

A learning tool for students of the UW-Madison Odyssey Project

Odyssey ORACLE

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The Night I Found Love: October 17, 2007

By Rockameem

I would have told you or anyone that the most important thing we need as people to overcome American racism would be justice, but tonight for the very first time I now understand the power of love—not an “oh, oh, baby, baby” kind of love, but a love for humanities, a love of words, a love for the power to change.

Me, you, and the power to change—Wow! I would like to thank our guests, Robert and Wanda Auerbach, Milele Chikasa Anana, the staff and my class members, thank you all so very much!

We talked about things that had been locked up inside some of us forever. That's power, true power of the self to be a part of a dramatic monologue without ambiguity, a ballad of love that was so much more than the sum of its parts. I was so amazed! One more time, thank you all for your discernment and for being a part of a wonderful mosaic of pieces of love that put together a poem of life made by love!



Music: Another Way of Speaking

As Robert Auerbach, Rockameem, and René improvised with piano, drums, and voice, Odyssey students were asked to write about what music means to them. Here are excerpts:



Music for me is another way of speaking. You can say things through song that may not be said otherwise. The music I hear now makes me think of togetherness. It's a sound that makes me feel happy. I'm smiling a lot. Hearing the piano takes me back to an earlier time, when musicians actually played instruments.
(Dwayne Blue)

I was made of music. I really believe God was singing when He made me. Ever since I can remember I've been singing and creating music. . . . I need music to flow from me when I'm too full of unexpressed feeling.
(Ozanne Anderson)

Music to me is expression, freedom, meditation, release, time travel, a good time with my children, or even a long-needed cry. . . . Music for me is diversity and new experience, a gateway to other cultures and persons, and *always* a comfort!
(Tara Wilhelmi)

I have songs for all of my moods. Music can bring my spirits up when I am feeling down. . . . Some people have said that I am an old soul because I listen to music that was made before I was even born.
(Mandisa Hayes)

Music is medicine to my heart, mind, body, soul, and spirit. . . . I braid my daughter's hair to music early in the morning as the sun rises. . . . I believe God created music as a voice to cover the earth with truth and power so the rhythms could reach even the ears of those who seem deaf. With music my heart continues to beat.
(Sherri Bester)

Music is pure emotion. I listen to music whenever I need to feel: gangster rap when I feel like my manhood has been tested, rock when I feel like total anarchy, slow songs when I want to feel loved. Without music I don't think I can feel.
(Justin Wilson)

When I listen to gospel music it makes me feel at one with God.
(Loretta Smith)

My favorite music is . . . Congolese music. The beats are incredible. Even if you are sick in the hospital bed, you will feel like getting up and shaking something.

(Josephine Lorya)

I remember when I was little sitting in the basement of my adoptive parents' house alone doing nothing. I used to sing to myself so I could have a reason to smile.

(Candy Gonzalez)

Without music I would go insane. . . . When I am depressed I can always find a rhythm and blues song where the artist is sharing my pain and singing of a similar experience.

(Sheriah Quartey)

I never cared for blues until now. Music can be . . . freedom of the soul, freedom of expression.
(Debby Loftsgordon)





Instrumental is my favorite kind of music. Music to me should never have words . . . because when I listen to music, I'm in my special place.

(Brenda Tompkins)

Music is a beat or pulse—whatever moves me.

(John Shields)

What was said about ragtime being an instrument of political persuasion inspired me. . . . I never knew the message the music was trying to reveal. The complicated beats and notes were always like a math problem.

(Thomas Gardner)

I'm affected by music in every way possible. For instance, when I'm mad, I'll listen to Mary Jo Blige. She makes me say, "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not gonna take it anymore!" . . . I got the music in me! I have been singing and listening to all kinds of music since maybe age five.

(Valerie Williams)

I love Latin jazz, Celia Cruz, and Tito Puente. I like jazz, classical East Indian, Rap, Reggae, Reggaeton . . . salsa and merengue.

(Jessica Bhan)

I listen to a lot of jazz fusion. . . . Every riff a musician makes

complements the other musicians around him. . . . I feel like dancing or playing the drums.

(Jack Crawford)

I can't write music or read music. I can't play any instruments as well, but I love music. Music is history, emotion, and education. . . . Rockameem's drums give me energy while your father [Robert Auerbach] gives me joy.

(Albert Watson)

I personally listen a lot to Spanish music because the songs express what I am feeling.

(Maria Torres)

I like Spanish, Middle Eastern, and Christian music. When I listen to instrumental music I remember my parents and it makes me cry.

(Naomi Kharrazihassani)

Music energizes me, it relaxes me, and it inspires me. I love music and will listen to . . . jungle, indie rock, pop, breakbeats, or a song outside of these genres.

(Severn Anderson)

To me music means free expression. With music you can go to a land where you've never been, kind of like reading a book.

(Jeffery McCarroll)

Right now I feel like Saturday morning at my parents' house. My father loves jazz, and since Sunday is dedicated to my mother's gospel, Saturday is the only day in which he can listen to Coltrane, Monk, Dara, Santana, and many more.

(Charrod Miller)

Music means so much to me. I grew up in a large family, and music surrounded us daily, either on the radio or record player. . . . I still sing to this day.

(René Robinson)

Music means an escape to me if I'm sad or burdened. It means an outer body experience if I'm feeling youthful. . . . One thing for sure: music always seduces my heart.

(Haroun Omar)

Gospel music encourages me and lifts up my spirit in such a way that even if I've been having a bad day, I feel cheered. Music delivers a stronger message than just words.

(Nosihle Lukhele)

Music is the air I breathe. . . . If I sing with my heart, I can reach so far in. I could not live without music, all kinds.

(Kevin Schoen)



Paraphrasing the Bill of Rights

Odyssey students were asked to restate the Bill of Rights in language a fifth grader could understand. Here are their versions of 7 of those 10 amendments to the U.S. Constitution:

Amendment 1: You have the right to believe what you want to believe, say what you want, write what you want, and peacefully protest. **(Ronnie Jones)**

Amendment 2: You have the right to carry a gun without having that right taken away by law enforcement. **(R.J. Knight)**

Amendment 3: The government in times of peace on our land cannot just make themselves at home without permission of the owner. During wartime no soldier can come over without an official government declaration. **(Ivonne Ramos)**

Amendment 4: We the people have the right to feel secure around all our surroundings, in our home, on the job, or out in public. There can never be any

illegal searches without probable cause and a warrant.

(Jack Crawford)

Amendment 5: When you plead the fifth, you have the right to remain silent.

(Josephine Lorya)

Amendment 6: You can't punish me for any supposed crime until you can prove in a legal setting my guilt, give me a chance to defend myself, and face those who accuse me.

(Justin Wilson)

Amendment 9: Just because a right is not spelled out in the Constitution, it does not mean you don't have that right. The Constitution doesn't say you have the right to breathe air, but it is still something you can do.

(Mandisa Hayes)



(from left) Ronnie Jones, R.J. Knight, Ivonne Ramos, Tara Wilhelmi



One Chazen Choice

Lucrezia Ramana
by Giampietrino



This painting of a naked woman holding a dagger stuck out to me at first because most of the art hanging near it was religious. Once I got closer I realized she was pushing a dagger into her torso. This image was both confusing and disturbing. I read the information card next to the painting, and my confusion cleared. However, I was even more disturbed to read she was killing herself to protect her chastity after being raped by the ruler's son. **(Tara Wilhelmi)**

Living with Spina Bifida By Debby Loftsgordon



My biological father was a parachuter in the army during the Vietnam War and dove into the chemical agent called Agent Orange. Exposure to Agent Orange has been linked to birth defects. I was born with spina bifida, a birth defect in which the baby is born with a hole in the spine. The baby's spine does not develop properly. The term comes from Latin and literally means "split" or "open" spine.

I have had a total of nine major operations. I have IBS, which is Irritable

Bowel Syndrome, and am not able to eat oil, fat, grease, or spices. I had a bowel impaction in September of this year because I have too much scar tissue from a previous surgery. That is why I missed the first day of Odyssey class.

Spina bifida causes daily challenges. I have to do self-catherization to be able to eliminate my urine. I do this 6-8 times a day. . . .

I hope to find a cure for spina bifida where the child could have the surgery *in vitro* so the child is not born with spina bifida. I started a foundation called "Spina Bifida Stem Cell Research Fund" to deal with birth defects.

My symbol is a rose, and my motto is "Never Give Up." Here is a poem I published called

"Beyond the Physical Being":

Beyond the physical being

Lies the beauty from underneath.

Can't you see her kind, gentle self through her eyes?

The light of the kindred spirit—can you feel it?

Beyond the physical being . . .

Her words are simple, but still profound.

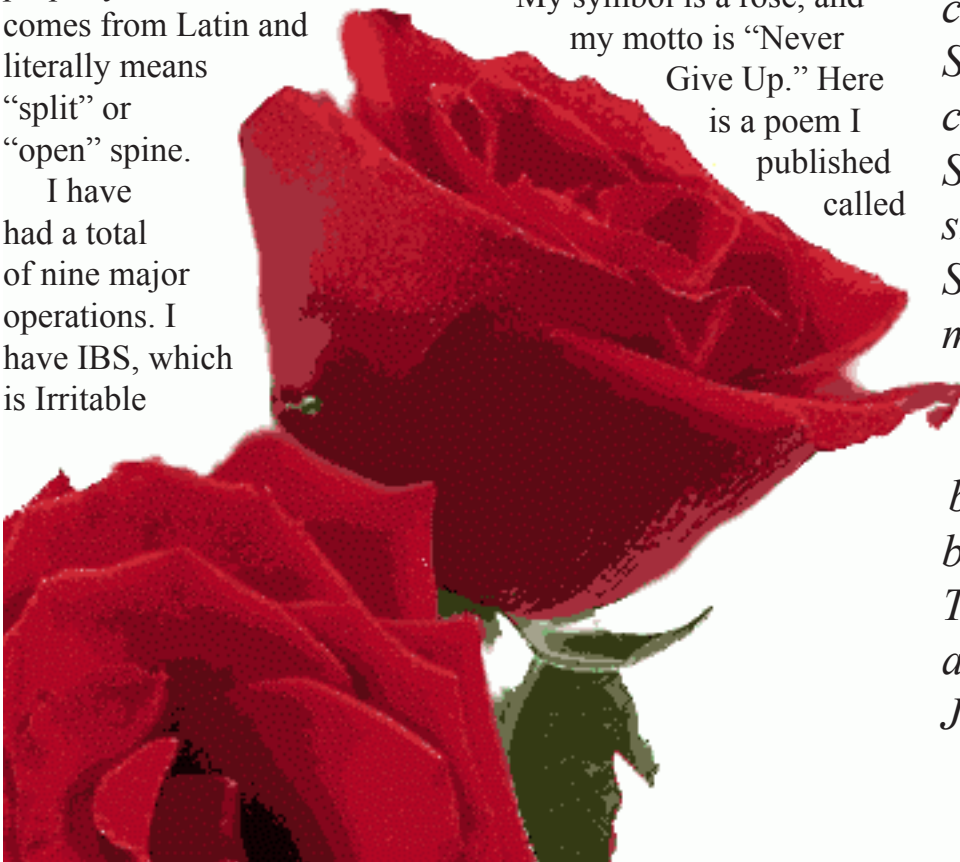
You see them in the cafeteria, the hallways, Some are in your classes.

Still I hear, "Boy, isn't she gross!"

She can't close her mouth when she eats!"

Why can't we all see beyond the physical being?

They smile, they walk, and they can talk, Just like you and me.



The Case of the KC Jersey

Coach's note: This was a tough search! Candy found the answer by assuming that KC meant Kansas City. She knew it was baseball and noted the mention of "six decades ago" on the worksheet. When she discovered that the Kansas City Royals didn't exist until the 1960's, she started searching for a prior Kansas City baseball team—and came up with the Kansas City Monarchs. From there everything fell into place.

"I had to do more reading to figure it out so I could know what I was talking about," she says, "seeing baseball has never been

an interest of mine. I found myself reading more and more about this."

Did she ever!

Maria Torres also tracked the mystery jersey back to Jackie Robinson and the Monarchs, and Sherri Bester made a beautiful intuitive leap to another great Monarch player, John "Buck" O'Neill, who went on to establish the Negro League Hall of Fame in Kansas City.



Black Baseball's Glamour Franchise By Candy Gonzalez

1. Who wore the jersey?

Jackie Robinson

2. What team/league?

Kansas City Monarchs

3. So what?

So, they won more than a dozen league championships and were the longest running franchise in the history of baseball's Negro Leagues. The Monarchs won their first championship in 1924. Some of the best black baseball players in history wore the Monarchs uniform. The Monarchs sent the most black players into the Major Leagues after the color barrier was broken.

According to the Negro League Baseball Players Association, the Monarchs were "black baseball's glamour franchise." The book *Champions of Black Baseball*

says the Monarchs were "The New York Yankees of the Negro Leagues."

There are many history-making moments for the Kansas City Monarchs. One of the most memorable events took place in 1945 when Jackie Robinson of the Monarchs made the jump to white baseball. He signed with the Brooklyn Dodgers and integrated the Major Leagues in 1947.

Even though Jackie Robinson wasn't the first African-American baseball player, when he walked on the field with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he ended almost 80 years of baseball segregation, "the baseball color line."

Robinson played baseball for another 11 years, received the Rookie of the Year Award in 1947, and two years later earned the Most Valuable Player Award.

Robinson played in six All-Star game and was a member of six World Series teams. In 1962 he was entered into the Baseball Hall of Fame.

In addition to his career as a baseball player, Robinson also worked in the Civil Rights Movement, helped with the growth of the Freedom Bank, wrote a newspaper column for many years, and was involved with political campaigning. He received the Congressional Gold Medal and the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

On April 15, 2007, Major League Baseball retired his number, 42, in recognition of all of Robinson's accomplishments on and off the field.

Robinson died in 1972, and in 1973 his widow Rachel founded the Jackie Robinson Foundation.

Socrates and Crito

Socrates: Surrender or Triumph?

When Crito attempts to convince Socrates to escape his sentence of death, what does Socrates do, and was his decision the right one?

Socrates decided to stand steadfast in his belief. He refused to run because that would have made it seem as though he didn't believe in his own philosophy. As he stated in the last line, "Let God's will be done." That itself says that Socrates believed God has the master plan and all was good.

I most definitely believe in his decision. If you are going to fight your entire life for a cause, then when it gets rough do you run? No way! You stand strong and unmovable in your beliefs.

(R.J. Knight)

Socrates tells Crito they should not fear the opinion of the many but rather the opinion of one man who has understanding, which I'm assuming is God. He also says he chooses to think of justice first, then life and children. He was not interested in saving his life but in doing the right thing until his death. I agree with his decision of not being afraid of what people

will think but of doing the right thing.

(Nosihle Lukhele)

Crito uses many devices to get Socrates to escape to freedom. First he tells Socrates to consider what the people will say about Crito and Socrates' other friends. They may say Crito was more concerned about his money than his friend. . . . He criticizes Socrates for allowing his children to become orphans. Socrates believes not to "retaliate or render evil for evil." Socrates also says that "an injustice is always an evil and dishonor to him who acts unjust." Socrates honors his principles by following through to his death! To be honest, I do not quite agree with his patriotism for Athens because if Athens had done a good job as government of the citizens, there would be no need to kill a citizen. I would have preferred to live elsewhere.

(Jessica Bhan)

Socrates compares a man's body with his principles. He gets Crito to agree that a man's principles are more important than his body, and that his principles live on after the body deteriorates. Socrates elaborates on his need to obey his government. He asserts that the laws have not failed him, but man has. He elects to die a just man, rather than to live on as a criminal. I agree with him. We wouldn't be studying about him if he either copped a plea or ran from his fate. To do either would be to make ineffectual his life's teachings.

(Kevin Schoen)

Socrates decides to stay and face his sentence. He feels his life would not be a valuable life to live if he went against his own principles to save it. I feel this was the romantic luxury of an older man. Socrates was a martyr. Perhaps a younger man would have fought harder against a system that had unjustly sentenced him to death.

(Tara Wilhelmi)

Odyssey Opinions

Students were asked now that they're midway in the semester if they had any thoughts about the class they'd like to share with their classmates.

Valerie Basks on the Beach

When I come to class every Wednesday, I feel like I'm lying on the beach while the sun warms my body, and I feel secure in expressing whatever I feel without being criticized. When I leave, it's like the lifeguard is no longer on duty, and the beach is closed until next Wednesday.
(Valerie Williams)



Kevin Rethinks his Week

I can't find words to explain what Odyssey means to me. Odyssey feeds my spirit. I no longer look forward to the weekend because Wednesday night is so much more fun! This isn't "a" class. It's "my" class. This group is full of great thinkers. Creativity is real big in this class. They are some brilliant writers. I feel accepted, respected, and even liked by my class mates. I feel the same way about them.
(Kevin Schoen)



Sheriah Shares her Shyness

I love everything about the class from the teachers to the students. It's the highlight of my week. My only concern is that sometimes I find myself sitting there with so many things that I want to say, but the shyness in me keeps my mouth shut. I have always been an observer my whole life, and I feel that by me listening to everybody I know so much about them and their personalities. My greatest fear is to graduate and never share a piece of myself.
(Sheriah Quartey)



Dr. Naomi

It does not matter where you came from: we are equal. . . . We are an awesome class. When people see me with those books [for our class] they think I am getting some sort of degree and make the comment, "Dr. Naomi." I just smile. ☺
(Naomi Kharrazihassani)



Albert Regains Hope

I never thought I'd ever get back to school. I prayed and God touched your hearts for myself, my classmates, and past and future Odyssey alumni. You've given me education, love, hope, and goals, and I thank you. I'm hoping to get more involved in discussions.
(Albert Watson)



Mandisa Tackles Syntax

So far classes are going well. There have been several sentences that I have struggled with while doing the reading. I have never used a dictionary so much before. An idea I got from this week's homework assignment was to write down the words and meanings as I come across them to make them "stick" in my head a little more.
(Mandisa Hayes)



Candy Accepts Humanity

There are good and bad in all ethnic groups. We are human and therefore nothing is going to ever be perfect.

... I was orphaned as a child, grew up with no family, was a teenaged parent, had many struggles and no support system, grew up in a system where I was told when to eat and sleep, had to share rooms with complete strangers, and lived with many different types of families. On top of all that I never knew what nationality I was. I knew what nationality I appeared to be, but I never knew, due to the fact that I was abandoned at a very young age, adopted into another family where my name was changed, then sent back into the system.

Now I have many reasons to be bitter towards many people, including my own. But I said to myself, which has been very hard, "I can't go on in life blaming others due to what I've been through because if I do that then where will I end up, and—worse—what will my children grow up to be?" I continue to have many struggles and know that I have accomplished also. . . . I love coming to class. . . . I feel compassion and love.

(Candy Gonzalez)



Ozanne Tosses a Salad

I think that God was intentional in His quest to create people of all colors and creeds. . . . You cannot separate me from my blackness

because it is very much a part of who I am; accepting me is accepting the entire package and the experiences that come along with me. I do not wish to be a part of a mish-mash stew where all flavors blend together to make a singular taste. I'd rather much more be a part of a fresh salad equipped with an endless variety of ingredients.

Each time you prepare this salad with a different set of ingredients, you get a different taste experience. No one looks at the tomato and says, "Oh, that's a salad," or the cheese and says, "That's a salad." Together all flavors combined make up the wonderful feast that changes its flavor with each new addition. God in His creativity made every person beautiful and unique. It is not by erasing those unique qualities that we reach the Nirvana of unity but by embracing our own unique qualities and those of others. It is also by accepting as our own the beauty and excellency of others that we have the opportunity to enhance our own flavors and create this glorious salad of brotherhood and love.

As I see it, there are 30+



individuals here who have the potential to change the world and the world around them. If one tomato learns that the cucumbers are not so bad, that tomato goes and tells the other tomatoes all about it. Pretty soon the families of cucumbers and tomatoes are having a barbeque and the lettuces bring the broccolis over, and who knew the radishes were responsible for bringing the lighter fluid? Let's not forget the onions: they are coming just to say, "Let's get this party started!" . . . Welcome to my salad.

(Ozanne Anderson)

Sherri Gains a Family

"Odyssey"

is a new world to me of education saturated in love, patience, and understanding. I feel I have a new family to love . . . along with

my blood family, church family, community family, etc. I love my Odyssey family! I learn so much from everybody, and I am so excited to come to class each week!

(Sherri Bester)



Josephine Has an Odyssey Moment

This class is a dream come true for most of us who have been through bumps in life obstructing us from finishing our education. I had an Odyssey Moment on September 11th when I was watching CNN, as they

were paying respects to the victims of the tragedy. Mayor Bloomberg quoted William Blake, whom we were reading in class at the time: "Can I see another's woe, and not be in sorrow too?" It felt so good to know that what we are learning, whether or not it's history, still affects our daily lives today.

(Josephine Lorya)

Thomas Gardner Follows the Money while Extending a Hand
Society does not consist of individuals but expresses the sum of interrelations, the relations within which these individuals stand. —Karl Marx

They that control the wealth of a society control how that money is spent, and it is not willingly spent on the health and welfare of its most vulnerable members. While society lives on a false stage of civility, the widening gap between the haves and the have-nots leads us down a path that highlights our individual dissimilarities. We fight at the pig trough for what little subsistence is offered by those controlling the purse strings.

The thespians on stage are not



only historical representatives of the elitist status quo but now include the many cultures of America who once resembled Lady Liberty's poor and downtrodden. The stage is a platform to a manmade world that can only be reached with the economic prosperity ritually denied the common man. The man denied 'the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness' is easily characterized by each member of this class. Nature would never establish an America where the coal miners' daughters of the Appalachian Mountains and the daughters of cotton-pickers from the rich earth of Tennessee could not co-exist. It is the religion of man's money that ensures separate but equal standings in poverty and all the trappings that come with that world of hopelessness and despair.

Let us not quibble over semantics, for the slightest wedge of indifference is another feather in the cap of capitalism. It is not against each other that our fortitude should be aimed at but against the representation of repression that tears apart the very fabric of unity that makes us all citizens of the greatest country in the world.

But that which makes America unique has also ripped away our inherent values of honesty, integrity and truthfulness. America is a society whose magnification of itself is based upon profit motivations. America does little, however, to protect the Constitution from which its success was born because justice has no monetary value. While humane reasoning would dictate how decisions are made, each one of you can recite examples of how a free market enterprise has affected the cost of an education, grocery bills, utility costs,

housing costs, and childcare costs. . . .

It is not your neighbor or your classmate who increases the cost of living, denies you a job, or gives you inadequate housing. A better education or a compassionate judge or an understanding employer might have allowed you opportunities you did not know existed. You cannot deny that being privileged in this society gives you inalienable rights that are taken for granted because of your economic status. Yes, America is a society where any boy can grow up to be President of this country or President of a major corporation. But not everyone has the transcendental meditation to comprehend the significance required for the merits of personal progress. No one is born with it. And because we do not understand the narrow process that says learning is limited to a select few with established earnings, we must depend on the lottery for retirement earnings.

This class will uplift us from the economic statistics that call us losers. Let us attend this class to learn the basic requisitions necessary for each of us gain a foothold up the mountain of education that has eluded those of us needing to know it most.

Let us extend a hand up to each other embracing our inherent desire for goodwill and companionship. I look forward to seeing each of your compassionate hearts and every one of your high spirits on Wednesday nights.

Let me say, this is a wonderful group of people. Each week I understand why they were chosen for this class. Each person has the same fears I do. In this class, I feel powerful because we all have shared experiences.

(Thomas Gardner)



A Letter from Wanda Auerbach

Thomas Gardner gave Wanda and Robert Auerbach a copy of a poem by Rabindrinath Tagore and asked why they chose Tagore for their wedding ceremony. Here's the response.

October 21, 2007

Dear Mr. Gardner,

A quotation from the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore was chosen to be read at our marriage ceremony by Dr. William Ross, the professor and minister who married Bob and me.

Bob and I chose him to marry us because we both held him in great respect. During our engagement, several professors had called me into their offices and told me that I was making a mistake in marrying Bob because he was Jewish and I was not. I was somewhat upset and wrote my mother to ask her advice. She responded with a wonderful letter, a letter I still have, about how much she liked Bob and stating that she could see no reason why we couldn't be very happy together. We also spoke to Dr. Ross, who agreed with my mother and was very encouraging.

Knowing this background, I believe you will understand why Dr. Ross read these words by Rabindranath Tagore which emphasize the oneness of all human beings:

"The truth of this world is not in the number of things, or the number of people; but in their relatedness, which can neither be counted, nor measured, nor separated from life This truth invites faith, faith of man in the unity of his being with all existence, the final truth of which is the truth of personality. It is a religion directly apprehended, not an abstract system to be analyzed into parts. Those who are habituated to the rigid framework of sectarian creeds and divisions will find such a religion too indefinite and elastic... But this faith teaches us that love is true, not hatred; and truth is the One, not the disjointed multitude.... Our society exists to remind us through its various voices, that the final truth in man is not in his intellect or his possessions, but it is in his enlightenment, in his extension of sympathy across all barriers of creed, cult, color, and culture; in his recognition of the world as the habitation of man's spirit with its real, though sometimes obstructed capacity for sympathetic understanding and for a community of spirit across all borders."



Bob and I still cherish Tagore's words about the oneness of all people. I believe the Odyssey project is also based on this belief and why all the classes thus far have been filled with a wonderful spirit.

Rabindranath Tagore, by the way, was the first Asian to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. He lived from 1861-1941.

Sincerely,

Wanda Auerbach

Star-Studded Student Style

Odyssey students were invited to compete using 12 stylistic devices they found in Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave. Congratulations to Jessica Bhan and John Shields for a first place tie, Tom Gardner and Kevin Schoen for a second place tie, and Albert Watson and Sherri Bester for a third place tie. Kudos to the rest of the students who entered the competition. Here are some of their exciting, exhilarating, and exuberant examples:

1. **alliteration** Staggering and struggling using sloppy stuttering words, my intoxicated cousin lost the affection of his loved ones. **(Ozanne Anderson)**
The dirty damn dog is dead. **(Jessica Bhan)** The food I fed the fish was fresh. **(Josephine Lorya)**
Slavery is a savage system that supports the Satanic standards of a sluttish

- society. **(Kevin Schoen)**
Secret, sorrowful slavery saturated souls savagely in silent shadows. **(Sherri Bester)**
2. **parallelism** The more I ate, the worse I felt. **(Jessica Bhan)**
Sometimes it seems the harder I work, the less I accomplish. **(Kevin Schoen)**

3. **simile** The damaged ends of my hair are like the dry ends of a harvested husk of corn. **(Ozanne Anderson)** The slave girl felt like a caterpillar growing proudly until her cocoon was cut open and ripped wide from warmth and safety, leaving her wings crippled for flight. **(Sherri Bester)**
4. **metaphor** Sometimes life can be a battlefield with each skirmish as just another unpleasant lesson. **(Thomas Gardner)**
Christ warmed the chill of my fears. **(Ozanne Anderson)** I am a piece of clay ready to be molded. **(John Shields)**
5. **personification** The veil of injustice shrouded the truth. **(Jessica Bhan)**
I couldn't believe I was chosen for the Odyssey Class, a bright journey shining upon us its knowledge, with Literature, History, and English at the door waiting for our arrival. **(Albert Watson)** There stood Argument, trying to behave and sit still, hiding its alter ego Anger behind its back, up on its hind legs ready to spring. **(Kevin Schoen)** With a



crooked smile, America is a hustler on the corner, selling a little pleasure at a huge cost of one's soul.

(Jessica Bhan)

6. **oxymoron** I had such *bittersweet* pain doing this assignment. (John Shields) Regis and Kelly's morning show is an example of *entertainment news* being erroneously called "news." (Thomas Gardner) The *living dead* live with no morals or regard for right and wrong. (Ozanne Anderson) The *only choice* Jane has is *almost exactly* what I faced before. (Josephine Lorya) That's a *serious smile* you have. (Kevin Schoen)

7. **analogy** The contradictions in the Declaration of Independence remind me of how treaties with Native Americans were also inconsistent. (Thomas Gardner) If I were to lose five pounds,

it would be the same as throwing a deck chair off the Titanic. (Kevin Schoen)

8. **rhetorical question** Have not I as good a right to an education as you have? (Albert Watson) Am I not my brother's keeper? (John Shields) Does not the same whirling southerly warm wind blow through the silks and satins of your drying clothes as it blows through my cottons and linens hanging on the same clothes line? (Thomas Gardner) Can he say he intends me no harm as he stands in the door sharpening his knife? (Kevin Schoen)

9. **onomatopoeia** He *howled* with emotional pain as he heard the *screech* of his wife being beaten. (Albert Watson) The lion *roared* proudly as the snakes *hissed*. (Josephine Lorya)

10. **chiasmus** It's not the dog in the fight, it's the fight in the dog. (John Shields)

Though I drive my car, my car really drives me. (Jessica Bhan)

11. **superlatives** The richest of the rich attended the function. (Jessica Bhan) His gambling shows the greatest disregard and thanklessness with which he sees the gifts from God. (Kevin Schoen)

12. **irony** He got a gold watch and letter of appreciation while being forced into early retirement after receiving a notice of being ineligible for retirement benefits. (Thomas Gardner) America, the land of the free, has more citizens locked up than any other nation. (Jessica Bhan) The Declaration of Independence was drawn up so the colonists could gain freedom from England while the slaves chopped the wood used for the document. (Albert Watson)

"Be not discouraged. There is a future for you. . . .
The resistance encountered now predicates hope. . . .
Only as we rise . . . do we encounter opposition."
Frederick Douglass

Meet the Donor: Jane Blumenfeld

“Haako ginay”—“come here, she said it,” an older boy said and motioned to a younger one to come and sit. These were the first Navajo words I learned from my students at Nava Day School on the reservation in New Mexico. Some years after graduating from Smith College in Massachusetts, I came west to teach in the wide open spaces of this semi-desert country. Nava Day School employed two teachers and our students were bused back and forth from their desert camps. I got to know them and their parents well during my four year stay. I hope my students learned a few things; I learned a lot!

Later, I moved to Albuquerque where I taught 25 plus years in the Indian Service, the Public Schools and the University of New Mexico (UNM). I was particularly interested in children’s learning problems and became a reading specialist. The attached photo was taken when I received a lifetime achievement award for my work in education from the College of Education/ UNM.

I first heard about the Odyssey project from Jean Feraca, while visiting my daughter Willow in Madison

several years ago. I was intrigued by the mission of empowering students by introducing them to the best of the humanities. When I came to live with my daughter in Madison, she introduced me to Dr. Auerbach. Her vision and enthusiasm captivated

both of us. We attended last year’s graduation and were inspired by the graduates and the big dreams they had for themselves. We want to continue to support the project and to help those big dreams come true.



Vocabulary Soup

Here are some of the new words The students said they'd learned so far this semester:

calumny proselyte sanguine
soliloquize discernment fait accompli
diabolical pernicious BEADLE
unctuous extirpate consanguinity
denotation agora fedora oeuvre
eponym mosaic gadfly pantheon pique
impious enigmatic recapitulate censure
enumerate beseech scruple
felicitous incredulous profess doctrine
deprecate **indomitable** juxtaposition
verdict dithyrambic bowdlerize conflate
convivial abstract usurpation admonished
acquiesce repine calamity exorbitant
sarcophagus odyssey *Corinthian* Doric
Ionic soothsayer consecrate **impetus**
anomalous *connotation* congregate
IMMINENT apologist **jingoistic** jettison
irrefutable impetuous

“The cause of freedom is not the cause of a race or a sect, a party or a class—it is the cause of human kind, the very birthright of humanity.”

—Anna Julia Cooper

Born the daughter of a slave, Anna Julia Cooper (1858-1964) became at age 65 the fourth African-American woman to earn a Ph.D. She was an educator, historian, feminist, civil rights champion, and author who commented of female education, “Not the boys less, but the girls more.” She died at the age of 105.



Anthony and Quintella Ward, graduates of Odyssey Class of 2003-2004, are both in classes at MATC and working toward transfers to UW-Madison. Anthony, whose poem is reprinted below, produces CDs of his own music and hopes eventually to become a teacher.

RHYTHM OF DA JOURNEY

I am persuaded to move to prove
That the knowledge I gain will add to
the groove.
The groove that is God, and the songs
that he sings
Are more than just lyrical but bring
miracles that ride on angels' wings.
My journey has been played in a lot of
different keys,
Some major, some minor, all kinds of
melodies.
Not Bach, or Beethoven, but inspired by
such,
Composed by Plato and Shakespeare,
a non-conservative touch.
My favorite style is the blues, jazz, be-
bop, gospel, classical, R&B,
Rock n'Roll, Rap, electronica, Celtic,
salsa, meringue,
And on and on and on and on

The beat doesn't stop until the
break of dawn.

The beat is a journey from
snare to kick,
From tom to tom, the jour-
ney's thick.

We started off with more
instruments than the band
would use,

But we're left with the
ones the beat had
to choose.

You can't deny the beat,
The language of the world keeps you
tappin' your feet.
From Chicago, Mexico, South Carolina,
LA, and all the way back to St. Louis,
You can feel the spirit.
My voice, my song, my music, will never
be just mine
Because I've learned, heard, and seen
for myself
That all I am is because of those who
made music before me.
Listen to the song of Frederick Doug-
lass, Walt Whitman, Langston Hughes,
Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, Tu-
pac, N.W.A., Naz, Ben Carson,
Michael Eric Dyson, Kwame Kilpatrick,
Warrick Dunn, Emily Auerbach,
Mel Gibson, Susan B. Anthony,
Sojourner Truth, Madam CJ
Walker.

Can you hear that sweet, sor-
rowful, happy, sad, inspiring,
Liberating, literate, compassion-
ate, angry song?

Keep singing y'all, keep singing
y'all

I love the music, I need the music.
I am the music!

