

Does Corie's Mother Like This Apartment?

[Corie's mother, Mrs. Banks, staggers in the door, bouncing off it and coming to rest paralyzed against the railing. While she is regaining her breath, Corie brings her a glass of water and leads her to a suitcase so that she can sit.]

MOTHER: I really had no intention of coming up, but I had a luncheon in Westchester and I thought, since it's on my way home, I might as well drop in for a few minutes...

CORIE: On your way to New Jersey?

MOTHER: Yes. I came over the Whitestone Bridge and down the Major Deegan Highway and now I'll cut across town and onto the Henry Hudson Parkway and up to the George Washington Bridge. It's no extra trouble.

[Corie tells her they want her to come visit them on Friday after the furniture is there. Mrs. Banks makes light of the lack of furniture and stands up with the intention of praising the apartment. However, its bleakness stops her cold and all she can do is force out a lie through gritted teeth.]

MOTHER: (*Stunned*) Oh, Corie...it's...beautiful.

CORIE: You hate it...

MOTHER: (*Moves up toward windows*) No, no...It's a charming apartment. (*Trips over platform*) I love it.

CORIE: (*Rushes to her*) You can't really tell like this.

MOTHER: I'm crazy about it. I love it...

CORIE: Do you really, Mother? I mean, are you absolutely crazy in love with it?

MOTHER: Oh, yes. It's very cute...(*Choking on her words*) And there is so much you can do with it.

CORIE: I told you she hated it.

MOTHER: (*Moves toward the bedroom landing*) Corie, you don't give a person a chance. At least let me see the whole apartment.

PAUL: This is the whole apartment

[Mrs. Banks asks to see the bedroom, and Corie shows her a tiny room at one side of the apartment. Her mother's spirit fails, but she tried to keep a smile on her face as Corie explains how she is going to use it.]

MOTHER: (*At bedroom door*) That's a wonderful idea. And you can just put a bed in there.

CORIE: That's right.

MOTHER: How?

[Corie explains that an oversize single will fit in the room, and Mrs. Banks is appalled at the thought of Paul and Corie sleeping in such cramped conditions. Still she tries not to show her despair.]

MOTHER: It's a wonderful idea. Very clever...

CORIE: Thank you.

MOTHER: Except you can't get to the closet.

CORIE: Yes you can

MOTHER: Without climbing over the bed?

CORIE: No, you have to climb over the bed.

MOTHER: That's a good idea.

CORIE: (*Leaves the bedroom, crosses to ladder and climbs up*) Everything is just temporary. As they say in *McCall's*, it won't really take shape until the bride's own personality becomes more clearly defined.

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GED as Project, Volume 3, Language Arts, Reading Inquiry Project 2

What is the Relationship between Jim and Antonia?

She turned her bright, believing eyes to me, and the tears came up in them slowly, “How can it be like that, when you know so many people and when I’ve disappointed you so? Ain’t it wonderful, Jim, how much people can mean to each other? I’m so glad we had each other when we were little. I can’t wait until my little girl’s old enough to tell her about all the things we used to do. You’ll always remember me when you think about the old times, won’t you? And I guess everybody thinks about the old times, even the happiest people.”

As we walked homeward across the fields, the sun dropped and lay like a great golden globe in the low west. While it hung there, the moon rose in the east, as big as a cart-wheel, pale silver and streaked with rose colour, thin as a bubble or a ghost-moon. For five perhaps ten minutes, the two luminaries confronted each other across the level land, resting on opposite edges of the world.

In that singular light every little tree and stick of wheat, every sunflower stalk and clump of snow-on-the-mountain, drew itself up high and pointed; the very clods and furrows of the fields seemed to stand up sharply. I felt the old pull of the earth, the solemn magic that comes out of those fields at nightfall. I wished I could be a little boy again, and that my way could end there.

We reached the edge of the field, where our ways parted. I took her hands and held them against my breast, feeling once more how strong and warm and good they were, those brown hands, and remembering how many kind things they had done for me. I held them a long while, over my heart. About us, it was growing darker and darker, and I had to look hard to see her face, which I meant always to carry with me; the closest, realest face, under all the shadows of women’s faces, at the very bottom of my memory.

“I’ll come back,” I said earnestly, through the soft, intrusive darkness.

“Perhaps you will.” I felt rather than saw her smile. “But even if you don’t, you’re here. Like my father. So I won’t be lonesome.”

As I went back alone over that familiar road, I could almost believe that a boy and girl ran along beside me, as our shadows used to do, laughing and whispering to each other in the grass.

Willa Cather, *My Antonia*, 1918.

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HOW MUST EMPLOYEES BEHAVE?

Strathmore College Employee Handbook

Employee Performance: Discipline and Dismissal

The College recognizes the importance of establishing and maintaining good working relationships with its personnel. However, problems of job performance and misconduct may arise and will be addressed with disciplinary actions. These actions include a process of verbal warnings, written warnings, and dismissal, when a situation warrants.

Just Cause

The College will not normally discipline or dismiss an employee without just cause. Just cause includes but is not limited to

- a. failure to perform one's duties satisfactorily;
- b. insubordination, which is defined as willful failure to follow a legitimate order;
- c. consumption of intoxicants or use, possession, or sale of legally prohibited or controlled substances on College property or attendance at work under the influence of intoxicants or legally prohibited controlled substances;
- d. absence from work without authorization or appropriate excuse, or habitual tardiness;
- e. excessive absenteeism, which is defined as repeated absences from work that are not included in an approved formal leave of absence;
- f. willful falsification or alteration of a College record (including employment applications or resumés);
- g. conviction of a felony or other crime, the nature of which is such that continued employment may be disruptive to College operations;
- h. presenting a possible or potential danger to the safety of other employees, the public, or College property;
- i. unlawful sexual harassment as defined by Federal and/or state law; and
- j. any other action detrimental to the College while on College property or while engaged in College work.

Why Can't Other People See Mr. Minchell?

Mr. Minchell stared at the glass (mirror), put out his hand, drew it back hastily.

He squinted. Inches away. There was a form now: vague, indistinct, featureless: but a form.

Now he understood why the elevator girl hadn't seen him, and why F.J. (Minchell's employer F. J. Diemel) hadn't answered him, and why the clerk at the drugstore and the bartender and Madge...

"I'm not dead."

"Of course, you're not dead – not that way."

" – tan your hide Jimmy Minchell, when he gets home."

Mr. Minchell suddenly wheeled and clicked the lock. He rushed out of the steam-filled bathroom, across the room, down the stairs, into the street, into the cool night.

A block from home, he slowed to a walk.

Invisible! He said the word over and over, in a half-voice. He said it and tried to control the panic that pulled at his legs, and at his brain, and filled him.

Why?

He walked on. As he did, forgotten things returned; they came and they left, too fast. He couldn't hold onto them.

He could only watch and remember. Himself, as a youngster, reading: the Oz books, and Tarzan, and Mr. Wells. Himself, going to the University, wanting to teach, and meeting Madge; then not planning anymore, and Madge changing, and all the dreams put away. For later. For the right time. And then Jimmy – little strange Jimmy, who ate filth and picked his nose and watched television, who never read books, never; Jimmy, his son, whom he would never understand...

He walked by the edge of the park now. Then on past the park, through a maze of familiar and unfamiliar neighborhoods. Walking, remembering, looking at the people and feeling pain because he knew that they could not see him, not now or ever again, because he had vanished. He walked and remembered and felt pain.

All the stagnant dreams came back. Fully. The trip to Italy he'd planned. The open sports car. The first-hand knowledge that would tell him whether he did or did not approve of bull-fighting. The book...

Then something occurred to him. It occurred to Mr. Minchell that he had not just suddenly vanished, like that, after all. No; he had been vanishing gradually for a long while. Every time he said good morning to that Diemel, he got a little harder to see. Every time he put on this

horrible suit he faded. The process of disappearing was set in action every time he brought his paycheck home and turned it over to Madge, every time he kissed her, or listened to her vicious unending complaints, or decided against buying that novel, or punched the adding machine (calculator) he hated so, or...

Excerpted from "The Vanishing American" by Charles Beaumont, 1957.
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What Technique is Used by the Artist?

Once artists figured out how to construct these standard views, however, it wasn't long before they figured out that certain minor tweaks might take things one step further: these few tweaks could make a viewer read the distant or imaginary as here and now; could turn a normal picture into trompe l'oeil.¹

You could tweak the imaginary space within your picture to look like it extends the real space that your viewer is standing in. Portray your picture's space as a glimpse through an actual window in the wall, for instance, or as giving access to a niche carved out in it, and viewers will understand that they should take the painted for the real. Five centuries ago any rich Italian could ask a painter to fresco a ceiling so that it looked domed, or a flat wall so that it looked ornately carved away, or that they registered as such, even if a guest could tell at once that they were seeing paint, not masonry.

It is an almost fatal flaw that this exhibition doesn't even hint at any of this crucial wall painting, the earliest and most important trompe l'oeil of post-Roman Western art. Even a full-scale photographic reproduction mounted on a temporary ceiling would have done the trick, given that most of the originals are permanently stuck in their palazzo.

In 18th Century America, Charles Willson Peale of Philadelphia played a similar trick in his hometown's Independence Hall. In 1795, he mounted a canvas inside the door frame of a closet, and painted it – fairly badly – to look as though the doorway were in fact open, with his two sons stepping through it and up a stairway leading back beyond the wall. He even put a real wooden step on our side of the painting, as an extension of the painted steps that lead away inside it. (In one of their typically delightful grace notes, designers at the National Gallery have reproduced that wooden step to go along with their installation of the picture.)

¹ trompe l'oeil: French expression for art that “fools the eye”

How Does the Artist Relate to the Life of a Caged Bird?

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
(5) When the first bird sings and the first bud opes [opens]
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals –
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wings
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
(10) For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting –
I know why he beats his wing!

(15) I know why the caged bird sings, ah, me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from the heart's deep core,
(20) But a plea that upward to Heaven he flings –
I know why the caged bird sings!

Paul Laurence Dunbar, "Sympathy," 1899.

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Why Does Chig's Father Return to his Childhood Home?

The reunion had lasted a week. As they packed for home, his father, in a far too offhand way, had suggested they visit Chig's grandmother. "We this close. We might as well drop in on her and my brother."

So instead of going north, they had gone further south, had just entered her house. And Chig has a suspicion now that the reunion had been only an excuse to drive south, that his father had been heading to this house all the time.

His father had never talked much about his family, with the exception of his brother GL, who seemed part con man, part practical joker and part Don Juan; he had spoken of GL with the kind of indulgence he would have shown a cute, but ill-behaved and potentially dangerous five-year-old.

Chig's father had left home when he was fifteen. When asked why, he would answer: "I wanted to go to high school. They didn't have a Negro high school at home, so I went up to Knoxville and lived with a cousin and went to school."

They had been met at the door by Aunt Rose, GL's wife, and ushered into the living room. The old lady had looked up from her seat by the window. Aunt Rose stood between the visitors.

The old lady eyed his father. "Rose, who that? Rose?" She squinted. She looked like a doll, made of black straw, the wrinkles in her face running in one direction like a broom. Her hair was white and coarse and grew out straight from her head. Her eyes were brown – the whites too seemed light brown – and were hidden behind thick glasses, which remained somehow on a tiny nose. "That Hiram?" That was another of his father's brothers. "No, it ain't Hiram, too big for Hiram." She turned then to Chig. "Now that man, he look like Eleanor, Charles's wife, but Charles wouldn't never send my grandson to see me. I never even hear from Charles." She stopped again.

"It Charles, Mama. That who it is." Aunt Rose, between them, led them closer. "It Charles, come all the way from New York, and brung little Charles with him."

The old lady stared up at them. "Charles? Rose, is that really Charles?" She turned away and reached for a handkerchief in the pocket of her clean, ironed, flowered housecoat, and wiped her eyes. "God have mercy. Charles." She spread her arms up to him, and he bent down and kissed her cheek. That was when Chig saw his face, grimacing. She hugged him; Chig watched the muscles in her arms as they tightened around his father's neck. She half rose from her chair. "How are you, son?"

Chig could not hear his father's answer.