

CH302 Random Musings—A getting close to V-Day edition

1. Life presents lots of little complications. For me, one is that my daughter was born on my wife's birthday, which might seem kind of sweet, but actually means that each year, the days leading up to February 11 will be a challenge as I try to plan the simultaneous birthday parties of two people with little in common while also trying to work for a living. So here I was trying to finesse holding a help session on Sunday between birthday parties and I got this look that said "I don't think so." and so. So which of these two in the picture told me that?



2. So now my review session for Exam 2 is on Saturday from 4 to 5 pm in this room. I have checked with my college-age sons and they tell me that at least 80% of you will be awake by 4 pm Saturday and that people don't go out till after 10 pm anyway, so there is plenty of time to attend the session and study.

3. Neal will still hold a review session on Sunday evening, normal time and place, before the academic community in Jester.

4. My office hours before the exam next week are in the classrooms.

5. The quiz 2 scores are posted. The average was an 80% which is darn good work given the pace at which we are moving through the material. Evidently you are a smart bunch.

6. If for any reason you are having problems with your grades—from being able to register for the HW Service to the HW Service not working to not being able to find your scores to not believing that the recorded score is accurate, please do the following:

- Most importantly, do not e-mail me to start the process, instead:
- Fill out a change of grade request available in class or on my web site
- Turn it in to Mazen in class or during his office hour. No exceptions.
- Wait a couple days for Mazen to get back to you (he'll usually do it the same day) and only then e-mail him to see what is up.
- Please follow these simple instructions. They are the only way you will get your requests for grading information and HW Service concerns.

7. I thought I would repeat number 6 for those of you who still aren't following instructions about HW Service or grading problems. If for any reason you are having problems with your grades—from being able to register for the HW Service to the HW Service not working to not being able to find your scores to not believing that the recorded score is accurate, please do the following:

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8. Worksheet 4 for the coming week a practice exam by Neal. It will include 30 questions that might look something like what he would guess the exam would be. But he doesn't get to see the exam and so this is just a guess, although it is certainly an educated guess. With any luck he will have the practice exam up by early in the weekend. He will go over the practice exam at his Sunday evening discussion session in Jester.

9. Public Service Announcements.

“ATTENTION ALL SWIMMERS AND WATER POLO PLAYERS: If you are a FEMALE swimmer or water polo player, come play water polo for UT! The team is encouraging anyone interested to come practice Monday through Thursday nights from 8pm to 10pm at the Texas Swim Center. Experience is not necessary. If you have any questions please contact Blair Brettman (bbrettmann@mail.utexas.edu) or Rebecca Glaser (rglaser@mail.utexas.edu). See you at the pool!”

The Society of Women Engineers (SWE) is hosting the 2007 Mr. Engineering Pageant as part of the annual Engineering Week (E-Week) competition. Male engineering students are encouraged to apply to be a contestant. Applications are due Friday the 9th by 3pm in the SWE office, ECJ 1.228.

10. Poetry Corner. There is a lot of love and hate poetry out there. It will take until Spring Break to get through it all, so bear with me. I think that today I will simply do hate poetry by real poets. Next Wednesday I will do love poetry by students, the following week love poetry by real poets, and the just before the break, hate poetry by students. Some of you are both students and real poets so don't be offended by the arbitrariness of my choices.

Hate poetry by real poets.

You Left Me by Emily Dickinson

You left me, sweet, two legacies,-
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content,
Had He the offer of;
You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.

Music, When Soft Voices Die by Percy Shelley

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou are gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Proud of My Broken Heart by Emily Dickinson

Proud of my broken heart, since thou
didst break it.
Proud of the pain, I did not feel 'till thee.
Proud of my night, since thou, with moons,
dos't shake it.
Not to partake thy passion,
my humility

Lodged by Robert Frost

The rain to the wind said,
"You push and I'll pelt."
They so smote the garden bed
That the flowers actually knelt,
And lay lodged -- though not dead.
I know how the flowers felt.

Maybe by Carl Sandburg

Maybe he believes me, maybe not.
Maybe I can marry him, maybe not.
Maybe the wind on the prairie,
The wind on the sea, maybe,
Somebody, somewhere, maybe can tell.
I will lay my head on his shoulder
And when he asks me I will say yes,
Maybe.

Catules (~84-54 B.C.)

I hate and I love.
And if you ask me why,
I have no answer, but I discern,
can feel, my senses rooted in eternal
torture.

John Donne

I am two fools, I know,
For loving,
and for saying so in Whining poetry

The Rabbit Catcher
-Sylvia Plath

It was a place of force—
The wind gagging my mouth with my own blown hair,
Tearing off my voice, and the sea
Blinding me with its lights, the lives of the dead
Unreeling in it, spreading like oil.

I tasted the malignity of the gorse,
Its black spikes,
The extreme unction of its yellow candle-flowers.
They had an efficiency, a great beauty,
And were extravagant, like torture.

There was only one place to get to.
Simmering, perfumed,
The paths narrowed into the hollow.
And the snares almost effaced themselves—
Zeros, shutting on nothing,

Set close, like birth pangs.
The absence of shrieks
Made a hole in the hot day, a vacancy.
The glassy light was a clear wall,
The thickets quiet.

I felt a still busyness, an intent.
I felt hands round a tea mug, dull, blunt,
Ringing the white china.
How they awaited him, those little deaths!
They waited like sweethearts. They excited him.

And we, too, had a relationship—
Tight wires between us,
Pegs too deep to uproot, and a mind like a ring
Sliding shut on some quick thing,
The constriction killing me also.

Porphyria's Lover

Robert Browning

The rain set early in tonight,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,

And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me — she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavor,
To set its struggling passion free
>From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me forever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could tonight's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshiped me: surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids: again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said aword!