



An Interview with Ken Macrorie: “Arrangements for Truthtelling”

Eric Schroeder and John Boe

WOE: What led you to become a writing teacher?

MACRORIE: My father died when I was twelve and Mother and I moved to Toledo, Ohio, where her brother had been a newspaper reporter and advertising man. He had his own single-person radio news broadcast. He knew the city. He went out and got the stories. He came back and wrote the script. He didn't even have a secretary. He let me accompany him on his daily trips to check the police blotter and other sources of news. I didn't know I was learning anything I could use, but here was this uncle of mine having to fill the half-hour slot of airtime new with all the stuff he collected during the day. What an incredible organizing job! He had to cut words, and that's how I learned to cherish cutting words and where I began to make some associations between speaking and writing because he was writing to speak. I thought about going into advertising. As a kid I played with the design and typography of the printed page, but I decided I couldn't stand working in advertising because so many advertisements were deceptive or outright untruthful.

One day much later, in 1964, as an associate professor of English sitting with a small class on the campus lawn, I found myself saying, “I'm sick of reading phony writing, including some of yours. It's not your fault. I believe you write that way because in composition classes like this one the aim is usually to get you writing without a lot of mistakes in spelling, punctuation, and grammar. You can't write well until you know those basics. I apologize. I'm a writer myself and I know there is something much more basic in writing than those basics. It's meaning. I'd like you to try an experiment. Go back to your rooms and try harder than ever before in your life to write truths—not the truth—whatever that is, but your truthful memory of an event in your life you can't forget. Try to get it right, your perception of it.” A few students did that, and their writing began to influence other members.

WOE: How was publishing student work a piece of this process?

MACRORIE: In 1968, the Viet Nam war was going on. The basic goal there was killing people, for both sides. John Bennett, my high school teacher friend who worked at Central High School in Kalamazoo, and

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I had begun to publish together our students' best writings in a little stapled magazine we called *Undressed* (meaning out from under the duress of trying not to make mistakes in spelling, punctuation, and grammar). Patti Shirley in my college composition class said she couldn't write anything at that time. I said, "Don't worry about it. Just go into another room and write what comes to you." Patti came back with this writing:

A friend alive last month is today, I'm told, a dead box of rocks en route from Saigon. Outside the smoke filmed window a boy balances on the edge of the fountain, dirty blue paint & empty. Only last spring it was my ocean.

Patti was so moved by the death of her friend in war that she couldn't jabber on and on about it with a bunch of clichés. Her feelings chose her words for her.

At the beginning of the experiment, which I eventually named *Arrangements for Truthtelling*, a few members broke into highly truthful writing. Others were quickly energized by the good models. I remembered that when I was a kid my mother said to me, "Don't lie, Kenny. One lie leads to another, and then you're in real trouble." One of the reasons I set up the experiment was to see if one truthtelling would lead to another. It did. A war was in the face of college students, so many of our experimenters let it choose itself as a subject to write about it. Another sample, by Jean Corey:

VIET NAM

That small country's image is so powerful for its size. When usually quiet Greg tells me about fighting there his manner gets aggressive and the conversation becomes one-sided. He still breathes the effects. From his unit, about half were killed and two-thirds were injured. He told of this composite picture taken after their initial training and he hated to look at it—a bunch of smiling faces and close friends that are no more. Imagine looking at your high-school yearbook and thinking that every other person on a page was no longer alive. You would wonder why you were one of the blessed—yet living a year in Vietnam may not be a blessing.

Another incident remains in my mind. I can't comprehend it as I sit all folded up in my living room chair. One of the duties these guys had was to go over a field where they had battled and pick up the bodies of their friends and put them in bags to be shipped home. Some lost their sanity, understandably. One soldier had been fighting from a foxhole for two or three days and suddenly the head of his buddy rolled in beside him. He went into shock and was taken to a psychiatric ward. They had to feed him intravenously because he would do nothing but sit in a chair staring, with no response to voices, movement, pain, etc. Finally they made





a papier-mâché head, painted it, and rolled it in front of him. He went into a screaming fit, but when he stopped, they were able to begin helping him. With all the years of schooling a psychiatrist needs, I doubt instructions for this case were in any of his texts. I don't think we can imagine what life and death are in that little country. My cousin has told his family that he prays he will be hit, so he can pull some of his time in the hospital instead of in the field. The hope for a precisely aimed bullet is common around here.

WOE: Publishing *Undressed* in the late 60s sounds like a revolutionary move. Did you have institutional problems with what you were doing?

MACRORIE: Both the president of the university and the vice president who was the faculty dean read *Undressed*. So once I got a note from the vice president saying, "You know I read every issue of *Undressed*? I just want you to know I missed the last one because I was on so many plane trips around the country that I didn't get it, so I want a copy of it because it's so good." And the president, he let the students write freely. He didn't like it sometimes when they protested in an ugly way. The students had a private non-school paper that they put out every couple of months called *The Western Review*. They said some mean things and put on the cover a big picture of shit raining down on President Johnson. The president of the university didn't like that and he picked up the copies that were left out with that on it. He said, "I believe in freedom but I can't believe in that, coming out with the name of our university underneath." I didn't want him to do that, but I didn't complain because I thought, "You and the Dean have been really wonderful to support these students." Cause they were writing about the war, their parents' divorces, and all kinds of stuff.

I thought that was wonderful of him to let them publish controversial stuff. He also donated some money to me to get this magazine published because I was paying for some of the printing costs.

WOE: Your own storytelling is very shaped by your students' voices.

MACRORIE: Nowadays I can't talk about learning unless I have student writings with me. They are my texts. Other people can't learn what I've learned except through them. Once students began to write powerfully, I began to see how powerful writing could emerge from people of many ages. I then became a learner along with them. The human habit of telling stories exists within all of us. Composing those texts is a more unconscious process than I and other members of the experiment had realized. At the beginning, some of the writers who had broken through the plastic wall of academic style admitted that when writings were read aloud in our experiment it was usually stories that evoked the strongest responses from listeners—in body language or laughs or gasps of surprise.

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WOE: I'm interested in story, but as a writing teacher, if I emphasize narrative, the university tends to say that I'm not preparing students for writing in the academic disciplines or for their professions.

MACRORIE: I've been reacting to that thinking for many years. And learning more about what stories can do. Here's a writing by Esther Rosbuck, a college student in the Experiment:

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While we were driving back from Thrifty Acres tonight they started reading the first 122 birthdates of the draft lottery—the certain to be called' group. When I heard February 14th in the number four spot I physically melted against the door in the back seat. How come you never know how things will affect you until they happen? I haven't shaken so hard in a long time—it was more than shivering from the cold. February 14th belongs to Dave. I wanted to be with him to see how he felt; scared, accepting, nonchalant, bitter, how? It seems like he'd want someone to talk to, but maybe not. He doesn't know how I feel or that I care and I'm not sure if it matters to him. That's the hardest part.

Like many good writings, this one is not an essay and not a story. Both forms appear in it and I sense that while writing, Esther is learning what is happening to her and to Dave. She's placing where and how feelings arose. This hybrid way of communicating is stronger than a pure essay marching along with characterizing adjectives that in themselves are usually abstract. They don't act out things as if on a stage.

WOE: How did your experiment operate?

MACRORIE: In my classes I try to have five groups of three students each. Then three members of the experiment every week become the editors of a weekly magazine. So everybody experiences the whole publication process. Each member is a writer, reader, and editor. They all get to know each other. They develop a common desire to put out a magazine of powerful writing. The editors' names for each week appear on the masthead. But every once in a while someone says, "That's one of the best pieces of writing I've heard in a long time," and somebody else over in the corner replies, "I found it weak in several places." Then the three editors for that week have to choose from the writings each group has turned in. As a team of three editors, they make the decisions about the writings accepted during their week. They begin to think in real terms what it means to perceive a piece of writing with their peers who have had many of the same experiences but come up with different reactions.

WOE: How did your early interest in perception shape your later work in writing?





MACRORIE: In the late 1940s I was knocked out by the demonstrations Adelbert Ames, Jr. designed in Hanover, New Hampshire of how we all perceive ideas and events. I mean whatever we open our eyes to, or turn our ears to, bang! What happens? And why? We perceive whatever is here on the basis of our expectations, the situation, thought, or objects before us, our purposes at the moment, our value system. We make a bet on what we are seeing or hearing and that bet is based on our past experiences. It's not simply what we bring to it ("the eye of the beholder"). In one darkened room Del Ames Jr. presents twin faraway lights enlarging as they come toward us. Watch out! A car is going to crash into us! No, they were just balloons lighted from inside, being pumped up to become larger and larger. They were stationary, not moving toward us. Yet we would have been crazy not to jump out of the way.

That's perception. It's looking through eyes that have been focusing and focusing under the influence of our past experiences. And it's the same with our ears and those familiar and unfamiliar sounds we may hear. It's such a basic process. Automatic, yet as difficult to forecast as splitting an atom and killing several hundred thousand human beings by dropping the bomb in the center of a big city.

We perceive everything through that process. Del Ames, Jr. and some helpers figured out the process by setting up distorted rooms, playing upon that necessity of placing bets on what we perceive. Ames's discovery amazed John Dewey, who in 1922 had written a book titled *Human Nature and Conduct*. It outlined the developing behavior patterns of human beings and prognosticated accurately just what has been happening on Planet Earth in the last ten years. But few people paid attention. The emergence of the television screen as supreme authority with its news bytes and web networks, gigantic, and also small and personal, has largely supplanted the reading of books and oiled up the brains of humans for fast, fast travel. Goodbye to thoughtfulness and understanding. Hello to larger and larger cartels of control and conquest. Perception and nuclear fission have hastened the evolution of mankind from small gangs to global financial empires that eat each other up.

Recently I exchanged letters with the third Del Ames Jr. He feels his father the perception man didn't get much notice for his world-shaking discoveries, and I agree. He sent me on the track of a book called *The Morning Notes of Adelbert Ames, Jr.* Hadley Cantril of Princeton University worked with Ames and in that book published sixty pages of letters between Ames and Dewey. Those two worked to compose a description of the process of perception. They were ever refining the meanings of the words they were using, hoping to improve





their understanding of the consequences of their discoveries in the changing world. They had intended to share their understandings with the populations of the world rather than bomb, rape, and force others to give up their power.

Schools could help students master story telling. A story can describe how persons live and work in contexts of families, businesses, courts of laws, governments, and military structures. Maybe stories are weapons of living that are superior to suicide bombs and military conquests. Stories can easily be shaped by identified, named writers, although real names may put us right back into the concentration camps of people's minds and spirit by corporate, political, and even religious forces. Detention, excommunication, or low wages can produce human beings who don't use all their powers. Looking at what is on the great screen in quick blips predominates over the reading of whole books that help human beings understand their lives.

WOE: What are the risks when you try to get students to tell the truth?

MACRORIE: One of my teachers at Bread Loaf was having problems trying to publish student writing. I went out west and met some of the Indians he was working with. Here's a little piece that a high school girl wrote; it's called "Walk on the Beach" and was published in a collection that the students produced:

There was a fat, pale man and this beautiful, sexy woman, his wife. They walked along the beach hand in hand. Then suddenly this muscular man came over and grabbed the woman and carried her off in the water. She screamed and punched him. He got mad, then threw her in the water. She went under, and her fat husband grabbed her hand and lifted her up. She smiled and said, "Why didn't you do anything?"

He said, 'If I did he would have nailed me into the ground.' Then they laughed. He turned and kissed her.

She said, "I love you," and he replied, "And I love you." So they grabbed each other's hands firmly and walked down the beach into the sunset.

Now there's a story. I read it as a humorous comment on the notion of machismo. The husband wasn't going to try and show what a strong guy he was by getting himself drowned. The teacher had been in one of my Arrangements for Truthtelling at the Bread Loaf School of English at Middlebury College in Vermont. He wrote this in his introduction to their publication:

The world of teenagers is a pretty lively place wherever you go.
This collection of student stories from the reservation—bits of

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dialogues, descriptions, memories, fantasies, slices of life, poems, essays, scripts—proves it. It is as lively as a fresh hooked trout in a beaver pond. The selections printed here were chosen because they reveal something of the personalities, perceptions, moods, and imaginations of the students. Their writing is interesting and full of life. Teenagers aren't perfect, neither are schools, teachers, communities, almost anything human. Neither is this book. The writers themselves will be among the first to spot any flaws and will wish they had taken the time to rewrite.

WOE: Can you talk about Bread Loaf School of English and your involvement with it?

MACRORIE: It's complex. At Middlebury, there's a school for learning Spanish and a whole lot of foreign languages, but the School of English was for English teachers. In 1981 I was invited to teach there by Dixie Goswami, director of the writing program, who was from South Carolina. The moment I met her I felt comfortable and confident. And I saw other teachers and students respond to her likewise. So I stayed there for thirteen years, every summer. It was the most wonderful experience I ever had in teaching, by far.

WOE: What was a typical session there like?

MACRORIE: Six weeks for the degree courses. You could get a Master's Degree in English. The faculty was so good and there was a lot of freewheeling going on. Then there was this theater program going on, which didn't cost anybody any money—all the students and teachers could go to the plays for free. You could go to any rehearsal you wanted. For example, the first meeting when the actors were reading the play together for the first time.

Carol Elliott was the acting teacher and Alan Mokler, her husband, was the director of the theater department. (Now they are also in those positions during the regular school term at the University of Iowa.) I taught one class in what we called improvisation in writing and theater. Carol and I had people writing about their experience in theater and also doing little improv acting scenes and exercises and seeing if they could transfer any of that to their writing. The students from my writing class had to do improv theater and students from Carol's acting class had to do freewriting. The students really learned a lot.

WOE: It sounds like part of the appeal of Bread Loaf was that it was a program where you used language in different ways. There was writing, there was theater, there was literature, there was improvisation.

MACRORIE: Nobody I knew ever did a class like that before, but Carol and I thought, "Well, that would be a good idea." When I went to her

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things, and then when she read my students' writing, we would say, "Hey, this story is like that thing we've been doing in acting." And I find myself more and more thinking that good writing has a lot to do with the way words are sounded. And if you read aloud your own writing you always can spot passages where sound enhances meanings and where it doesn't add meaning. You wonder how you did them—well, you did them unconsciously. When we talk, we don't know when the sentence is going to end, we never do.

In my own classes I finally got down a capsule way of asking people to write and I haven't departed from it in a long time. I say, "Think of an event that you find yourself remembering all the time, that you can't forget." That is what Samuel Butler, who is one of my gods, meant when he said, "Let your subject choose you." If you can't forget it, it shows it has chosen you. I don't say anything about being specific or anything like that; I just say, "Whatever it is, that event, try to get it down so it comes alive." Students come up with all sorts of stuff they put in their stories. They remember back and find anew things and experiences in their past.

WOE: Are there other lessons that you learned from your "Arrangements for Truthtelling"?

MACRORIE: In our experiment, more women than men wrote powerfully. In the past on Planet Earth women generally haven't been expected or allowed to write for publication as men have. But the twentieth century saw a tremendous increase in publication for women. Offhand I think of Barbara Ehrenreich's *Nickel and Dimed*, Barbara Kingsolver's *The Poisonwood Bible*, Irini Spanidou's *Fear*, Amy Chua's *World on Fire*, M.M.B. Walsh's *Grass Heart*, Barbara Beasley Murphy's *Life! How I Love You!*, Arundhati Roy's *The God of Small Things* and *The Cost of Living*. Ms. Roy's fiction and nonfiction speak truths to each other. That's a funny sounding sentence—"Her fiction and nonfiction speak truths to each other." But it's good to hear someone talking about truthtelling instead of lying.

Even in the Dewey / Ames letters I find a storytelling flow. It's a scientific story of two guys working together instead of doing verbal battle. What they did first, what they did second, and so on. Many scientists have recently moved in the direction of reporting their researches in story form, even people making DNA discoveries.

WOE: You seem to suggest that narrative has a transformative power.

MACRORIE: That's true. John Bennett's and my *Arrangements for Truthtelling* could be carried out by adults of all kinds, retirees and people of all ages dissatisfied with mass communication and weakened by the





now common obeisance to money power. I want to show how narrative is life. Here's a story from a fourth grader at East Cooper Elementary School in Parchment, Michigan, which I visited for several months and where I was allowed to set up for a few hours a week a modified form of an Arrangement for Truth-telling. The story is called "Power" and was written by Joe Wooden, a ten-year-old boy, as I remember:

We had a walnut tree in our yard which was about 45 feet high and its branches were sort of an oval circle. It was a nice tree with grassy green leaves. One day my father and I went to pick walnuts. We got about 50 or 60 and took them inside. We put them on a board and let them dry. One day my father and mother went downstairs to crack walnuts. First they hit them with a hammer, then picked out the insides and stored them in bags in the pantry. Now when my mother bakes she uses walnuts.

One day last week some men came from the electric company to cut down some trees that were in the way of power lines. When I got home they were still working. They had only cut down part of the spruce tree. Then I asked him, "When are you going to do the pine?"

"In a couple of days," he said.

Then the day before yesterday I came home from school. I found out that they had cut down the walnut tree.

In this fourth grade arrangement, I acted as editor because there wasn't time to set up a publishing structure. The students helped each other one on one by exchanging writings to copyread them and make suggestions on revision. At the blackboard I gave them demonstrations of how professional writers cut out wasted words.

As usual I demonstrated how to end a story without explaining everything to readers. Joe found a perfect place in his manuscript to end it. He stopped in a dramatic way, leaving readers surprised and with a shock and understanding of what that tree cutting had done to him. I never told him to be specific. He knew he had to convince his readers of why this was an unforgettable experience in his life, so he did what was necessary.

The story approach doesn't seem to come naturally to most power people. They want force and action right now. We'll proceed to carry out our mission, with whatever means are necessary. We know. We are always inventing new technology for killing. Or for increasing your portfolio of stocks and bonds.

If you're driven crazy by automatic telephone marketing, you could join a group of storytellers. Likewise if you're exasperated when you hear, "If you want to take advantage of an amazing new drug cure for halitosis, press 3. If you want to learn what you can do with the stunning





new tin credit card, press 4. For a big surprise in buying a house, press 5.” And free, free, free—all those plans and household magic tools.

Telling stories in an Arrangement for Truthelling can be a change from all those money offers. That’s a common happening in all kinds of fields, a form of professional witchcraft with language. I’m purposely making fun of this habit also practiced by doctors, insurance agencies, drug companies, priests (who speak in Latin to the unschooled people), and gangsters—whatever. For a moment here I want to make fun of this insane language that can be used to destroy your nerves and clot your brain. To develop family values you can put down your children as incompetent and ridiculous, and maybe evil.

In a similar vein, I think it’s unfortunate that in the last twenty to thirty years the Deconstructionists, who were interested in perception too and were saying wise things about it, did so in a way that was difficult to follow. I could hardly wade through anything they were saying. I think they did that in large part because it became the English teacher’s way of getting a promotion: “We got this new language and this new thing, and you young people coming up, if you start learning this then we’ll make you part of our department. And if you write articles about it that are equally astounding and indecipherable, that shows you’re very brilliant and very philosophical.” I like to be philosophical too but I don’t want to be philosophical like that. I like to have a language that gets its power by reaching a lot of people.

WOE: You seem to appreciate journalistic writing more than academic writing. Is that a fair assessment?

MACRORE: I certainly don’t like some journalistic writing, but, yeah, I guess that’s fair. I got interested in the process of perception in graduate school partly because my uncle had been in advertising and journalism. I got so interested that I wrote a doctoral degree on objectivity and subjectivity at Columbia University. As part of my research I traveled with newsmen around the New England East and in New York City. The editor of a small weekly paper in New Jersey also sometimes acted as reporter. He showed me a published story he had written, and said, “How much was I conscious of being partial or biased? I really felt bad about that one. The woman I talked to was wearing shorts. She had a lot of hair on her legs, and that really offended me.” He was unrolling the story of how some kids had gotten in trouble throwing a fake bomb in the street, and this woman was pissed off at the kids though he wasn’t pissed off at them. He didn’t think they had done anything wrong. He said, “I just couldn’t forget the hair on her legs,” as if it was the most traumatic thing he had ever encountered.





I enjoyed following those reporters around in my thesis work. An editor at The Hartford Courant was a great teacher of beginning reporters. I once went out with a novice on assignment and he praised and praised the old veteran. I asked, "What did he first say to you?" "Remember you're telling your readers a yarn," he said. At that point in my life I began to understand how much a place and a situation help a reader or listener pick up breath and life in any piece of writing. A word doesn't mean much standing alone by itself.

WOE: In your books, when you talk about using common language and own voice, it reminded me of the preface to the Lyrical Ballads. You sound like Wordsworth and Coleridge. Is it fair to say you're in the romantic tradition?

MACRORIE: I took a course on Wordsworth from one of the greatest teachers I've ever had, at Oberlin. But I didn't think Wordsworth was himself very strong that way. He wrote that wonderful preface about coming down to earth in poetry. But at times he didn't do that. He should have let himself move more in that direction, like William Carlos Williams did.

WOE: One of the things you do so well is create terms and metaphors that help us think in different ways about teaching. Two of the terms associated with you are I-Search and freewriting. Did you coin these terms?

MACRORIE: I coined "I-Search," specifically because that term tells you what I believe about perception, that you can't look at something with no preconception. You can't kill your life off and look at something. You will always be in there and you cannot block yourself out. So I wanted to emphasize that any search also has got you in it, and you've got to check and see what you can do to make sure you aren't biased when you don't want to be biased. And correct for it if you can. But you'll never get yourself entirely out.

Freewriting, no. I just made that term out of the two words from Dorothea Brande's book *Becoming a Writer* in which she talked about the need to "write freely." So I just called it freewriting and a lot of other people did too. Peter Elbow edited with Pat Belanoff and Sheryl Fontaine a whole book about freewriting.

WOE: Your other famous term is "English," which you got from the student who had wanted to be a teacher but was discouraged by a professor who said she couldn't write. In another class she had been reading James Joyce, and she wrote a comment on her discouraging instructor in Joyce's style: "the stridents in his class lisdyke him im-





mersely. Day each that we tumble into the glass he sez to mee, 'Eets too badly that you someday fright preach English.'"

MACRORIE: Isn't that a great passage?

WOE: It gets better the more you read it. Another word that you use in an interesting way is "vulnerable." In *The Vulnerable Teacher* you describe your process of getting kids engaged in their work—to begin by having them write freely and recognize truth. But then you go on and say the final step is to make them vulnerable to the material of the course. What do you mean by this?

MACRORIE: I mean make themselves open up to truth and go after it in ways where they take risks. And sometimes, just like I've done, take a risk and make up a word. It's not a phony operation, it's not a cover-up thing, it's just the opposite. Using Shakespeare I had so much success by simply letting them be affected by the work. When I first started teaching, I used to ask teacher questions. But then I decided to let the students look at one or two actions in the play and let them write about anything that gets to them in some way, that touches them (though not necessarily the other people in the room), and then say why. I stopped choosing for them. I used to do so much choosing for them that I was poisoning their confidence.

WOE: I love the playfulness in your writing. For instance, you quote Lu Po Hua at the beginning of some of the chapters in *The I-Search Paper*. As I read these, I thought, "This is some Chinese writer I don't know." Then later you confessed that you were Lu Po Hua. You made up the quotes.

MACRORIE: I never would have had the nerve to do it if I hadn't studied the life of James Murray, the guy who put together the O.E.D. He put a couple things in the dictionary that he wanted to put in but that he wasn't supposed to and nobody else thought he should be putting in there—he did this in honor of his niece, or something like that. With all the rigor and discipline that it took to put that 16 volume dictionary together, he must have thought, "Well, I'll do something crazy." I think he made up a word, too—one that didn't exist.

WOE: In your *I-Search* book and in your other books, you'll talk about how you just wrote a bad sentence or look back on a sentence you wrote eight pages ago and say, "Oh. I made this mistake there."

MACRORIE: I think it's essential for students, who get hammered for making mistakes, to know that professional writers can admit they're not perfect.





WOE: You have talked about having had metaphor paralysis for the first thirty years of your life, and claim to have cured it. Now metaphor seems to be one of your strengths as a writer. How do you teach students to use metaphors?

MACRORIE: When I was editor of the CCCC journal, a woman from Boston, Clara Siggins, sent in a letter about metaphor and included with it these wonderful metaphors that these really young kids—grade schoolers—wrote: “the trees outside our window look like they were nitted with brown yarn.” She had a very down-to-earth belief that everybody uses metaphors and similes. When we’re young, we hear people in our family use them, and of course we invent words in our families. But when we get to school, metaphors get scared out of us.

So we tell students don’t try for metaphors. Don’t try. That’s fatal I think. Maybe you know you want a metaphor here, but don’t try to make one. Wait until it comes to you or forget it. Because I think you can do terrible things to metaphors and get students going back to clichés, which they monkey around with. Writing good metaphors comes from freeing them up. The thing is to be open and when your metaphor machine starts working, write them down. Then you can judge them later. Metaphor is such a wonderful instrument.



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