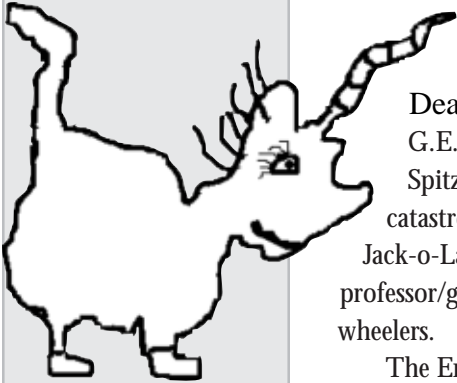


Daughters of Albion

Volume 2, Issue 1, December 2004

We hear your woes & echo back your sighs



The Unicorn.
By Ted Frushour

Letter from the desk of the presidents:

Dearest,

G.E.O. is currently in its 2nd year and is just bursting with new activities and energy. Mark Spitzer led a CV workshop that was informative and hugely successful despite the hungry copier catastrophe. We also attempted some hot pumpkin carving in a bid to win President Dixon's Jack-o-Lantern contest (and \$150). We're planning a Lang. and Lit. Bandfest and Fundraiser, and professor/grad. student readings. In our free time, we think about tropes and zoom around on 4-wheelers.

The Environmental Studies Conference will be April 21-23, 2005. This year we're sending out a call to other schools, and hoping for a bigger and better experience than ever before. We are delighted to announce that our keynote speaker David Gessner, nature writer and author of the recent book *Sick of Nature*, has been confirmed. A great big thank you goes to the Speaker Committee for providing us funds.

With one Environmental Studies Conference under our belt, and a certificate proclaiming us the "Best New Organization 2004" at Truman hanging on our wall, we're ready to move onto bigger and better things. Namely, we're petitioning God for an extra hour every day. Between 12th and 13th o'clock, Lauren will test new ice creams, and Dana will lie in a hammock. The burning question that remains, then, is what will *you* do with your 25th hour?

Sincerely,

Lauren Rosenfield

President 1

Dana Kuhnline

President A

**Graduate English
Organization (GEO)**
Truman State University
Division of Language & Literature
Kirksville, MO 63501

President: Dana Kuhnline
President: Lauren Rosenfield
Historian: Todd Ruecker
Treasurer: David Wheat
Representative: Miriam Gibbs
Newsletter Editor: Amy Gates
Send submissions to:
agates@truman.edu



20 October 2004. Professor Mark Spitzer, above, leads a CV workshop sponsored by the GEO.
Photos by Todd Ruecker

Different Worlds, Same Planet

An Interdisciplinary Discourse on the Environment

April 21-23, 2005

At Truman State University

Sponsored by the Graduate English Organization

Keynote Speaker: David Gessner

nationally-renowned author of *Sick of Nature*; *Return of the Osprey*;
A Wild, Rank Place; and other works of environmental writing.

As those who study the earth have discovered, our world consists of interconnected threads. When each thread is placed in its context, a web of meaning begins to develop. Just as variations in one aspect of an ecosystem create a ripple of changes across that ecosystem, scholarly pursuit in one area of the curriculum affects the state of knowledge across the university and beyond.

This interdisciplinary conference seeks to celebrate and provide a forum for sharing research on and experiences with the environment from across the curriculum. Our goal is to create a discourse that highlights the connections between disciplines while exploring the nature of our differences. We encourage participation in a variety of formats, which could include academic papers, roundtable discussions, artistic expressions, poster displays, or other methods.

Topics could include, but are not limited to:

- ✦ Environmental policy and politics
- ✦ Ecofeminism
- ✦ Technology and the environment
- ✦ Research into ecologies
- ✦ Agricultural techniques and concerns
- ✦ Environmental science
- ✦ Personal narrative/non-fiction
- ✦ Environmental pedagogy
- ✦ Art and the environment
- ✦ Philosophic and religious connections with the environment
- ✦ Anthropology
- ✦ Literary Criticism
- ✦ Environmental health sciences

Abstract Deadline: March 11, 2005

Anyone may submit an abstract from 200-600 words to:

Graduate English Organization
Language and Literature Division
Truman State University
100 East Normal St.
Kirksville, MO 63501

Or e-mail: lauren@truman.edu or dkuhnlin@truman.edu

Coffee, The Homers, and an Appendix: Tales from the English MA forum

by Todd Ruecker

After an advertising blitz on bulletin boards and classrooms across the humanities strongholds of campus, GEO members Dana, Lauren, David, Amy, and Todd looked forward to talking about Truman's beloved English MA program. As the clock approached the magical hour of 8:00 p.m., BH 272 seemed disturbingly empty. Fortunately, the ever popular trio—Arnie, Alanna, and Royce—showed up just in time to spice up the evening.



The seven of us in attendance shared information about completely random subjects and the program itself. Arnie shared an interesting story about a conference attendee who simply needed coffee at all times, an all-too-common trend in academia. Caffeine devotee Royce piped in

with one of his witty comments: "For an extra sixty cents, Jazzman's will put in an IV..." This and a conversation about eggnog (Interesting fact: Dana does not like the idea of drinking eggs) tumbled into tales about the ever-zealous Starbucks and their holiday latté, a favorite of the Preussners. As one who scours the hottest news sources day and night, Royce quoted one of his favorite *Onion* articles, "Starbucks opens a Starbucks in the bathroom of an existing Starbucks." As you can see, good times were overflowing at the MA forum, much like wine and Gordon Lightfoot at the Preussner gatherings.

Ultimately, the conversation did shift over to experiences in the MA program. For example, Lauren mentioned the fact that we should make a Lang and Lit swim team. For information, contact laurenr@truman.edu. The attendees also managed to share a few stories about former GTRAs and their teaching techniques. Rosenfield explained how third floor Baldwin was one of the biggest hindrances of her work this semester. Example: She comes in on Thursdays an hour and a half before her Nature Writers class with big

Continued on page 4

The Best Lessons in Life are Not Free

by Lauren Rosenfield

I have learned two very important life lessons this semester. As with many great life lessons, these came when I least expected, and with cost.

The first lesson: never, ever buy anything from China Palace. No, I didn't come down with a case of botulism or dysentery from the lo mein, but instead wrote a check for \$6.58 that bounced - *almost two years ago* - and since that point have had a warrant out for my arrest. One minute I was eating lunch at my apartment, and the next, I was in the Adair County Law Enforcement Center, having my fingerprints and mug shots taken, all the while listening to some officer say "Welcome to Adair County!" like I was some kind of violent criminal. While I was waiting for my bail money (thanks, Todd!), I saw a man come out of the restroom freshly changed into the black and white "jail pajamas," and it was at that point I began to cry. Not to worry, everything worked out. One phone call to Mark Williams put my life back on track, sans \$76.58 (i.e. the check amount plus fee). Now, though, I hesitate every time I walk down Franklin Street toward Eric and Dana's apartment, especially when passing by China Palace. It is at those moments that I wish I had a flaming sack of doggie doodoo.

The second lesson: always have health insurance. I will forever remember Nov. 1st as the day I stopped drinking Turkish coffee. At the time, it was the Turkish coffee I blamed for the intense stomach pain and constant "burning" sensation I had after my 7:30 WACT class. I drove myself to the emergency room, and after one day, one misdiagnosis, and four CT scans, the problem was located: my freakishly long appendix (see actual-size illustration) was about to burst! With the aid of my parents, professors, and friends, I recovered from my surgery, only to witness on the TV in the recovery room the sad, sad election results - the election in which I did not get to participate. Unfortunately, for the 2004 election, there was no invalid

Continued on page 4



Illustration by Dana Kuhnline

August 16, 1977-2002

by Tom Useted

Remembering the anniversary, we decided to go
 South with the others. It would be a six-hour drive,
 So we gathered up cassettes, expecting this to help
 Pass the time as we drove. We would reach Memphis by night
 And, since we had no reservation, we'd find a room
 Somewhere, anywhere, if only by the grace of God.

I'd stood over the grave before, and had felt the presence of God,
 But now wondered if we should even bother to go.
 She asked me about that one most sacred place, the room
 Where vomit stained the shag carpet.

He had lost all drive,
 But would soon be on tour. He played racquetball that night,
 Complained of a toothache, and sent for codeine to help.

After playing piano, he washed his hair, with some help,
 And perused a book on the face of the son of God,
 Revealed on the shroud. It was the end of the night,
 So they brought valmids and placidyl to help him go
 To sleep. They didn't work. Two more doses wouldn't drive
 Him to bed, so he went to read in the bathroom.

I paused right there, and said, "They won't let us see *that* room."
 "Why not?" she gasped.

They didn't arrive in time to help.
 They saw him lying on the floor, after they managed to drive
 Their way into the room. His daddy cried out, "Oh, God!"
 Through his mask of fear, cried, "Son, please don't die, please don't go!"
 She said, "I thought he died in the middle of the night."

There was a show scheduled in Portland, Maine, the next night,
 Which they knew would not happen as they crowded the room
 At the hospital, and someone would have to go

Call the Colonel.

"Was there nothing they could do to help?"
 She pleaded, as though I had the power to play God.
 I couldn't turn back time while I was trying to drive.

At the funeral, seventeen white Cadillacs would drive
 In the procession. Mourners kept vigil day and night.
 I told her he was devoted to mother and God,
 And to protect this image, we could not see the room.
 I tried to explain the reasoning, but this did not help.
 I told her I just wanted to see the grave, then go.

It was a long drive, and we never did see that room.
 I saw the grave lit up in the night, and couldn't help
 But turn to God, curse Him, climb into the car, and go. ■

MA Forum—Continued from page 3

plans to work, but fails to get anything done. As our mentor Royce commented, it's hard to get work done when there are "donuts and coffee everywhere." After that, the conversation went downhill with discussion centered on the ever-exciting life of Rosenfield and her appendectomy.

While no prospective students actually showed up to the event, a good time was had by all. Co-President Rosenfield regretfully commented, "I had some nice things to say about the program; I'm sad that people didn't show up."

Co-President Dana perked everyone up with her ever-positive outlook: "There's a lot of things going on now. We can at least say that our advertising increased awareness about the program. Let's try again next semester." ■

Best Lessons—Continued from page 3

vote. Why have health insurance? Well for one thing, this was completely unexpected. I'm a reasonably healthy person. This appendix episode was the first time in my life I had ever spent more than five hours in the hospital, and, appendicitis is something one cannot prevent. For another, my hospital bill was \$23,145.70. Yeah. What the f#@? is right. Granted, health care in our country should be available to everyone, regardless of income, race, class, religion, and gender—even to poor graduate students; but it's not.

So, not only do I encourage you to boycott China Palace, but also to sell your soul to the system of corporate health care and pharmaceutical companies. You never know what can happen (and what you can learn from) next. ■

My Life as an Au Pair

by Eilene Kuehnle

Last spring I discussed with many people who might read this newsletter my excitement and/or my apprehension about taking a job as an au pair and moving to Denmark. It sounded great on paper, moving in with a family on a horse farm, sixteen kilometers north of Copenhagen in Zealand, Denmark. Two kids who are absolutely adorable (at least in photographs), a picturesque setting, and the promise that the work wouldn't be too strenuous, and I would have lots of free time to explore the country on my own and work on some of my pet projects. That was the description, anyway. For a while, the third floor of Baldwin was alive with speculation about the "real" story, as well as a series of spirited jokes about what I would actually be doing.

Well, those of you reading this, who were in on the joke, can relax. I am working as an au pair, and not...well, you know. But a lot of the other expectations didn't pan out as much. I have spent countless words on the subject in e-mails, phone calls and in my journal with varying levels of frustration, humor and woe. "My Life as an Au Pair" would make a pretty funny humorous essay. Especially when you contrast it with what I did as a GTRA.

One thing is the same. I get up at 7 am, but instead of walking to Baldwin to teach WACT, I go out to the barn and feed eleven horses who anticipate me much more eagerly than any of my students ever did. And then I go back inside, grateful for the warmth because it is starting to get cold here, and help two kids get ready for school. And while I am asking them what they want for breakfast in Danish ("Hvad vil du gern spise på morgenmad?" if you're curious) for the most part, the ritual is

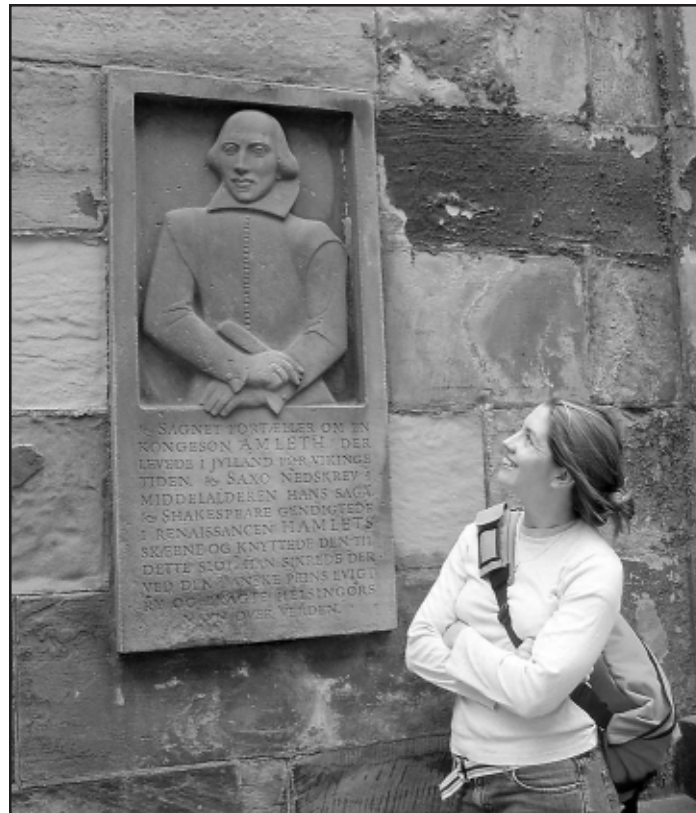
pretty international. A lot of things with the kids are. Trust me, when the kids whine and scream, they might be speaking Danish, but it sounds just like that screaming kid in Wal-Mart.

I find myself treading lightly. Moving in with a family is tricky business—because like most families, there are problems, underlying issues, and, well, things we just don't talk about. And as the mom of the family is probably my best friend here, I have learned to be political about how I describe her children and her husband...even when the former can throw fits about not having a cell phone (the children are 6 and 8 years old) and the latter bitches when dinner isn't ready when he's hungry. Which I thought people quit doing in the fifties.

But there are moments of joy and reasons to stay. I have fallen in love with Copenhagen (Kobenhavn, to the locals). It is a beautiful city with so many different sides...the canals of Nyhaven, the hippie charm of Christiania, where hippies took over a military barrack and trade hash openly, the

impressive buildings of Strøget and the view from the top of the roller coaster in Tivoli. I like sitting in a café and writing in my journal, and have developed a taste for Carlsberg, the Danish answer to Budweiser. The kids have redeeming qualities. And the farm, with its litters of kittens every two months that always find homes, the horses that are young and prone to bad (but amusing) behavior and the beautiful, haunting surroundings are all reasons not to call a cab and take off for the airport in the middle of the night. Which I've only seriously considered doing once.

Ok, maybe twice. ■



At Kronborg slot, also known as Elsinore, or Hamlet's Castle. Eilene stands in front of the Shakespeare shrine, giving him the nod. Photo submitted by Eilene Kuehnle.

Gingered Pear Crisp

Submitted by David (and Kristin) Wheat

Note: Choose the ripest Bartlett pears you can find, because their soft, juicy texture and sweet flavor make a big difference in this dessert.

Ingredients:

¼ cup golden raisins	Cooking spray
¼ cup granulated sugar	¼ cup all-purpose flour
1 tsp. grated orange rind	½ cup regular oats
1 tbsp. fresh orange juice	¼ cup packed brown sugar
1 tsp. chopped peeled fresh ginger	¼ tsp. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. vanilla extract	⅛ tsp. salt
4 cups (½-inch-thick) chopped peeled Bartlett pears (about 4 pears)	3 tbsp. chilled butter, cut into small pieces
	2 tbsp. chopped pecans

Directions:

Preheat oven to 375°.

Combine first 6 ingredients in a large bowl, stirring to combine. Add pears; toss gently to coat. Spoon pear mixture into a shallow 2-quart baking dish lightly coated with cooking spray.

Lightly spoon flour into a dry measuring cup; level with a knife. Combine flour, oats, brown sugar, cinnamon, and salt in a medium bowl. Cut in butter with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture resembles coarse meal, and stir in nuts. Sprinkle flour mixture over pear mixture.

Bake at 375° for 35 minutes or until topping is lightly browned. Cool on a wire rack 10 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings (serving size: about 1 cup) ■

Eric's Mama's Super Biscuits

by Eric Tumminia

2 cups flour
1 tbsp baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅓ cup shortening
1 cup of milk or water

Take the dry stuff, mix it up real good; take 1/3 cup shortening, glop it in; take two knives and cut shortnin' into flour, until the chunks are no larger than a pea or small marble. Pour in one cup of milk or water (Mom says water is a little better, different texture). Flop the globs onto a well-greased pan, bake at 425° for 15-20 minutes. ■

Beef Brownies

by Dana Kuhnline

For all of you Texans who just can't get enough beef:

1 cup flour
1 cup sugar
2 tbsp. cocoa
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
2 eggs
½ cup pecans
½ cup margarine, melted
¾ cup ground beef

Mix together all ingredients. Place in greased pan; cook 25 minutes at 350°.

Enjoy with a toast to our president. ■

Lauren's Versatile Pizza (for vegans, vegetarians, and meat luvas)

by Lauren Rosenfield

If you consider yourself less than apt in the realm of cooking, fear not, this quick and painless recipe will turn any burgeoning chef into a pseudo-Emeril Lagasse. What's great about making your own pizza from scratch is that a) it is healthier for you than some crap from Papa John's or Pizza Hut; b) it's a lot cheaper; and c) you can make the pizza vegan, vegetarian, or meat lover, all depending on your mood. You can help the environment by making your own pizza, too. Going vegan or vegetarian promotes earth-friendly, environmentally-conscious farmers to grow, grow, grow more organic fruits and veggies and makes disgusting corporate slaughterhouse industries suffer the consequences. If you are not a vegan or vegetarian, you can still help the environment by buying your meat from a local butcher or farmer. In fact, buying *all* of your food locally cuts down on shipping costs (for you and the farmer), decreases the amount of water used for packaging, and reduces the amount of cardboard, Styrofoam, and other various shipping materials used to send said products to stores like Hy-Vee and Wal-Mart.

So, after you have decided in what way to help the environment, all you need (besides the ingredients, time, and a little bit of elbow grease) is an equally inept pizza partner to (possibly) help you make it and eat it, too!

Makes one 12" Pizza

2 ½ cups flour

I like to use coarse whole wheat flour 'cause it gives the crust a lot of texture. Plus, the whole wheat is heart-healthy and will help clean out that filthy, filthy colon of yours.

2 tbsp. oil

I prefer olive oil. It's way better for you than vegetable oil and is loaded with monounsaturated fats, which help reduce the amount of "bad cholesterol" (or LDL cholesterol) in your heart.

2 tsp. sugar

2 tsp. salt

1 cup of warm water

1 packet of active dry yeast
(or 2¼ tsp.)

Directions:

In a separate container, mix yeast and warm water until yeast is fully mixed in with the water. Set aside for later. In a large, "oven proof" bowl (such as glass) mix all dry ingredients and oil until dough is mixed thoroughly. You may have to add a little bit more water if the ingredients are not mixing well, so if you need to, it's okay.

Now, if you're worried about your circulation or vampires attacking you while you sleep, you can add some minced garlic into the dough. I like to add *tons* of garlic because it's healthy and tastes so, so good.

Okay, now it's time to add the yeast/water mixture. Fold everything together until all ingredients are blended nicely. Place a clean cloth over the bowl and place in the oven. Just put the oven on warm (to entice the yeast to rise! rise! rise!), you'll crank up the heat a little later. It'll take about 20 minutes for the dough to rise, but it's a good idea to periodically check the dough to make sure it isn't actually *baking*. If the dough *is* baking, then the oven temperature may be too high, so either turn the temperature down to warm or remove the bowl from the oven.

So, while you and your pizza partner are waiting for that yeast to do its thing, prepare the various toppings you desire for your pizza. I like to create different kinds of pizza. One night I made a "Mexican Pizza," and used jalapeños, green and red bell peppers, onions, and red beans for toppings. For the "Mexican sauce," I mixed medium salsa with tomato sauce (I prefer plain 'ol tomato sauce because then you can add a lot more of your own spices) and added some fresh cumin, garlic salt, garlic (I know, I overdose on garlic), cayenne pepper, and medium chili powder to the tomato and salsa mix. If you're a vegan, then plan on not adding any cheese to your pizza (or plan on adding vegan cheese), but if you're not, then you can add pepper jack cheese to compliment the Mexican flavor, or Swiss, or colby jack, or whatever cheese you believe will go with your pizza. I think some spicy chicken or peppery beef would compliment the Mexican flavor.

Or, if you desire a more "Italian Style" pizza, you can use green bell peppers, mushrooms (I prefer portabella), onions, garlic, Italian sausage (make sure it's cooked *before* adding it to your toppings), and more. You can even use Alfredo sauce for the pizza sauce and have an Alfredo Pizza! Go Greek the non-fraternity or sorority way by making your pizza a "Caesar Pizza." My Caesar Pizza had black and green olives, feta cheese, garlic (of course), green bell peppers, and garbonzo beans. Yummy!

So after you and your pizza partner are finished conjuring up the ethnicity of your pizza, take the bowl containing the dough out of the oven and spread onto a greased 12" pizza pan. At this time you should preheat the oven to 430° and add your chosen sauce and ingredients while waiting for the oven to heat up. The more loaded the toppings, the better, because the veggies and/or various meat (by)products you put on your pizza will shrink in the oven. You should leave the pizza in the oven for about ten or fifteen minutes. If you lust for a more thin, crunchy crust, then leave it in longer. After said amount of time, remove pizza from oven, cut into slices (or don't, if you and your pizza partner want to eat it like savages), and enjoy! ■

GEO Book Drive Update

by Dana Kuhnline

The GEO has been conducting a book drive for the classrooms of MAE students. Often, these teachers enter their internship or first teaching position and are greeted by an underfunded, book-deficient classroom.

Thanks to the generous donations of the Language and Literature Community, Kristin, MAE student and

GEO member extraordinaire, was able to buy 31 books at the Public Library booksale for only \$9. Her best find was *Jurassic Park* en Español. We have a few dollars left, and as usual, the jar is located in the Language and Literature mailroom, if you would like to donate some spare change or fifty dollar bills.

Book and magazine

donations for all ages, but especially those appropriate for high school students, would also be appreciated. In particular, "male" magazines like *Car and Driver* and *Sports Illustrated* are helpful; anything that would appeal to a teen boy or girl disinterested in reading would be great.

Thanks again to Kristin and all who donated. ■

Upcoming Event: GEO-Sponsored Language & Literature Bandfest!

Featuring your favorite TSU
Lang. & Lit. Artists

January 21 or 22, 2005
(Watch for more information
about date & concert details!)

7:00 P.M.

Du Kum Upp

A fundraiser for the
Environmental Studies Conference.

"Nine-Line Concept in a Cynical Modern Era"

by Nick Kremer

On the seaside walls of Liverpool hang the wonders of the Western World:

*John Cage's masterpiece Dureau No. 33, created the day of my birth and thus

affectionately renamed "Infant Scribbles"

*Eva Hesse's Untitled (1967), the mesmerizing "Little Lead Circles on Ordinary Graph Paper"

*Fontana's riveting "Holes in a Cardboard Canvas"

*Newman's breathtaking "Solid Black Line on White Paper" -and-

*Latham's three-dimensional embodiment of awe-inspiring truth: "Hanging Board of Paint-Speckled Wood"

Meaning has been found, not in imagery but in simply being,
And I can thus spill careless words on paper and it, too, is art

(as long as it has a catchy title...) ■

