Summer Work: 2023

summer work is also available online:
www. mrprince.net/aplang/summer.html

PART I

Stephen King *On Writing* journal reactions.

PART II

• Tone Word List
a "cheat sheet" of words to help identify "tone"

• Diane Ackerman
"The Face of Beauty"

• Blank Reading Sheet

• Norman Mailer
"The Death of Benny Paret"

• Blank Reading Sheet

• Jane Brox
"Influenza 1918"

• Blank Reading Sheet

PART III

Movie Review Assignment

Part I: Stephen King | On Writing

You'll need to sign out or find and read Stephen King's nionfiction book *On Writing*. Amazon currently has it new for $13.11 and used copies as low as $5.82. Most local libraris have several copies, too. Read any edition you choose (2000, 2010).

To Do:

You will need to keep track of **passages that strike you as important moments** for King in his **development as a reader and/or writer** (notes w/page #s, highlight passages, sticky notes, etc.). Select your top 5, and write a 150-300 word reaction in response to each. Your reaction should illustrate a moment in your own evolution as a reader or writer that is, in some way, in discourse with the excerpt you've chosen.

At the end of these 5 "dialogues", include **one final summative statement** that tackles the question of what the excerpts, together with your personal story, tell us about what it means to be a citizen for whom reading and writing is central to a life of happiness and meaning.

Part II: Worksheet-Based Analysis

Read the following three passage, carefully, attending to the specific word choice. Read with a pencil to underline, circle, annotate, and otherwise mark passages that indicate your interaction with them. Ask yourself–what gives this reading voice? Try to find examples of word choice and selection that are unique to this piece of writing.

Complete a "Reading Sheet" for each of the three selections. The "Tone Word Cheat Sheet" is there to help focus your thinking about what the tone could be.

the Cheat-Sheet of 10^{00} Tone Words

Positive Tone Words

lighthearted	hopeful	exuberant	enthusiastic	jubilant	proud
confident	soothing	relaxed	amiable	consoling	fanciful
amused	cheery	elated	passionate	whimsical	complimentary
romantic	calm	ecstatic	exuberant	optimistic	energetic
sympathetic	appreciative	enthusiastic	loving	friendly	compassionate
pleasant	brave	joyful	reverent		

Negative Tone Words

angry	disgusted	bitter	accusing	arrogant	quarrelsome
wrathful	surly	outraged	irritated	choleric	condemnatory
threatening	belligerent	disgruntled	furious	indignant	inflammatory
agitated	brash	testy	obnoxious	insulting	

Sorrowful Tone Words

somber	melancholy	solemn	fearful	grave	pessimistic
mournful	regretful	sad	serious	despairing	sober
concerned	remorseful	poignant	disturbed	apprehensive	gloomy
morose	foreboding	staid	ominous	hopeless	resigned

Humorous/Ironic/Sarcastic Tone Words

scornful	sarcastic	taunting	cynical	insolent	patronizing
bantering	whimsical	malicious	droll	critical	ironic
disdainful	facetious	flippant	mock-heroic	teasing	quizzical
ireverent	comical	satiric	amused	sardonic	contemptuous
pompous	mock-serious	caustic	ribald	irreverent	condescending
mocking	ridiculing	wry	pretentious		

Neutral Tone Words

formal	ceremonial	candid	instructive	factual	incredulous
objective	reflective	fervent	histrionic	callous	forthright
questioning	lyrical	sincere	restrained	clinical	matter-of-fact
learned	didactic	shocked	nostalgic	earnest	contemplative
urgent	resigned	haughty	objective	detached	admonitory
informative	baffled	reminiscent	authoritative	patriotic	authoritative
sentimental	meditative	intimate	obsequious	pretentious	apathetic

The Face of Beauty

Diane Ackerman

Diane Ackerman was born in 1948 in Waukegan, Illinois, and received degrees from Pennsylvania State University and Cornell University. A prolific writer, Ackerman is admired by readers and critics alike for her poetic skill combined with a wide knowledge of science and natural history. She is best known for several nonfiction works that showcase this combination.

The following essay , which originally appeared in A Natural History of the Senses*, offers a good example of Ackerman's fine eye for detail and her adventurousness, qualities that have won her a wide following.*

In a study in which men were asked to look at photographs of pretty women, it was found they greatly preferred pictures of women whose pupils were dilated. Such pictures caused the pupils of the mens eyes to dilate as much as 30 percent. Of course, this is old news to women of the Italian Renaissance and Victorian England alike, who used to drop belladonna (a poisonous plant in the nightshade family, whose name means beautiful woman) into their eyes to enlarge their pupils before they went out with gentlemen. Our pupils expand involuntarily when were aroused or excited; thus, just seeing a pretty woman with dilated pupils signaled the men that she found them attractive, and that made their pupils begin a body-language tango in reply. When I was on shipboard recently, traveling through the ferocious winds and waves of Drake Passage and the sometimes bouncy waters around the Antarctic peninsula, the South Orkneys, South Georgia, and the Falklands, I noticed that many passengers wore a scopolamine patch behind one ear to combat seasickness. Greatly dilated pupils, a side effect of the patch, began to appear a few days into the trip; everybody one met had large, welcoming eyes, which no doubt encouraged the feeling of immediate friendship and camaraderie. Some people grew to look quite zombielike, as they drank in wide gulps of light, but most seemed especially open and warm. Had they checked, the women would have discovered that their cervixes were dilated, too. In professions where emotion or sincere interests need to be hidden, such as gambling or jade-dealing, people often wear dark glasses to hide intentions visible in their telltale pupils.

We may pretend that beauty is only skin deep, but Aristotle was right when he observed that beauty is a far greater recommendation than any letter of introduction." The sad truth is that attractive people do better in school, where they receive more help, better grades, and less punishment; at work, where they are rewarded with higher pay, more prestigious jobs, and faster promotions; in finding mates, where they tend to be in control of the relationships and make most of the decisions; and among total strangers, who assume them to be interesting, honest, virtuous, and successful. After all, in fairy tales, the first stories most of us hear, the heroes are handsome, the heroines are beautiful, and the wicked sots are ugly. Children learn implicitly that good people are beautiful and bad people are ugly, and society restates that message in many subtle ways as they grow older. So perhaps its not surprising that handsome cadets at West Point achieve a higher rank by the time they graduate, or that a judge is more likely to give an attractive criminal a shorter sentence. In a 1968 study conducted in the New York City prison system, men with scars, deformities, and other physical defects were divided into three groups. The first group received cosmetic surgery, the second intensive counseling and therapy, and the third no treatment at all. A year later, when the researchers checked to see how the men were doing, they discovered that those who had received cosmetic surgery had adjusted the best and were less likely to return to prison. In experiments conducted by corporations, when different photos were attached to the same resume, the more attractive person was hired. Prettier babies are treated better than homelier ones, not just by strangers but by the baby's parents as well. Mothers snuggle, kiss, talk to, play more with their baby if its cute; and fathers of cute babies are also more involved with them.

Attractive children get higher grades on their achievement tests, probably because their good looks win praise, attention, and encouragement from adults. In a 1975 study, teachers were asked to evaluate the records of an eight-year-old who had a low IQ and poor grades. Every teacher saw the same records, but to some the photo of a pretty child was attached, and to others that of a homely one. The teachers were more likely to recommend that the homely child be sent to a class for retarded children. The beauty of another can be a valuable accessory. One particularly interesting study asked people to look at a photo of a man and a woman, and to evaluate only the man. As it turned out, if the woman on the man's arm was pretty, the man was thought to be more intelligent and successful than if the woman was unattractive.

Shocking as the results of these and similar experiments might be, they confirm what we've known for ages: Like it or not, a woman's face has always been to some extent a commodity. A beautiful woman is often able to marry her way out of a lower class and poverty. We remember legendary beauties like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy as symbols of how beauty can be powerful enough to cause the downfall of great leaders and change the career of empires. American women spend millions on makeup each year; in addition, there are the hairdressers, the exercise classes, the diets, the clothes. Handsome men do better as well, but for a man the real commodity is height. One study followed the professional lives of 17,000 men. Those who were at least six feet tall did much better – received more money, were promoted faster, rose to more prestigious positions. Perhaps tall men trigger childhood memories of looking up to authority – only our parents and other adults were tall, and they had all the power to punish or protect, to give absolute love, set our wishes in motion, or block our hopes.

The human ideal of a pretty face varies from culture to culture, of course, and over time, as Abraham Cowley noted in the seventeenth century:

> Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape
> Who dost in every country change thy shape!

But in general what we are probably looking for is a combination of mature and immature looks – the big eyes of a child, which make us feel protective, the high cheekbones and other features of a fully developed woman or man, which make us feel sexy. In an effort to look sexy, we pierce our noses, elongate our earlobes or necks, tattoo our skin, bind our feet, corset our ribs, dye our hair, have the fat liposuctioned from our thighs, and alter our bodies in countless other ways. Throughout most of western history, women were expected to be curvy, soft, and voluptuous, real earth mothers radiant with sensuous fertility. It was a preference with a strong evolutionary basis: A plump woman had a greater store of body fat and the nutrients needed for pregnancy, was more likely to survive during times of hunger, and would be able to protect her growing fetus and breastfeed it once it was born. In many areas of Africa and India, fat is considered not only beautiful but prestigious for both men and women. In the United States, in the Roaring Twenties and also in the Soaring Seventies and Eighties, when ultrathin was in, men wanted women to have the figures of teenage boys, and much psychological hay could be made from how this reflected the changing role of women in society and the work place. These days, most men I know prefer women to have a curvier, reasonably fit body, although most women I know would still prefer to be "too" thin.

But the face has always attracted an admirers first glances, especially the eyes, which can be so smoldery and eloquent, and throughout the ages people have emphasized their facial features with makeup. Archaeologists have found evidence of Egyptian perfumeries and beauty parlors dating to ,000 B.C., and makeup paraphernalia going back to ,000 B.C. The ancient Egyptians preferred green eye shadow topped with a glitter made from crushing the iridescent carapaces of certain beetles; kohl eye liner and mascara; blueblack lipstick; red rouge; and fingers and feet stained with henna. They shaved their eyebrows and drew in false ones. A fashionable Egyptian woman of those days outlined the veins on her breasts in blue and coated her nipples with gold. Her nail polish signaled social status, red indicating the highest. Men also indulged in elaborate potions and beautifiers; and not only for

a night out: Tutankhamen's tomb included jars of makeup and beauty creams for his use in the afterlife. Roman men adored cosmetics, and commanders had their hair coiffed and perfumed and their nails lacquered before they went into battle. Cosmetics appealed even more to Roman women, to one of whom Martial wrote in the first century A.D., "While you remain at home, Galla, your hair is at the hairdressers; you take out your teeth at night and sleep tucked away in a hundred cosmetic boxes -- even your face does not sleep with you. Then you wink at men under an eyebrow you took out of a drawer that same morning." A second-century Roman physician invented cold cream, the formula for which has changed little since then. We may remember from the Old Testament that Queen Jezebel painted her face before embarking on her wicked ways, a fashion she learned from the hightoned Phoenicians in about 850 B.C. In the eighteenth century, European women were willing to eat Arsenic Complexion Wafers to make their skin whiter; it poisoned the hemoglobin in the blood so that they developed a fragile, lunar whiteness. Rouges often contained such dangerous metals as lead and mercury, and when used as lip stain they went straight into the bloodstream. Seventeenth-century European women and men sometimes wore beauty patches in the shape of hearts, suns, moons, and stars, applying them to their breasts and face, to draw an admirers eye away from any imperfections, which, in that era, too often included Smallpox scars.

Studies conducted recently at the University of Louisville asked college men what they considered to be the ideal components in a woman's face, and fed the results into a computer. They discovered that their ideal woman had wide cheekbones; eyes set high and wide apart–a smallish nose; high eyebrows; a Small neat chin; and a Smile that could fill half of the face. On faces deemed pretty," each eye was one-fourteenth as high as the face, and three-tenths its width; the nose didn't occupy more than five percent of the face; the distance from the bottom lip to the chin was one-fifth the height of the face, and the distance from the middle of the eye to the eyebrow was one-tenth the height of the face. Superimpose the faces of many beautiful women onto these computer ratios, and none will match up. What this geometry of beauty boils down to is a portrait of an ideal mother–a young, healthy woman. A mother had to be fertile, healthy, and energetic to protect her young and continue to bear lots of children, many of whom might die in infancy. Men drawn to such women had a stronger chance of their genes surviving. Capitalizing on the continuing subtleties of that appeal, plastic surgeons sometimes advertise with extraordinary bluntness. A California surgeon, Dr. Vincent Forshan, once ran an eight-page color ad in Los Angeles magazine showing a gorgeous young woman with a large, high bosom, flat stomach, high, tight buttocks, and long sleek legs posing beside a red Ferrari. The headline over the photo ran: "Automobile by Ferrari... *body by Forshan*." Question: What do those of us who aren't tall, flawlessly sculpted adolescents do? Answer: Console ourselves with how relative beauty can be. Although it wins our first praise and the helpless gift of our attention, it can curdle before our eyes in a matter of moments. I remember seeing Omar Sharif in *Doctor Zhivago* and *Lawrence of Arabia*, and thinking him astoundingly handsome. When I saw him being interviewed on television some months later, and heard him declare that his only interest in life was playing bridge, which is how he spent most of his spare time, to my great amazement he was transformed before my eyes into an unappealing man. Suddenly his eyes seemed rheumy and his chin stuck out too much and none of the pieces of his anatomy fell together in the right proportions. Ive watched this alchemy work in reverse, too, when a not-particularly-attractive stranger opened his mouth to speak and became ravishing. Thank heavens for the arousing qualities of zest, intelligence, wit, curiosity, sweetness, passion, talent, and grace. Thank heavens that, though good looks may rally ones attention, a lasting sense of a persons beauty reveals itself in stages. Thank heavens, as Shakespeare puts it in *A Midsummer Nights Dream*: "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind."

Ackerman, Diane. "The Face of Beauty." *A Natural History of the Senses*. New York: Vintage, 1991. 199-205. Print.

Name: Date:

Essay title and author

What is the author's purpose in this essay? To inform? To persuade? To entertain? Explain.

Identify then summarize (in your own words) the thesis or central claim (or argument) of the text:

Cite a passage that illustrates the author's thesis or central claim and discuss it.

Describe the essay's tone:	What particular words and phrases reveal the essay's tone?

Cite additional text that develops / supports / illustrates the writer's purpose. Point out specific passages, lines, words, and phrases.

How does this essay connect with other reading you've done, observations you've made, or experiences you've had?

Describe the audience for this essay. How do you know?

What other features or ideas did you find remarkable or engaging about this essay? Explain.

The Death of Benny Paret

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer's literary interests have ranged widely over the years, from novels to nonfiction and journalism, from politics, sports, feminism, and lunar exploration to popular culture, ancient Egyptian culture, and criminality. This is an account of a fight where Mailer himself was present and saw one of the boxers die.

On the afternoon of the night Emile Griffith and Benny Paret were to fight the third time for the welterweight championship, there was murder in both camps. "I hate that kind of guy," Paret had said earlier to Pete Hamill about Griffith. "A fighter's got to look and talk and act like a man." One of the Broadway gossip columnists had run an item about Griffith a few days before. His girl friend saw it and said to Griffith, "Emile, I didn't know about your being that way." So Griffith hit her. So he said. Now at the weigh-in morning, Paret had insulted Griffith irrevocably, touching him on the buttocks, while making a few more remarks about his manhood. They almost had a fight on the scales.

The rage in Emile Griffith was extreme. I was at the fight that night, I had never seen a fight like it. It was scheduled for fifteen rounds, but they fought without stopping from the bell which began the round to the bell which ended it, and they fought after the bell, sometimes for as much as fifteen seconds before the referee could force them apart.

Paret was a Cuban, a proud club fighter who had become welterweight champion because of his unusual ability to take a punch. His style of fighting was to take three punches to the head in order to give back two. At the end of ten rounds, he would still be bouncing, his opponent would have a headache. But in the last two years, over the fifteen-round fights, he had started to take some bad maulings.

This fight had its turns. Griffith won most of the early rounds, but Paret knocked Griffith down in the sixth. Griffith had trouble getting up, but made it, came alive and was dominating Paret again before the round was over. Then Paret began to wilt. In the middle of the eighth round, after a clubbing punch had turned his back to Griffith, Paret walked three disgusted steps away, showing his hindquarters. For a champion, he took much too long to turn back around. It was the first hint of weakness Paret had ever shown, and it must have inspired a particular shame, because he fought the rest of the fight as if he were seeking to demonstrate that he could take more punishment than any man alive. In the twelfth, Griffith caught him. Paret got trapped in a corner. Trying to duck away, his left arm and his head became tangled on the wrong side of the top rope. Griffith was in like a cat ready to rip the life out of a huge boxed rat. He hit him eighteen right hands in a row, an act which took perhaps three or four seconds, Griffith making a pent-up whimpering sound all the while he attacked, the right hand whipping like a piston rod which has broken through the crankcase, or like a baseball bat demolishing a pumpkin. I was sitting in the second row of that corner—they were not ten feet away from me, and like everybody else, I was hypnotized. I had never seen one man hit another so hard and so many times. Over the referee's face came a look of woe as if some spasm had passed its way through him, and then he leaped on Griffith to pull him away. It was the act of a brave man. Griffith was uncontrollable. His trainer leaped into the ring, his manager, his cut man, there were four people holding Griffith, but he was off on an orgy, he had left the Garden, he was back on a hoodlum's street. If he had been able to break loose from his handlers and the referee, he would have jumped Paret to the floor and whaled on him there.

And Paret? Paret died on his feet. As he took those eighteen punches something happened to everyone who was in psychic range of the event. Some part of his death reached out to us. One felt it hover in the air. He was still standing in the ropes, trapped as he had been before, he gave some little half-smile of regret, as if he were saying, “I didn’t know I was going to die just yet,” and then, his head leaning back but still erect, his death came to breathe about him. He began to pass away. As he passed, so his limbs descended beneath him, and he sank slowly to the floor. He went down more slowly than any fighter had ever gone down, he went down like a large ship which turns on end and slides second by second into its grave. As he went down, the sound of Griffith’s punches echoed in the mind like a heavy ax in the distance chopping into a wet log.

Mailer, Norman. "The Death of Benny Paret" The Time of Our Time. London: Abacus, 1999. 194-95. Print.

Name: Date:

Essay title and author

What is the author's purpose in this essay? To inform? To persuade? To entertain? Explain.

Identify then summarize (in your own words) the thesis or central claim (or argument) of the text:

Cite a passage that illustrates the author's thesis or central claim and discuss it.

Describe the essay's tone:	What particular words and phrases reveal the essay's tone?

Cite additional text that develops / supports / illustrates the writer's purpose. Point out specific passages, lines, words, and phrases.

How does this essay connect with other reading you've done, observations you've made, or experiences you've had?

Describe the audience for this essay. How do you know?

What other features or ideas did you find remarkable or engaging about this essay? Explain.

Influenza, 1918

Jane Brox

In her essay "lnfluenza 1918", originally published in The Georgia Review, *Jane Brox describes the epidemic of influenza, or flu, that took the lives of hundreds of thousands of people around the world. To convey a sense of just what this epidemic was like. Brox focuses on the small farming community of Lawrence, Massachusetts, where she grew up. Brox takes us close to the people whose lives were at first disrupted and then devastated by the outbreak of the disease. She makes us care about these local people by putting them before us through carefully controlled descriptive detail.*

By zeroing in closely on the commonplace lives of ordinary people in an unexceptional place. Brox is able to suggest the immensity of the human tragedy the influenza epidemic wrought. She brings us into the streets of the town where the flu was raging. She takes us behind the closed doors of houses, where entire families were suffering, many to die while tended by each other, and still others to succumb to the inevitable onslaught of the disease in the makeshift hospital tent the town constructed on Tower Hill. Making the past present, Brox writes a kind of you-are-there history of immediacy and power.

In ordinary times, the bankers, lawyers, and mill owners who lived on Tower Hill opened their doors to a quiet broken only by the jostle of a laden milk wagon, the first stirrings of a wind in the elms, or the quavering notes of a sparrow. It was the height of country; the air, sweet and clear. Looking east from their porches they could survey miles of redbrick textile mills that banked the canals and the sluggish Merrimack, as well as the broad central plain mazed with tenements. To their west was a patchwork of small dairy holdings giving over to the blue distance. But for the thirty-one mornings of October 1918 those men adjusted gauze masks over their mouths and noses as they set out for work in the cold tinged dawn, and they kept their eyes to the ground so as not to see what they couldn't help but hear: the clatter of motorcars and horse-drawn wagons over the paving stones, as day and night without ceasing the ambulances ran up the hill bringing sufferers from the heart of the city and the hearses carried them away.

It had started as a seemingly common thing–what the line-storm season always brings, born on its wind and on our breath, something that would run its course in the comfort of camphor and bed rest. At first there had been no more than six or eight or ten cases a day reported in the city, and such news hardly took up a side column in the papers which were full of soldiers' obituaries and reports of a weakening Germany. As September wore on, however, the death notices of victims of the flu began to outnumber the casualties of war. Finally it laid low so many the Lawrence Board of Health set aside its usual work of granting permits to keep roosters, charting the milk supply, and inspecting tenements. The flu took up all its talk–how it was to be treated, how contained, how to stay ahead of the dead. The sufferers needed fresh air and isolation and care had to be consolidated to make the most of the scarce orderlies. So the board took a page from other stricken cities and voted to construct a makeshift tent hospital on their highest, most open land that offered the best air, which was the leeward side of Tower Hill where a farm still spread across the slope.

Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1918 was largely a city of immigrants who had come for work in the textile mills. Most had been in the city for only a short time and still spoke Polish, Arabic, French, Italian German–forty-five different languages and dialects within the square miles of the central district. They made worsteds and woolens; they were dyers, cutters, and weavers. They fixed the looms, rigged the warps, and felt along the yardage for slubs, working more fifty hours a week, breathing in air white with cloth dust. At home they breathed in the smells of rubbish and night soil that drifted up from the

alleyways between tenements. Where they lived was low-lying, so such smells, together with smoke and ash, hung in the air. Their was sparse. They were crowded into their rooms. The flu cut right through, spreading ahead of its own rumors, passing on a handshake and on the wind and with the lightest kiss. No spitting. No sharing food. Keep your hands clean. Avoid crowds. Walk everywhere. Sleep with your windows open.

They slept to the sound of rain–rain pouring from their roofs turning the alleyways into thick mud, rain on the wandering hens pecking at stones in the streets, rain on the silenced pigeons puffed and caged in their coops. At times it was hard, driven from the north like mares hooves on their roofs, drowning the parsley and oregano set in enamel basins on the window ledges. Other times it fell soft and fine out of a pale gray sky, making circles fragile as wrists on the surfaces of the canals before being lost to the brown, frothy water there. And sometimes it was no more than a mist that settled in the low places, obscuring the bottoms of the stairwells and the barrels and the piles of sawdust, only to shift and reveal the same world as always. Then the rain would gather its strength again, seeming to rake their lives all that much harder. Scrap coal couldn't keep away its chill.

A doctor may as well have gone house to house down Common, Haverhill, and Jackson streets, so numerous were the cases. Often his knock would go unanswered, since it wasn't the family who had sought him out. More likely the sickness had been reported by their landlord or neighbor–afraid that the influenza would spread–so the doctor heard a sudden silence within and a face at the window disappearing into shadow. What kept the families from responding wasn't a lack of a common language so much as the fear that the doctor would tack a card to the door warning of the infection within, and the greater fear that their sick children would be ordered to the tent hospital. Once there, they wouldn't be seen again until they were dead or cured.

When the doctor finally gained entrance–at times with the help of the police–he could find whole families had been laid low, with the sick tending those who were sicker. They had sacks of camphor around their necks, or mustard spread on their chests, a cup of chamomile by the cot. Whiskey, garlic and onions weighed in the air. Some sufferers lay in windowless rooms where the damp had kept in the smoke from a low coal fire, and what light there was wavered from a kerosene lamp. Almost always the disease had gone beyond a cough and aches and a runny nose. There was blood mixed in with their phlegm, and they couldn't move from their beds. In the worst cases their skin was tinted blue.

One doctor could see hundreds of cases a day, and in his haste to complete his records, he sometimes left out the ages of the victims and often the names. They come down now in the *Influenza Journal* distinguished only by their address or their nationality: *four Cases, 384 Common Street (downstairs*). Or: *Mother and Child. Baby Rossano*. *Father and Son*. *A Syrian fellow*. *Polish man*. When the rain finally let up and days of mist lifted to bring on clear dry air, the number of influenza cases still didn't slow. Every woman who gave birth, it seems, died. The elderly, schoolchildren, and infants, yes–but of was how it took the young and healthy who had never been sick in their lives. Just yesterday they had worked a full day.

The entrance to the tent hospital on Tower Hill was clotted with ambulances arriving with patients and standing ambulances awaiting their dispatch orders. Many were still horse drawn, and the mares stood uneasy in the confusion. The motorized cars idled and choked the air with gasoline, the tang of which overlay the warm, familiar smells of hay and animal sweat. Everyone wore gauze masks, and there was no talk but orders. *Don't back up. Bring that one over here*. Nurses checked the pulse and color of patients and listened to their lungs. W*e need more masks*. *Find me a doctor. Help me with this one*. The gate was patrolled by a military guard to assure that only the sufferers and those who tended them went beyond. Waiting black hacks stood three deep.

Every day at 5 a.m. a soldier blew reveille. The quick, bright notes parted the confusion at the entrance and gleamed above the hospital grounds–a far call from a country those patients no longer came from. The general din at the gate may as well have been the sound of a market day in a port city, and they, drowsing on a ship that had pulled away. They didn't stir. It was

no concern of theirs, each in his or her own tent, the tent flap open to the back of a neighboring tent. Tents were arranged in rows, in wards, and in precincts, making a grid of the old hayfield. Its crickets were silent. Its summer birds had flown. Electrical wires hung on makeshift poles, and you could hear them swaying in the storms. The soaked canvas flanks of the tents ballooned in a wind and settled back on their frames. Boardwalks had been laid down between the tents, and footfalls, softened by the drenched wood. m near and receded. The nuns' habits swished. What country was this? A cough. A groan. The stricken tossed in their fevers. Their muscles ached. One moment they had the sweats; the next, chills. In forty-five different languages and dialects they called for water and warmth.

Many were cared for in words they couldn't understand. The student nurses and sisters of Saint Jeanne d'Arc spoke both English and French, but to the Germans and Italians and Syrians their voices may just as well have been more soft rain. A face half covered with gauze leaned near their own. They were given water to drink. Cool cloths were placed on their brows. They were wrapped in blankets and wheeled outside for more air. Someone listened to their hearts and then to their bogged-down lungs. A spoonful of thick serum was lifted to their lips. Their toes and fingertips turned blue from a lack of oxygen. In many pneumonia set in.

It was the same suffering in each tent, in each ward, in each precinct of the hospital. And the same in the surrounding country, in all cities, in all the known nations of the world. It struck those already stricken with war in the military camps, the troop ships, the trenches, in the besieged villages along the Meuse, in the devastated plain called the Somme, in the Argonne woods. It struck those who knew nothing of the war–all the Eskimos in a remote outpost, villagers in China. Some died without having given it a name. Others called it "the grippe" the flu–influenza–meaning "under the influence of the stars," under Orion and the Southern Cross, under the Bear, the Pole Star, and the Pleiades.

When care failed in the Tower Hill hospital, the sisters of Saint Jeanne d'Arc closed the eyes of the dead, blessed the body in the language that they knew, blessed themselves, and closed the tent. The sisters on the next shift said a last prayer in front of each closed tent and turned to the living.

In the central city those who were spared became captive to a strange, altered music. All the sounds of their streets–voices and songs, teams hauling loads over paving stones, elm whips cracking the air and animals, bottles nudging one another in the back of a truck, the deliberate tread of the iceman on their stairs–all these were no longer heard. Or they weren't heard as usual. Survivors strained at the absence, as they were listening for slowing water after a cold snap, water now trapped and nearly silenced by clear ice. Schools and movie houses had been ordered closed and bolted shut: public gatherings were curtailed. Workers, their numbers halved, walked down Essex Street to the mills in a slackened ribbon. Their tamped-down gossip touched only on who had been stricken, who had died in the might. They traded preventions and cures, some wearing masks, others with garlic hung around their necks. More pronounced than the usual smells of the fouled canals or lanolin or grease were the head-clearing scents of camphor and carbolic soap.

The flow of supply wagons slowed as well. There was no commerce in bolts of velvet, silk puffs, worsted suits, or pianos. Bakers who used to shape one hundred granary loaves a day–split and seeded and washed with a glaze of milk–took to preparing fifty or sixty unadorned loaves. In the corner groceries, scab spread on the early apple crop, grapes softened then soured, and pears turned overripe in their crates.

The absence filled with uncommon sounds. Children with nowhere to go played in the streets and in the parks as if it were another kind of summer. They sang their jumprope songs and called out sides in the letups between rains. The pharmacies swarmed with customers looking for Vapo-rub, germicide, and ice. And all the carpenters–whether they had formerly spent their days roughing out tenements or carving details into table legs–had turned to making pine boxes. Their sawing and the sound of bright nails driving into soft wood could be heard long into the might. Even so, coffins remained scarce and expensive.

The streets running up to Tower Hill rushed with ambulances, police cars, and fire engines. The alleyways and

side streets were clogged with passing funerals. Meager corteges were everywhere–there, out of the corner of an eye, or coming straight on. In hopes of slowing the spread of the epidemic, the board of health had limited the size of the funerals to one carriage. They prohibited church services for the dead, and forbade anyone other than the immediate family to accompany the coffin. So, a black hack or a utility wagon with a loose knot of mourners following on foot behind was all. Some of the grieving were sick themselves, some barely recovered, and they had trouble keeping up if the hack driver was proceeding faster than he should–there were so many, had been so many, and someone else was waiting for his services. The processions appeared to be blown by a directionless wind down home streets past the millworks and across the bridge to the burial grounds on the outskirts of the city.

The mourners entered a place starred with freshly closed graves and open graves with piles of earth next to them–clay, sea-worn gravel, sodden sandy loam. The gravediggers kept on shoveling–they had long stopped looking up from their work. Even so, they couldn't stay ahead, and most of the coffins had to be escorted to the yard and left near the entrance along with others to await a later burial. Few of the processions were accompanied by ministers or priests. The parents or children or sisters of the deceased bowed their heads and said their own prayers. Perhaps they threw a handful of earth on the set-aside box. Maybe they lay a clutch of asters on the top. So plain and unsacred, it may just as well have been a death in the wilderness. Small. A winter spider crawling across an old white wall.

“We knew it was serious, but we didn't know how serious,” my father says. The farm is less than five miles to the west of Lawrence, but by the time news reached here, it was muted and slowed–no more than a rumor on the sea winds biting in from Cape Ann. Their eastward view was open then, and they could see the leeward slope of Tower Hill, though it was far enough away to appear plainly blue. On the first of October 1918 they woke to see the flanks of those white canvas tents set in columns and rows across the hill. And that night the horizon was so crowded with lights that it must have seemed as if the heart of the city had grown closer.

As in the city, whole families on some farms were stricken, others spared. His family was spared–all he knew of the flu then was chips of camphor in an old sock around his neck, and his mother whispering to his father in the evenings: “You’ll bring it here. . . .” His aunt and uncle, who had a nearby farm, and his cousins all came down with it in turn. It had begun when his uncle, for all his old strength, just couldn't get up. His aunt cared for him, until the whole household was confined to their beds. No doctor came. My grandfather, after he had tended his own herd, saw to theirs–to their water and grain, as well as the milking. He drew water for the house and brought them bread. He’d light the fires and bring in a days supply of wood. Even so, with the windows open the rooms felt as cold as quarried granite.

The last to contract it, the youngest boy, died. The parents, still weak, were slow to perform the offices of the strong. They washed the body and had to rest. It seemed to take most of a day to make a respectable, small pine coffin. They cleaned the front room, set the coffin in the bay window, and took their turns sitting beside it. Not even small things were the same. Not the rust-colored chrysanthemums blooming against the kitchen door. Not the lingering fragrance of thyme and mint in the yard.

And the large things to be done–the work that had waited all through their sickness–waited still and weighed heavier. It was late enough in the year so that the weeding didn't matter anymore. But carrots, potatoes, and cabbages had to be harvested and stored. Wood to be gotten in. The late apple tree was laden with fruit–Ben Davis apples would cling to the branches all winter if you let them. Enough work to fill their days for as long as they could foresee.

There are two small, walled-in graveyards in the middle of our farm. They seem odd and adrift now among our fields and woods, though in the early part of this century there had been a Protestant church adjoining them. It was pulled down for salvage sometime in the forties, and its granite steps are now my parents' doorstone. My father sits on one of the pews when he pulls off

his work boots. He will be buried among those graves, just up the hill behind a white birch. But in those years only the names of the settlers–Richardson, Coburn, Clough–had been chiseled into the stones. It wasn't a place for recent immigrants to be buried, so his uncle's family walked behind the coffin to Lawrence and set their child beside all the recent victims in the city. The mounds of earth beside the open graves were composed of heavier and stonier soils than any they had cultivated in the arid land they had been born to. Impossible to return to that country now, though they said their words in Arabic before turning west out of the gate.

For another week after the funeral they could still see the tents, white in the new days, just like yesterday. Then at the end of October the epidemic broke, the fires were banked. The tent hospital was taken down in a driving rain, and the stricken were moved to winter quarters at the General Hospital. At night Tower Hill once again appeared darker than the night sky. Predictable quiet returned to the neighborhood of mill owners, bankers, lawyers. The schools opened again, then the theaters. The policemen and firemen took off their gauze masks. On the twelfth of November, even the Red Cross workers marched in the Victory Day parade. When the city looked up, they counted more dead of the flu than of the war.

The winter of 1918 was so cold that the water over the Lawrence dam froze and had to be dynamited. The following spring, the field where the tent hospital had stood was seeded in hay. It was mown three times that summer and winds swept the timothy and redtop. Here, after the child had become bone, a liturgy was said for him. A child whose life is no longer given a name or a length, so short it is remembered by the one fact of his death.

It is a summer evening, and my father sits on his porch, looking at our own horizon. The long simple line of the hill is gone. Pine and maple have grown up and buildings square off against the sky. Out of nowhere he mentions the lights of the tent hospital, as if he could still see them, strange and clear.

Authors Note

I am indebted to the Immigrant City Archives Historical Society of Lawrence, Massachusetts, where I was able to consult the Records of the Board of Health, January 1918–April 1931, and the Board of Health Influenza Journal, 1918– 1920. In addition, the Archives house recordings of oral histories. Listening to these voices was invaluable to my understanding of the atmosphere of the time. The recordings made of the recollections of Daniel Murphy and Sister Jeanne dArc were particularly helpful. I am also indebted to Alfred Crosby's *A Forgotten Pandemic: The Influenza of 1918* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989) and to two local newspapers, the Lawrence Telegram and the Lawrence Sun American (September–November 1918).

Brox, Jane. "Influenza, 1918." *The Best American Essays.* New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1997. 301-06. Print.

Name: Date:

Essay title and author

What is the author's purpose in this essay? To inform? To persuade? To entertain? Explain.

Identify then summarize (in your own words) the thesis or central claim (or argument) of the text:

Cite a passage that illustrates the author's thesis or central claim and discuss it.

Describe the essay's tone:	What particular words and phrases reveal the essay's tone?

Cite additional text that develops / supports / illustrates the writer's purpose. Point out specific passages, lines, words, and phrases.

How does this essay connect with other reading you've done, observations you've made, or experiences you've had?

Describe the audience for this essay. How do you know?

What other features or ideas did you find remarkable or engaging about this essay? Explain.

Part III: Writing a Movie Review

Yeah we say “I liked it”, or “I didn't like it” when talking to friends, but to truly make a salient point, we need to say more; we need to say *why*. This is analysis. We’re writing a movie review to really be clear about the *why*. You can like it. You can hate it. You just need to articulate *why*.

First, try to formulate a specific opinion in one sentence. Your job as reviewer is to give an opinion of the movie. Ultimately, this may come down to a "thumbs up" or "four stars out of five." But you want to have in mind a specific argument to drive your critique. For example, "I didn't like this sequel" becomes "the story had funny moments but it went on too long and merely rehashed the jokes of the original”. "This horror movie is good" becomes "this horror movie works because it builds suspense right up until the end”. So, try to find your own very specific opinion that will be the foundation of your film review.

Process

Step 1
Read a bunch of professional movie reviews. One website that aggregates many great reviews is rottentomatoes,com. Search for a film you’ve seen. Scroll down to the excerpted reviews. Reviews with a tomato indicate that the reviewer liked the film. Reviews with a splat indicate that the reviewer did not. Follow the links. Read a few. Notice each individual’s opinion coloring the review. Now search for another film.

Step 2
Pick a movie you’ve recently seen and interact with it! Begin writing about it.

What you won’t find next is steps 3-10. Figure it out. Write about the characters. Write about the acting. Write about the editing. Get stuck. Go back and read more reviews. Write about what the movie asks you to write about.

Movie reviews are typically 250 to 500 words. Yours should be the same. Have it printed (or hand-written) and ready to hand in on the first day of class.

Need to know the name of the actor? Director? The year it came out?

imdb.com **is a great site. (Internet Movie Database).** Search for a film. Scroll down. Click around. Voila. All the information you can possibly need for your review.