

V *Inglés* in the Colleges

It was said to be the oldest apartment house in the city of Seattle: from nineteenth-century loggers' quarters to warehouse to tenement. It stood on a hill at the gateway to the south side. Nights would be filled with the sounds of foghorns coming in from the Puget Sound and the sounds of gunfire from within the neighborhood.

There were other sounds as well. There was the whirring of a sewing machine long into the night: the Vietnamese family doing piecework for a company that made baseball caps. There were the clucks of chickens or honks of geese from the Cambodian family, the crack of a rock when fowl were slaughtered for food. The whoops of joy from the Nigerian fellow the day he was served with deportation papers (couldn't have afforded to return to his home otherwise). The screams of anguish from the panhandler a few doors down the day the government worker took her children away. The long talks about Latin American coffee from the retired merchant marine with the game leg. There was the occasional shout through the kitchen window: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Angry talk about American academics from the apartment manager: a man from India who had recently gotten his Ph.D. in history from the prestigious university but couldn't land a job. There were the family sounds: children at play; the clickings of a 1941 Remington typewriter long enough into the night to know of the whirring sewing machine next door; the nightly screeching and scratching of rats crawling within the walls; the crunching on cockroach carcasses the day the exterminator came by. These were the sounds that came from and came to the one-bedroom apartment of Victor and Carol and their children. And there was the friendly chatter when all gathered by the mailboxes on the eighth of each month, anticipating the mailman and food stamps, discussing different versions of what that great meal would be that night, enjoying a few days' balm after long sorenesses.

Summer mornings, Carol would walk down to the free-bus zone to get to her job in telemarketing, bothering people in their homes for minimum wage. Victor would go with his daughter to the food bank on Empire Way—mainstreet in the heart of the ghetto, the

location of the Welfare office, the empire's way—then to the food bank at the Freemont District, then the food bank at the local Catholic Church. Some bags would contain frozen juices or frozen burritos or frozen turnovers, but the apartment had no working freezer and no working oven. Miles for meals. Carol would return, and Victor would walk the five miles to the University to teach his basic-writing class. Pride at teaching; humiliation at food-bank lines, free government cheese and butter lines, welfare lines. He had known greater affluence as a sergeant in the Army. Dr. V, the college professor, can still make that claim, the difference between then and now, matters of degree rather than kind. But he had made a choice, had opted out of the army.

The morality of war, the morality of military occupation, the morality of forced separation from family, all had become unignorable. Memories of Dad speaking about the Americans who would be in charge of the virtually all Puerto Rican American forces in Puerto Rico, of the resentment Dad heard about from the Panamanians when he had served as an American soldier in Panama; Dad's discharge papers reading "WPR," White Puerto Rican; Dad's dissertations on the large American corporations' profiting by being located in Puerto Rico but not passing on the profits to the majority of Puerto Ricans on the Island—all such memories had come flooding back as he thought of his experiences in the Army, especially in Korea, the similarities unignorable. And there were the officers the sergeant from *el blogue* had served under, particularly those whose sole qualification for leadership seemed to be their college degrees, those who seemed no brighter than he, no more competent. And there was Walter Myles, a peer, from the block, even if in Palo Alto; Walter, of color—and a college graduate. It was time to move on, away from the Army.

I wanted to try my hand at college, go beyond the GED. But college scared me. I had been told long ago that college wasn't my lot.

He drives by the University District of Seattle during his last days in the military and sees the college kids, long hair and sandals, baggy short pants on the men, long, flowing dresses on the women, some men in suits, some women in high heels, all carrying backpacks over one shoulder. There is both purpose and contentment in the air. Storefronts carry names like Dr. Feelgood and Magus Bookstore, reflecting the good feelings and magic he senses. A block away is the University, red tiles and green grass, rolling hills and tall pines, apple and cherry blossoms, the trees shading modern monoliths of gray concrete and gothic, church-like buildings of red brick. And he says to himself, "Maybe in the next life."

He must be content with escaping a life at menial labor, at being able to bank on the skills in personnel management he had acquired in the Army. But there are only two takers. The large department-store chain would hire him as a management trainee—a shoe salesman on commission, no set income, but a trainee could qualify for GI Bill benefits as well as the commissions. Not good enough, not getting paid beyond the GI Bill; and a sales career wasn't good enough either, the thought of his mother's years as a saleslady, years lost, still in memory. A finance corporation offers him a job: management trainee. The title: Assistant Manager. The job: bill collector, with low wage, but as a trainee, qualified to supplement with the GI Bill. The combined pay would be good, but he would surely lose his job in time, would be unable to be righteously indignant like the bill collectors he has too often had to face too often are, unable to bother people like Mom and Dad, knowing that being unable to meet bills isn't usually a moral shortcoming but most often an economic condition.

The GI Bill had come up again, however, setting the "gettinover" wheels in motion. The nearby community college charges ninety dollars a quarter tuition, would accept him on the strength of his GED scores. That would mean nearly four hundred dollars a month from the GI Bill, with only thirty dollars a month for schooling ("forgetting" to account for books and supplies). What a get-over! There would be immediate profit in simply going to school. And if he failed, there would be nothing lost. And if he succeeded, an Associate degree in something. He'd be better equipped to brave the job market again.

So he walks onto the community college campus in the summer of 1976. It's not the campus of the University of Washington. It's more like Dominguez High School in California. But it is a college. Chemistry: a clumsiness at the lab, but relative grace at mathematical equations and memorization. French is listening to audiotapes and filling out workbooks. History is enjoyable stories, local lore from a retired newsman, easy memorization for the grade.

Then there is English, There are the stories, the taste he had always had for reading, now peppered with talk of philosophy and psychology and tensions and textures. Writing is 200 words on anything, preceded by a sentence outline. He'd write about Korea and why *The Rolling Stone* could write about conspiracies of silence, or he'd write about the problems in trying to get a son to understand that he is Puerto Rican when the only Puerto Ricans he knows are his grandparents; he'd write about whatever seemed to be on his mind at the time. The night before a paper would be due, he'd gather pen and pad, and stare. Clean the dishes. Stare. Watch an "I Love Lucy" rerun. Stare. Then sometime in

the night the words would come. He'd write; scratch something out; draw arrows shifting paragraphs around; add a phrase or two. Then he'd pull out the erasable bond, making changes even as he typed, frantic to be done before school. Then he'd use the completed essay to type out an outline, feeling a little guilty about having cheated in not having produced the outline first.

The guilt showed one day when Mrs. Ray, the Indian woman in traditional dress with a Ph.D. in English from Oxford, part-time instructor at the community college, said there was a problem with his writing. She must have been able to tell somehow that he was discovering what to write while writing, no prior thesis statement, no outline, just a vague notion that would materialize, magically, while writing. In her stark, small office she hands him a sheet with three familiar sayings mimeoed on it; instructs him to write on one, right there, right then. He writes on "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." No memory of what he had written, probably forgotten during the writing. Thirty minutes or so later, she takes the four or five pages he had written; she reads; she smiles; then she explains that she had suspected plagiarism in his previous writings. She apologizes, saying she found his writing "too serious," too abstract, not typical of her students. He is not insulted; he is flattered. He knew he could read; now he knew he could write well enough for college.

English 102, Mr. Lukens devotes a portion of the quarter to Afro-American literature. Victor reads Ishmael Reed, "I'm a Cowboy in the Boat of Ra." It begins,

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra,
 sidewinders in the saloons of fools bit my
 forehead like O
 the untrustworthiness of Egyptologists
 Who do not know their trips. Who was that
 dog faced man? they asked, the day I rode
 from town.

School marms with halitosis cannot see
 the Nefertitti fake chipped on the run by slick
 germans, the hawk behind Sonny Rollins' head or
 the ritual beard of his axe; a longhorn winding
 its bells thru the Field of Reeds.

There was more, but by this point he was already entranced and excited. Poetry has meaning, more than the drama of Mark Antony's speech years back.

Mr. Lukens says that here is an instance of poetry more for effect (or maybe *affect*) than for meaning, citing a line from Archibald MacLeish: "A poem should not mean / But be."

But there *was* meaning in this poem. Victor writes about it. In the second stanza, the chipped Nefertitti, a reference to a false black history, with images from "The Maltese Falcon" and war movies. The "School marms" Reed mentions are like the schoolmasters at Hamilton, unknowing and seeming not to know of being unknowing. Sonny Rollins' axe and the Field of Reeds: a saxophone, a reed instrument, the African American's links to Egypt, a history whitewashed by "Egyptologists / Who do not know their trips:" He understood the allusions, appreciated the wordplay. The poem had the politics of Bracy, the language of the block, TV of the fifties, together in the medium Mr. D had introduced to Victor, Papi, but now more powerful. This was fun; this was politics, This was Victor's history, his life with language play.

Years later, Victor is on a special two-man panel at a conference of the Modern Language Association. He shares the podium with Ishmael Reed. Victor gives a talk on "Teaching as Social Action," receives applause, turns to see Ishmael Reed looking him in the eye, applauding loudly. He tries to convey how instrumental this "colleague" had been in his life.

He'll be an English major. Mr. Lukens is his advisor, sets up the community college curriculum in such a way as to have all but the major's requirements for a BA from the University of Washington out of the way. The University of Washington is the only choice: it's relatively nearby, tuition for Vietnam veterans is \$176 a quarter. "Maybe in this life."

His AA degree in his back pocket, his heart beating audibly with exhilaration and fear, he walks up the campus of the University of Washington, more excited than at Disneyland when he was sixteen. He's proud: a regular transfer student, no special minority waivers. The summer of 1977.

But the community is not college in the same way the University is. The community college is torn between vocational training and preparing the unprepared for traditional university work. And it seems unable to resolve the conflict (see Cohen and Brawer). His high community-college GPA is no measure of what he is prepared to undertake at the University. He fails at French 103, unable to carry the French conversations, unable to do the reading, unable to do the writing, dropping the course before the failure becomes a matter of record. He starts again. French 101, only to find he is still not really competitive with the white kids who had had high school French. But he cannot fail, and he does not fail, thanks to hour after hour with French tapes after his son's in bed.

English 301, the literature survey, is fun. Chaucer is a ghetto boy, poking fun at folks, the rhyming reminding him of when he did the dozens on the block; Chaucer telling bawdy jokes: "And at the wyndow out she putte hir hole.. . 'A berd, a berd!', quod hende Nicholas." So this is literature, Chaucer surely ain't white. At least he doesn't sound white, "the first to write poetry in the vernacular," he's told. Spenser is exciting: images of knights and damsels distressing, magic and dragons, the *Lord of the Rings* that he had read in Korea paling in the comparison. Donne is a kick: trying to get laid when he's Jack Donne, with a rap the boys from the block could never imagine; building church floors with words on a page when he's Dr. John Donne. Every reading is an adventure, never a nod, no matter how late into the night the reading. For his first paper, Victor, the 3.8 at Tacoma Community College, gets 36 out of a possible 100 "for your imagination," written alongside the grade.

I was both devastated and determined, my not belonging was verified but I was not ready to be shut down, not so quickly. So to the library to look up what the Professor himself had published: *Proceedings of the Spenser Society*. I had no idea what the Professor was going on about in his paper, but I could see the pattern: an introduction that said something about what others had said, what he was going to be writing about, in what order, and what all this would prove; details about what he said he was going to be writing about, complete with quotes, mainly from the poetry, not much from other writers on Spenser; and a "therefore:" It wasn't the five-paragraph paper Mr. Lukens had insisted on, not just three points, not just repetition of the opening in the close, but the pattern was essentially the same. The next paper: 62 out of 100 and a "Much better." Course grade: B. Charity.

I never vindicated myself with that professor. I did try, tried to show that I didn't need academic charity. Economic charity was hard enough. I took my first graduate course from him. This time I got an "All well and good, but what's the point?" alongside a "B" for a paper. I had worked on that paper all summer long.

I have had to face that same professor, now a Director of Freshman Writing, at conferences. And with every contact, feelings of insecurity well up from within, the feeling that I'm seen as the minority (a literal term in academics for those of us of color), the feeling of being perceived as having gotten through *because* I am a minority, an insecurity I face

often. But though I never got over the stigma with that professor (whether real or imagined), I did get some idea on how to write for the University.

Professorial Discourse Analysis became a standard practice: go to the library; see what the course's professor had published; try to discern a pattern to her writing; try to mimic the pattern. Some would begin with anecdotes. Some would have no personal pronouns. Some would cite others' research. Some would cite different literary works to make assertions about one literary work. Whatever they did, I would do too. And it worked, for the most part, so that I could continue the joy of time travel and mind travel with those, and within those, who wrote about things I had discovered I liked to think about: Shakespeare and work versus pleasure, religion and the day-to-day world, racism, black Othello and the Jewish Merchant of Venice; Dickens and the impossibility of really getting into the middle class (which I read as "race," getting into the white world, at the time), pokes at white folks (though the Podsnaps were more likely jabs at the middle class); Milton and social responsibility versus religious mandates; Yeats and being assimilated and yet other (critically conscious with a cultural literacy; I'd say now); others and other themes. And soon I was writing like I had written in the community college: some secondary reading beforehand, but composing the night before a paper was due, a combination of fear that nothing will come and faith that something would eventually develop, then revising to fit the pattern discovered in the Professorial Discourse Analysis, getting "A's" and "B's;" and getting comments like "I never saw that before"

There were failures, of course. One professor said my writing was too formulaic. One professor said it was too novel. Another wrote only one word for the one paper required of the course: "nonsense." But while I was on the campus I could escape and not. I could think about the things that troubled me or intrigued me, but through others' eyes in other times and other places. I couldn't get enough, despite the pain and the insecurity.

School becomes his obsession. There is the education. But the obsession is as much, if not more, in getting a degree, not with a job in mind, just the degree, just because he thinks he can, despite all that has said he could not. His marriage withers away, not with rancor, just melting into a dew. The daily routine has him taking the kid to a daycare/school at 6:00 a.m., then himself to school, from school to work as a groundskeeper for a large apartment complex; later, a maintenance man, then a garbage man, then a plumber, sometimes coupled with other

jobs: shipping clerk for the library test proctor. From work to pick up the kid from school, prepare dinner, maybe watch a TV show with the kid, tuck him into bed, read. There are some girlfriends along the way, and he studies them too: the English major who won constant approval from the same professor who had given him the 36 for being imaginative; the art major who had traveled to France (French practice); the fisheries major whose father was an executive vice president for IBM (practice at being middle class). Victor was going to learn—quite consciously—what it means to be white, middle class. He didn't see the exploitation; not then; he was obsessed. There were things going on in his classes that he did not understand and that the others did. He didn't know what the things were that he didn't understand, but he knew that even those who didn't do as well as he did, somehow did not act as foreign as he felt. He was the only colored kid in every one of those classes. And he hadn't the time nor the racial affiliation to join the Black Student Union or Mecha. He was on his own, an individual pulling on his bootstraps, looking out for number one. He's not proud of the sensibility, but isolation—and, likely, exploitation of others—are the stuff of racelessness.

There were two male friends, Mickey, a friend to this day, and Luis et Loco. Luis was a *puertoriceño*, from Puerto Rico, who had found his way to Washington by having been imprisoned in the federal penitentiary at MacNeal Island, attending school on a prison-release program. Together, they would enjoy talking in Spanglish, listening to salsa. But Luis was a Modern Languages major, Spanish literature. Nothing there to exploit. It's a short-lived friendship. Mickey was the other older student in Victor's French 101 course, white, middle class, yet somehow other, one who had left the country during Vietnam, a disc jockey in Amsterdam. The friendship begins with simply being the two older men in the class, longer away from adolescence than the rest; the friendship grows with conversations about politics, perceptions about America from abroad, literature. But Victor would not be honest with his friend about feeling foreign until years later, a literary bravado. Mickey was well read in the literary figures Victor was coming to know. Mickey would be a testing ground for how Victor was reading, another contact to be exploited. Eventually, Mickey and his wife would introduce Victor to their friend, a co-worker at the post office. This is Carol. She comes from a life of affluence, and from a life of poverty, a traveler within the class system, not a journey anyone would volunteer for, but one which provides a unique education, a path not unlike Paulo Freire's. From her, there is the physical and the things he would know of the middle class, discussed explicitly, and there

is their mutual isolation. There is love and friendship, still his closest friend, still his lover.

But before Carol, there is simply the outsider obsessed. He manages the BA. He cannot stop, even as the GI Bill reaches its end. He will continue to gather credentials until he is kicked out. Takes the GRE, does not do well, but gets into the graduate program with the help of references from within the faculty—and with the help of minority status in a program decidedly low in numbers of minorities. "Minority," or something like that, is typed on the GRE test results in his file, to be seen while scanning the file for the references. His pride is hurt, but he remembers All Saints, begins to believe in the biases of standardized tests: back in the eighth grade, a failure top student; now a near-failure, despite a 3.67 at the competitive Big University of State. Not all his grades, he knew, were matters of charity. He had earned his GPA, for the most part. Nevertheless, he is shaken.

More insecure than ever,, there are no more overnight papers. Papers are written over days, weeks, paragraphs literally cut and laid out on the floor to be pasted. One comment appears in paper after paper: "Logic?" He thinks, "Yes." He does not understand. Carol cannot explain the problem. Neither can Mickey. He does not even consider asking the professors. To ask would be an admission of ignorance, "stupid spit" still resounding within. This is his problem.

Then by chance (exactly how is now forgotten), he hears a tape of a conference paper delivered by the applied linguist Robert Kaplan. Kaplan describes contrastive rhetoric, Kaplan describes a research study conducted in New York City among Puerto Ricans who are bilingual and Puerto Ricans who are monolingual in English, and he says that the discourse patterns, the rhetorical patterns which include the logic, of monolingual Puerto Ricans are like those of Puerto Rican bilinguals and different from Whites, more Greek than the Latin-like prose of American written English. Discourse analysis takes on a new intensity. At this point, what this means is that he will have to go beyond patterns in his writing, become more analytical of the connections between ideas. The implications of Kaplan's talk, for him at least, will take on historical and political significance as he learns more of rhetoric.

About the same time as that now lost tape on Kaplan's New York research (a study that was never published, evidently), Victor stumbles into his first rhetoric course.

The preview of course offerings announces a course titled "Theories of Invention," to be taught by Anne Ruggles Gere. His GRE had made it clear that he was deficient in Early American Literature. Somewhere in his mind he recalls reading that Benjamin

Franklin had identified himself as an inventor; so somehow, Victor interprets “Theories of Invention” as “Theories of Inventors,” an American lit course. What he discovers is Rhetoric.

Not all at once, not just in that first class on rhetoric, I discover some things about writing, my own, and about the teaching of writing. I find some of modern composition’s insights are modern hindsight. I don’t mind the repetition. Some things bear repeating. The repetitions take on new significance and are elaborated upon in a new context, a new time. Besides, not everyone who teaches writing knows of rhetoric, though I believe everyone should.

I read Cicero’s *de Inventione*. It’s a major influence in rhetoric for centuries. The strategies he describes on how to argue a court case bears a remarkable resemblance to current academic discourse, the pattern I first discovered when I first tried to figure out what I had not done in that first English course at the University.

Janet Emig looks to depth psychology and studies on creativity and even neurophysiology, the workings of the brain’s two hemispheres, to pose the case that writing is a mode of learning. She explains what I had been doing with my first attempts at college writing, neither magic nor a perversion. Cicero had said much the same in his *de Oratore* in the first century BCE (Before the Common Era, the modern way of saying BC):

Writing is said to be the best and most excellent modeler and teacher of oratory; and not without reason; for if what is mediated and considered easily surpasses sudden and extemporary speech, a constant and diligent habit of writing will surely be of more effect than meditation and consideration itself; since all the arguments relating to the subject on which we write, whether they are suggested by art, or by a certain power of genius and understanding, will present themselves, and occur to us, while we examine and contemplate it in the full light of our intellect and all the thoughts and words, which are the most expressive of their kind, must of necessity come under and submit to the keenness of our judgment while writing; and a fair arrangement and collocation of the words is effected by writing, in a certain rhythm and measure, not poetical, but oratorical. (de Oratore I.cxxxiv)

Writing is a way of discovering, of learning, of thinking. Cicero is arguing the case for literacy in ways we still argue or are arguing anew.

David Bartholomae and Anthony Petrosky discuss literary theorists like Jonathan Culler and the pedagogical theorist Paulo Freire to come up with a curriculum in which reading is used to introduce basic writers, those students who come into the colleges not

quite prepared for college work, to the ways of academic discourse. Quintilian, like others of his time, the first century CE, and like others before his time, advocates reading as a way to come to discover the ways of language and the ways of writing and the ways to broaden the range of experience.

Kenneth Bruffee, Peter Elbow, and others, see the hope of democratizing the classroom through peer-group learning. So did Quintilian:

But as emulation is of use to those who have made some advancement of learning, so, to those who are but beginning and still of tender age, to imitate their schoolfellows is more pleasant than to imitate their master, for the very reason that it is more easy; for they who are learning the first rudiments will scarcely dare to exalt themselves to the hope of attaining that eloquence which they regard as the highest; they will rather fix on what is nearest to them, as vines attached to trees fain the top by taking hold of the lower branches first (23-24).

Quintilian describes commenting on student papers in ways we consider new:

[T]he powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work; and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything; they cease to attempt anything... A teacher ought, therefore, to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies, which are rough in their nature, may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand; he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made. (100)

Richard Haswell recommends minimal scoring of student papers, sticking to one or two items in need of correction per paper. Nancy Sommers warns against rubber-stamp comments on student papers, comments like "awk"; she says comments ought to explain. Both have more to say than Quintilian on such matters, but in essence both are Quintilian revisited.

Edward P J. Corbett looks to Quintilian, Cicero, and others from among the ancients, especially Aristotle, to write *Classical Rhetoric for the Modern Student*. In some ways, the book says little that is different from other books on student writing. But the book is special in its explicit connections to ancient rhetorical traditions.

Without a knowledge of history and traditions, we risk running in circles while seeking new paths. Without knowing the traditions, there is no way of knowing which traditions to hold dear and which to discard. Self evident? Maybe. Yet the circles exist.

For all the wonders I had found in literature—and still find—literature seemed to me self enveloping. What I would do is read and enjoy. And, when it was time to write, what I would write about would be an explanation of what I had enjoyed, using words like *Oedipal complex* or *polyvocal* or *anxiety* or *unpacking*, depending on what I had found in my discourse-analytical journeys, but essentially saying "this is what I saw" or "this is how what I read took on a special meaning for me" (sometimes being told that what I had seen or experienced was nonsense). I could imagine teaching literature—and often I do, within the context of composition—but I knew that at best I'd be imparting or imposing one view: the what I saw or the meaning for me. The reader-response theorists I would come to read, Rosenblatt, Fish, Culler, and others, would make sense to me, that what matters most is what the reader finds. Bakhtin's cultural and political dimension would make even more sense: that all language is an approximation, generated and understood based on what one has experienced with language. In teaching literature, I thought, there would be those among students I would face who would come to take on reading, perhaps; likely some who would appreciate more fully what they had read. But it did not seem to me that I could somehow make someone enjoy. Enjoyment would be a personal matter: from the self, for the self.

And what if I did manage a Ph.D. and did get a job as a professor? I would have to publish. A guest lecturer in a medieval lit course spoke of one of the important findings in his new book: medieval scribes were conscious of the thickness of the lozenge, the medieval version of the comma. He found that thinner lozenges would indicate a slight pause in reading; thicker lozenges, longer pauses. Interesting, I reckon. Surely of interest to a select few. But so what, in some larger sense? What would I write about?

Then I stumbled onto rhetoric. Here was all that language had been to me. There were the practical matters of writing and teaching writing. There were the stylistic devices, the tricks of language use that most people think about when they hear the word *rhetoric*; "Let's cut through the rhetoric." It's nice to have those devices at one's disposal—nice, even important, to know when those devices are operating. But there is more. Rhetoric's classic definition as the art of persuasion suggests a power. So much of what we do when we speak or write is suasive in intent. So much of what we receive from others—from family and friends to thirty-second blurbs on TV—is intended to persuade. Recognizing how this is done gives greater power to choose. But rhetoric is still more.

Rhetoric is the conscious use of language: "observing in any given case the available means of persuasion," to quote Aristotle (I.ii). As the conscious use of language, rhetoric would include everything that is conveyed through language: philosophy, history, anthro-

pology, psychology, sociology, literature, politics—"the use of language as a symbolic means of inducing cooperation in beings that by nature respond to symbols," according to modern rhetorician Kenneth Burke (46). The definition says something about an essentially human characteristic: our predilection to use symbols. Language is our primary symbol system. The ability to learn language is biologically transmitted. Burke's definition points to language as ontological, part of our being. And his definition suggests that it is epistemological, part of our thinking, an idea others say more about (see Leff).

So to study rhetoric becomes a way of studying humans. Rhetoric becomes for me the complete study of language, the study of the ways in which peoples have accomplished all that has been accomplished beyond the instinctual. There were the ancient greats saying that there was political import to the use of language. There were the modern greats saying that how one comes to know is at least mediated by language, maybe even constituted in language. There were the pragmatic applications. There was the possibility that in teaching writing and in teaching rhetoric as conscious considerations of language use I could help others like myself: players with language, victims of the language of failure.

In rhetoric, there is history and culture and language with political and personal implications. From Plato I could speculate on why, perhaps, plurality receives so much resistance in our society, even when it is espoused. Plato saw a plurality of the senses as somehow base, good only insofar as the senses could lead to the supersensible, to the one unifying principle of another plane of existence, the ideal, the Idea of the Good. In his *Republic* he argues the case for censorship, in the name of the moral good of young minds. And I know that this continues, despite freedoms of the press. He argues against democracy, as a kind of government that would have everyone running after sensual self-interest, a kind of anarchy. And I think of James Madison's *Federalist* Paper #10, arguing against what he terms "pure democracy" when trying to get the Constitution ratified in New York. Plato was an influence on Cicero; Cicero was an influence on the Founding Fathers (Hirsch, *Cultural Literacy* 109).

In Plato's works on rhetoric, he lambasts the group of rhetoricians known as the sophists for speaking in pluralistic terms, reducing, in *Gorgias*, the sophists to those who simply make the worse case appear the better. There was more to the sophists, as I'll outline below. Plato's ideal rhetoric becomes one that deals in abstractions, the supersen-

sible, a use of language to liberate the mind. And I think of *e pluribus unum*, and how the emphasis seems to be on the *unum*, as in current attempts at English Only legislation, as in the 100 percent Americanism propaganda campaigns earlier this century. "From many, one" is pretty abstract, able to be interpreted as a phrase of conformity or one of pluralism. I think of the guarantees that are not granted by the Constitution, as great as that document may be, the lack of the sensorial, the physical, the lack of guarantees to the right to live, in a very basic sense; no guarantees of health or hearth, homelessness and hunger, in a country of affluence, dismissed through the ideology of individualism; "Well, if they'd stop being so lazy, picked themselves up by the bootstraps. . ." And I think of teaching ideas to liberate minds, a liberal education, something divorced from education as political, from a liberatory education. Liberating lives is more concrete than liberating minds. I remember, mainly through studies in English literary history, the powerful influence of Neoplatonism, Plato adopted to Christianity in a Christian nation with a long Christian heritage, and I know that Plato is very much with us all.

Cicero demonstrates the potential political power in rhetoric. He was a major political figure in the Roman Republic, one who saw and was distressed by what he believed was a change in the government, from representative government to rule by those who held military power. His oratory was geared at preventing those changes, first through public speaking, later by speaking among the senators, and still later by political intrigue. He takes part in the plot to assassinate Julius Caesar, then Caesar's successor. His plottings are discovered; he is himself assassinated. His hands and head, the tools of the public speaker, are nailed to the Roman rostrum, the stage from which public speaking took place. There would be no more oratory of his sort: imperial Rome was coming to the fore. Rhetoric must have been seen as powerful—and dangerous.

Quintilian comes from Spain, a colony of Rome. He is educated in the language and the rhetoric of the Empire. He works for the governor of Spain; Galba, the governor, becomes Emperor of Rome. Quintilian had already become a famous lawyer, the principal occupation of orators now removed from the kinds of political power they might have enjoyed in more democratic times. He becomes a teacher of rhetoric, paid with government funds, the first chair of rhetoric, teaching rhetoric to the sons of the elite of Rome. And I see the parallels to my own new life, my life now: from the colony, teaching the language and ways of the colonizers who can afford college educations, my pay coming from the government.

But more importantly, I see the power of rhetoric, no longer to be fully exercised on the rostrum, being moved to the classroom.

There are other figures from classical rhetoric who affected me, and continue to do so. But the figures just mentioned were the ones who most had me thinking in historical terms. The historical brought considerations of the cultural and the political. These particular figures, and others—the sophists, Aristotle—when placed in historical context, helped to explain what Kaplan might have been referring to when he described the rhetoric of schools as Latin and the rhetoric of New York Puerto Ricans as more Greek.

Athens, around the fifth century BCE. The sophists. They are a popular group of orators, in particular among those seeking entertainment, though unpopular in certain important circles. Among the best known, to us at least, are Protagoras and Gorgias, neither of whom is native to Athens. They are *metics*, one reason, perhaps, why they are not well liked among those special circles. *Metics*, aliens, are legislatively second class, not quite enjoying the full benefits of citizenship. Protagoras comes from Abderah, in Northern Greece, and Gorgias from Leontini, in Sicily. Though they cannot take more active parts in the politics of Athens, they serve a vital function in maintaining Athenian democracy; they train those likely to take on important roles in Athenian life, using as one of their principal themes *areté*, rhetoric in the cause of active participation in domestic, social, and political life.

Protagoras, probably the first of the paid traveling teachers, is something of a problem in his time in that his way of seeing things poses a challenge to the dominant ideology in Athens, Ionian natural philosophy, in which things are as they are because they are in the nature of things, meant to be. Protagoras says that "man is the measure of all things" So if the human is the measure, then rulers are not specially imbued by nature to rule. If the human is the measure, then there are few natural laws; there can be equally valid truths. It was likely Protagoras who first taught that there can be opposing and, in some senses, equally valid arguments to any given case—two sides (at least) to any argument. Not only are there two sides to any argument, but anyone can be taught to present, effectively, the opposing arguments. Anyone can learn to be a rhetor, not just the select few with natural speaking abilities. Protagoras, and the sophists generally, introduced a humanistic, a subjective, ideology: humanity as ultimately responsible, able to be taught the ways in which to take on responsibility.

But a subjective and relativistic ideology could cause problems. The aristocracy could not claim a natural superiority; laws and knowledge could not claim to be absolute; everything could become subject to challenge. This relativism would find its most articu-

late challenge from Plato. Today, the only thing cheaper than "mere rhetoric" is "sheer sophistry;" a Platonic legacy.

Democrats also had an argument against the sophists. The democrats complained that what the sophists had to offer, they could, but did not, offer to everyone. Since sophists charged fees for their services, only the wealthy were able to gain access to those services and the potential inherent in acquiring what they had to offer. The way to humanism was a commodity.

In their quest to gain customers, the sophists performed public exhibitions of their skills. These were popular, well attended. Since the public demonstrations were intended to gather students, sophistic orators were about showing off their own unique skills, not just the potential powers of rhetoric. Their speeches, then, seemed less concerned with content than with displaying artistry with language and thereby their proficiency with language.

The most popular sophist of the time was Gorgias. Among his demonstrations, one still available to us is the *Encomium to Helen*, a speech in praise of Helen. The Athenians knew the "truth" of Helen's betrayal. But Gorgias would demonstrate how he could argue skillfully that despite what the Athenians "knew" to be the case, historic Helen was not guilty of betraying Menelaus, her Attic husband, even if she did go off with the Trojan Paris. Gorgias argued that Helen was either a victim of fate, or a victim of the will of the gods, a victim of love, a victim of forcible abduction, or a victim of language, Gorgias argued that there is a kind of magic to language, stronger than individual will, that Paris might have rhetorically seduced her away in such a way that she could not have resisted.

For Gorgias, words and language are obsessions. And his demonstration reflects the attention he placed on the language. The *Helen* is replete with rhyming words and echoing rhythms, with parallelism and antithetical structures, with parallels that are even careful to contain identical numbers of syllables. This consciousness of demonstrating the rhetorical, stylistic skills of the orator, and this consciousness of the sound of the oration, even over the sense, become the marks of the sophist.

Centuries later, in the Roman Republic, Cicero is accused of being "Asiatic" in his rhetorical practices. To be Asiatic is to employ the rhetoric of Asia Minor and Greece. Its opposite, the Attic, might refer to Athens, but it is the plain, precise ways of the Latin. Cicero's writing and oratory have a flair for amplification, a stylistic device in which a

certain point is repeated several times in succession, though using different words. His writing displays sophistic tendencies: parallelism, antithetical structures, amplification in order to assure a certain sound to the structure.

But because the sophists were considered morally suspect in working for money, and were surely ideologically and theologically dangerous, they were successfully squelched from Western rhetorical history (or put down) for centuries. Isocrates, a sophist, one to whom Cicero gives credit, writes *Against the Sophists*; Aristotle pits the dialectician against sophists in his *Rhetoric*; and there is Plato. Cicero himself claims not to be Asiatic because the Asiatic is philosophically empty. Yet the Ciceronian, and its sophistic ways with words, dominate Western oratorical style until the eighteenth century, when Peter Ramus redefines rhetoric in line with the new modern ways of thinking. Rhetoric is style; ideas are matters of logic. Aristotle's clarity and logic adopted to the rhetorical takes precedence over the Ciceronian (Crowley).

Then the history is gone as well as the style itself, a reference to the sophists showing up in the writing of Hegel but really only arising again during the last two decades or so.

Sophistry does arise again in the East, however. By the fourth century CE, the Roman Empire is virtually destroyed by the Visigoths, German invaders. The seat of the empire moves to Constantinople, New Rome, ruled by Constantine. This is the birth of the Byzantine Empire. By 395 CE, Christianity is adopted as the religion of the empire. Greek is the language, even though the Byzantines refer to themselves as Romans (Arnott). And the sophistic is the formal way with the language.

Philostratus calls this rebirth of florid rhetoric the Second Sophistic. Like the sophists of old, the second sophists traveled the empire giving demonstrations, celebrating the greatness of Greece and its reflection in the greatness of Rome. Maybe as early as the second century CE, the second sophistic enjoyed significant influence, even though Christians were critical because of the second sophistic's celebration of pagan mythology, and—like the old sophists—because of the second sophistic's self-indulgent attention to the speaker's skills, its emphasis on language for its own sake. But by the end of the fourth century, the second sophistic's ways were evident in the homilies and orations of Christian patristics like Gregory of Nazianzus, Basil the Great, and his brother Gregory. In 392 CE, the Byzantine Emperor Theodosius forbids pagan worship. St. John Chrysostom (John Golden-Tongued), patriarch of Constantinople, is regarded as the finest of all Christian orators in Greek, trained by the sophist Libanius (Arnott; Kennedy).

Byzantium, and thereby Byzantine rhetoric, remains relatively constant for over a thousand years, finally falling to Turkish invaders in 1453. Rome knows no such consistency, even during the Holy Roman Empire, losing to the Visigoths, retaken by Byzantium, falling to the Ostrogoths, taken and retaken for centuries. But more important for what I am presenting here, is Byzantium's relations to the Arabs and to Spain.

Byzantium had an uneasy relation with the Arabs, frequently fighting, mainly along the long border along the Caucuses and the desert, occasional attempts by Arabs at Constantinople itself. But the Byzantines and Arabs both faced a common threat from the Slavs and the Goths. So from about 395 to 636 there is an alliance between the Byzantine Empire and an Arab federation, the *foederati*. These Arabs learn enough of Constantinople's Greek ways to act as something like border mediators between Byzantium and the Arab peninsula. There are also the Rhomaic Arabs who take residence in Byzantium (Shahid). Add Byzantium's possession of Syria and Persia, later taken by the Saracens, Moslem Arabs, and there remains a relatively strong Byzantine influence to Arab rhetoric.

During these early centuries of the Byzantine Empire, the Visigoths move into Spain. There, they share the peninsula with the Suevi, another Germanic peoples. Northern Africa is taken by yet another group of Germans, the Vandals, who had settled first in southern Spain, sharing that part of the peninsula with another wandering group, the Alans. Except for the Ostrogoths in Italy, the Germanic conquerors are content to exploit, without regard to converting the native populations. We still speak of vandals as despoilers. The Byzantine Empire, however, had its sense of "Roman-ness," an historical right to rule, now joined with the Christian sense of mission. Byzantium could not allow this blow to the empire's historically proven legacy and to the empire's moral mission. By the mid-sixth century, the Byzantine Empire retakes northern Africa and southern Spain (Jenkins). A continuity from the old Roman Empire is reestablished in Spain, now more visibly bearing something of the older Greek ways. Eventually, Spain is again taken by the Visigoths, but there is nothing to suggest any attempts by the Germans to remove the Greek ways of New Rome in the ancient colony of Old Rome (Jenkins).

Mohammad enters the picture in the seventh century. Beginning in 622, Mohammad is gathering a following, having moved to Medina. It is at this time that the Byzantine emperor Heraclius is on a campaign to regain Persia for the empire, a campaign which is to succeed six years later, establishing the True Cross in Persia, the Orthodox Christianity of

the Byzantines. Persia is again part of what Heraclius sees as the Roman Empire, Heraclius himself hailed as the new Scipio, Persians having to take on Christianity, the Hellenistic language of the empire, and Greco-Roman rule generally. But Orthodox Christianity had its problems, nearly two hundred years of debate over the nature or natures of Jesus. Officially, Jesus was to be regarded as having two natures, the Father and the Son. The dominant "heresy" was that Jesus had one divine nature. This was known as *monophysite*. Heraclius tries to bring the factions together, declaring in 639 that whether two natures or one, Jesus was possessed by a single energy or will. The orthodox patriarch of Jerusalem, Sophronius, condemns the idea. Pope Honorius disavows it. And Mohammad offers the Arabs, Persia, Syria, Egypt, poor and once again subject to Greco-Roman rule, an alternative, likely drawn from the Christian, the Jewish, and the Persian creeds which had been implanted in Yemen during Persian rule there: there is but one God, and Mohammad is His prophet. By 628, the same time as Heraclius's retaking of Persia, Mohammad with powerful followers, generals and caliphs, occupies Mecca, only a thousand miles south of Byzantium, formally expelling Mecca's idols. Four years later, Mohammad dies, but the wheels have been set in motion. By 639 the Saracens are in Syria and taking Egypt. Within a few decades, Islam, the "Surrender to God," is established in Persia and most of the southern and eastern parts of the New Roman Empire (Jenkins).

In 711 the Saracen Tariq ibn Ziyad, accompanied by north African Berber volunteers, sails the nine miles which divide the Pillars of Hercules and takes Spain from the Visigoth Roderic. Within the year Spain is under the control of Moslem Arabs. These are the Moors, likely getting their name in having come from Morocco. The Pillars of Hercules are eventually renamed to Jabal Musa on the African side and Jabal Tariq, Gibraltar, on the Spanish. In 732 the Saracens cross the Pyrenees, but are stopped by Charles Martel. In 756 Prince Abdal-Rahman runs to Spain when Syria overthrows the Saracen capital. The new capital is established at Cordoba. Within 150 years Cordoba is established as the largest city in western Europe, a cultural rival to Baghdad and Constantinople. The *mezquita*, the mosque at Cordoba, remains today, displaying its Arabic calligraphy—and its Byzantine mosaics. Spain had been Byzantine and so had the Arabs. The Arabs remained (though not without conflict, like Charlemagne or the Crusades) until 1492, when Ferdinand and Isabela finally oust the Saracens, the Moors. Later in the same year Isabela commissions Christopher Columbus (Abercrombie). The Spaniard conquerors of the New World brought the Arab and the Byzantine, the sophistic, with them.

Now, I have taken this rather long-winded route because I believe it is interesting, and because a special perspective is gained in understanding the historical, as Freire and others make clear. The particular perspective gained here is that the Latino's ways with words could not help but be influenced by the 400 years in which Spain dominated so much of the New World, and that those ways would have been influenced by the 700 years of Arab domination over Spain, and by the 200 years of Byzantium, with its rhetorical heritage going back yet another 700 years. Nearly two thousand years of certain rhetorical ways, albeit in different languages, are not likely to be overcome in the hundred years and less of English domination, especially when we consider that the rhetorical history of English, though through another route, mainly Cicero, also gave a kind of sophistry special privilege up to the eighteenth century.

This gives an historical perspective to contrastive rhetoric, which has had a troubled record among linguists concerned with second language acquisition since it was first introduced by Robert Kaplan in 1966. Part of the problem with accepting the concept was Kaplan's claim in that 1966 article that different discourse patterns reflected different thought patterns, a psychological perspective that wouldn't trouble rhetoricians but would fall outside the purview of linguistics. A related problem would be that claims concerning the psychological and how rhetorical patterns might reflect different nuances of meaning would be difficult to prove empirically. Linguistics is squarely within the scientific paradigm, not given to the speculative.

But since Kaplan's first introduction, there have been empirical studies that have passed the tests of scientific rigor. These have tended to complement the historical. Shirley Ostler, comparing English and Arabic prose, found that modern Arabic prose is essentially unchanged from its Classical origins. The prose tends to have longer sentences than English prose, given to coordinate rather than to subordinate clauses. There is a tendency to balance the subject and the predicate: equal numbers of words on each side of the sentence or else a rhythmical balance. Paragraphs are longer than in English, given to long elaboration, even when there is no evidence of an attempt at being decidedly ornate. The discourse generally tends toward the global, leaning heavily on proverb-like phrases, what English would consider clichés (but what Milton or others prior to the eighteenth century would have called "commonplaces"). Another study of Arabic prose by Sa'Adeddin showed a heightened use of first- and second-person personal pronouns, indicating an attempt at close reader-writer interaction (Lux and Grabe).

Ostler's research had students writing papers on personal topics, so she was not able to draw any conclusions along those lines. What she did find, however, was that the Arabic students she studied displayed features of Arabic prose in their writing in English: a greater attention to the sound of the discourse than to the sense, the language more than the logic; in short, the sophistic.

These same tendencies showed up in studies concerning the written prose of Spanish speakers. Paul Lux and William Grabe studied a large number of texts written by Ecuadorians. They found the tendency for longer sentences, greater reader-writer interaction, and a tendency among the Latin American writers to deal in the abstract. Sister Olga Santana-Seda found these same tendencies among Spanish-speaking New York Puerto Ricans, finding also that these writers tended toward non-sequential sentences, that the logical connections between sentences were not always apparent. And María Montaña-Harmon, looking at written Mexican Spanish, found the same thing, noting that the digressions were conscious, using phrases like "*Volvamos a lo que había dicho orates,*" "We'll return to what's been said later." She also found that the Spanish writers tended to what she termed hyperbole, sentences that repeated a point several times, each time using different words, each more ornate than the previous. This is a kind of amplification, the same Asiatic, sophistic tendency found in Cicero. In a side comment, Montaña-Harmon mentions that five of the Anglo-American students she studied showed rhetorical patterns more like the Spanish than the other forty-five Anglo-American writers. These five lived in a border town in southern Arizona, grew up among Chicanos, considered themselves relatively bilingual. She only makes note. But since I am not a linguist, not constrained by the empirically valid and reliable, I can speculate that these students, having come in contact with the sophistic, found it easy to take on the Spanish ways because those ways for English discourse are more deeply embedded than the less elaborated, more clearly linear, idea-centered discourse of modern English.

Nor is this idea that there is something like a linguistic memory idle speculation. Mikhail Bakhtin's theory of language as dialogic suggests something like a historical linkage to language. For Bakhtin there is no objective language "out there" waiting to be appropriated by a listener-speaker, much less a speaker-writer. We come to know the meanings in language by having heard them from others. Our own experiences add a nuance or a special turn of meaning to what we have heard, which we, in turn, pass on to others. This means that those who have passed language on to us have gathered it from others before them, each passing on the language with a newer nuance. Language, then, is social; insofar as it is social, it is also ideological, carrying various worldviews, and in-

so far as it is social and ideological, it is also historical. The Russian psychologist Lev Vygotsky, seeing much the same thing as Burke or Bakhtin, sees language as essentially epistemological, as the means by which we come to know, seeing the word as "a microcosm of human consciousness" (Schuster).

James McConnell suggests that memory may be biochemically transmitted through RNA (ribonucleic acid). In a series of experiments, McConnell and his associates trained a flatworm to go through a maze. The planarian was then chopped up, and the pieces were injected into other flatworms. The untrained flatworms who had received the pieces of the earlier learned to navigate the maze at a significantly faster rate than those who hadn't. Memory as physical, a body chemical biologically transmitted. Maybe. We know that language is an inherent biological quality in humans. There is at least the possibility that particular linguistic ways may be carried through RNA in something like Carl Jung's archaic imprints.

Steven, my son, was born into a monolingual household. Grandma and Grandpa spoke to him solely in English. When he first began to speak, he would say "walk-side" instead of sidewalk. No one says "walk-side." But in Spanish, nouns come before adjectives.

Steven would not get the word *toes*, a mighty simple word. He'd insist on calling toes "the fingers of the feet," a literal translation of the Spanish for toes. It was he, back then, that reminded me of the Spanish expression for toes. Where did he get this?

Whether biologically transmitted beyond the basic ability to learn language or not (to return from the flight of speculation and to skirt the possibility of being read as somehow advocating something like biological determinacy, of being an Arthur Jensen), it is clear that language is passed on by people. People would pass language on in particular ways. Those ways would reflect social and historical preferences, traditions, conventions—rhetorics.

Nor would the differences between speaking and writing, although real, alter socio-historical and culturally influenced rhetorics significantly, except consciously. At bottom, speaking and writing stem from the same source—language, the differences between speaking and writing amounting to little more than the different conventions which arise out of particular forms following particular functions, the needs for the written that can't be met by the spoken (like transmitting information to many over time, and the demands that become imposed on the language producer in not having the benefits of face-to-face interaction, as well as other things (Vachek). Both historical and empirical research suggest that for Spanish-speakers, or for those ex-

posed to the ways of the Spanish-speaker, those preferred rhetorical ways are fundamentally sophistic.

My problems with logic in those graduate courses stemmed from my not having been exposed to a language that had as its primary focus logic. My exposure to written discourse prior to graduate school was never of the academic variety. Literature is deemed such, in part, because of the imaginative ways in which it plays with or even consciously disregards convention. Even the nonfiction I would have been exposed to in college consisted of things written when Cicero thrived, like Milton's *Prolusions*. When I didn't understand what was being argued in my *Professorial Discourse Analyses*, I did not attempt to puzzle out the logic; my concerns were with *patterns*, the sounds. I would even throw in the word *however* into my writing, without intending "on the contrary." It just sounded right. I got called on it only once, in graduate school, after three years of writing papers.

That I was able to get through undergraduate school in this way tells me that teachers have different expectations of undergraduates than of graduates. They might have been satisfied simply to see one who enjoyed playing with language, one willing to take what they perceived as chances, predisposed to being "serious," abstract, likely the only sophist in those classes, surely the only Latino, though with the fluency of the native English speaker, long ago well trained in matters of grammatical correctness and proper spelling, thereby not given the special focus of the foreign-language speaker's rhetoric by the teachers.

With graduate school, however, style must have taken a back seat to concept for many. If my writing was "too formulaic," it was likely in my using contemporary commonplaces, mimicking the formulas of psychological interpretations of texts or Harold Bloom's anxiety of influence or even deconstruction. If it was "too novel," it was likely too speculative, that global tendency of Spanish-speakers, of Arabs, of sophists; or maybe it was stylistically novel, long sentences, digressions which would prove to be relevant, but only for the patient reader. It was surely these things that prompted one professor to give me the gift for my imagination and later prompted him to ask what my point had been.

Donald Murray says "writing is revising" ("Internal Revision" 85). This is excruciatingly clear to me. If I am to discover my thinking in the writing, I must give vent to my sophistic tendencies. This is not Peter Elbow's freewriting. I agonize over word choices or sentence constructions. I deliberate over opening sentences to paragraphs, over

transitions. I backtrack and redirect. I correct. But I also know that I will have to go back when I am done to reconsider the logical predispositions of my audience, make connections explicit, relegate some things to footnotes, delete others, even if they are significant to me. The more theoretical portions of this book display that consciousness. Scientific discourse is never quite in my grasp to this day, proffering drafts to those who are good at grantsmanship and the like, always receiving long "advice" on how I might revise. My writing is always subject to rhetorical "translation."

I speak of such things in courses I teach, not only for the sake of those from Latino backgrounds, but for all. There can be no telling of the linguistic backgrounds of the students. Most have not been exposed to the writing of academics. Some will—or do—teach in schools where the majority of their students will come from, or do come from, linguistic backgrounds other than English. I speak of the imperial conquests and the rhetoric that traveled with the conquerors. I introduce Averroës, the Arab Ibn Rushd, who wrote commentaries on Aristotle, and the class becomes eleventh-century Toledo (Spain, not Ohio), where Christians, Jews, and Muslims translated Averroës and thereby Aristotle into Latin.

Aristotle's ways are presented. After some talk about Aristotle's logic and rhetoric—the essential definition, induction and deduction, the syllogism, and the enthymeme, a kind of syllogism still used in argumentation—we work on the logic and language of a student's text, suggesting ways for a rhetorical translation. We test those translations by consciously seeking to use cohesive devices, words like *however* or *consequently* at the sentence level; word repetitions between sentences; transitions among paragraphs. I supply a relatively short list of such devices (see Halliday and Hasan; Markels; Witte and Faigley). We try to find cohesive devices that fit, discuss it when none does. Sometimes none should, and it's okay. Often new ways of seeing what is being attempted present themselves, re-visions. "Tighter" papers result most often, closer to revision than to correction. Ways of seeing, worldviews, and rhetorical predispositions are allowed expression, logic is not reduced to right and wrong, or even propriety; logic is explicitly discussed as yet another convention. Discussion of the historical and the rhetorical so as to be conscious of the mandates of those who rule, especially in classrooms, becomes one way to meet Freire's concern that the liberatory teacher provide a process for the development of critical consciousness without being what he terms *laissez faire*, without denying the technical training required for academic success.

Victor the graduate student is walking to Safeway one day when one of his professors jumps out of a car to ask if he would be willing to take an academic job. The job is to be a "reader," grading papers for an undergraduate course. The requirements are that the course must have more than fifty students enrolled and that the reader be recommended by the professor teaching the course. He accepts.

Poverty has him living with his family in Mickey's unfinished, unheated basement. Victor wears his sister's down vest and his own gloves, vapor steaming from his nostrils, grading papers in line with his professor's way of seeing, not his own, all literature a reflection of archetypes, Carl Jung and Northrop Frye. Carol computes his real wages: twenty-five cents an hour. And he is grateful.

He earns a reputation as a reader, needs only to hang around the graduate student lounge the first few days of every quarter to get a job. He knows the exploitation. But it's okay somehow. One quarter he is forced to sell his *Riverside Shakespeare* for a dozen eggs, a quart of milk, and a quarter pound of coffee. He loved that book. The next quarter he is asked to be a reader for an undergraduate Shakespeare course. He receives a new copy of the *Riverside Shakespeare*. He has found a more tangible rationalization for being a reader than "good experience." The reward is the book, a symbol for the love he does not yet understand, the love of learning, the love of teaching.

The next year he is granted a teaching assistantship. It's an awkward job, given his mixed successes at writing. He follows the text and borrows classroom strategies from more experienced TAs. There is success. He is well liked. But he knows that he doesn't know what he is doing.

The local Thriftway. Pays for groceries with food stamps. The checker is a former student who throws him a set of keys; "Take a look at my new BMW." Victor steals the grocery cart to get food and diapers home. There is envy, a sense that something isn't right, but he knows he'd rather teach than check groceries.

In his class, a Mexican American student, dressed in an ROTC uniform, writes about his grandmother's gibberish. "Gibberish" is the word he uses to define a language the student doesn't understand. The student writes another paper about the deterrent necessity of nuclear stockpiling. Another student, after reading *Catch-22*, explains how Yossarian is simply a coward, There's something "off" about the student's writing, apart from his sensibility. The sensibility troubles Victor, but not inordinately: Victor knows about the headlong drive to assimilate. That isn't the wrong that he can't pin down. Victor can't pin down what's off about the writing itself.

Another Mexican American, in another class, approaches Victor after class, carrying his copy of *Fahrenheit 451*, required reading for the course. The student doesn't understand the reference to a *salon*. Victor explains that this is just another word for the living room. No understanding in the student's eyes. He tries Spanish: *la sala*. Still nothing. The student had grown up as a migrant worker. And Victor remembers the white student who had been in his class a quarter ago, who had written about not understanding racism, that there was none where he had grown up, in Wennatchee, that he had played with the children of his father's migrant workers without there being any hostility. His father's workers. Property. Property that doesn't know of living rooms. And Victor thought of what the man from Wennatchee knew, what the ROTC Mexican American knew, what the migrant worker knew. And he thought of getting up the next morning to go with Serena to St. Mary's for cheese and butter. And he knew there was something he was not doing in his composition classrooms.