yet that did not banish it. My husband, Joel Hetman, was away from

home; the servants slept in another part of the house. But these were familiar conditions; they had never before distressed me. Nevertheless, the strange terror grew so insupportable that conquering my reluctance to move I sat up and lit the lamp at my bedside. Contrary to my expectation this gave me no relief; the light seemed rather an added danger, for I reflected that it would shine out under the door, disclosing my presence to whatever evil thing might lurk outside. You that are still in the flesh, subject to horrors of the imagination, think what a monstrous fear that must be which seeks in darkness security from malevolent existences of the night. That is to spring to close quarters with an unseen enemy -- the strategy of despair! In this pitiable state I must have lain for what you call hours -- with us there are no hours, there is no time.

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