

STORY ≠ ESSAY

Lezlie Laws Couch

After several years of teaching writing to college freshmen, two years ago I added an advanced writing course to my schedule. Although I enjoy helping freshmen develop the strategies and techniques required to survive academic writing assignments, in this new course I was most eager to create assignments which place writing firmly in the liberal arts tradition and ask students to view language as the primary tool we have for shaping and interpreting our reality, not merely as a method of recording reality. The course that has evolved over the past two years focuses less on structures appropriate for academic writing and more on writing experiences which demonstrate that the knowledge we have, the perceptions we have, are created and shaped largely by the way we are able to use language. Although students are encouraged to place their attitudes and experiences within the context of previously published ideas (the readings), the primary intent of the assignments in this course is to generate essays which give meaningful shape to students' own attitudes and experiences and to push these attitudes and experiences in the direction of idea.

In essence, I want students to gain expertise in reading and writing the contemporary informal essay and to understand that such essays can be forums which allow them to make personal connections with the ideas and texts. But therein lies the problem of this course. In the past two years of teaching advanced writing, I have found myself woefully unsure of exactly how to teach that lesson to students. I have struggled to find effective ways to teach students programmed to report and record in most of their courses to lend shape to their own representations, shape that will lead those representations into the realm of idea. What I have relied on are strategies informed largely by traditional methods of literary study (analysis of organic structure, imagery, authorial intention, tropes characteristic of the informal essay, etc.), as well as methods

from composition study (attention to rhetorical effect, focus, cohesion, balance of generalization and specifics, etc.). These strategies focus on analysis of completed works, and, to one degree or another, have been instructive for many students. What follows is a description of several encounters with a student which led me to conclude that I had been favoring analysis of completed works over self-analysis of a work in progress. Such self-analysis (in this case it took the form of a writing log kept during the process of drafting and revising an essay) allowed my student Stacey to experience the generative effect of language, that moment when the details of her text took shape and created insights beyond the mere recording of events.

In spite of the problem it poses for me (maybe *because of the problem it poses for me*), I have thoroughly enjoyed teaching this course. For texts we use *The New Yorker* magazine and Houghton Mifflin's *The Dolphin Reader* where some of the finest examples of the contemporary essay, both formal and informal, are found. Each class session, a single question begins our study of these essays: What meaning is created in this text and how is that meaning created? Even though most of my students have had little exposure to the genre of essay in high school or in college, they are quickly responsive to traditional instruction which helps them discern the structural, stylistic and aesthetic qualities of the form. Thus class discussions are consistently productive and often genuinely engaging. The problem comes when students try to bring the same level of discernment to creating their own texts.

Before presenting a student essay which demonstrates this problem, I want to explain a bit about the context for writing essays established at the beginning of this course. In his introduction to *The Dolphin Reader*, Doug Hunt gives an excellent explanation of what the essay, as a form, is all about. In describing the various ways that essays take shape, Hunt emphasizes that the common denominator of all essays is a concern with *mores*—"the customs, habits, and preoccupations that give life shape" (2). And in describing these *mores*, essayists want to lead their readers to a "statement of values" (2). To get at this statement of values, to reveal it so to speak, the essayist uses "a particular topic as a way of expressing an

insight of general interest," Hunt says (3). "No insight, no essay," he cautions (4). And that, in essence, becomes the rallying chant of my course. I say it over and over and over: no insight, no essay.

In a recent article, Peter Elbow makes a distinction between writing which renders experience and writing which explains experience, arguing that we should not focus fully on the latter in our writing courses. He says:

As writing teachers our job is to try to pass on the great human accomplishment of written language. Discourse that explains is part of that accomplishment, but discourse that renders is equally great—equally one of the pre-eminent gifts of human kind. When students leave the university unable to find words to render their experience, they are radically impoverished (137).

I heartily agree with Elbow, but in my experience with this particular course, I have observed students fully willing to render their experience, and to render and render and render. Students seem ill-equipped to both render and explain experience within the same text. They are able to create narratives about their experience within the same text. They are able to create narratives about their experiences and observations, and they are able to write reports on their reading, but few students are accustomed to giving the data of their experience and observations any significance other than the fact that they exist. Few writers attempt to ferret out the idea which undergirds the information presented in their texts. I see little writing which seeks to help writer and reader alike "sort out the enigma of our own identities" (Hunt 2). The assignments of this course ask them not only to render an experience, but also to explain how they have come to understand that experience. They need to figure out what an experience came to mean to them or how the experience has helped them explain an issue or maybe even solve a conceptual problem. An essay needs perspective, Hunt tells us in his introduction, "an intellectual and emotional place to stand" (2). An essay needs an idea.

Helping students grasp this quality of essay discourse as a

form is my problem in this course. The following piece of writing demonstrates this problem.

CHILDHOOD SCARS

The summer before I turned eight years old, my mother and I moved to the old house on Narrows Road. It was called Narrows Road because it was just that—narrow and long. The gravel/dirt driveway was about four minutes long by car, twisting and winding up a big hill, which my mother later dubbed "Munchkin Mountain," until it reached the house, which was magnificent. Big and airy with lots of windows it was a simple country house that sat majestically on the peak overlooking fifteen untamed acres of trees, Pennsylvania wild flowers, grasshoppers and blackberries. It was here that I'd spend the next five years of my life, growing with the flowers and witnessing Mother Nature at her finest.

Because we were so isolated, I had few playmates and longed desperately for a pet, a pony specifically. But I had a minor affliction that kept me separated from all animals with hair—asthma. How frustrated I was with God for giving me this terribly unfair cross to bear. But most of the time I was determined to ignore this slight disability of mine.

One sunny Saturday in May, I decided to explore my domain. I set out taking along a large ripe peach and an empty paper sack for interesting things to bring home for closer inspection. I walked down the hill toward the miniature forest of pine and fir trees. I walked through the trees until I reached a small two acre field of wild hay. It was one of the loveliest colors I have ever seen. The hay was still green at this point and was such a natural, perfect, liquid color one could almost drown in it. With hay up to my waist and the wind in my hair, my moist yellow t-shirt stuck to the back of my sweaty neck as I ran. We flowed together, the hay and I, and I swam across its ocean until it lifted me up on the opposite bank where I stopped to catch my breath. The hot sun beat down unmercifully as I lay awhile on top of the bank on the cool,

moist soil.

Then I saw the farm. I hadn't known there was a farm so close—it had been hidden by the trees. I got up and brushed the dirt off my knees and elbows. Nonchalantly I walked up to the gate and opened it. A stocky woman was hanging up wet, white sheets on a line and asked me, like it was the most natural thing in the world for little kids to walk into her yard, if I wanted to see the baby chicks. Of course, I didn't refuse, and after I'd seen them she gave me the most delicious drink of cold well-water and asked me if I had just moved into the old house on the hill.

"Yes," I replied between gulps. "I live there with my mom."

"I thought so," she said. Then she said the most important thing she ever could have said to a pet-starved eight-year-old.

"I wonder, would you like a kitten?"

The words couldn't come fast enough, "Oh yes I would!" I answered loud and clear. "And I'll take very good care of her, I promise!"

She took me around to a corner of the house and on the porch was an overturned cardboard box full of baby kittens. I spotted an all black one with a white foot that I just had to have.

"She's all yours if you're sure your mother will let you keep her," the woman said with a questioning glance.

"I know she will," I coolly lied, wondering how I'd talk my mother into it.

I was elated! I think I actually flew back through the field and forest and up the hill to my own yard with that kitten in my arms, despite my wheezing and shortness of breath. I had a kitten! And at that moment, that was all that mattered.

Then I stopped short and started to really think about the situation. My mother. I knew she'd never let me keep the kitten. After a few minutes of deliberation, I decided I'd just have to hide her. That's all there was to it.

Luckily there was a little dilapidated two-room guest house on our property. The door was kept locked, but one of the windows was broken. I slipped the kitten in

through the window, and extremely pleased, went to the house for milk. Into the kitchen I went, thanking heaven that my mother was on the phone and too occupied with her conversation to notice me. I poured out a plastic cup full of milk and cautiously made my way through the living room and back out the front door.

My kitty was mewing loudly when I got to her. The window opening was high and I had to stand on tip-toe to reach in with the milk. But when I was bringing my hand back out, I lost my balance catching my arm on the jagged glass. A bright red slash appeared and blood flowed down my dirty arm and stained my already grubby shirt. I knew that if I cried my mother would find out about the kitty, but I couldn't hold back. I screamed and yelled and cried with all my might. My mom came running out of the house calling for me. She took me inside to assess the damage and then right off to the hospital emergency room. Seven stitches and one serious asthma attack followed.

When she found out about my kitten, despite my protests, mom took her back to the farm, and I was told never to go there again. I still have a small scar on my right arm that will probably never fade away—just like the memory of the kitten I never got a chance to name.

In my estimation, this essay is a classic example of student writing which renders experience without explaining the significance or implications of that experience to the reader. Here is my written response to the writer:

As far as memory writings go, this is certainly one of the very nicest I've come across in this set of papers. You have a wonderful sense of detail. I liked the description of the road leading up to the house, and the description of the hay field is like a scene right out of a Monet painting. Your word choice is very precise and imagistic—you have really taken me into your eight-year-old world. It's just wonderful. Too, I think you have done an excellent job of setting your reader up for the kind of excitement/panic/sadness a child can feel about getting a pet of her own to love and take care of.

There is a problem with this paper, though: you lead us up to the point of explaining the significance (or effect) of a certain experience in your life, and then just quit writing. The paper ends too quickly, before you have had a chance to really comment upon what happened to you, what you felt like when it happened, and how you feel about those events now. Is this story nothing more than a trivial incident in the life of a child? If so, why do you remember it after all these years? Why is this event important to you? How did you feel when your mother took the kitten away? How did she deal with you when she did that? What did she say to you? Did you forgive her? Do you understand her actions now? Did you understand them then? In retrospect, do you think she did the right thing?

All of these questions are important for your reader, and you owe it to us to comment upon the event you have presented. That's what an essayist does. You can't just present a scene or a story to a reader and expect the reader to interpret it—that's what fiction writers do. Your job as an essayist is to reveal what understanding you have gained about the events you relate. What do they mean? How are they important to you? And how might they connect with your reader's experience and understanding?

I repeated my rallying chant: no insight, no essay.

For a study I was conducting, I had asked Stacey, the author of this childhood memory, to keep a journal in which she described her thoughts and reactions as she went through the drafting and revising processes for this paper. To the extent that she could, she was to make written protocols of the process she went through each time she worked on the paper and to record her responses to workshop sessions and conferences with me. One of her early entries in her journal revealed Stacey to be coming to this writing task from an angle different from mine.

With this draft I felt pretty close to being finished with this paper. In the past I had been rewarded heartily for just such work, and I was confident that this specific paper would win over my peers and professor with its wit and

charm and descriptive scenery, especially the hay field scene. I was very proud of that. However, I knew it wasn't perfect.

After reading my story to my workshop group, I got the feeling that they were genuinely impressed and had been touched by it. This was the applause I was waiting for; now I was sure that with a few touch-ups here and there I would be home free. I got the feeling that the three of us on the whole were as proud of that paper as if we had written it together. It was like they were agreeing, 'Now here is something that would gain even the toughest professor's approval, and it was written completely by a student.'

On the day I returned this set of essays to class, I read Stacey's paper aloud in an attempt to re-emphasize the point about the importance of insight in essays. I thought this paper would be a good one to use because it was nicely written and held the potential for becoming a fine essay. But I wanted the class to understand that, as it read at that point, the piece was pure narrative: experience rendered but not explained. Given the initial reactions of Stacey's workshop group to this paper, you might imagine the reaction of class when, after reading the paper aloud to them, I read my comments on the paper. They were appalled that I was not completely impressed with Stacey's performance. I fell immediately into the ranks of the impossible-to-please professors. The battle lines were drawn. Stacey's journal comments reveal this, too:

When we got our papers back with comments from the teacher, the first thing I looked for was the grade. From this I thought I'd be able to tell right away if my paper was as good as I'd thought or not. The grade would show how pleased my teacher was with the assignment. The grade would show if I had any potential as a writer. It was a C. I sucked in my breath. Yikes, what had I done wrong? Did this professor want perfection, or what? I guessed I'd better give up the idea of funding a summer house on Marco Island with my writing skills.

I immediately tried to get a feel for where I stood in the

class by asking my fellow sufferers about the grades. I was relieved to realize that I was not alone. Good. I next looked over the comments to decipher the meaning behind this blatantly AVERAGE grade. Here I found a surprise. My professor seemed to like the paper; she even raved about one of the scenes.

It turned out that I hadn't done anything wrong, I just hadn't done enough. The most important advice in her comments was 'You can't just present a scene or a story to a reader and expect the reader to interpret it—that's what fiction writers do. Your job as an essayist is to reveal what understanding you have gained about the events you relate.' Those two sentences should be emblazoned in platinum on the front of every expository writer's notebook.

Once their initial shock at my response had abated, the class allowed me to elaborate upon why this paper was not yet acceptable as an essay. I reminded them of an essay by Kenneth Bruffee we had considered earlier in the course. He describes a liberal arts education as one which allows us to "examine more fully and deeply the way humanistic texts and materials reveal us to each other by showing us what goes on in each other's lives and minds" (84). They agreed that Stacey had shown us what was going on in her life. What she had not done in this paper was show us what was going on in her mind. We had also read a piece by Edward Hoagland in which he states that essays "hang somewhere on a line between two sturdy poles: this is what I think, and this is what I am" (25). They agreed that Stacey had done a nice job of showing us what her eight-year-old self was like ("this is what I am"), but had not defined the significance of that early experience to her present self ("this is what I think"), much less to other readers. She had not placed her experience within the context of what Michael Oakshott calls "the conversation of mankind," that conversation, he says, which "gives place and character to every human activity and utterance" (199). An essayist steps back from experience and comments upon, explains, or inquires in some fashion about the effects of that experience. In Stacey's paper, we see no effect revealed.

Stacey accepted our scrutiny and critique of her paper with great poise. Serious about her writing, she eagerly accepted our observations about the paper's strengths and weaknesses and set about revising. She later wrote about that class session:

It was a great opportunity to see my classmates' reactions to my paper. I took notes while the class talked about ways of improving it. It was true that I didn't have an idea; my paper needed to expose not just the events that had transpired but their meaningfulness to me and the understanding I had obtained from their significance.

Wow, what a shock to my young, tender mindset of how to write. I certainly had some thinking to do, some exploring of my feelings and why I wrote that piece the way I did. I knew that I needed more details about my emotions at the end of the paper—how I reacted to and felt towards my mother when she took my kitten away. And I needed an explanation of why that kitten was so precious to me in the first place.

As an instructor, I felt that I had led my class to a fuller understanding of the essay as a form. I had identified the problem of the student's essay, and I had explained the rhetorical implications of that problem. I looked forward to Stacey's revision, sure that she would turn her narrative into an essay. It was several days later that I learned how mistaken I had been in thinking my own talk about Stacey's writing was enough to bring about changes in her writing. Sadly, the results of her revision were superficial. The most serious changes in the paper occurred at the conclusion, so I provide only that addition here.

When she found out about my kitten, despite my protests, my mother took her back to the farm and I was told never to go there again. I was furious with her. Despite my afflictions of shallow breathing and a sore arm, I wanted that kitten back. I pouted and sulked and wouldn't talk to her or my grandparents when they made their weekly call from Ft. Lauderdale that evening. I was beyond hurt.

And actually I had done only what I had been told to do; that is, entertain myself and stay out of the way. So why was I being treated like this?

My mood carried over through the rest of the weekend, and I dragged it into school with me on Monday. I found some consolation with my second grade buddies who were also indignant at the injustice. But it wasn't enough.

When Mother picked me up at my Aunt Janie's after school, I greeted her with my forlorn smile, still secretly hoping that my attitude would ultimately make her give in. It didn't. She scowled at my droopy face and reprimanded, "I am sick and tired of this little tantrum you're having, so straighten up right now." Then in a gentler tone, "I know you want a pet, but honey, you just have to realize that you can't be around animals with hair."

With that I said goodbye to my Aunt Janie and got in the car. There was a white box on my seat. Mother said wryly, "That's a little surprise for you, since you've been so good."

I lifted the lid to see some grass, a few pebbles and a baby Box turtle. Joy once again lit my face. I didn't say a word until we got home. When we got into the house I put down all my things and turned to my mom to give her the biggest hug ever. "I'm sorry," I said. "I really love you more than anything in the whole world, even my kitty."

I ended up naming my turtle "Austin" after the congressman my mother worked for. He fit in perfectly with my grassy playground, and we did a lot of exploring together until he wandered off into the blackberry bushes about three years later.

I still have a small scar on my right arm that will probably never completely fade away. It reminds me of that little black kitten and how it drew me closer to my mom.

Several points are worth noting here. First of all, Stacey apparently has not grasped the difference between narration and exposition in essay writing. Instead of making commentary upon her experience to answer the reader's "so what?"

response to her story, she simply adds another page of narrative (the section on the turtle). Secondly, in a conference I questioned Stacey about what generalizations rest at the heart of this essay, what truthful point is elucidated by this example, what, in essence, is being said through this story. She nodded her head and said, "Oh, I see what you're getting at. What's the idea here, huh?" Exactly. What's the idea? The last line of her revised paper seems to be her concession to idea: "It reminds me of that little black kitten and how it drew me closer to my mom." I wondered if she really believed that the idea of this piece hinged on her relationship with her mother. Or, did this beleaguered writer just give up on the piece and throw in that line hoping it would mollify me? When I read Stacey's journal response to that conference, I found that the latter was indeed true.

It was at this point that I started to feel the tedium of revising a paper for the umpteenth time. I hoped my workshop group would help me out here, but they didn't. In fact, I left my last session with them remembering nightmares that were more pleasant. After reading my new and improved version of what had started out as one of the most charming papers I'd ever written, they both looked at me as if to say "What happened?" This paper was such a sweet story and now it seems so detailed and analyzed. The general consensus was that I had ruined the marshmallow fluff that I'd had before. Now the story wasn't even getting the impressed and touching reactions it had gotten before I had worked so hard to revise it. I was really fed up with it. I didn't want to listen to anyone's suggestions anymore. It was *my* paper! I was sick of trying to please everyone!

At this point in the process I felt as if I had pretty much failed to help Stacey grasp a distinguishing characteristic of the essay: the explicit expression of an insight of general interest. (Also apparent in the entry is my failure as a constructive respondent!) Stacey's tag statement about her mother is certainly not an insight, and it probably holds little interest for most readers. I had wanted her to understand how a successful

essay does more than tell a story or even defend a position; it embodies an idea. A good essay brings depth and resonance to this embodied idea not by a mere presentation of examples (stories), but through the writer's attention to the significance of those examples. Until this point in the course, I believed that extensive written protocols of my responses to student essays were the most effective way to lead students to insights about their own texts, more effective even than the class time spent analyzing style, discussing structure, considering the balance of generalization or specifics, or practicing any of the other ways contemporary rhetorics suggest for teaching the essay. But as we continued to work together, Stacey showed me another way that students are led to develop resonating ideas out of the details of their stories.

Not quite knowing what else to suggest to Stacey, I asked her to write one more entry in her process journal reflecting on the paper. I suggested thinking about what she had originally thought she was writing about and how her intentions for the essay had changed or evolved as she went through the drafting process. Her last entry was fascinating.

Sometimes I pretend I am a real writer, an author who touches millions with her stories and thoughts and ideas.

My favorite kind of writing is descriptive writing. I have a colorful imagination and an exacting memory for detail. I love to write about my childhood growing up in rural Pennsylvania, the changing seasons, all that stuff.

I think it makes me feel closer to everything I have left behind, everything I can never return to again—at least not in the form I was before. Describing everything in such minute detail helps me remember it myself so I know I'll never lose it.

I believe that my subjects tend toward PA and my life there because I miss it so much. Maybe I'm afraid to grow up. Who am I fooling? I *know* I'm afraid—I'm kicking and fighting it every step of the way so far. (I still have coloring books and bubbles in my dorm room.)

I realize this situation, however. Probably, it will pass with time—his feeling of losing an important part of my life, and hanging on with all my might! Right now I am

comfortable with basing my identity on my concrete childhood and years of instruction at home. I trust the feelings I have from there. College is my second world. Though entirely my own, I haven't totally claimed it yet.

Now there's an idea! There's a place to begin rethinking this narrative. There's a perspective with which to approach this experience. There's an insight. And this insight came not from me, of course, nor from anything I had written or said to Stacey, but rather from her own reflective writing about her story and what she wanted it to mean. Through her journal she discovered how her current notions of herself are embraced and shaped by the nostalgic reflections of her past self. The resonating idea of her essay will emerge from presenting both of those visions in her narrative. Stacey had discovered this for herself through her own writing, and in so doing she reminded me of what I had learned from reading Carl Rogers in an educational theory class years ago: "The only learning which significantly influences behavior is self-discovered, self-appropriated learning" (153). Stacey's writing log had proven to be her avenue to self-discovery. I believed Stacey was now prepared to do some serious and profitable revision of her narrative, revision which would reveal her critical reflection upon her own experience, revision which would move her piece out of the realm of mere reportage and into the realm of interpretation.

I was assisted in my final conference with Stacey by the recent study Douglas Hesse has made of the use of narrative in essays. He identifies five very interesting misconceptions that many have about the use of narrative in nonfiction texts, one of which was especially helpful in my last conversation with Stacey. Hesse says that story (narrative) does not "stand for" thesis, focus, or point of an essay. (177). I'm making an inference here, but I think Stacey believed initially that the sad story of the loss of her pet was supposed to equal or "prove" a point—that she does in fact really love her mother. But Hesse argues, and I agree, that this is not usually the case in the best of contemporary essays. More often, "the story leads to the point; it does not contain it. The point is something in addition to, not equal to, the story" (179). He goes on to say that in

telling a story, or presenting a narrative line, an essayist "creates a narrative moment in which a thought can be expressed. What the story 'proves' is that such a thought can exist" (180). Stacey's last journal entry revealed a young woman tenaciously maintaining the images and events of her happy and highly protected childhood. She described a woman-girl wanting to make her way in the world, even to make a mark on that world, and yet still wanting to hold on to a childhood identity that was comforting, and, as it existed in her memory, very safe. In this journal entry Stacey captured herself in the very midst of growing up. That idea (her insight about herself) is not a result of the events of the story so much as a result of the existence of that story in her memory. Her tentatively stated idea grows out of the story, not the reverse, just as Hesse has suggested. And it is an idea worth pursuing, an idea that will allow her to push her narrative into the realm of essay.

Unfortunately, by the time Stacey made it to our last conference, she had given up on this piece of writing, unable to summon the energy necessary to re-think her text. The essay succumbed to the pressures of final exams and other assignments she needed to tend to. But still, I felt that both writer and teacher had come away from the experience with greater understanding of how essays emerge. It is, of course, unreasonable for me to think that students will embrace and then implement the pronouncements of a few professional writers. Simply telling them what an essay is supposed to do is not enough to bring about change in their writing. Obviously students need instruction about the genre of nonfiction, its history, its distinguishing characteristics, its rhetorical flexibility; they also need to be introduced to critical approaches to nonfiction. But such a serious study of a form is very difficult to accomplish on the basis of the handful of samples covered in a college composition class. Few of my students have much experience reading personal or informal essays (evidenced by their tendency to refer to personal essays as "stories"). They haven't read essays (formal or informal) in high-school, and most college English departments give little, if any, attention to literary nonfiction in their curricula. So to a certain degree, students' ability to handle the form (as readers or as writers) in

more successful and sophisticated ways will develop only as they are encouraged to become more familiar with the form's multifarious nature.

In addition to such formal study of the genre, I am convinced that teachers of writing must continue to hone their response skills. In spite of some of the frustration I saw my responses cause in Stacey, I know that thoughtful and personal written protocols made in response to student drafts can contribute much to my students' growth as writers. These written protocols not only show students how one reader is informed and affected by each section of a text, but they also influence the students' own developing response language. And yet, reading Stacey's own written protocols about her essay's progress has led me to believe that had I asked her to *write* more (and possibly *told* her less), the significance of her childhood story might have surfaced earlier and served her profitably in revising. Stacey's rendering of her childhood experience is still not an essay, but Stacey and I are both closer to understanding why.

WORKS CITED

- Bruffee, Kenneth A. "The Structure of Knowledge and Future of Liberal Education." *Liberal Education* 67.1 (1981): 177-186.
- Elbow, Peter. "Reflections on Academic Discourse: How It Relates to Freshmen and Colleagues." *College English* 53.2 (1991): 135-155.
- Hesse Douglas. "Stories in Essays, Essays in Stories." *Literary Nonfiction: Theory, Criticism, Pedagogy*. Ed. Chris Anderson. Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois U P, 1989. 176-196.
- Hoagland, Edward. "What I Think, What I Am." *The Tugman's Passage*. New York: Random House, 1982. 24-27.
- Hunt, Douglas. Introduction. *The Dolphin Reader*. Ed. Douglas Hunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1990. 1-11.
- Oakeshott, Michael. "The Voice of Poetry in the Conversation of Mankind." *Rationalism in Politics*. New York: Basic Books, 1962. 197-247.
- Rogers, Carl R. *Freedom to Learn*. Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill, 1969.